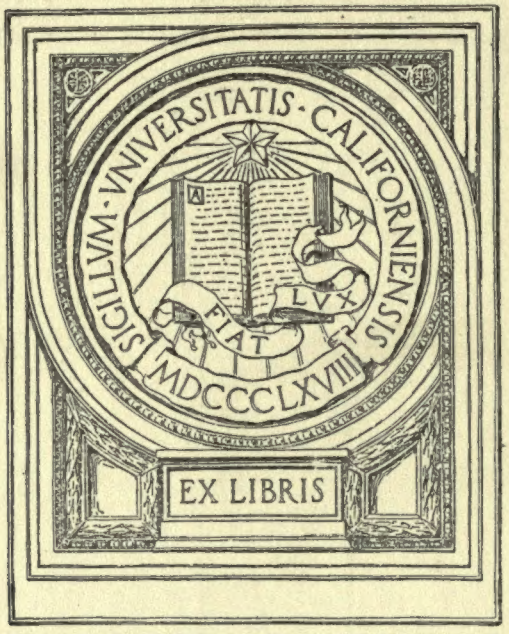
LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

GIFT
Class 984 c



BANCROFT LIBRARY

JAN 7 1908

C

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, JANUARY 2, 1908. No. 1

DWELL DEEP.

Dwell deep! The little things that chafe and fret,
O waste not golden hours to give them heed!
The slight, the thoughtless wrong, do thou forget;
Be self forgot in serving others' need.
Thou faith in God through love for man shalt keep.
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!

Dwell deep! Forego the pleasure if it bring
Neglect of duty; consecrate each thought;
Believe thou in the good of everything,
And trust that all unto the wisest end is wrought.
Bring thou this comfort unto all who weep:
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!

—James Buckham.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

P198
v.6

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

Mayor-Elect Hibbard of Boston, in a recent speech warned the politicians to keep their hands off, saying: "I was nominated as a Republican; I do not intend to attend a Republican gathering for the next two years." Good! Mr. Hibbard evidently intends to be mayor of all the people.

The supreme court of Minnesota has pronounced constitutional the recent legislative enactment in that state against high school fraternities. Minnesota is to be congratulated! She will show in a few years a finer crop of young manhood and womanhood than she could show if these fraternities had not been put under ban.

There was joy in heaven, doubtless, when on the 3rd of last December the leaders of the prohibition party in Indiana and the anti-saloon league forces agreed "to lay aside all political and denominational differences, and everything that might hinder a perfect unity, and in the spirit of Christ, and by the help of God, prayerfully unite in a "common cause," so that they might effectually oppose the great evil, the liquor traffic. On such a platform as this, working unitedly, the temperance forces of the Hoosier State have fair promise of realizing their battle-cry—"Indiana a dry state by 1912!"

The Boston Transcript quotes Mayor Taylor of San Francisco as saying, concerning the movement for the consolidation of the cities on San Francisco bay: "Material size is impressive, but no city can be great in size only. If there is no gain morally, we had better stay apart. We need consolidation if we can get better government, if we can stir deeper moralities. Let us not think all the time of the almighty dollar." And then the Transcript adds: "Few cities are so well situated as San Francisco for expansion of the kind proposed, and Oakland and Berkeley might help her to maintain the higher ground which she has now taken." That expresses it exactly! Oakland and Berkeley can help to that end, and they **ought** to help. We emphasize the ought in the case—the obligation. No city liveth unto itself. Especially is this so on San Francisco bay. Interests hereabouts are one and inseparable.

Glancing over a newspaper the other day our eyes fell on what appeared to be the caption, "Football Morality." A second glance showed it to be "Football Mortality." In the opinion of the present writer there is quite a lack of morality in football; there is much more mortality than morality in it. The revision of the rules has reduced somewhat the fatalities. Nevertheless eleven players lost their lives last season. In 1906 seventeen players were killed; in 1905, twenty-one, and in 1904 sixteen. In a game in one of the cities on San Francisco bay a few months ago one young man was so severely injured that he was a raving maniac for hours—rushing for a while over the field, screaming in wildest agony. The present writer never has witnessed a game of football, nor does he expect to while the rules of the game remain as they now are. Our country and the world need the strong young men who are thus sent to untimely graves every year.

Leslie's Weekly remarks: "Incredible though the statement may appear to many, there is excellent authority for the assertion that within the last twelve months the growth of the 'open shop' has far exceeded that of the union shop." It is stated that of the one hundred and twenty-three prominent New England shoe manufacturers comprising the Shoe Manufacturers' Protective Association, only three now use the union label. Leslie's gives the following definition: "The term 'open shop' is used to define an industrial institution open to the employment of workingmen without regard to a membership in any church, secret society, or labor union. The 'closed shop' is a place of employment closed to all free workingmen who do not choose to place themselves under the control of the labor trust."

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes from Amherst, Massachuseets: "Amherst is having much trouble in keeping its ministers. During the past year six have resigned to accept other calls. The principal reason for so many changes is due to the fact that there are too many curches for the church-going population. A generation ago ten Protestant churches might easily be supported in a town of nearly 6,000 inhabitants, but they cannot today." The correspondent adds: "It is a well-known fact that for the last fifty years the percentage of those who feel the need of any church affiliation has been steadily decreasing." We confess to not liking this declaration. It is not in accordance with fact. An hundred years ago only one out of every fourteen of our population was identified with the church. Now the ratio is as one to four. And people feel the need for church affiliation and for that which the church affords as much as ever they did. The London Christian of recent date says: "To the attention of secularist and ethical speakers who have not infrequently urged that Christianity is 'played out,' we commend the noteworthy activities of the Wesleyan Manchester Mission. Now arrived at its majority, it has fifteen active centers of evangelistic effort in that city; its public Sunday services number a total average attendance of 16,000 persons; thirty-three prayer meetings and ten Bible classes are held each week; there are 4,000 scholars in the Sunday-schools; 40,000 persons receive help and advice every week; while in the homes and refuges last year 136,145 beds and 476,505 meals were provided. Such an array of facts certainly ought to appeal to those who are so fluent in regard to the claims of 'brotherhood,' but who profess to be so strongly opposed to all efforts for the spiritual elevation of their brethren."

2491C
Bancroft Library

THE WINE AND SPIRIT GAZETTE IN A TIRADE AGAINST THE CHURCH.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette of New York is the chief exponent of the liquor interests of the United States. In a recent issue the churches were arraigned in a vituperative editorial, the principal parts of which were as follows:

"The foulest and most brutal infamies of the centuries have been incited by, and enacted through the power of ecclesiastics in control of government.

"Priest and preacher have been the bane of liberty, the obstacle to progress, and the propagators of tyranny and oppression in every form.

"They have never been the leaders in the struggle for liberty, real liberty.

"Thomas Paine did more to plant the seed of liberty that produced revolution and the independence of the colonies than all the preachers of his day combined. In the abolition agitation not one of the orthodox clergy stands in the front rank of the prophets of freedom with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Benj. Lundy and John Brown.

"The foulest governments of the world have always been those under priestly domination and damnation. These satanic elements are working in the name of God to do the behest of hell. It is not for love of truth and purity that they and their women allies have in recent years gone wailing to Washington on various missions of "reform," to protest against the admissions of the adherents of another religion to seats in either house of congress. It has rather been because of the growth of Mormonism in fields that they themselves would occupy.

"They are always the instigators of proscriptive laws. At present, ignoring the example of the founder of Christianity and his personal practice, they are proscribing the use and sale of the wine he used as a perpetual emblem of his redemptive sacrifice. They even do this in his name and with prayers for his aid. They use blasphemies unthinkable and become liars in the name of God. They are no worse than those who mingled prayers with the groans of martyred innocents dying at the stake—and they are no better.

"They ignore evidence, they obscure facts, they deceive, and practice perjury for the sake of their fanatical notions, and, as in Maine, let loose lawlessness and lust, in the name of religion and morality. This is the spirit of the bigot, a new manifestation of medieval tyranny, which for centuries held liberty in chains, and committed the blackest crimes, in the name of Almighty God.

"The church in politics today is as potent a power for evil and as great a menace to liberty as it has ever been. Let the church attend to the ordinances of religion and keep its disturbing hand out of governmental life. No ecclesiastic, as such, should be heard in the halls of legislation. No religious body should have standing before the makers of our laws; they had none with the founder of the Republic. 'Let them render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's'

"They have no more rights and powers in public affairs than other men, and the church should not, and must not overshadow the holy places of equality, the halls of legislation, the chamber of the executive, and the temple of justice. Under the sheep's wool of amiability is the hide of the wolf; and behind the clerical smirk are the fangs of the serpent. They have been granted immunity enough. With vast properties and rich endowments, they pay nothing to the support of the government, the maintenance of its existence, or the enforcement of its authority.

"They are immune from the tax-collector; and the great mass of non-church people help to bear the burdens from which these professional clerical-politico mendicants are released. They cry out against the saloon in politics; but the church in politics has raised more hell a hundredfold than has the saloon; and we appeal to the written records of forty centuries to substantiate our statement.

"'Behold the Kingdom of God is within you,' said the Master. The sermon on the mount and the 13th chapter of Corinthians contain the gist of all true religion. A speedy and amicable return to the early method, a quickstep back to Christ, will help the church and save liberty."

The Pacific Presbyterian has of late given several articles showing the great alarm in the liquor camp over the progress made by the temperance forces. It will be evident from the foregoing quotations that some are becoming desperate. Comment on the editorial in the Wine and Spirit Gazette is unnecessary. We merely recall the old saying, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

A GREAT CONVENTION TO BE HELD.

There will be held in San Francisco, on the 17th, 18th and 19th of March, a convention from which it is hoped great good will result to the state of California. In that meeting will be representatives from all walks and works in life intent on uniting on the best methods for curtailing the liquor traffic. The aim is to make it a voice to which our state will stop and listen, and perhaps yield some obedience. Great commercial interests will be represented there, as will also the labor organizations; all the political parties also, and all the temperance organizations; the churches—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. Among the speakers will be Judge Artman of Indiana, who has done much of late to stir all moral interests to activity against the saloon and the liquor traffic.

This movement has been started by the Mt. Hermon Association, and is by far the most promising of the kind ever inaugurated in California. A surprisingly strong array of forces has already been committed to the movement. We believe that it will register such action next March as will cause all to realize that "Our God is marching on."

A Presbyterian Home Missionary gives our readers this week some of his experiences in the foothills of the Sierras.

The article by the Rev. George H. DeKay on "The Minister in Business" is the main parts of a paper read by him at a recent meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. In it there are undoubtedly some things which the churches ought to ponder.

231539

THE MINISTER IN BUSINESS.

George H. De Kay.

1. He is there in large numbers. You find him in various lines, but predominating in the real estate and insurance business. And despite the current idea that the minister is not much of a business man, he is probably about as successful as the ordinary man. We are told that not ten per cent of the men who engage in general merchandise business are successful, and not all are so in any line. If years of experience in trying to make one dollar do the work of three, of standing off creditors for lack of ready money, and of denying himself rather than go in debt are any helps to success in business, then the average minister ought to be well trained and able to give references. One minister of my acquaintance has successfully conducted for several years one of the finest fruit and vegetable markets in Los Angeles. Another has gone into the furniture business in a growing town. One bright young fellow obliged on account of nervous trouble to leave his ministry is firing on a Southern Pacific engine. One man in Berkeley is a contractor and builder, and another (who, however, was never more than a licensed preacher) is a plasterer. One who for many years was a quite successful evangelist in the Methodist Episcopal church turned barber for awhile—he had been used to such close shaving for so long that he did very well at it. One of our own men gave up the pastorate to accept a position as a high school teacher, not long since, and another to enter law practice. One of the leading business men of Sacramento is a former Congregational minister, for some years secretary of the Gas and Electric Company. In one of our Western states a few years ago the people called a Congregational minister to represent them in congress, which he did, I believe, for several terms. One minister has been for years a book-canvasser, covering a wide territory for a certain line of publications and earning a good income; another is engaged in San Francisco in connection with the manufacture and sale of a widely-advertised proprietary medicine; another is an architect, while still another is salesman for a wholesale paint house. Quite a number leave the pastorate for the farm, and Rev. E. P. Roe is as famous for his knowledge of small fruit culture as for his "Opening of a Chestnut Burr" or because of "He Fell in Love With His Wife." One minister of my acquaintance is engaged in the breeding of fine cattle. He is the man who labored to convince me that any man on any kind of a salary could save money if he would. I didn't believe him until I heard how he insisted upon taking up the usual morning collection at a funeral service.

One man who retired to the farm went into the dairy business. He sold out to me later, and I can assure anyone who wants relief from nervous strain that there is the place to find it. Also to find other experiences than he ever dreamed of in any other way. I began with fifteen cows and a business of $115 a month. In less than three months I had twenty-six cows, a business of $200 a month, and was working from two o'clock in the morning to seven in the evening seven days in the week, and preaching once every Sunday. My nervous headaches left me entirely. So also did some five hundred dollars that I ran behind in trying to furnish a first-class article at cheap rates.

In this connection I got some good ideas for a sermon on "Bearing One Another's Burdens." Very few people will pay for a really good article when they can buy cheaper, and the man who tries to make a living must not expect many of the people who buy from him to help him do so if they can buy something that looks as good at a lower rate. Anyway, I sold out and came to Berkeley. That brings me now, as it did then, to the real estate business, and here we find a large number of former pastors. At the head of one of the largest firms of this kind in Oakland is a young man who left the ministry of the M. E. church not long ago Last year we were told there were over twenty ministers in the business here in Berkeley alone.

2. Why is he in business? For various reasons. Sometimes he falls from grace. We know several who have left for this reason. Usually there's a woman in the case.

Sometimes he leaves for theological reasons; he outgrows the beliefs of his early days, or the theories of the old professor who taught him the things of the past; he finds himself unable to reconcile theory and experience, or to successfully work out his own salvation while trying to lead other men to theirs. Or he gets too far ahead of the rank and file in his ideas of what and how the church ought to do and be. One such said to me the other day: "I found myself outgrowing the church, and I left it." His chief complaint was the sociological position of the church, which he says is all wrong.

Sometimes the minister leaves the pastorate because he marries a rich wife. I know one such whose wife made it a condition of the marriage that he should not preach any more. When I told old Brother H. of it he said: "Why, where did she ever hear him preach?"

Once in awhile a man enters the ministry who learns afterward that he is a misfit. He has mistaken his calling and has sense enough to know it without being told so too bluntly by some one else. But sometimes he is the only man in the church who doesn't seem to realize it. As a general thing the minister's wife is his strong support and truly his helpmeet. But it occasionally happens that here lies the cause of his forced retirement—his wife spoils all he tries to do. She runs things too much to suit the other women.

Sometimes a man gets so high up on the ladder that he is unwilling to come down any, and when a change becomes necessary there is nothing quite good enough open for him, and he goes into some kind of business until "a good opening" offers itself.

Poor health sends quite a number of good men out of the pulpit into other lines of work; while still others leave heart-broken from such unjust and unkind treatment as takes all the courage and strength out of them. And this, too, from those whose professions would lead us to expect better things. I helped install one man in a field to which he had been called, with the promise of a good work, and where he did a work that still abides. But within a year from his installation we were called again to settle charges made against him and to advise as to the continuation of the pastorate. We found a deplorable condition of affairs nearly all due to one vindictive woman. The pastor was promptly exonerated and highly commended, but he refused to go on. He could not, for all the spirit was out of him. He went into business there and has been a help to the church in many ways, but never again would he expose himself to such an experience. He is only one of many who have stood at the hands of the church of Christ such slander and unkindness and injustice as becomes unbearable.

But the chief cause for the change from the pulpit to the office is **financial.** He ministers usually not to the rich nor the poor, but to the great middle class who make comfortable livings; to men and women who build good homes, wear good clothes, educate their children well, and do not suffer for any of the necessities of life nor for many of its luxuries. He does his work for less than many common day laborers are receiving, with no possible chance for saving anything against old age, and often with not sufficient for his present needs. Sometimes the church gives him a "donation party"—publicly advertising his needs and calling for charity for him. It is good that this at least is nearly out of date now. When he reaches the point where in response to kindly urging he is willing to send a list of his most pressing household needs to the women of some distant church, he receives in reply a missionary box that sends him to his knees in grateful appreciation. But it is a struggle all the while, and the worry over money matters wears him out. He sees other men going into business that pays them well for their labor, while he is not only underpaid, but the meager salary that he does receive is generally doled out to him in much the manner that he receives the least good from it. The pastor of the large city church receives his salary promptly and regularly, but the common experience of the average minister is to have his salary from two to six months behind, with a strenuous effort at the close of the year to make it up,—an effort frequently made successful by the minister throwing off a considerable percentage as "his share" of the deficit. He is obliged to listen constantly to the discussion of all sorts of schemes for the raising of his salary, and is made to feel most of the time that what he does receive is something he ought to be extremely grateful for.

As he looks around him, also, he sees the younger men from the seminaries given the preference; he finds that if he is pastor in some small field to which he has gone under the urgent plea that such fields must be held and worked, he is overlooked by all the larger churches who are sure he would not be there if he was "a man of the ability required for our important work;" and he hears a good deal of discussion of what to do with the old minister.

Do not blame him for letting go—he has a struggle that is harder and more wearing than the struggle of the average man for his living. And I believe that as a rule he lets go very reluctantly.

Often he stays on long after he has had good offers made to him to go into some good-paying business. Five years before I left my pastorate I was offered the Southern California agency for the one of the oldest and best life insurance companies in the United States, with a guaranteed salary of more than I had ever received as a pastor. I know one who is now doing hard work in a Home Mission field at $900, who two years ago refused a fine business opening.

I received two pitiful letters from old friends in the ministry in this connection. One who has been a sweet preacher and strong friend wrote me that in the twenty-five years of his ministry he had put into the work more than ten thousand dollars that had come to him through inheritance, had accepted cheerfully all the sacrifices of the years, and in the approaching old age was obliged to seek some other way of earning his living. Another, whom we all know as a fine preacher, wrote: "I am glad you have the ability to do something else. As for me, I have been so long at it that I can't do anything else but preach." As a rule it is not the men who have been unsuccessful as ministers who on this account go into business. Their very success as such makes them all the more liable to succeed in business. As I was preparing this paper one said to me, "I never had over $900 salary as a minister, part of the time only $400, and I have made over $2,500 in the six months I have been in business."

3. Can he combine business and the pastorate? We used to hear a good deal about the church giving the ministry a part of the time off for other pursuits as a means of helping to solve the problem of the pulpit supply. I do not think that as a rule the pastorate and business can be combined, and the people receive much good from it. I know one man who for several years carried on a butcher business and at the same time ministered to a small church some miles away. And he no doubt did good, but his preaching was rambling—which is sometimes true, also, of some other preachers. He may combine **preaching** and business, doing good work as supply for churches without pastors, etc., and be of real help. In nine months past I have had but four Sundays in which I have not preached; and the fact that the same churches send for me more than once I take as an indication that my preaching is acceptable.

But the man who tries to be both pastor and business man must neglect one or both. If he does business he must **work**—work in a way that the minister never does. He must **grind**, steadily at it every day, push his business or be pushed, meet competition. For him there is little opportunity for the quiet hours of good reading or for the outing that as a minister he could take almost any time he wished. I know all about the minister's hard work, for I worked as hard as any for seventeen years; but if he is up late at night he can make it up the next morning. If he doesn't feel well he can take it easy for a day or two—his time is his own; but unless he is actually sick, the business man is expected at his desk on time every day.

4. The minister in business learns some good lessons of charity and patience; learns to look at the church and religion from a different standpoint than that of the theologian, and learns, also, how many men there are who, seemingly indifferent to things religious, are yet **deeply** and **truly** religious. The credal differences are chiefly among the clergy, the mass of men care very little about them, but do care for the fundamental principle that the old prophet proclaimed when he said that what the Lord required is to deal justly, to seek mercy and to walk humbly before the Lord.

And if the minister in business returns to the pastorate, as he sometimes does, he must do so with some different views of how and what to preach. He will have patience with the men who do not go to prayer meeting as regularly as the minister does, or do not have much to say when they do go. They have not been preparing for it as he has—their minds have been on other things.

I think it would do most preachers good to go into business for awhile, just to get next to the men as they do not ordinarily do, and learn how little they care, as a rule, for the kind of preaching that occupies a good deal of the attention of some ministers. However, as I am not the professor of homelitics I will not tell you here how to preach. And perhaps, after all, the minister in his study does know best. However, brethren, before you say too much about the Sunday question,

the theater, politics and a few other topics lock up your study door, get out among the men who are up against these questions as you never are and learn how to look at them from their point of view. Then you will know better how to show them yours, which may be the better.

5. And lastly, the minister in business is apt to be neglected by his pastor even more than the other men are. Because he is an ex-pastor it is taken for granted he can get along safely with little attention. He is generally the kindliest critic the preacher has, and often among the leaders in all good works—as he should be.

He misses the fellowship of the ministers' meetings and the Associations; his books call mutely to him from shelves where the dust accumulates on their unused pages; he misses the sense of belonging to someone who looks to him for leadership and help, and he wonders sometimes if **anyone** really **knows** what is the will of the Lord and the real voice of duty.

A LOS ANGELES PRAYER MEETING.

By W. N. Burr, Tulare, Cal.

"I am a Christian Scientist and a traveling man," I heard a gentleman say some time ago; "and I always find the testimony meeting of the Scientists wherever I may happen to be on Wednesday night. Good Christian Scientists never think of such a thing as missing their Wednesday night testimony meeting, even though that evening should find them strangers in a strange land."

A recent Wednesday night found me in Los Angeles. Not to be outdone by the Christian Scientist, I eagerly made my way to the prayer meeting of the First Congregational Church. It was a privilege I could not afford to miss.

One of the deacons—two of them, indeed—gave me a hearty welcome.

"We are to have something a little out of the ordinary tonight," said one of them, with a suggestion of laudable pride in his tone. "The Boys' Brigade is to be chiefly in evidence at the meeting."

The pastor, Dr. William Horace Day, entered the room just then, and in his alert, businesslike way, made his way to the platform and became engaged at once with certain detail duties with one of the officers of the Brigade, and others.

On time, almost to the second, he announced the opening hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." As the chorus was being sung for the last time a military order was heard at the door, and the Brigade, forty strong that night, came marching into the prayer meeting room, and were seated in a body in front seats that had been reserved for them. The pastor offered a brief prayer. One of the older members of the Brigade followed with a brief, manly prayer, in which he confessed his faith by acknowledging that the way by which one may serve his country best is by loyally serving the Lord Jesus Christ. As he closed, the entire Brigade joined in offering the Lord's Prayer.

Certain business matters were then brought before the church, most of it of a character evidencing the interest which is taken by this church in civic affairs. A visiting minister was called upon to go to the platform and offer prayer, and then 2 Kings 22:1 and 2, and 23:1, 2 and 3 was read by pastor and people. It's a bit of the story of the boy-king Josiah, who "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord," and who made a covenant for himself and his people to "walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments and his testimonies and his statutes with all their heart and with all their soul, to perform the words of this covenant that were written in the book."

The pastor then announced the topic of the meeting, "Why Should a Boy be a Christian?" and focused the thought of the people on that vital question by a few introductory remarks. Then, standing at his reading-desk, he gave the meeting into the hands of the people, asking for answers to the question. The prayer spirit was in that room, and before one answer was given a brother led in a brief, earnest petition for a blessing on the boy-life of the nation.

The first speaker made this point: That a **boy** should become a Christian that the **man** he is going to be may be a Christian; and to prove his statements he called upon all who gave themselves to Christ before reaching the age of twenty to rise. A large number immediately rose to their feet.

"Now, how many became avowed Christians between the ages of twenty and thirty?"

A few persons arose.

"How many when over thirty years of age?" asked the pastor.

Five persons arose.

"To be a Christian boy is to be a **manly** boy and a **happy** boy," remarked a gentleman who had the appearance of being both manly and happy himself.

"It is the regret of my life," said another, "that after starting in the Christian life when a boy I fell away. But it is the joy of my life that about four years ago I again gave myself to Christ."

The captain of the Brigade, a young man of twenty-four, with a bit of the Southern accent on his tongue, said he had been greatly influenced by the Christian character of General Robert E. Lee, and of other Christian soldiers, both in the Northern and Southern armies whose records as religious men he had read with a relish. "There is no mistake about it—the manly men are found in the church of Christ," said he.

The pastor called upon the boys of the Brigade to "show their colors;" and, one after another, most of them, arose and gave a short testimony of delight in the Christian life and of determination to be loyal to Jesus Christ.

The superintendent of the Sunday-school, a manly fellow not so very far away from the days of his own boyhood, spoke earnestly of the power of **habit**. "It is easier for a man to be a Christian if he starts early and gets the **habit**," said he.

The pastor made a tender appeal to any boys of the Brigade who had not yet given themselves to Christ to think seriously of the importance of building their lives according to the standards of the Master.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a valuable sword to the captain of the Brigade This sword, the gift of the Company, was presented by the pastor. In his response the young officer said:

"I thank the boys for this gift; but I want to tell you that I am **more** glad for the ready testimonies for the Captain of our Salvation, Jesus Christ, that I have heard you give tonight."

The pastor called the attention of the church to the illness of the Superintendent of Home Missions, Rev. J. L. Maile, and in response to his request several earnest prayers were offered for the recovery of this beloved brother.

To call such a meeting as this a **prayer** meeting is in no sense a mistake; for the spirit of prayer prevailed all through the hour. At the same time the temper

that is loved by boys was felt from the moment the meeting began. Many ladies were present, but it was a men's meeting, a boys' meeting, a meeting in which the masculine temper was dominant.

"The question has been much asked of late, 'Where are the boys?'" writes the editor of the Advance. And he answers: "Well, unless they are unlike other generations of boys, they can be found somewhere along the trail of their fathers."

But too many of them are not faced right for the noblest living and the greatest usefulness when taking "the trail of their fathers." They must be diverted into the way of following after Him whom God hath highly exalted and given a name that is above every name The First Church of Los Angeles is evidently bringing this pressure to bear upon some of the boys within its reach. May this church be able to win and to keep many more in the boy world from the power of the evil one!

ROUGHING IT IN SIERRA FOOT HILLS.

Some Presbyterian Home Missionary Experiences.

By W. N. Price, Knowles, Cal.

As the rose excels all flowers in glory and beauty, so without exaggeration it might be said of the Sierra Nevada foothill country of California among all the fair regions of the earth. Like Mt. Zion, it lies the perfection of beauty, and if well known, would be, indeed, the pride of the whole earth. There are craggy, rugged hills and hills of the most graceful mold; there are pine-covered mountains and again mountains with hardly a tree. There are natural parks with the live oaks and white oaks planted out as if by a landscape gardener, and no brush growing anywhere. Again there are far stretches of nothing but brush, the haunt of the bear, the coyote and the mountain lion. In the springtime it is a kingdom of flowers in such bounty and beauty as only the flower-loving God can display. In short, to live among these foothills is a preparation for Paradise.

It is in this goodly country that the lot of a home missionary has been cast, with that of his faithful wife. Amid such inspiring scenery it would look like a preacher would be out of place, that the people living there would naturally give way to such Edenic surroundings and would be found walking with the Creator and in glad fellowship with him. Yet they are no whit better spiritually and morally than the inhabitants of less enchanting realms.

The far separated little communities are mostly mining, logging and quarry camps. The people are nearly all from the Eastern states, Canada and Europe.

As the missionary did not arrive in the field till November of 1906, he has not yet visited the big sawmill camps. Until March 1st he has had no horse and has had to depend upon the stage and "shanks' mare" to convey him to his appointments. One Saturday night he stayed at the house of a lonely bachelor, who, like a number of his kind, choose a home in this territory and spend their days and nights in solitude, save for the companionship of a dog, a cat, and maybe a few head of stock. The snow lay all about the house, for it was located on the top of a high mountain. I spent a delightful night with him. The next morning I set out a-foot for my appointment at Coarse Gold, six miles down the mountain road. Preaching there at 11 a. m., I walked up the mountain in the afternoon to a school house four miles away, and then started back again to preach at night. On the return it began snowing. Thicker and heavier came the snow until the preacher became an animated snow-man moving through the storm. It came down thicker and heavier than I ever saw. Indeed, it is said the snow falls heavier in the Sierras than any place in the world. But how I did enjoy that four-mile tramp down the canyon in the falling snow.

That evening was too stormy for anyone to go out to the school house to service. I thought of the reading-room, or smoke-room, where the men spend their evenings smoking, reading and card-playing. I went around to it and walked in. About a dozen men were there. I put my case before them. Would they like me to hold a short service there since we could not go to the school house? "Certainly, parson," one or two spoke up; "pitch right into us and you can make it just as hard as you like." I did pitch in, but not into them. I sang several songs in which, after some little hesitation, they all joined. One song I sang alone, a song about the trundle-bed and mother. I dared not look around to see if they were affected by the song, for I knew I should go to pieces myself if I saw any of them showed it. The prayer was for a deepening of religious feeling and that we might all be true to those heavenly visions that came to us when we were younger, our hearts more tender and when we were better men; also a petition for the far-away dear ones. Then a short sermon on 1 Tim. 1:15. After that a concluding song, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," which, while it was being sung, a young fellow seized his hat, not to put it on, but to pass it around. Collection nearly five dollars from less than a dozen men—some sort of evidence of their appreciation.

Those miners never would have gone to the school house, and some of them heard that night their first sermon in twenty years. Since then I have preached regularly in that smoke-room Sunday evenings. After services that evening I walked about a mile to stay all night with a friend, making fifteen miles walking that snowy Sunday and three services, and have felt much more fatigued at other times than then.

North Fork is about fifty miles from the missionary's headquarters. He had been invited by Mrs. Gilchrist, in charge of the Indian Mission there, to visit North Fork and preach. This he was anxious to do, but waited until he thought the weather should favor the project. At length, the latter part of March, in a top-buggy, with his wife, he set out Saturday to reach Fresno Flats, a next-day appointment; from there to set out on Monday for North Fork. Not many miles out it began to rain. It rained, and still it rained. The road went over a steep mountain, and at the head of the horse I tramped through the pouring rain to the top and mostly down the mountain on the other side; for the road had been destroyed by the heavy freight teams. To have got into one of those deep ruts would have meant disaster. We took an old abandoned road down the mountain. I shudder yet when I think of the big granite boulders we had to g et over and of the yawning gullies we escaped. Then there were boggy places when it looked like a sin to drive a horse. But the horse was of no common mettle; he struggled and fought his way through mud and mire; was always responsive, careful, not dashing, discreet yet courageous, and finally, thanks to the gallant beast, we arrived in the rain at Fresno Flats.

It poured down all Saturday night; Sunday it rained. There was a lull by eleven a. m. A half-dozen worshipers assembled in the old store-room, where the services are held. The night came on threatening rain. Yet despite the frowning heavens, over thirty came out to the services, the saloonkeeper, also, and all his crowd just across the street, eight young fellows from the logging camp, who happened to be spending Sunday down where we were. It was a very attentive, appreciative audience, more than half being men.

About nine o'clock it began raining, and kept it up all night. Monday morning, while not raining, was dark and bespoke a rainy day. We were about half way between home and North Fork. Which way should we take? We decided for North Fork, and thither we started. By this time it was raining. Yet we were both full of good cheer. We needed all the good spirits we had in stock before we reached our goal. Much of the time it meant walking for the missionary. In some places the deep snows of last winter had bent the brush over the road, and once it looked like we were effectually blocked. But by dint of straining and the most careful driving the buggy got through by the tightest squeeze.

Then we didn't know if we were on the right road. We were twelve miles in those great mountains, away from any human abode, the rain still coming down. Dead trees lay across the way and complicated the journey. It was not a public road. As it neared the crest of the ridge, where the snow still lay in patches, it was cut out of the mountain-side, where it was so steep below you as to amount to a precipice. Along this narrow way, too narrow to turn back in, we came to a landslide, which was not quite far enough into the road to bar our passage utterly, or we might have been there yet. From the top of the divide the road plunged down into a dismal canyon. The road was washed by the rains, the melting snows and the roaring mountain stream. In fact, it was no road, but what had been a road. We followed it with bated breath. It crossed the stream five times, and each time I looked for a disaster, so terribly were the crossings washed out. On we went, not knowing whither. We had no choice but to go on. We couldn't backslide up that mountain again, even if we were on the wrong road. I had remarked to my wife that we were in mountain lion country. About noon we saw a house. Land ahead to a storm-tossed mariner, with chart and compass lost, could not have been hailed with more delight. The man of the house was of royal mold. We were strangers, but he took us in and his Indian wife got dinner and made us sit down to it. Our horse, also, was not neglected. Moreover, we were on the right road. We noticed a freshly-skinned carcass hanging up in the yard. "What is that?" I inquired. "That is a mountain lion," replied my host. "We killed four this week on the mountain you have just crossed."

Taking leave of our friend, with a pressing invitation to return, we journeyed on to North Frok, seven miles further. The heavy rains had reduced the roads to gullies. After encountering many more trials of bad road, our noble horse got us to our haven at 5 p. m. A haven of rest, indeed, it was which we reached after the day of clouds and rain and mud and gullies and fallen trees and swollen streams.

During our week's stay at the Presbyterian Indian Mission there was only one partially fair day. The preacher, between storms of rain and sleet and snow, traversed on horseback the community and gave notice throughout of the Sunday services at 2:30 p. m. We were much interested in the Indian Mission. It is for Indian girls, and seven is the limit. There were six at the time, ranging in age from six to thirteen. At first Mrs. Golchrist and Miss McGraw did not know one word of their language nor they of English. Yet after two years they now read their third readers, the oldest of them, write and draw as well as white children of their age, are quite efficient in arithmetic as far as division, can sing, wash dishes, sweep the house; in a word, they now differ little from white children. But back of these results are more than two years of toil, of patience and solicitude which God alone could supply to the workers. At first the Indians were suspicious, even hostile, and would often go by the mission of nights drunken and yelling and shooting and making the night hideous. Now they are all the fast friends of the mission, the Lord having made even its enemies to be at peace with it. Nearly all the girls in the mission have been sold by their parents either to red or white men for nameless purposes. But of course in the mission they are safe from such perdition.

At one time, when Mrs. Gilchrist was returning to the mission at nightfall with two of her girls, a mountain lion followed close after them, uttering at intervals his blood-curdling yell, all the three miles from the place they started from. The mission was beseiged by this beast for several days before he was killed. He was over eight feet. Thus through many toils, dangers and fears the little mission has come; but the gates of hell have not prevailed against it.

The outlook for a Sunday service was decidedly gloomy. The day was stormy and cold, the roads at their worst. Would it be worth while for the preacher to venture out to the hall, two miles and a half away? Surely nobody would come out. However, he did go. One of the greatest surprises of his life was ahead of him. They came in from far and near; from one hundred yards away to eight miles, till over forty had assembled. What an audience it was! How they listened, and what sweet words of appreciation they spoke afterwards. I felt fully repaid for the terrible wilderness journey to get to that place. The owner of the hall seemed much touched and said he was going to get a pulpit for the hall, nice folding chairs and hymn books if I would promise to return from time to time. He seemed not far from the kingdom. I promised him.

The next day (Monday) we were to start for home, fifty miles away. Sunday night came on with a cold, heavy rain. In the morning three inches of snow lay everywhere, but the sky was clear and the sun shone graciously. We set forth by another way than the route we came. As it was a mail route the road was better. In five miles we came to a creek swollen and roaring. It was very impracticable to return, and that angry stream must be forded if we went on. Holding our breath the gallant horse entered the current. Would we get through? We did, and how thankful we felt no one but those who have come through turbulent waters can ever know. At 3 p. m. the weather took a backset and we went for the next hour through snow and rain. About half way home we reached a little place where we put up for the night.

In the morning, having received directions from our landlord, we took up the last half of the home journey, leaving the stage line and striking through the

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

hills through unknown country over a little traveled road. The first two miles brought up to the fording of a worse stream than the day before. It was well up into our buggy and was very swift and dangerous, but there is a necessity that drives a man through such dangers, whether he will or no, and it is worth while passing through such waters to experience the great thrill of thanksgiving afterwards. We escaped miring down many times, forded one good-sized stream nine times in a half-mile, had to get around fallen trees somehow and "lone, wandering, but not lost," we at length came into the main traveled county road, within twelve miles of home. The rest of the journey was without incident; the day was for the most part beautiful, though we could look back and see the mountains where we had been wrapped in storm clouds. We arrived at our home in Knowles (granite quarry) without a break of any kind or a scratch, happy and grateful, with a fund of experiences that will last many a day. These are samples of the home missionary's life in the Sierra foothills.

Among the Churches.

Berkeley.—The First Presbyterian Church expects to worship in the auditorium of the new building next Sunday.

San Jose.—The Rev. George Irving Long of Iowa, who has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church, is expected to enter on the work about the middle of the month.

San Francisco.—Next Sunday, at 3 p. m., the Chinese Presbyterian Church, Stockton street, above Clay, San Francisco, will be dedicated. You are cordially invited to be present. This will be the first church opened in Chinatown since the earthquake.

Los Angeles.—A movement for the consolidation of the First and the Knox Presbyterian churches has been started. The First Church now has a membership of nearly 800; and Knox has nearly 300. The consolidation would give a membership of more than 1,000 and would make a very strong and influential organization. Should the movement be carried to consummation the name of the First Church would be retained, and the Rev. F. J. Harper, pastor of Knox Church, would, in all probability, take the pastorate. The Rev. Dr. Talmage resigned several weeks ago, asking that his resignation take effect the 1st of March.

A PLEASANT RECOGNITION.

In 1893, on Christmas day, there was opened in Vallejo the first institution organized by civilians for the use and benefit of the sailors and marines of the United States navy. It came about through the efforts of Rev. Theodore F. Burnham, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. For fourteen years he has, in addition to his other duties, filled the office of superintendent, and from the beginning has refused any compensation for his services.

Recently a larger institution has been erected in Vallejo, largely through the efforts of Rear Admiral B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., and wife, and the Naval Union has resolved to disincorporate. The real property having advanced largely in value during these years, the directors had a surplus left after meeting all obligations. The superintendent had secured contributions from Andrew Carnegie, the Union Iron Works Charles Cramps' Sons and others for the erection of a building for the Union, and like amounts have been set aside for the special use of the newer institution now conducted as a Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A., a pension has been provided for the faithful janitor, who has served over twelve years, and at a banquet held recently at St. Vincent's hotel, the directors presented Mr. Burnham with a purse of over two thousand dollars, in recognition of his fourteen years of labor and because of the large sums contributed by him in the early years of the institution. A remarkable statement was made at this banquet, when the fact was noted that every vote taken by the board of directors from the start to the close of operations has been unanimous.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Prof. Paterson completed his services with the St. John's Church, Berkeley, last Sabbath. He has supplied them since their organization, and prior to that preached for some time for the old church. He has been ministering in Berkeley almost continuously for nearly eleven months. He has greatly endeared himself to the people and has been of great service to them.

Rev. H. H. Pratt, '99, of Portland, and his congregation did not lose heart in the fire that burned their edifice. The next day the officers and a few of the leading members met at the pastor's home, twenty in number, and subscribed $2,000 towards a new building. Several neighboring churches offered them the use of their edifices, but they decided to engage a hall and carry on vigorously all the work of the church

Rev. Walter M. Sutherland, '98, and Mrs. Sutherland of Fulton are rejoicing over the recent arrival at the manse of a ten-pound boy.

Mrs. Moore has quite recovered from her recent illness. She and Dr. Moore spent their Christmas holiday at Carmel.

The Christmas exercises of the San Anselmo Sunday-school were held last Friday evening. The attendance was unusually large and the exercises very interesting. Mr. Bonick, the superintendent, was in charge, ably assisted by his faithful teachers. There were selections by the choir, an address by Dr. Landon, exercises by the children, a Santa Claus and a Christmas tree.

Dr. Day gave the address at the Christmas exercises of the Sunday-school in San Rafael last Friday evening.

Mr. Paul R. Dickie, assisted by his brother, who is a carpenter, is putting up a small but neat chapel on the rear of the new lot in the Bush Tract. It will cost about $400. Some of the students have volunteered their assistance during the holiday recess.

DEATHS.

At the home of Rev. J. H. Laughlin, Oakland, Cal., December 21st, 1907, Mr. Oscar E. Boyd, aged 65 years, 9 months and 8 days.

Mr. Boyd was born in Cumberland, Ohio. At the age of nineteen he confessed publicly his faith in Jesus Christ as his Savior. He was a business man, but with

marked taste for literature and music. The work of the Lord was his delight. For twenty-six years he served as recording secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. During his whole life he was a leader of choirs, teacher of Bible classes, or superintendent of Sunday-schools, and as necessity required, presenting the claims of his Master's kingdom to churches and higher ecclesiastical bodies. In the home his affectionate kindness of character was strikingly visible, and no man was ever more richly rewarded in loving devotion of family.

The survivors in the bereaved family are: his widow, Mary French Boyd; his son, Rev. James Oscar Boyd, Ph. D., Associate Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary; and his daughter, Annie Boyd Laughlin, missionary to the Chinese of California.

Pure in heart, he sees God.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANAGE.

San Anselmo.

The directors of the Orphanage wish, through our Presbyterian paper, to thank the churches and many friends of the Home for their lavish gifts at Christmas time. The little girls in the nursery seem veritable mothers as they hug their dolls, and the gifts of games, books, etc., were so numerous that the older children, boys as well as girls, feel this has been the happiest Christmas of their lives. The generous gifts of things useful were numerous, and the Christ spirit seemed to fill all their young hearts that day. —M. T. B.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT FOR WHITMAN COLLEGE.

Plans have been laid to raise $1,500,000 for endowment and $600,000 for buildings.

A meeting of the trustees of the college and the business men of Walla Walla, about forty in all, discussed a plan laid before them by President Penrose and Professor Hendrick, looking toward the enlargement of the work of the institution. The plans in detail are not yet ready for publication; this meeting was to get Walla Walla more thoroughly behind the college.

The plan is to make Whitman College the great representative college of the Northwest, but at the same time to keep it distinctively a college and not to try to develop it into a university. To accomplish this in only a moderate way the above sums will be required, and they will be raised within the next two years.

Professor A. W. Hendrick presented each guest with a carefully prepared typewritten statement of the standing of Whitman college today as respects its courses of study, its standard of work, attendance, receipts and expenditures, assets and liabilities, resources and invested funds. The name of each guest had been printed on the cover and the document constituted a complete and official statement of the present development of the institution. There was also appended a list of donors of $500 or more during the past thirteen years.

He then spoke at length on the figures submitted. Whitman at present offers a total of 227 semester courses, with 675 hours of instruction per week, of which 128 hours is required for graduation. The college has grown from a freshman class of 4 in 1894 to 75 in 1907. The receipts of the college have risen from $23,000 in 1898 to $69,000 in 1907. There have been 70 donors to the college of $500 or over, ranging up to $163,000 from Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, the largest individual benefactor of the college. He showed that Whitman College is recognized by the best educators throughout the country as furnishing an education of the highest type. Graduates of Whitman College are accepted as candidates for the masters' degrees in one year in any American university. Undergraduates have transferred without loss of standing from Whitman to Michigan, Stanford, Smith and Amherst He went carefully into the details of the college finances and management to give the business men present an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of the college from every point of view. He showed the rapid growth of the college in recent years, despite the very inadequate endowment and very meagre salaries to instructors.

President Penrose spoke on "What We Hope to Make of Whitman College." He said it can still be a small college and have an enrollment of 400 like Williams, or even 1,400 like Yale in the college department; it can have an academy connected with it of the present size; it can have a conservatory of music with 800 students, like Oberlin; it can have a school of technology, comprising schools of civil engineering, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, hydraulic engineering and mining engineering. But no one of these must be started until there is sufficient equipment and endowment provided to be able to do work of the highest quality, such as is done in the East by Cornell or Massachusetts Institute of Technology. We may have an art school, a school of forestry and irrigation, and a school of commerce and banking without breaking away from the legitimate work of a college as distinguished from a university.

In answer to the question, "What would this involve financially?" he said it would require two science buildings at $100,000 each, three additional dormitories at $50,000; a chapel, $5,000; a conservatory of music building, $75,000; an academy building, $50,000; an art building, $50,000, making a total for new buildings of $650,000.

The largest endowment possible to be for five science departments, $100,000 each; a library fund of at least $100,000; twenty professorships at $30,000 each $600,000, making a total needed for new endowment of $1,200,000. In addition to the present endowment of about $250,000 this would make a total of $1,500,000 as a permanent endowment for the college. President Penrose demonstrated that this aggregate was not asking for anything unnecessary, and that it would still leave Whitman as a comparatively small college and not a university.

At a special meeting of the board of trustees, which was held in the Memorial building in the morning, important action was taken looking toward the further undenominationalism of the college. With the approval of the Congregational Educational Society, the board of trustees voted to free the college from direct Congregational control, making it broadly Christian but in no sense denominational. In the past a majority of the members of the board have been required to be Congregationalists. This will be no longer required.

This will enable the college to be the beneficiary of the Carnegie foundation and pension fund. The exact requirements for trustees under the new plan

is not yet known, but a plan has been submitted to the Carnegie foundation trustees for their approval.

THE SITUATION IN NEVADA.

The problem in Nevada is not an easy one. The tremendous growth of the population in mining centers has produced a condition of social, political, and moral incoherency not easily controlled. To this wild tumultuous condition of western life stirred to its depths by the excitement which always accompanies mining is a strike among the miners and that, too, in the dead of winter. A condition of desperation is at hand. It would seem to us at this distance that the presence of federal troops would be for the best interests of all involved. The troops need not interfere nor in any way supercede the local authorities. These are our own "boys in blue" and we can see no reason why they should not remain in the vicinity of danger and protect the lives of the people if such protection is required. The presence of General Funston in San Francisco in April, 1906, no doubt saved it from being a slaughter pen. The fact that he was present or near by in May, 1907, saved the city from a vast seething insurrection. No matter what the merits of the controversy between the miners and the mine-operators, order is essential to the highest adjustment of that controversy. We should like to see the proof that the presence of federal troops is a menace to any interest of civil society in a time of danger or even apparent danger. There is no militia in that state. We would like to know how it is or why it is that there is such a sensitiveness about calling out troops.

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE THEATER.

George Alexander Redford is the examiner of plays in England and no play can be put upon the stage without his approval. He has held this position since 1895. Recently there has been a strong protest against the censorship of English plays. The experiment of having high class plays has a serious financial difficulty. The theater has yet to show that it can live on meritorious work alone. The emphasis, the exaggeration, the high coloring necessary to success constantly increase. The rule is that theaters exploit the higher faculties of mankind and color, twist and distort real life into an unreal, superficial and finally into an artificial status. There are exceptions enough to prove this rule. The pressure brought upon the censorship of the plays in England shows the current of a weakening public sentiment. We are not surprised to see this experiment of England failing. The highest class of plays attainable do not tend toward higher ideals and higher taste but create an abnormal demand, an abnormal authority of the sense life over the mental, moral and spiritual life. The roots of the theater are in the sense life, the natural life, the world life. The so-called refinement of that life increases the authority and respectability of the human animal which without doubt means something to the temporary betterment of social conditions of a few. What is the effect upon the conscience? It dulls the ear to the real cry of need, it hardens the heart and puts the soul out of sympathy with real conditions by substituting abnormal unreality. The real world and the ideal world are hopelessly confused. The confusion and compromising of moral distinction are true of the best plays. We have not attempted to discuss an ultimate theory as to whether there may or may not be a play written and presented which would be unobjectionable. Our contention is confined to the concrete facts. Moral plays fail and have failed for lack of financial support. The tendency of all plays is to superinduce an artificial idea of life and promote the temporary sense life at the expense of the moral and spiritual life.

The statement is made that 27,000 women in New York City support their lazy worthless husbands. Women wage earners are regular in their work. They do not waste their money in cigars, in liquor, in gambling. Many women have more intellectual strength than their husbands and can earn larger wages. The present organization of society by which men spend so much money in the senseless use of tobacco and in the demoralizing use of liquor is essentially wrong. Men may claim that they have a right to spend their wages as they please but as a matter of righteousness they have not. The wife and children have moral claims upon the husband and father which should be met before one cent is spent for tobacco or any other senseless indulgence. Nine-tenths of the tobacco bill is taken out of wife and children and more than that proportion is taken out of the wife and children which is spent in the saloon. It is inevitable unless men radically change, that women will have the first place in the industrial world in a few decades. They will gradually get control of the great industries. There are two or three fundamental reasons for this statement. Women are educating themselves in the high schools and colleges more generally than men. Women are more reliable and more faithful in task work than men. Women do not indulge in smoking and drinking to the extent men indulge in these vices. Women are always at their best. Unless men will quit drinking, quit smoking, take on higher moral ideals and look upon life more soberly, more seriously they must go to the rear in the struggle of life.

Some time ago we received a communication from Manila setting forth the religious conditions prevailing in the Philippines. It reads: "No prayer is to be made at the opening of the Assembly here because the Apostolic Delegate opposes it, on the part of a Catholic and the Committee having the matter in charge is so afraid of the Catholic power that they fear to appoint an Agipayano or a Protestant. This cringing hypocritical unmanly fear of Rome makes me boil. Did you know that the Apostolic Delegate is recognized here as an official and can bring anything he pleases into these islands free of duty? At the official banquet to be given to Mr. Taft he alone of all ministers and consuls is to be present. The English Consul, the German and the others are too insignificant to be invited, but this meddler from Rome is to be given a choice place. Think of it. At the coronation of an image on Saturday the two crowns of gold costing $22,000 were carried on a platter by the Governor General of these Islands to this Apostolic Delegate from Rome who placed them on the plaster paris images of the "Lady of the Rosary" and her child. Then thousands of Catholics bowed down and worshipped them. But thanks be to the influence of the Bible and the work of the Protestant people, there were other thousands who stood by, refusing to bow the knee to Baal. To what are we coming?"

The statement of President Anderson of the Soo Chow University that China is likely to be the scene of a vast revolution upon the death of the Empress Dowager is somewhat disquieting. There is a good deal of exaggeration about the so called friction between the Manchus and the Chinese. The present Tartar dynasty has lasted already over 250 years. The Chinese queue is almost universally worn and is a badge of loyalty to the present dynasty. Of course China may do many wonderful things in the near future. Insurrection and civil war may be among these things. We devoutly hope that such will not be the case. The Chinese press informs us that vast quantities of arms and ammunition have been successfully smuggled into the interior. Hong Kong and Macao are said to be the centers of the smuggling business. It is contended that the uprising will be simultaneous with its chief center in the south. Some deduction must be made for the injection into these alarming statements of the fears of the average Chinese official. The vast feeling of unrest in China cannot be denied.

The Home.

THE TRUE AND UNTRUE.

He was a dog,
  But he stayed at home
    And guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog,
  That didn't roam.
    He lay on te porch or chased the stray—
    The tramp, the burglar, the hen away;
    For a dog's true heart for that household beat,
    At morning and evening, in cold and heat,
He was a dog,

He was a man.
  And didn't stay
    To cherish his wife and his children fair.
He was a man.
    His heart grew callous, its love beats rare.
    He thought of himself at the close of day
    And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away
    To the club, the lodge, the store, the show,
    But he had a right to go, you know,
He was a man.

F. E. Townsley.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Early Companionship.

Mothers are every day becoming more and more impressed with the importance of intimate companionship between themselves and their daughters. During the first few years of its life a child is of necessity closely associated with its mother, because it is constantly in need of assistance from her. The required aid may be simply the tying up of a wounded finger, the kissing away of a bruise or the mending of a broken toy, but the case is nevertheless of importance to the little one, and nobody can perform such small offices quite so satisfactorily as the mother. Money may purchase similar attentions from servants, but somehow they never seem to understand the most pleasing way of soothing the griefs and smoothing away the difficulties of their little charges.

It is while the mother is thus necessary to the comfort and happiness of her daughter that she must lay the foundations for the confidence and companionship of future years. At this early age a girl's mind and affections are so plastic that they are easily swayed by passing influences. Ideas come and go quickly, and while some are retained, others disappear into the forgotten past. The mother who rules wisely as well as lovingly knows that she must bring her influence to bear on the young mind, so that it may learn to separate the good ideas from the harmful ones, as a farmer winnows the wheat from the chaff. The girl is to a certain extent endowed with the power to act independently of surrounding circumstances, but the influence of early life upon her character are both strong and lasting. A grown person of the most refined sensibilities is likely to unconsciously imbibe something of grossness from constant contact with immorality, and it is, therefore, to be expected that the tender mind of a child will become blackened by similar surroundings.

But if the mother is the daughter's daily companion, there is little danger of such contamination. All her energies will be bent toward making the young life pure and beautiful without and within. She will see that no idle gossip is repeated in the girl's hearing, and that all conversation of a questionable nature is kept from her ears. A few years ago a wise and prudent mother in Washington society gave a gentle, but telling, rebuke to a number of ladies who were grouped in one of the parlors of a famous hotel in that city. There had been much sprightly conversation, and witty remarks had been answered in the same spirit. Finally some one mentioned the name of a woman who was noted for her beauty and grace of person. There was a lull in the conversation, and general attention was turned to the speaker, who with shrugs and smiles began to repeat a scandal which involved the woman's name. The mother, who was one of the group, quietly turned to a number of young girls near by and, catching her daughter's eye, said in a distinct voice, "My dear, you will please go to your room immediately." The girl arose and left the apartment, and in the profound silence which ensued the narrator failed to finish the story. It was a little thing, but full of meaning, and every woman present knew that there was at least one mother who was endeavoring to keep her daughter's mind unsullied. This incident also afforded a striking example of prompt obedience to parental authority. That mother had evidently been a companion, friend and adviser whose superiority and right to command were fully respected by the daughter.

There is an ancient Greek proverb which says, "Give your child to be educated by a slave, and instead of one slave you will have two." The mother who has her children's highest welfare at heart will carefully consider the significance of these words and will herself be the chief teacher and most intimate companion of her daughter. She is, whether she wills it or not, the model by which the daughter will mould her own life. Her example will be instictively copied and exaggerated If she allows herself to display fits of ill-temper, the child will go farther and give way to violent outbursts of anger accompanied by a flow of words that will fall from her lips with the sweep of a cyclone. The mother

may expostulate, but her reasoning and commands will be of no avail, because her example is more powerful than speech, and the child will follow it with startling exactness. It does seem so easy to be wicked, and so hard to be good! Evil comes as swiftly as lightning and as gently as a fall of dew; but good must be sought for continually, with weeping and prayer, with despair over many falls and only a hope for ultimate success. If mothers could be brought to realize the power that lies within them to instruct and guide the young, how many heart-aches and failures would be avoided.

A wise mother's companionship is of the greatest importance in strengthening her daughter's character, since it brings out the good points of the expanding nature as nothing else will. The mother has the child's good so fully at heart that she works unflaggingly, expecting and hoping for no reward but ultimate success in her endeavors. She educates and instructs from her knowledge of human nature. "Man is the brain, but woman is the heart of humanity, he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections. And thus, though man may direct the intellect, woman cultivates the feelings, which mainly determine the character. While he fills the memory she occupies the heart. She makes us love, while he can only make us believe, and it is chiefly through her that we are enabled to arrive at virtue."

The sensible mother will listen to all her daughter's confidences with sympathetic attention, encouraging a little here, perhaps reproving there, advising in all things, and pointing out the danger while also showing the hopeful side. Youth is prone to exaggerate both pleasure and disappointment, and the mother, with her greater worldly wisdom, can show how far the boundary of truth has been passed in either direction. Influence over the young cannot, however, be attained suddenly, but only by years of patience. A casual observer is apt to suppose that motherhood confers this influence and gains the confidence of children, but it does not. Its dignity, sufferings and sacrifices merit the attainment of such power, but every student of humanity knows that only by extending and winning perfect confidence can a mother hope to properly govern her daughter. She must begin before the child has formed other and stronger attachments, and she must see that no other person comes between her and her daughter's heart. In this way she can make her influence paramount in all things; and when that step has been attained, she may well feel assured of her supremacy, since confidence once gained is not easily lost. Longfellow has embodied this idea in those beautiful lines:

"I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

A mother has the privilege and the opportunity to obtain such a strong hold upon the heart and life of her daughter by daily companionship with her, that it should be impossible for another to usurp her rights. Secure in this, she can with patience and tact plan the girl's future and help her to fulfill her destiny. The child must not be allowed to drift along like a leaf on the bosom of a river, whence it may sink to the bottom or may reach some safe corner of the shore, according to the caprice of wind and current. The companionship of the mother is worth little if she has not sufficient worldly wisdom and experience to advise, to encourage, and to point out the difficulties which beset the path of a young maiden.

As her daughter's watchful friend, the mother must see that those traits which go toward making a fine character are cultivated to the highest degree possible. The girl must be taught to care for her person in an intelligent manner, to improve her looks and to enhance her every grace. Her bathing must be regulated by a careful consideration of her physical condition and requirements, that her health may be perfect, her skin clear, her eyes bright and her step elastic.

This elder companion must also instruct herself regarding all forms of exercise, so she can teach the younger one to expand her lungs, develop her muscles and gain suppleness of limb in the pleasantest and most healthful manner. In her earlier years a girl may run and jump and exercise in every way that will add to her strength and beauty. She must be taught how to properly care for her hands, her complexion, her hair and her teeth. The day has passed when a woman was considered vain who had a reasonable regard for her personal appearance, such regard being now rightly looked upon in the light of a duty; and it is expected that the mother will thoroughly understand all the best toilet methods and will instruct her daughter in them.

If a girl's hands are rough and red, she should be informed what will make them smooth and white. If there are eruptions on her face, she should be taught what will most speedily remove them. If her hair is thin and harsh, the mother should be able to tell what will thicken and soften it. The girl must be thoroughly instructed in sewing and cooking and in the principles of true economy, and she must be impressed with the importance of neatness in her person, in her dress and in her room.

Patience and perseverance must be diligently cultivated in the young, for no great work has ever been accomplished without these two important traits. The Bible contains many warnings against the heedlessness and hot-headed impetuosity of immaturity, and if a girl grows impatient and longs to try her powers in other ways, the mother should commend for her earnest consideration those grandly simple words in the first chapter of St. James, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." A little reflection will reveal the full force and meaning of this admonition.

As the elder companion values the happiness of the younger, let her emphasize the evils of impatience, for youth wastes much time and energy in battling against delays, and sheds many bitter but unavailing tears because all desires cannot be attained at once. A stern lesson in patience will save many heart-throbs of anguish and many tears. It is one of the saddest things in human nature that we must all suffer so much before we can school ourselves to resignation and patience. How fortunate it would be if a mother could, like a beneficent fairy, bestow these qualities at will upon those she loves. She would then be able to place in her daughter's hand a key to happiness that seldom comes save with age or suffering.

The companionship between mother and daughter offers such a fruitful field for sympathy, instruction and advice, that the mother may well be satisfied if she thoroughly discharges her duty within its limits. She

will find that, "instead of needing a larger field, she has left untilled many corners of her single acre, and that none of it would be fit for the Master's eye, were it not for the softening shadow of the cross."

—M. C. Murray.

Young People.

ON GUARD.

Something brave within you, boys,
Bids you manly be
When Sir Tempter's army comes
To make you bend the knee.
Sir Conscience is a nobleman,
Who'll guard you safe, if any can.

Something wise within you, boys,
Bids you watchful be,
When Sir Pride would lock your heart,
And throw away the key.
It's better, boys, to keep Sir Pride
With all his saucy men outside.

Something true within you, boys,
Bids you honest be,
When old Sir Untruth would try
Your deepest thoughts to see.
I'd listen, boys, if I were you
To open-hearted Captain True.

—F. Walcott Hutt.

A JUNGLE STORY.

By Elizabeth Preston Allan.

The last tap of the bell was still vibrating in the air, when two red-faced boys sprang up the schoolhouse steps and broke into Mr. Fletcher's room as if Comanches were after them. A stranger would certainly have expected some thrilling tale of adventure to follow such an advent; but as Mr. Fletcher did not even raise his head from finding the roll of boy-names in his little note-book, I suppose he was accustomed to this mode of entrance.

"There! what did I tell you?" panted red-faced Teddy Weaver to the equally red-faced Alec Fiskin; "I told you I'd get here before the W's were called—didn't I? Now, where's my chewing gum?"

A smothered snicker from the boys around accompanied the very reluctant transfer of a grimy stick of "Rhodes' Best" from Alec's pocket to Teddy's. The look on Alec's face as he parted with the precious commodity would at any other time have raised a roar of laughter among the boys; but Mr. Fletcher was already on his feet, and roll call was about to begin There was no sign that the teacher had seen the transaction; certainly there was no sign that he shared the boys' amusement, for he looked particularly grave—and yet Mr. Fletcher was a great hand for guying the boys and laughing at and with them.

Morning prayers followed roll call, and then came fifteen minutes that the boys liked so well they had been known to say it was almost as good as not being in school at all. It was the time Mr. Fletcher took for telling them something of what he called "current events;" that is, what he had gotten out of the newspapers the day before. But today his big "Daily" lay on the platform at his feet, and he seemed to have something else on his mind.

"Boys," he said, after a minute's silence, "I want to tell you a jungle story today." There was a murmur of approval through the school. "But, to be honest with you," continued the teacher, "my story has much less jungle and much more truth in it than those of your princely story tellers, Kipling and Seton-Thompson." Still the boys did not look discouraged, and Mr. Fletcher kept on:

"There came out of the jungle into my town, when I was a boy, a beautiful, glittering serpent, whose name we boys did not know. Our mothers, indeed, and some others, said it was a young boaconstrictor; but the men that hung about the streets, whom we boys thought very wise, laughed at the idea. They said this little snake was perfectly harmless, never grew any bigger, that of course women and preachers (and they sneered when they spoke of preachers) were afraid of it; but we boys, if we were the right sort of boys, could fool with it as much as we pleased without being hurt.

"I believed what these men said, and I fretted a good deal that my mother made a point of my having nothing to do with this interesting visitor from the jungle; but in my heart of hearts I knew that my mother was worth all the other people in the world—to me—and so I obeyed her command, and let the thing alone. Ah, boys!"—and here Mr. Fletcher's v—oice got a little husky—"blessed is the boy who has that sort of mother, and knows it. Well, a friend of mine whom I will call Casper was very fond of the little snake (for it was a little one when it first came among us), and he was always playing with it. But I must make my story short—first for your sakes, because you have your lessons to learn, and then for mine, because it makes me unhappy to remember these things. In short. the jungle visitor was a boaconstrictor. And it grew faster than anything you ever imagined. Casper found out too late its terrible power over him; when he wanted to escape he could not—no, not though we all tried to help him. The deadly thing was wound so tight around his limbs that no human power could wrench it away."

Mr. Fletcher had turned rather pale, and his forehead was damp, as if he were making himself do some hard thing in telling this story. "This is a sad story, boys," he said, "but it is a true one, so true that several hearts are breaking under it. Perhaps you guess what I mean; that boaconstrictor was the spirit of gambling! and when I see a boy bet another boy anything—even a piece of chewing gum"—Mr. Fletcher turned to Teddy and Alec with a sort of smile—"I am bound to tell him that he is playing with a boaconstrictor. It may be a very little one, but God only knows how fast it grows, and how strong it grows, and how cruel it is Ah, boys! I met my poor friend on the street yesterday, and he clutched me by the arm and said out loud, there on the public street: 'Fletcher, take me home and lock me up, and see if you can't save me from this gambling devil that is destroying me!'"

There was not a sound in the schoolroom; you might have heard a pin drop, till Mr. Fletcher gave himself a shake, as if he must get rid of some painful thought, and said: "Well, boys, it will be a long time before I tell you as grisly a story as this again. First class in history, come forward!"

Then every boy in school saw one little chapped red hand fumbling for another one very much like

itself, and a grimy piece of chewing gum changed back to its original owner; but nobody laughed this time.

RAGS AND TAGS AND VELVET GOWNS.

By Mary Marshall Parks.

"'N there was a new boy at school yesterday, 'n he had great patches on his knees; 'n when we choosed up the boys didn't choose him; 'n his face got red, oh! as red as fire; 'n he walked away 'n stood lookin' off the water at the ships. Served him right, I say."

Ted had been rattling on in this fashion for at least fifteen minutes; and mamma, who was reading up for the next club paper, hardly heard a word; but this last caught her attention, and she looked over the top of the book with a little start.

"Perhaps he was watching for his ship to come in," said she quietly.

If Ted could have seen the rest of her face he would have done some thinking before he said any more.

"His ship. 'Tisn't likely a boy like him would have a ship—is it now? Course he can't help the patches p'r'aps," said Ted, condescendingly, "but he oughtn't to come to a pay school with us. Harold Winston said it wasn't—suitable; and so did all the other boys. He ought to go to the public school, where the patches are."

Mamma's eyebrows went up in a fashion that would have alarmed Ted if he had happened to look at her, but he was stroking the spotless knees of his own velvet trousers.

"I used to know a boy who wore patches."

"Yes. I used to play with him every day. Patches and bare brown feet, and a hat without any brim."

"Was he a nice boy?" Ted asked, doubtfully.

"I think, taking everything into consideration, he was the nicest boy I ever knew," said mamma, with an emphatic little nod.

"And I ought to know, for I went to school with him for years."

"'N when the boys choosed up did they leave him out?" asked Ted.

"Oh, dear me, no!" said mamma, decidedly. "They wouldn't for the world have done anything so impolite."

Ted looked blank for a moment. Then his face grew red, oh! as red as fire.

"His ship hadn't come in then," continued mamma; "but it has since. He owns a big factory now."

"W-w-hat's his name?" sputtered Ted.

"John Hartley Livingston."

"Uncle John Livin'ston?"

Mamma nodded. "All boys who wear patches—and bare brown feet—don't become rich men; but I fear they are more apt to become something worth while than boys who wear velvet suits, because they are used to hardships and dirt and disagreeable things. Men who amount to something have a great deal of hard, disagreeable work to do."

"This is my best suit, anyway," cried Ted, twisting in his chair. "I don't always wear velvet. You know I wore it 'cause it was Friday and speakin' day."

Mamma went back to her book, and Ted stole away and lay down on a fluffy white rug with his feet on the seat of the sofa—a favorite position of his when he wanted to think. Monday night he came home greatly excited and stood before his mother with his feet crossed.

"The boys choosed again, 'n I choosed the patched boy, 'n they wouldn't let him play, 'n we went off 'n played mumbley-peg by our two selves," he cried, the words fairly tumbling over each other. Then he uncrossed his feet and swung the under one forward. There was a jagged hole in the knee of his trousers. "'N I want that patched," he cried, with a defiant ring in his voice. "If you please, mamma," he added in gentle tones.

"Very well," said mamma soberly, but her mouth was smiling behind the book.

"The boys have all come 'round, mamma," Ted announced, cheerfully, a week later. "Harold Winston came 'round today. He held out two days longer 'n any of the rest, 'n he did hate to give in, but he got tired of walkin' 'round all by himself."

THE KEY TO HEAVEN.

Two pilgrims came to a castle gate—
A gate locked fast and barred;
They paused aweary, for it was late,
And the journey had been hard.

Two pilgrims, I say, yet all unlike,
For one, with haughty mien,
And kingly step, paced up and down
The little strip of green—

The green which bordered the castle gate.
The other, meek and sweet,
Leaned by a pillar, resting thus,
His tired and wounded feet.

His bright eyes wandered o'er the plain
He'd strove so hard to win;
"And am I worthy," he murmured low,
"Worthy to enter in??"

The warder came to the castle gate—
The gate locked fast and barred;
His glance searched keenly the pilgrims through,
And his voice was cold and hard:

"None but the rich can enter here."
A struggling, hopeles sigh,
And he who leaned by the castle gate
Sank down as if to die.

"Here, warder, is gold"; and the gold poured out.
And rolled on the strip of grass.
"Nothing is lacking; unbar the gate;
Unlock it and let me pass.'

The warder stood on the other side,
With measured speech and cold:
"I spake of riches, yet said I
Nothing to thee of gold."

Then he who lay on the strip of grass
As one lies who is dead,
Felt the pulse of his heart revive,
And he raised his languid head.

Lo! the warder was hard no more;
His eye had the look of a dove;
"Thou must be rich, but the coin." he said,
"In my Master's realm is love."

Then he who paced with a kingly step
On the little strip of green,
Gathered his gold and went away,
And nevermore was seen.

But the gates flew open so wide and far
That a troop might freely pass,
To him who lay with his wealth of love,
Half fainting on the grass.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sining,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
There fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them;
Cannot undo, and cannot atone;
God in his mercy, receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun, and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of all sorrow and old sinning,
And puzzle forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

The observance of the New Year's festival is of ancient origin. For the Hebrews' observance of the occasion we find specific instructions given in Numbers XXIX, 1, 2, and even to this day as the Feast of Trumpets, it is cheerfully observed by devout Jews.

The ancient Romans observed it on the first day of March, with processions, feasting, and great rejoicing. In the early days of the Christian era, the Christians began to observe the first day of January as the New Year's festival, and celebrated it as a day of joy and religious service.

The Hindus celebrate the first day of the year with sacrifices to the God of Wisdom. In China and Japan the festival is the most striking and joyous of all the religious observances. The Persians celebrate the New Year in a manner similar to that by which the Hebrews observe their Sabbatical Year festival.

The ancient Druids commenced their year on the tenth of March, with the cutting of the mistletoe, banqueting and feasting. The Mexicans carefully adorned their houses and temples, and gave themselves to the observance of various religious ceremonies, one of which was the offering to the gods of a human sacrifice.

—Exchange.

VICTOR GAS FURNACES

FOR HEATING AND VENTILATING.

Handsomest, Cleanest, Quickest System for Residences, Stores, Hotels, Theaters, Halls, Churches and Auditoriums of all kinds.

Handy, quick, economical, healthy, effective, clean, attractive; no coal, no ashes, no odor, no dust, no dirt, no danger, no waste, no worry, no work, no care.

Touch a Match—IT GOES. Turn a Valve—IT'S OUT.

Air is taken from outside the building and is driven to the rooms with a steady, mellow heat, just like that of a sunny, summer day. **It is kept absolutely separate from the gases of combustion, so no odor is possible.** A modern system of economical HEATING and VENTILATING. Send for information before deciding on any other.

NATIONAL FURNACE CO.

Manufacturers of **Victor Gas Furnaces**

117-119 California Street, San Francisco, Cal
Telephone Kearny 5874

We are not heard for our much praying, but we are heard every time we truly pray.

The Sower Has No Second Chance

Good sense says make the most of the first.

FERRY'S SEEDS

have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—merit tells.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908

tells the whole Seed Story—sent FREE for the asking. Don't sow seeds till you get it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

A special class will be opened in January.

Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. LoS Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

1400-1450 Foruth St., Cor. Michigan,

Your Winter Trip

made comfortable by the

SUNSET ROUTE

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars. Dining service the best. Parlor observation car. Library. Cafe. Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California, New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans-New Steamship Co's steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket offices
884 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.
14th and Franklin Sts.,
Oakland, Cal.

Miss Goitrox —George, dear, I'm afraid our wedding will have to be postponed.

Mr. Owings—Impossible darling . My creditors won't stand for it.—Chicago News.

University Library
30jun05

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 9, 1908. No. 2.

ALWAY SOMETHING SINGS.

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Not in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

The prompt call on the part of the municipal authorities at Muncie, Indiana, on Governor Hanly for troops to quell the rioting in the street-car strike in that city, and the equally prompt response of the Governor are worthy of all commendation. Strikers and their sympathizers and abettors everywhere must be made to understand that the laws must be obeyed. Workingmen will never attain to their rights through lawlessness. The time ought not to be far-distant when every labor union will welcome the advent of the troops as soon as there is manifestation of lawlessness.

One of the San Francisco daily papers last week, pictured Louis Glass the convicted telephone official as he appeared in court recently while his attorneys were attempting to secure an order from the court permitting his release from jail while the appeal of his case to the higher courts is pending. Mr. Glass is, evidently, a sick man. His trouble and the confinement to which he is subject are wearing on him. Nevertheless the court did not deem it wise to order his release. The way of the transgressor is a hard way. Mr. Glass knows this by experience. As he has to live it now, life is not worth living. Ex-supervisor Lonergan has answered the last earthly roll call. His life was ended while he was working in the capacity in which more happiness came to him than when he was otherwise engaged. It is said that when disgrace came upon him as a supervisor he expressed the wish that he had never arisen from his humble occupation. Undoubtedly the great strain under which he lived for many months brought him to an early death. Lonegran is gone, but the lesson of his life remains. Glass in all probability will not survive him long. And even Reuf and Schmitz may be expected to break under the strain to which they are subject. It is well that Reuf is to be sent at once now to the common jail, where he will share with his kind and be no longer the recipient of favors.

The following is a sample of twentieth century civilization in enlightened America: Miss Mills, a seventeen year old girl, residing on Broadway, New York, was put through such a nerve-racking initiatory ceremony in a sorority that she finally sank to the floor in a swoon. She was led blindfolded into a dimly lighted room and made to walk between two columns of black-robed black-masked figures up to the high priestess. Soon she was told that as a test of fortitude she must thrust her hand into a small cauldron of molten lead. She dashed her hand into the liquid that was placed before her and sank to the floor in fright. Next in droning voice the high priestess told of a clammy hand which all had to clasp on being initiated. After going through this ordeal she was required to drink from an old skull; and finally the word was: "Now for the supreme test. Gather all your remaining courage and prepare for the most severe test of all. Faithful guardian lead the candidate to the ante-room, strip her to the waist, bind her arms behind her and bring her back." Soon, so runs the report, the girl was brought back, now almost hysterical. Then the droning voice went on: "In order that this ceremony be indelibly fixed on your mind it is necessary that the letters of our beloved fraternity be burned upon your back in acid. Guardians brand the candidate!" At the first touch of the branding instrument, which was really only a lump of ice, Miss Mills dropped unconscious to the floor. There are several score of angry mothers in New York, and a branch of the Sigma Gamma society is in danger of being broken up. It is well! That girl may go down to an early and untimely grave because of the shocks sustained by her nervous system in those trying ordeals.

A NOTEWORTHY UTTERANCE CONCERNING THE CHURCH.

A noteworthy utterance was made by Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church of Chicago a few days ago. He said:

"In my opinion the church to save itself must begin to minister to the bodies, as well as to the souls, of the American people. I now announce that St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, at any rate, will inaugurate the work of Christian psychology in the near future, with the assistance of some of the leading neurologists and other physicians of Chicago."

It is stated that the diseases and weaknesses to which Christian psychology is to be applied at St. Paul's are functional nervous disorders, hypochondria, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, melancholia, mental depression, hysteria, neurasthenia, the drug habit, the liquor habit, want of self-confidence, irritability, worry, anger, fear and weakness of will.

In his announcement as to what would be attempted at St. Paul's; Bishop Fallows said: "Christian psychology reaches through the medium of the church many patients with whom the regular medical practitioners can do nothing or little; often because they cannot give enough time to the individual case. Christian psychology works through the influence of mind, suggestion, will power and persuasion; all based on religion and religious beliefs."

This work is similar to one that has been carried on for some time with marked success in Boston by Emmanuel Church. Among the remarkable cures in Boston is that of a man who had not been able to work for five years because of nervous paralysis, and was on the verge of suicide. He was cured by this treatment and is now in a good position, hard at work.

It is worthy of note that Bishop Fallows on the day he began his method of treatment had 137 patients, or rather that number of persons who desired to be his patients. Anything that gives any promise of relief from physical ailments will draw a large number. A writer in The Christian Register says:

"A few weeks ago one of our most beloved and admired ministers, settled in a strong parish, confided in me in a moment of discouragement, a disappointment. Three of his valued members had become Christian Scientists, and one of them told him that she had never found any help in his church. He added sadly that he doubted if they, while they were Unitarians, had opened their Bible more than once in a year. Now they read Mrs. Eddy's book three times a day."

It is high time for the church to seriously ponder the declaration by Bishop Fallows with which we begin this article.

MEMORY HYMNS.

President Eliot of Harvard University has said: "There are bits of poetry in my mind, learned from infancy, which have stood by me, keeping me true to my idea of duty. Rather than lose these, I would have missed all the sermons I ever heard."

Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church writes:

"In 1903 thousands of persons sent me their pledge to learn a hymn to be published in the papers once a fortnight. Having crossed the wide Pacific, and going into Manila in October of that year, a steam yacht put off to meet us. The crowd on board was dressed in white, and we wondered who they could be, till they struck up the memory hymn of that week:

" 'There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.'

"In Manila I heard 1,700 Christians sing, like the voice of many waters, in a general love feast. They had but thirty-six hymns translated into their language, but they knew them all. Thirty-six hymns known are better than a thousand not known.

"The first thing a pious Jew taught his child was that glorious Shema, Deut. 6:4: 'Hear O Israel: The Lord, our God, is one God; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.' Doubtless it was the first word of Hebrew scriptures that Jesus learned. The essence of scripture has sung itself into over thirty thousand hymns. One a week treasured in the mind is worth the whole thirty thousand treasured in a book."

Out of these experiences and this belief has come from Bishop Warren a book containing "fifty-two memory hymns," arranged in definite order, with the intent of enriching diction, enlarging thought. strengthening memory, giving wings to faith, inculcating doctrine and duty and tuning life to sweetest melodies.

In order to make this selection of hymns most serviceable the compiler suggests: "Learn a verse or two every day. Compel the memory to grasp and retain a whole stanza with one reading. Repeat often."

On one of the opening pages we find a hymn by Henry Kirke White, of great poetic fervor and lofty imagination, depicting God's majesty and providence:

"The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

"Ye nations bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God."

Soon, then, we find Tennyson's

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

Next comes Whittier's "A Present Helper:"

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

The early centuries make their contribution to the pages of the book in the hymn extracted from a poem of fifty stanzas by Bernard of Clairvaux, "one of the finest poems in any language." Concerning this hymn Bishop Warren says: "The knights of the second crusade used to sing it around the Holy Sepulcher in the Old Jerusalem. It is fit to be sung around the throne in the New."

"O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek."

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" is given as the best hymn by Isaac Watts, the "Father of English Hymnody." It is the human response of its all for God's all, his unspeakable gift.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

But of the thousand hymns by Watts the one regarded as the most brilliant piece of real poetry he ever wrote is:

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!"

It is stated that Bishop McCabe, who has already gone up with joy the shining way, specially requested that this hymn of triumphant joy by Watts be included in the list of fifty-two.

In what he terms Boston's best, by Henry J. Ware, Bishop Warren says: "Unitarianism rises to the height of the Methodist shout, 'Glory to God.' The bounding, dactylic measure of this hymn makes it easy to learn and repeat. Hints of resurrection have been many—butterfles, wheat, etc.,—but here is demonstration; Christ is the first fruits. The full harvest follows, made up of them that are Christ's."

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,

For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him
Resplendent in glory to live and to save!
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die!"

From Toplady we are not given "Rock of Ages," but—

"If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

"But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home."

When we are told that Toplady was converted in an old barn, under a sermon preached on a text from Ephesians 2:13, by a lowly layman, who could scarcely spell his name, and consider what Toplady's ever-widening influence in the world is, we see how the earnest worker for God, no matter how humble his place, can send his life, linked with other lives, in grand influences for good down through the centuries.

From Charles Wesley's six thousand hymns one is given under "The Refining Fire," in which is the stanza:

"O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!"

Frederick W. Faber helps to Christian courage in:

"Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible."

In this connection the remark is: "Man's highest glory is to be a co-worker with God. He does not treat us as incompetents. He takes us into partnership. Without him we can do nothing. Paul may plant and Apollos may irrigate all in vain unless the Chief Partner gives the increase."

Under the "Agency of Prayer" this little volume does good service by giving from Joseph Hart:

"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name."

The author of the foregoing stanzas it is stated was at first an infidel, writing the book, "The Unreasonableness of Religion;" but being as thoroughly converted as was St. Paul, he became an earnest pastor in London. "The one means of making the kingdoms of this world our Lord's, that every man can use," remarks Bishop Warren, "is prayer."

"Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done."

We turn from the helpful pages which we have been scanning, with the eyes falling finally on the words of Maltbie D. Babcock:

"Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song."

Accomplished will have been our purpose if we shall succeed in turning the minds of some of the readers of The Pacific to the riches that are within the lids of many of the hymn books, or to the purchase of "Memory Hymns" by Bishop Warren, and to the storing up in the mind of one of the hymns each week during the year 1908. Nothing would better crown the year in many a life.

"A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

James Mudge writes in his recent volume, "Poems to Strengthen the Soul: "Poetry is of the very highest value for the inspiration and guidance of life, for calling out the emotions and opening up spiritual visions. It carries truths not only into the understanding, but into the heart, where they are likely to have the most direct effect on conduct." And Dr. Washington Gladden has said: "Poetry is indebted to religion for its largest and loftiest inspirations, and religion is indebted to poetry for its sublimest and most luminous interpretations."

"THE COMING CATHOLICISM AND THE PASSING OF PROTESTANTISM."

The caption of this article formed the subject of a Christmas sermon by the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth in the Center Church, New Haven, Connecticut. According to a report in the New Haven Journal and Courier Dr. Smyth said in substance and in part:

Christmas comes as a joy to our hearts, but also as a challenge to our faith. What is today our Messianic hope? Is it true that a new Catholicism is to come, and the ages of Protestantism are to pass by?

1. We have no reason to regard Protestantism as necessarily a final period of Christianity. This whole period may prove to be a transitional era in the history of Christianity, as others have been before it. Indeed Protestantism has already passed through two distinct ages, one was the time of protest against the one Church then existing—Luther's Reformation. The next age was the time of the construction of new churches and creeds—the centuries in which most of our existing churches were formed, and our creeds were defined. For a hundred years little more of that

work has been done; we have been breaking up creeds rather than making them. We are now in a third age of Protestantism, and the question which we have to face is, What is Christianity? How can it be realized on the earth?

2. There are signs of the passing of this Protestant age. They are to be discerned alike in the success and in the failure of Protestantism. I need not linger to record its splendid successes; Protestanism has its triumphant arch. Its crowning achievement is that it has won the victory forever for the spiritual liberty of the individual man. Henceforth the right of private judgment, which the age of Protestant Christianity has won, can never be abolished or destroyed. But when one success in history has been achieved, another task is at the door. Another age is at hand. The signs of it are written also across the failure of this Protestant age. I am not saying that its failures in any direction are complete. They may be summed up in this judgment that the Protestant faith is losing mastery over the controlling forces of modern life. This is apparent to some extent in all the spheres of life. For one thing Protestantism has lost the old authority of the Church. It has lost it in its own families. Romanism has authority in the family from birth to death; from baptism to extreme unction. Protestantism has lost the voice of authority also in the State; our churches as churches are not accounted to be political powers. More than this, Protestantism as organized, or rather as it is disorganized in our churches, has lost control over large areas of religious thought. It is not merely that worldliness is coming in, but much religion is withdrawing itself from our churches. Protestantism has lost power to give to the people a good religious education. It is not meeting much religious thought and questioning among its own children. There are many of our best young men who religiously today are very much in the position in which, when in Constantinople, I heard a traveler was left. After the arrival of his vessel he was put in a boat and sent ashore. But the Turkish officials at the landing found something wrong in his papers, and sent him back to the ship. The officials of the ship refused to receive him because he had no papers authorizing him to embark. And the story left him passing to and fro between the ship and the shore, with no power to rest either on land or in the ship. Such is the religious state of many minds. Protestantism does not attract them, and Rome repels them. With all this Protestantism has utterly lost the unity of the Church.

The Roman Church once was as a strong cable, one end of which was bound to the Eternal Power and the other end of which was fastened firmly to the whole mechanism of human life. It controlled the world, and moved it whither it would. In Protestantism the rope on its human end has frayed out into many threads. No single strand of it is strong enough to move the whole social mechanism; it is like so many revolvings; at best one thread may move a few wheels. I am not speaking of the causes for this; I am facing the facts. What do they mean? What is the significance of the failure of the ages of Protestantism but this—the new age is coming. "I see," said the last Bampton lecturer in the pulpit of St. Mary's at Oxford, "the signs of a new religious order, the greatest that the world has known, drawn from all the nations and all classes, and, what seems stranger yet, from all churches." Is that true? Turn then to the signs of the coming Catholicism. I mean the Catholicism which is to fulfil alike the ages of Roman absolution and of Protestant individualism. For there are signs of it already above the horizon in both quarters.

Dr. Smyth described the new Catholic movement in the Roman church . Papal absolutism culminated in 1870 in the decrees of infallibility. That produced a small reaction in the old Catholic Church; but the papacy went on undisturbed. Has the papal absolutism passed its culmination, and has the breaking point of the wave been reached in the opening years of this century? Citations were read from the Pope's encyclical against modernism to show that this is a movement which Rome recognized as no ordinary event. This new Catholicism is represented popularly in the novel "The Saint," and recently in an appeal to the pope by a number of Italian priests which, as printed in a book entitled "What We Want," has been put under the papal ban. One remarkable thing about it is that on reading it I, a child of Protestantism, find my own religious thought and tendency so truly represented. The old Catholic movement was a scholarly protest; Professor Doelinger, its advocate, ends his lectures on the unity of the churches with a desire and a hope. These men are wrestling as loyal Catholics with the problems of modern life; not, with the tone of Erasmus the scholar, but with something of the ring of Luther's voice they end their appeal to the pope by declaring: "We will stand firm at our post, prepared to endure everything, to sacrifice everything except the truth." They claim as their allies democracy and science. Turn again to Protestantism; behold above the horizon a star in the East. There is coming and to come a new Catholicism for our Protentant faith. The signs of its presence are such as these: One is the growth of a common Christian conscience. For us now no one church, no single church, no single church in existence, is big enough to hold a big Christian man. Another sign of the coming Protestant Catholicism is the recovery among us of the truth of the Christian society. This is the real apostolic succession, that of the one unbroken life through all the years of the Christian society which the Lord first gathered around himself. With this recovery of the sense of the unity of the one historic and continuous Christian communion may be regained likewise greater spiritual authority and working control of the forces of life. Growing out of this there is an increasing and often eager readiness for larger reconstruction of our churches. These two movements within the Roman Church and among the Protestant churches have a vast deal in common—they may in the new order meet and match and complete each other; then the ages of papal absolutism and of Protestant individualism shall end in the new order in which Christianity shall find still greater fulfilment. We ought to live and work in the expectation of the Christ; we should hold our own fidelities in the larger loyalty of the greater faith. Our children shall behold a greater realization of the life of Christ on the earth than our eyes may be permitted to behold.

The January number of The Century has considerable interesting fiction. Marion Crawford tells the story of Beatrice Cenci. "The Home Life of the California Condor" is of special local interest.

IF CHRISTIANS WOULD READ THEIR CHURCH PAPERS.

Under the foregoing caption the Rev. J. A. Loey of Rock Rapids, Iowa, writes a valuable article for the Northwestern Christian Advocate. He says in part:

It goes without much saying that all Christians do not read a religious paper. It is well known that the number of subscribers to our religious periodicals is not large. The subscription lists of most of our church papers are not in proportion to the membership of the churches or to the number of professing Christians. This is a fact, and it is one of the sad facts in our religious life. In almost every home today the daily paper and the magazine may be found, but the religious journal is often found wanting. If the church paper were given its proper place among other papers and periodicals it would do much to make better living and create a more permanent interest in all departments of Christian work.

If more of the children of God would read their religious papers the number of knowing Christians would be larger. We have intelligent Christians, and we have Christians that are not intelligent. We have far more that are not as knowing as they might be or ought to be. Their deficiency in religious knowledge is too large for the opportunities offered. A church paper is one of the means of conveying religious information to the Christian mind. In fact it is the only means of making known some things that a Christian ought to know. Through the columns of the religious press come certain facts that cannot possibly be obtained through any other channel. He who does not receive the weekly visits of his church paper misses much that is religiously interesting and intellectually profitable.

If more Christians were regular readers of their respective church papers they would be more devoted to the interests of their church. Their spirit of loyalty would be stronger and their love for divine things greater. The reading of religious facts and the work that one's church is doing in the world has a tendency to awaken interest in religious movements. Love for the church and devotion to its world-wide work become more intensified as one learns to know what it is doing. The church paper is a sort of a connecting link between the churches, making it possible for Christians in one part of the country to know what Christians are doing in another part. It brings its readers in touch with the leaders of religious thought and Christian work. Thus it helps in making for church unity and united Christian effort.

If more Christian people would read their church papers they would be more generous and better supporters of the gospel. They would learn to see the growing need of the church and the un-Christianized world. They would see larger harvest fields white unto harvest, and be brought face to face with the fact that God wants laborers in his fields. The religious paper can and does bring before the minds of its readers the higher needs of the world. It helps to lift one out of his narrow surroundings and puts him where he can look afar. It widens the breadth of his vision and gives him a view that creates a larger giving spirit in his heart. Most of our best givers are our best religious readers. Men who read their church papers keep informed as to man's needs.

If more of the people of God would read their religious papers they would have a broader and a more permanent Christian experience. They would have larger sympathies for all departments of Christian work, and would be more normal in thinking, speaking, doing, praying, and giving. The Christian who does not read the thoughts of other Christians will not symmetrically enlarge and make sure his own experience. He is apt to be narrow, unstable, and one-sided. Men's religious views often need modifying and solidifying by a change of position, which sometimes comes by looking through the minds of others. The writings of good men with sound Christian experience is a means of grace just as much as the singing of a hymn. In our church papers we find through the year a great variety of religious expression, and comment upon important moral issues of the day, which furnish the mind with thought, food, and help in the development and enlargement of Christian life and experience. The religious press of today is a sort of a camera that photographs and presents to our view the church at work and what the people of God are doing and propose to do. He who desires to see and grow cannot afford to miss these pictures.

If the people of God would resolve to read one or more of their church papers for only one hour a week for one year, religious intelligence would rise toward par, and interest in Christian work would move on toward summertime. And, too, perhaps some of them would feel like changing the phraseology of their ancient prayers, and speak from minds freshened as with good news from a far country. **Why not one of our church papers in every one of our homes?** Why not?

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

"Fifty-Two Memory Sermons," By Henry W. Warren. This selection of hymns by Bishop Warren should have wide welcome. It is a handsome little volume of 110 pages. Each hymn is introduced by a few words concerning it and its author. See our editorial entitled "Memory Hymns." [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal., 50 cents net.]

"A Typical Misison in China," By W. E. Soothill. From the pages of this book one gathers a large amount of valuable information concerning missions Among the topics are: Church Organization, Evangelization, Pastoral Visitation, Types of Converts, Discipline, Native Sermons, Women's Work, Medical Work, Opium, Educational, Typical Temples, The Native Religions, The Foreign Religions. The book is nicely illustrated, and will make a valuabe addition to any missionary library or collection. The author has had a quarter of a century of service on the mission field, and his work has been rewarded by nearly ten thousand conversions. He writes of a rich and varied experience. [F. H. Revell Co., New York pages 293, $1.50 net.]

"Islam and Christianity." By E. M. Wherry, D.D. There are more than sixty million Moslems in India, thirty million in China, and thirty million in Malaysia and the East Indies. These Moslems believe that Islam is the only true religion. In their opinion, "It is God's revelation, made to Adam and all the antediluvian patriarchs and saints. It was the religion of Abraham and Moses, of David and the prophets of Israel, and of Jesus and the twelve apostles. When this true religion became corrupt and the world was given over to idolatry, it was once more revealed in its purity to Mohammed through the medium of the Qu-

ran." And the Quran, we are told is believed to be the Word of God in the sense that every word, jot, and tittle is a matter of divine revelation. "The original is inscribed upon the preserved table (Luh-i-mahfuz) which is kept under the throne of God. From this table the Quran was copied by the angel Gabriel and committed to Mohammed, who thus became the mouthpiece of God." The book treats of ::"Islam as a Religion, The Moslem Conquest of India, Moslem Conquest in the Far East, Present Condition of Moslems in India and the Far East, Mission to Moslems in India and the Far East, The Moslem Controversy, Modern Efforts to Reform Islam in India and Malaysia, Methods of Evangelistic Work Among Moslems. The student of comparative religion or of missions will find this volume of high value. [F. H. Revell Co., New York, pages 240, $1.25 net.]

"The Heart of the Gospel." By James M. Campbell, D.D. This is a popular exposition of the doctrine of the Atonement. "The heart of the gospel is the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ," says Dr. Campbell, "and the interpretation of that sacrifice is the foremost problem of theology." The author believes that it is not enough to hold to the fact of the atonement, but important to have a theory concerning it. "A theory is simply a more or less clearly defined interpretation of a fact. A thinking mind cannot face a fact of any kind without attempting to interpret it." Dr. Campbell has commended himself to the reading, thinking public by his books entitled, "Unto the Uttermost," "The Indwelling Christ," and "After Pentecost, What?" Southern California has been glad to claim him for several years as one of its pastors. Most of his literary work was done in Chicago and in that vicinity. This latest book is the fruit of the years since he came to California. Dr. Campbell connects the redemption of man inseparably with the final passion of Christ. A few scattered thoughts from different parts of the book will show somewhat its position on this great question: "The necessity for the atonement has been made to rest upon the doctrine of original sin; whereas it ought to rest upon the fact and experience of present and personal sin" "It is safe to say that all theories of the atonement founded upon the centrality of divine sovereignty rather than upon the centrality of divine fatherhood, if they do not die stillborn, are doomed to vanish away." "The father is before the king, and fatherhood and not sovereignty is the fundamental relationship of God to men." "Instead of asking, What does divine kinghood demand in order to forgiveness and restoration, we are to ask, What does divine fatherhood demand? Instead of putting in the foreground an offended sovereign who is concerned about the vindication of his justice, and the maintenance of his government, we are to put a heartbroken Father who is concerned about the reconciliation of his child." Accordingly the position is: "An adequate theory of the atonement must make paramount the interest of the Divine Father in his lost child; it must have regard to the right of parental authority and the duty of filial obedience; it must make the play of mediatorial influences which is to lead to the harmonization of man's relation to God purely moral; and finally, it must present such a revelation of divine suffering as shall awaken in man a filial spirit, changing him from a rebel to a son; restoring him at once to filial relationship and to filial obedience." The thought further is: "It is because of its effect on man that the atonement enables God to forgive. It makes forgiveness possible by bringing man into a forgivable condition." And again: "Christ did not placate or appease the Sovereign's wrath; he revealed the Father's love. The object of his sacrifice was not to win God to man, but to win man to God." But the cross is regarded as revelatory not alone of God's love, but also of his righteousness; and it is instrumental as well as revelatory. On the pages of this book it is shown in an admirable manner that the sacrifice of Christ was not a strange incident in the life of humanity, but in perfect harmony with the vicarious principle everywhere in operation. However, "the death of Christ is not only the central event in all history, it is also the mightiest force in the world's life." The wholeness of Christ's work is emphasized. "The work of Christ is a unity, covering the whole of his life from the manger to the cross. Incarnation is the starting point, death is its center, and resurrection its completion. * * His death instead of being an isolated event is part of one great and glorious whole; instead of being an offering by itself, it is part of his great self-offering." We commend Dr. Campbell's book as the most readable and helpful one of many years on the subject of the atonement. Glad are we that California can claim this scholar and theologian. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 234, $1.25 net.]

THE GREAT PASSION.

By W. N. Burr.

It was the day of the Whittier Centennial.

"Without stopping a moment to think about it, what passage in your 'Whittier' comes most readily to mind?" asked Bruce.

And I replied, without hesitation:

"The world sits at the feet of Christ
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled.
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the Heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold."

"Do you think the average church member,—perhaps I may also say, do you think the average pastor—is fired enough with a sense of the world's real need to feel the thrill of the Great Passion that throbs in those five lines?"

Bruce asked the question with the fervor of a mystic who has just been face to face with his own deeper self in the secret place of the Most High.

"No man knoweth the heart of another," I replied, "but of this I am sure: When more men of the pulpit shall preach with the vision of the blind, unconsoled world sitting at the very feet of the Divine Consoler, their only possible Helper; and when more men and women of the church shall have seen the same vision and gone out to live among neighbors and friends in the power of that vision, the whole world will begin to get its eyes open to its need and its Helper, and there will be a throng and press everywhere, eager to touch the hem of His garment. I wish I could say it without a suggestion of weak criticism in the words, Bruce, but I fear the world sits at the feet of Christ **unknowing, blind,** and **unconsoled,** because the church is not just now thrilled as it should be with the great truth that Jesus Christ is

"No **dead** fact, **stranded**, on the shore
Of the oblivious years,
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He,
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

Bruce covered his face with his hands. "Holy Spirit of God," he prayed, "open the eyes of the church to the world's deepest need, and to clearer vision of the only Consoler with power to transform our very dust to gold."

Among the Churches.

Ontario.—The Rev. C. N. Klass of Tonopah, Nevada, has accepted the call from Ontario.

Tropico.—The Rev. Mr. McConnell of Des Moines, Iowa, has been engaged as stated supply for a year.

Chico.—The church at Chico is planning quite a remodeling of its house of worship. It is proposed to tear away the small room at the rear of the main building, add to the main structure a two-story annex 45 feet wide and 90 feet long. This will afford much-needed classrooms, the pastor's study and office.

San Francisco, Mizpah.—Special services were held on Christmas Sabbath, also on Christmas morning. At the latter service an offering was taken up for the Jewish mission. The festival was held on Friday evening, December 28th, and the many children and older friends who attended had a very happy time. The Lord's Supper was observed on the first Sabbath of the new year, and a blessed sight it was to witness five boys, members of the Sabbath-school, take a stand for Christ, and unite with the church. A young man also was received into fellowship by certificate.

Livermore.—The Rev. Jas. B. Stone has entered on his new pastorate at Ventura. The Livermore Herald of recent date says: "His influence has extended far beyond his own church and congregation. He has mingled with the men of the community in their lodges, in the military company and other organizations and has taken his full share of the duties and responsibilities. He has won the respect of all by his sturdy Christianity, which has enabled him to meet all men on a common level without sacrificing his principles. His influence has thus been wider spread and more potent than would have been possible if confined to the strict limits of his church duties. His determination to leave the community will be deeply regretted by all with whom he has come in contact."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The Week of Prayer is being observed with services every night in the church except Saturday. Dr. Landon had charge Monday night, Prof. Paterson Tuesday, Mr. Geo. M. Day Wednesday, Dr. Wicher Thursday and Dr. Day Friday. The professors have also been assisting in the union services in San Rafael. Prof. Paterson presided on Monday night, Dr. Day gave the address on Wednesday night, Dr. Landon on Thursday and Dr. Moore on Friday.

Still further encouraging tidings come from Rev. H. H. Pratt, '99, of Portland. His congregation, which lost their church by fire, have already subscribed over $4,000. This shows a large degree of interest, as the congregation is composed of the laboring class with small incomes. They had $5,000 insurance. They will soon have the $10,000 which their church building cost, aside from furnishings, as the First Church, Calvary and Westminster have offered substantial help. This is another illustration of the way the Portland churches stand by each other when in need. At the time of the fire the church was more prosperous than ever before every department flourishing. They intend to rebuild soon.

The San Anselmo church has issued a calendar, giving a list of its organizations and officers and prayer-meeting topics for the year.

The subscriptions for the Parish Abroad at Hangchow, China, are still growing. It was thought it would require considerable effort to raise $200, but with comparatively little effort the subscriptions amount to $250, which entitles us to five shares in the Hangchow mission. This church has been regarded before as generous toward missions, but it is by this method multiplying its offerings threefold.

The second term of the Seminary year opened Tuesday morning.

THE NEW STYLE OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

In a recent address before the University of Edinburg, of which he is Lord Rector, the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, ex-prime minister of England, described the modern style of public speaking as conversation on a higher plane. The New York Nation welcomed this description and pronounced it authoritative as coming not from a mere theorist, but from a master of the art. Soon after reading this I was in a strange church, where a minister, also strange to me, conducted the services. The subject was "Laborers for the Harvest," who are few because of the rareness of the needed gifts, of the labor and cost of due preparation, of the obstacles and hardships ahead, and of the much more inviting material prospects in other vocations; and Christian people were urged, on their part, to makes these rough places smooth, and above all to pray the Lord of the harvest to open the eyes of the right kind of men to the grandeur of the work that here invites them.

As the speaker went on I was reminded of Balfour's account of modern oratory. The sermon was a plain statement of momentous facts, made in the least ostentatious way. The audience might well have felt complimented by so clear and reasonable an appeal to their common sense. There was no display of learning, eloquence or Boanerges elocution; the sermon was a good instance of the conversational style on an elevated plane.

The church was First Berkeley, and the preacher was Dr. McAfee. —John Gamble.

Haywards, Jan. 2, 1908.

The progress of Hawaii and Japan cannot be doubted. Hawaii recently sent a baseball team to Tokyo to contend with Japan for the leadership in that high and dangerous sport.

MR. WESTENBERG'S MISSION.

Vagrants are overrunning San Francisco. The Chronicle thinks that the number is probably 10,000. Mr. J. C. Westenberg is conducting a mission among these miserable human creatures. His quarters accomodating about 150 men are crowded to suffocation. What can he do with an army of 10,000? The Chronicle says: "Mr. Westenberg is doing a praiseworthy work. He is trying to redeem the very lowest. We do not know how many he redeems, but all must respect his motives and indorse his efforts. But, with vags coming in their present numbers, private charity can do next to nothing and will do more good if directed to more hopeful effort." The Chronicle thinks the public should take some steps to abate this growing menace. Mr. Westenberg is acting the part of a true Christian brother to all these broken fragments of mankind. He is trying to give them hope and courage by the touch of a vitalizing faith in our Lord. His mission deserves the warmest, the most generous support of all the churches. There is only here and there a man with the genius, the insight, the patience, the personal control of men which will enable him to do successfully that sort of work. Mr. Westenberg, like the Hadleys in New York, has all these qualities and an endowment of spiritual stamina which enables him to be a blessing and a power to thousands of these poor vagrants.

We have no objection to the proposition of the Chronicle to set all these men at work on restoring the city hall at a dollar a day if they can earn nothing more. Mr. Westenberg is not trying to grapple with the vagrant problem. His work is more elemental, more fundamental. He is seeking to lead these men to Christ.

We regret that the Chronicle, a paper usually on the right side of social and economic questions, did not go down to the bottom of this problem of vagrancy. It ought to be true as the Chronicle says: "The man who is entitled to the respect due to a human being has provided something against such a time as this unless he has been a victim of sickness or some unusual misfortune." What does Mr. Westenberg find? He finds that nine out of ten of all these poor human creatures are the victims not of "sickness," not of "unusual misfortune," but of the liquor traffic. This miserable business fills the city with 10,000 tramps. The Chronicle may not have the same dislike for this "sum of all villainies" that we have, but it knows full well that these 10,000 vagrants are almost entirely the direct product of the liquor business. Mr. Westenberg's mission is the only permanent cure for vagrancy. Men need divine help, they need somebody to show them the way to a new life and encourage them to stand against the tide of adversity. The authorities will find that the saloon, the exploitation agency of the liquor-dealers' association, is the sustaining cause of nearly all the miseries of this great city. Mr. Westenberg's mission is doing a great work and is deserving of all the assistance possible.

ALL FOOLISHNESS.

Secretary Taft has recently returned from his visit to Japan, Philippines, China and incidentally Russia. No intelligent person is surprised to hear him say "It is the height of foolishness to talk of possible war with Japan, Japan does not desire war with us, and we certainly do not desire war with Japan. If there was any war spirit anywhere in Japan, I failed to find the slightest evidence of it. Everywhere there was talk of continued peace. I speak very confidently about this. Our trade relations with Japan are extensive and constantly growing. Japan's exports amount annually to about $160,000,000, of which we take about one-third. The exports consist largely of mattings, lace goods, embroideries and other fancy work, in the production of which many people are interested. We, in turn, ship vast quantities of flour, oil, and such commodities to Japan. This sort of trade is a great pacificator." There is no cause for war, why should there be war? There is only one reason for war and that is to gratify a few sensational newspapers. There are a few anarchists in San Francisco and up and down the Pacific Coast, who would like to promote disturbance but their number is by no means equal to the noise they make. Sensational newspapers must have a sensation, real or imaginary; hence, "war-talk." There is no evidence that Japan is about to go crazy and strike at America and certainly the history of America shows our friendship for Japan. If Japan carries out her policy in leading Korea, Manchuria, and China on to military strength, Japan will need America. If America wishes to insist on her open door policy in the Orient she will need Japan.

WHY CHRIST CAME.

To give the world the highest revelation of the highest truth. To give to the world a perfect example of a true life. To establish direct personal communion between God and man. To establish conditions of an eternal salvation. To establish a basis of justice between God and man. Salvation is not possible until justice is fully satisfied. To effect a reconciliation between God and mankind. Finally to establish a kingdom of grace and truth. These are some of the reasons why Christ came. Any one of these is sufficient. We could assign many more. There are many ways of stating the same truths. He came to reveal the fatherhood of God the brotherhood of man, to redeem by repentance, regeneration, and reconciliation. His crowning mission to the world is that the world might have life and have it more abundantly.

VISCOUNT AOKI JAPAN'S GREAT STATESMAN.

The San Francisco Chamber of commerce gave a reception to Viscount Aoki, Japan's Ambassador to this country, last Saturday evening. In listening to the addresses of the president of the chamber, Mr. C. H. Bentley, and the response of the Viscount one would not know that there was such a thing as an anti-Japanese league. Race hatred, pin-head politics, hoodlum demagoguery, were quiescent while the great commercial organization of this city honored itself by honoring one of Japan's great statesman. In his reply Viscount Aoki said that he marveled at the spirit, energy, practicability, wealth, vastness of material resources of the American people. He took special note of our public school system and institutions of learning and most of all the homogeneity of the American people. He said: "I think there is no such homogeneity on so large a scale anywhere else in the world. One great purpose appears to animate the American people, and that is to pull together for the upbuilding of the national greatness. That spirit, which takes many forms of expressions, I find to be the same in New York and San Francisco, along the Atlantic seaboard, throughout the great valley of the Mississippi and up and down the Pacific Coast." The friendship of 50 years would not be disturbed by local flurries. Japan knows the heart of the United States and appreciates the friendship of America. President Bentley said that the reception was tendered out of genuine respect to his Honor the ambassador and the great country of Japan. There were no commercial interests involved. Everything which pro-

motes good feeling between this country and Japan is in the interest of the world's immediate and most enduring peace.

FISHES AND CHILDREN.

The charge is made by a Los Angeles expert that the state of California spends $100,000 to care for the fishes and $3,500 to care for the children. Such a statement needs an explanation. The state provides a license fee for hunters which goes to the Fish Commissioners and amounts in all to about $100,000. The hunters are thus compelled to pay for keeping up the supply of fishes. The appropriation of $3,500 is for the employment of a deputy to look after children who are employed contrary to law. That is the size of the contention. The school teachers, the police and all the officers of the law are guardians of the children. The bureau of labor shows that 8,500 children between the ages of 14 and 16 are employed in this state. We should like to see the statistics of those unemployed. The child labor question is a serious one. We do not stand for oppression and tyranny over children. In large cities, among ignorant foreign parentage, abuses do exist and decent, educated and cultivated people must submit to laws in order to lift up these ignorant people; at the same time there is danger of producing a generation of idlers and incompetents. There is nothing so stimulating to mind and body as healthful employment. There is a good deal of demagogery and buncomb in the air at this time. What we want these "statisticians" these composite philanthropists, to tell us is the exact name of the factory, the street and the number on the street where one child under sixteen is unlawfully and unjustly employed. Why deal in generalities and create an unjust impression? There is immensely more danger from the idle street arab. We have no hesitancy in saying that idleness is a greater menace to childhood than labor. If a lad grows to the age of 16 without doing anything and without knowing how to do anything, the chances are two to one that he will have to be supported at public expense. The average boy loves to work and assist in his own development and support. We consider the laws in this state unnecessarily strict and on the whole decidedly unjust and unwholesome. If parents cannot control their own children under normal conditions, it is reasonably certain there will soon be no children for the bureau of labor to look after. There are few states in the Union that make such large and adequate provisions for the support of the public schools as does California.

The University of Chicago has received from its former benefactor, Mr. John D. Rockerfeller, a new year's gift of $2,191,000 bringing the total of his gifts to this institution up to $23,000,000. With all its great income this institution ran behind $155,000 last year. Some of our institutions could pay all their running expenses for the amount of this deficit.

Harden, the editor, who exposed parties in high life in Germany has been condemned and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. At this distance it is not possible to know the merits of this case but as France could not cover up the Dreyfus case it may be set down as a well defined principle that scandals may be hushed up for a while but the truth will ultimately come out. There is no social armor plate thick enough to be imperviable to the truth.

IGNORANCE IN INDIA.

From the Collegian, the official organ of Reid Christian College, Lucknow, India, we learn that there are in British India 218,416,826 totally illiterates and 13,022,775 literates, that is, five and one half per cent of the people in British India have any light. This fact is greatly emphasized when put over against the fact that 95 per cent of the people in Japan are literates. This copy of the Collegian is an excellent one and would do credit to any college in Methodism.

The Home.

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS.

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning to night,
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some days their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's voices,
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this:
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY.

A little while ago I was guest in the home of a large family where the mother was of the nervous, fretful, trouble-borrowing kind of woman, who neither enjoys herself nor will let others enjoy themselves. There were scarcely five minutes during my stay that she was not correcting, repressing, scolding, or nagging one of the children. It did not seem to make any difference what they were doing, she would tell them not to do it. If a child stood in an open doorway or near an open window, she was sure he would "get his death of cold." He must not eat this, he must not make a noise, he must not play, he must not do this, and he must not do that.

She kept on repressing her children in this manner throughout the evening, until they were very nervous and fretful. The result of this constant repression is that there is not a really normal child in the family. There is a sort of hungry, unsatisfied look in the faces of every one of them. They give one the impression that they long to get away from their mother and to let themselves out in laughter and play to their hearts' content.

It is worse than cruel, it is a crime to crush the childhood out of any life, to suppress the fun-loving instinct, which is as natural as breathing, for no wealth or luxuries in later life can compensate for the loss of one's childhood.

We have all seen children who have had no childhood. The fun-loving element has been crushed out of them. They have been repressed and forbidden to do this and that so long that they have lost the faculty of having a good time. We see these little old men and women everywhere.

Children should be kept children just as long as possible. What has responsibility, seriousness, or sadness to do with childhood? We always feel indignant, as well as sad, when we see evidences of maturity, over-seriousness, care, or anxiety, in a child's face, for we know some one as sinned somewhere.

The little ones should be kept strangers to anxious care, reflective thoughts and subjective moods. Their lives should be kept light, bright, buoyant, cheerful, full of sunshine, joy and gladness. They should be encouraged to laugh and to play and to romp to their hearts' content. The serious side of life will come only too quickly, do what we may to prolong childhood.

One of the most unfortunate things I know of is the home that is not illuminated by at least one cheerful, bright, sunny young face, that does not ring with the persistent laughter and merry voice of a child.

No man or woman is perfectly normal who is distressed or vexed by the playing of children. There was something wrong in your bringing up if it annoys you to see children romping, playing and having a good time.

If there is a pitable sight in the world, it is that of parents always supressing their children, telling them not to laugh, or not to do this or that, until the little things actually lose the power of natural expression. Joy will go out of the life when continually suppressed.

The first duty we owe a child is to teach it to express itself, to fling out its inborn gladness and joy with as much freedom as the bobolink when it makes the whole meadow glad with its song. Laughter; absolute abandon, freedom and happiness are essential to its health and success. These are a part of its nature. It cannot be normal without them.

Suppression of the fun-loving nature of a child means the suppression of its mental faculties. The mind will not develop normally under abnormal conditions. There is every evidence in a child's nature that play is as necessary to its normal, complete development as food, and if the fun-loving faculties are suppressed the whole nature will be strangled, its expression stifled. Play is as necessary to the perfect development of a child as sunshine is to the perfect development of a plant. The childhood that has no budding and flowering, or only a partial unfolding of its petals, will have nothing but gnarled and pinched fruitage. The necessity for play in the very beginning of a child's development is shown by the fact that the instinct to play is so strong in all young life, including the entire animal kingdom.—Success.

HER ONE TALENT.

Margaret Sangster tells of a woman neither young, nor beautiful, nor robust, nor accomplished, nor educated, who became a bride. She realized that she was extremely unlike her brilliant husband. "I have not even one talent to fold away in a napkin," she said. But the husband loved her, and she loved him, and would, please God, make him happy. "There is one comfort—I can keep house," she said. So she planned the dainty, delicate, healthful meals, and kept the home clean, but not forbiddingly spotless. It invited the tired husband to rest, to litter it with his books and papers, if it pleased him to bring work home from the office, while she sat beside him ready to smile or speak as he looked up. The husband said one day: "There's one talent you have, dear, beyond any one else in the world—the talent of having time enough for everything." His home was a suburb of paradise, and he went forth to the competitions of life steadily successful.

It is rare to find in this hurrying world a being who works with an air of repose; who can pause to listen to another's story, who has a heart touched to so responsive a key that sympathy in a friend's good fortune is as ready as pity in a friend's calamity. This woman, who had the talent of doing fully and blithely every home obligation, by degrees became a social power. A large class of girls each Sabbath bent eagerly around her while she unfolded the lesson to them, and upon stated occasions she entertains the poor, fagged-out girls of the down-town factories, and keeps them, by kindly word and helpful ministry, and a Christian example, from places of temptation, for she believes it as much a Christian work to keep young girls pure as to save the poor remnant of their ruined lives after they have fallen. Telling the life story of this woman. Margaret E. Sangster says: "Altogether, when I think of the sick beds this little woman sits by, the heartaches she soothes, the confidences of which she is the trusted recipient, the happy home life which is hers, and the good she is doing silently, I am quite sure her talent is bearing interest for the Master."

CLEANSING HIS CONSCIENCE.

There was once in Boston an old codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man, who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour. One year two other merchants persuaded him to go into a deal with them by which they could control all the codfish in the market, and greatly increase the price. The plan was succeeding well, when this good man learned that many poor persons in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish. It troubled him so that he broke down, in trying to pray at the family altar, and went straight to the men who led him into the plot, and told them that he could not go on with it.

Said the old man: "I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers. And this morning when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me high enough to shut out the throne of God, and I could not pray. I tried my best to get around it, or get over it, but every time I started to pray, that codfish loomed up between me and my God. I wouldn't have my family prayers spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic ocean, and I shall have nothing more to do with it, or with any money made out of it."

It has been "figured out" that Yankees are the cheapest laborers and the coke makers of Pittsburg have decided that hereafter none but Americans and naturalized citizens will be employed. The wages will be increased and the production will be increased and improved in quality.

Young People.

THE HOMESICK BOY.

I'm visitin' at Aunt Maria's,
And I'm homesick as I can be;
It's sawdust and shavin's for breakfas'
And shavin's and sawdust for tea.

She says it ain't sawdust nor shavin's,
But some kind o' nutriment food;
Anyway, 'taint pie nor doughnuts,
Nor fritters, nor anything good!

She never has jam or cookies,
She says they are awful for me;
We eat 'em like sixty to our house,
And we're all of us healthier'n she!

She won't let me have any sugar,
Because it will give me the gout,
And meat I can't swallow a mite of

Till I've chewed it an hour about!

Didn't know that I had any liver,
'Cause, you see, I was never sick much;
But I'm hungry for all I can think of
'Cept sawdust and shavin's and such.

O, I want to see Ma and Louisa
And Grandma and my old ball!
But I guess I'm homesicker for doughnuts
Than anything else at all! —Life.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing baseball Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions, very good-naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one of them at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest in the party. "Never mind, I'll run for him;" and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boy, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself, "that boy is a true gentleman."—Lutheran.

A PRESIDENTAL HOMILY.

A friend was closeted with President Roosevelt, discussing a matter of much importance, when the private telephone bell rang. The President answered it, and a boyish voice said, "Who is this?"

"It is the President."

"Is Archie there?"

"He is not here, but I think he is somewhere about."

"Well, he promised to come and play with me at 2 o'clock, and it is now 3 o'clock and he has not come, and I am very much disappointed."

"I will look the matter up at once," said the man of affairs. He spoke with as much interest and determination as would have been manifested over any question of statecraft or public policy. Turning to the house telephone he soon located Archie, and said: "Did you have an engagement to meet a playmate at 2 o'clock; and, if so, why have you not kept it?"

"Oh, yes, I promised to meet one of the boys, but I forgot all about it."

"Go to him at once and apologize."

The President then gave his son a homily on the morality of keeping an engagement something like this: Not to keep an engagement is to be guilty of a species of falsehood, and it should be as carefully avoided as any other variation from the truth. Charge your mind with the fact so that you will be in no more danger of forgetting it than you would be of forgetting any moral or religious duty. Such action is a great help in the development of a manly character. If you play fast and loose with these promises, you will lose the fine sense of duty, and undermine your whole character. If you keep engagements as a boy, you will keep them as a man; if you are careless with them now, you will have to learn new principles or be a failure in life. Never forget that honor and manliness require you to keep all your engagements or to make timely and adequate explanation.—Ex.

SIX CENTS FOR ONE.

"Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of the rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you six cents," said a man.

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails that was fastened on a board.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer, and three two-cent pieces were put into his hand. He stepped on, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you. You won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path. That man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give the six cents back and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it!" will not be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the

ring, looking happier than ever. That was an honest boy.—Ex.

"GATHER OUT THE STONES."

"It is such a stony little path between here and Mrs. Harvey's that I can't bear to go over it," said Jim.

"And Dick Harvey doesn't like it any better when he comes over here," said Frank. "I heard him say he had got ever so many bruises in that path. He was grumbling about it yesterday."

"Why don't you clear the way between here and your neighbor's?" asked Mr. Morris. "Much better do that than keep grumbling about it."

"Why, we should never get all the stones out of that path," cried Jim.

"Not all in one day, nor by taking all the stones at once," said the father. "But if each of the boys who crosses there would take a stone out of the way every time he goes, the work would be done. Try it."

The boys did try it. Half a dozen young lads who used the path, helped, and the path was cleared.

This is exactly the way to make it easier and pleasanter for others in this world. Let each one make it his business, as he goes through life, to take some little hindrance out of the way whenever he can. Little faults should be cured, and little temptations that cause unwary feet to stumble should be removed.

CRABS.

Crabs certainly are curious creatures. Did you know that instead of having their bones inside their bodies and the flesh outside, they are built upon exactly the opposite plan, and their skeletons are worn outside their flesh? Besides this, instead of masticating their food and then swallowing it, they swallow it first and then masticate, or chew it, and for the simple reason that their teeth are inside their stomachs.

Certain crabs are smart enough to dig wells. When the tide goes out and happens to leave them on the dry sand of the shore, they seem to know that if they can dig down into the sand a few inches they will find water there; so they go to work to dig themselves wells. The sand and small stones are scraped loose, and are then carried away between the shell and the large claw. Only a little can be dug out at a time, of course, but the crab makes repeated trips until the well is deep enough for water to collect at its bottom. The crab will sometimes spend two or three hours at the work, and when it is done will lie down in the water and wait till the tide comes up again. Then it can swim away, and needs its well no longer.

There is another curious thing about a crab. If he loses one of his legs it will grow out again, and so, if you happen to pick him up and he is afraid he is going to be hurt, he simply gives a sudden jerk, and lo, you have only his leg left in your hand! It may be inconvenient for him to get along without the leg you happen to hold, but another will take its place in time, and the crab seems to know it.—S. S. Visitor.

DER VATER MILL.

By Charles Follen Adams.

I readst aboudt dot vater mill dot runs der lifelong day,
Und how der vater don'd coom back ven vonce id flows avay;
Und off der mill sthream dot glides on so beacefully and sthill,
But don'd vas putting in more vork on dot same vater mill.

Der boet says, 't vas beddher dot you holdt dis broverb fast,
"Der mill id don'd vould grind some more mit vater dot vas past."

Dot boem id was peautiful to readt about; dot's so!
Budt eef dot vater vasn't past how could dot mill vheel go?
Und vhy make drouble mit dot mill, vhen id vas been inclined
To dake each obbordunity dot's gifen id to grind?
And vhen der vater cooms along in quandidies so vast,
Id lets some oder mill take oup der vater dot vas past.

Dhen der boet shange der subject, und she dells us vonce again:
"Der seeckle neffer more shall reap der yellow garnered grain."
Vell! vonce vas blendy, aind't id? It vouldn't peen so nice
To haf dat seeckle reaping oup der same grain ofter twice!
Vhy! vot's der use off cutting oup der grass dat vonce vas mown?
Id vas pest, mine moder dold me, to ledt vell enough alone.

"Der summer vinds refiive no more leafts strewn o'er earth und main."
Vell! who vants to refife dhem? Dhere vas blenty more again!
Der summer vinds dhey shtep righdt oup in good dime to brepare
Dhose plants und trees for oder leafs; dhere soon vas creen vons dhere.
Shust bear dis adverb on your mindt, mine friendts, und holdt it fast;
Der new leafs don'd vas been aroundt undill der oldt vas past.

Dhen neffer mindt der leafs dots dead, der grain dots in der bin;
Dhey poth of dhem haf had dheir day, und shust vas gathered in.
Und neffer mind der vater vhen id vonce goes droo der mill;
Id's vork was done! Dhere's blendy more dot vaits id's place to fill.
Let each von dake dis moral, vrom der king down to der peasant:
Don'd mindt der vater dot vas past, budt der vater dot vas bresent.

JOHNNY'S VISITOR.

A tiny sin crept softly in through Johnny's open door;
"I'll only stay a little while," it whispered; "and before
I do any harm at all you can get rid of me,
And nobody will ever know that I've been here, you see!"

Now, Johnny was a foolish boy, so he believed the sin,
And let it make itself at home, when it had entered in.
He closed the door, and no one knew that it was there at all;
"It cannot harm me," Johnny thought; "it is so very small!"

But soon the sin began to grow, a horrid growth indeed!
It made of Johnny's boyish heart a thing on which to feed;
It cast out everything beside, and gained and gathered strength,
Till Johnny was its wretched slave, as all men saw at length.

Too late poor Johnny bade it go. "Why should I leave you, pray?
This is my home; you let me in, and here I mean to stay!"
The sin replied and tighter yet it clung, and spread and grew—
Ah, letting in the smallest sin lets in destruction too!

—Priscilla Leonard.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"The year has gone and with it many
a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each
brow.
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty
form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim."

The curtains of the old year are about to fall! Twelve long months have gone into eternity and we find ourselves looking back and confessing "we have left undone many things—Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

There is a certain feeling of sadness in saying farewell to the old year. Even the close of a day brings a tinge of the same feeling, as the evening shadows lengthen and we sit amid the gloaming. It is like saying good-bye to a friend, for this year has been our friend. Sometimes we have grumbled; the days have been too hot or too cold, too long or too short. And yet a sort of sadness comes to me as I think of the past that is gone forever. As I think of the good old year that came twelve months ago with frost on its beard and laughed through the chilling blast; that warmed genially into spring time and burned with new-born life, and throbbed with the music of birds and leaped on like the thawed-out fountain, of the summer that came treading upon the flowery skirts of spring to crown the wealth of prophetic blossoms with ripened fruits; of the autumn with its bursting barns and harvest songs, its forests of yellow leaves growing beautiful in death; and of winter again with its falling snow, its whistling winds, its blazing fires, its merrry bells, its Christmas time—the old year is gone to that realm which we call Past, that tomb into which the world tosses all its toys and treasurers.

Sometimes we have to part with friends to know how much we love them. I thought it was so with the parting year. As we caught a glimpse of her radiant robe just drawn from our threshold we beheld her glory. Now old friend that you have gone here are kind words for you—that you can not hear. I know that you brought much for me that I failed to possess, victories that I failed to win, joys that I have not felt, kind words that I did not speak. But you are gone and I shall not spend the New Year in vain regrets. I can only show my sorrow by kindness to your fair sister that has come to take your place.

"Yesterday now is a part of forever
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds
tight.
With glad days, and sad days and bad
days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful
night."

It will be a mistake to become so absorbed either in reflection upon the past or in planning for the future that we overlook the bigness of the present. The universe is built upon the slender base of the invisible atom, and the possibilities of time and eternity are enfolded in the passing moment. God's time is ever now. Men sigh or gloat over yesterday or mumble concerning the prospects of tomorrow for good or ill. God's time is today. The traveler looks forward upon the plain and cries "Earth and sky meet out yonder," or he glances backward and shouts "Earth and sky meet back yonder," not knowing that heaven is quite as near the spot on which he stands. The present is ever the shining point where heaven and earth are tangent. "Today is ours and today alone."

New Year's resolutions are in order now. As a rule all these fall short. Frequently the reforms are short-lived. If they succeed, unregenerate human nature will drift into other extravagances and evils. No sense of moral cleanliness results. The wiser plan is to begin the new year with a new heart.

—Rev. C. C. Selecman in St. Louis Christian Advocate.

LIFE A POEM.

Life is a poem—life has losses and carnage and struggle, but they are poetry, also. Sometimes people complain at work. I would rather complain at sleep. Sleep is a getting off of the office chair to rest your legs a little—that is all. And then we climb up on the chair again and go to work. Work is good for us; we are made for it; it does us good; it loves us and we ought to love it. I would rather complain at slumber than effort. Your work makes something of you. Weak livered, weak muscled, weak nerved people that never work—the whistle of the wind makes them weary, the clamor of the horses' feet upon the street makes them tired. Life is work and struggle and crush and furious besetment, but those things are all poetry. Did you ever read Browning's "How they Brought tne Good News from Ghent to Aix?" The tumult of leaping steeds is there; their hoofs smite fire from the pavement as they run. Life is a huge race to a goal fetching comfort—life is a poem.

If you will read this psalm again, you will find out that life is a romance. What is romance? What girls dream about. What is romance? What a fellow thinks about when he is in love, before marriage or after. What is romance? O, it is bottled sunshine poured out. What is romance? O, it is something that irons the creases out of your care with never a lacerating blow in the process. What is romance? It is seeing life in God's perspectives; with all the fierce, marauding fury of the breath of tempests, all the storms of sand on desert's waste, all glorified by standing above them and looking at them afar: that, that is romance. Have you never had the romance of a big life? Why have you not mastered your lesson? Did you never go to school? Did you never have your heart for schoolmaster? Did you never fall in love with anybody more than yourself? That is what everybody does if he lives life at all. Your life is not so prosaic as you think. Did you never have a rainy day? Haven't you got an empty chair at your table?—Longfellow told about it. Did you never stand on the bridge at midnight? He "stood on the bridge at midnight when the clocks were striking the hour." Did you never weep for friends who would come no more, and you stood and heard nothing but, "Break, break, break" and "O, for the touch of a vaished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!" Did you never lean and look over Autumn woodland or field, and feel that life had fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf?" Life is a romance, be sure of that. Your life is not as uneventful as you think. You have had happy hours and glorious daydawns. I defy any man to get in love with a good woman, and not find life wonderful as springtime. I defy any woman to fall in love and not find life transfigured. I defy any man or woman to take his baby in his arms and look in its face, and not find life bewilderingly fair. Did you ever hear your children in the morning, tuning up on the piano and singing? The piano is always out of tune—leastwise it never agrees with the voice of the children, and they play all tunes at once, and sing no tune in time—did you ever sit in the other room, and hear that, and not have life put on new music? Why, the sweetest voice that ever sang was not so sweet as this.

Then this psalm says life is joy. Don't be dyspeptic, David never was—at least if he was, he never told it, which is something on toward the same thing. If people would just keep quiet about what is the matter with them, they would do the community a favor; we would not know they had anything the matter with them; they might suffer, but we would not know it. There is a good deal to that—now, honestly, a good deal to that. Make life joyful. This man did, and he had more troubles than we have had: but, as I tell you, he kept his harp nigh him, and when his troubles got the upper hand of him, he prayed, and set his prayer to music. There isn't any music for the heart like prayer, and there isn't any poetry that sets to music like the prayer wrung from your broken life. Joy!—From a sermon on the Twenty-third Psalm in "Eternity in the Heart" by Dr. W. A. Quale.

A MERRY HEART.

The Christian's heart is merry because his sins are forgiven. Nothing depresses the spirit more than a consciousness of sin. The memory of sin makes the past dark, and the guilt of sin casts a cloud over the future. No one with sin on his soul can look up into the face of his heavenly Father without shame and fear. But a sense of pardon changes all. Jesus said to the paralytic at his feet, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven." That announcement alone was almost enough to send currents of life and health throbbing through his veins. It must have been easier after that to say to the afflicted man, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." With sin blotted out the heart began to leap for joy. It is the sense of pardoned sin that makes the heart merry.

The Christian's heart is merry because it is a new heart. Some people think they would be happy if they had more money, or if they had a better house to live in, or if they had a higher station in the world. But it is not probable. Take a rattlesnake out of his den in

the rocks and put him in a glass cage and he is a rattler still. The change will not eliminate the poison from his fangs. Take a morose, disagreeable man out of his hut and give him a palace to live in and he will be the same sour spirit that he was aforetime. No changes of season nor place will make any change in his mind. Others think they can make the heart merry by drinking strong drink. No doubt a drink of wine will bring a thrill of pleasurable excitement, but as soon as the effect of the wine has worn off the same old evil spirit will assert itself. It is not wine, nor amusement, nor change of place that the bad spirit needs, but a change of heart. New conditions will not make the heart merry, but a new heart wrought within by the Holy Ghost.

The Christian has a merry heart because he looks on the bright side. There is a bright side to all things except sin. Look on the bright side of life, the bright side of the country, the bright side of the church, the bright side of the world. The world has its bright side. Spring is wonderful with its bounding life. Summer is splendid with its ripening harvests and delicious fruits. Autumn is beautiful with its fading foliage and its myriad tints. Winter is grand with its frost and ice and snow and storm. The Creator made all these seasons for His glory and our enjoyment and improvement. Happy the man who can appreciate the good in the world and in affliction and pain.

A true Christian appreciates common things. What heights and depths of beauty and splendor there are in the every-day, cheap, little things. Under a microscope a grain of sand picked up from the pavement flames with a multitude of brilliant colors as if the diamond and ruby and sapphire and topaz were combined in one common display of beauty. So the trifling things under our feet and in our hands are full of beauty and blessing. Men are forever longing for extraordinary things, uncommon things, big things, costly things and cheating themselves out of the good of common things. There is scarcely a ray of bliss in the millionaire's entertainment which cost a hundred thousand dollars and is described in all the daily papers of the great cities but there is a world of joy in today's sunshine of summer beauty which falls on millions of common people.

Faith in God will make the heart merry. Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God." Is that not enough? Ye believe in God. Why be afraid? Why murmur? An eminent physician has said that the fears of the people have greatly increased since the eruption of Mount Pelee and Mount Vesuvius, and the San Francisco earthquake. Why? Because of a lack of faith in God. The psalmist says: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." If we have faith in God we shall not be disturbed though an earthquake like that which shattered the cities on the Pacific coast should shake every city in the land, and financial panic rob us of our earthly substance. God rules. Think more of God and less of the good things that perish. Look not on the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are not seen are eternal. "Set your affections on things above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."—The Christian Advocate.

THE WORLD'S CONQUEROR.

The Babe of Bethlehem has become the conqueror of man. The rapturous utterance of the old prophet, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." All the world lies in subjection before Him; all the activities of man pay tribute to Him. He is the King of kings and Lord of lords. Ever since that hour of holy calm when the morning stars sang together, music has made Him the subject of its sweetest and noblest songs. His coming gave a new impulse and direction to art, and the greatest masters have vied with each other in doing honor to the holy child, Jesus. Poets have tuned their harps to holier strains, and have dedicated the best children of their genius to the "One altogether lovely and the chiefest among ten thousand."

But by what means does this Conqueror subdue the world? Alexander, Tamerlane, Caesar, Napoleon were triumphant through physical force. The sword, the catapult, the fire-brand, and all the devices of cruel, barbaric war secured for them temporary power over men. They conquered to subjugate. Christ makes His conquests by means of a subtler, stronger, nobler power than mere physical force. The emblem of His conquest is not the sword, but the olive branch. He is not the demon of war, but the Prince of Peace. He conquers to exalt. He makes men captive through love. This is a force more potent than regiments of veterans or squadrons of battleships.—W. R. Maxfield.

HAPPIEST BOY IN THE KINGDOM.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who would give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length one day a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy, but you must pay a great price for telling you the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the price was paid. Then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and see what he could read: Then he went away.

The boy did as he was told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.—Sunday-School Gem.

A BROADER FIELD.

Waiting for help its burdens to unbind?

Some human plant, perchance beneath thine eyes,
Pierced through with hidden thorns of idle fears;
Or drooping low for need of light from skies
O thou who sighest for a broader field
Wherein to sow the seeds of truth and right—
Who fain a fuller, nobler power would wield
O'er human souls that languish for the light—

Search well the realm that even now is thine!
Canst not thou in some far-off corner find
A heart sin-bound, like tree with sapping vine,
Obscured by doubt-clouds raining poison tears?

Some bruised soul the balm of love would heal;
Some timid spirit faith would courage give;
Or maimed brother, who, though brave and leal,
Still needeth thee, to rightly walk and live?

O while one soul thou findest which hath not known
The fullest help thy soul hath power to give
Sigh not for fields still broader than thine own,
But, steadfast in thine own, more broadly live.

—Julia Anna Wolcott.

COMFORT IN BIBLE CHARACTERS.

Bible heroes were not faultless. If they had been faultless, there would be small consolation for any of us in their history. It is strange how we try to rob the precious story of its naturalness, taking away from it the very elements that ought to help us most. The names on the honor roll of the faithful are the names of frail human beings like ourselves. If this were not so, how could we hope to enroll our own names there? Of what use to us would be the story of the triumph of men and women who never were tried as we are? The Bible tells of one, and only one, perfect Man. The others ascribe their salvation to him, and cast their crowns at his feet. We, being like them, may find salvation with them.—Christian Standard.

True prayer is a Jacob's stairway into the clouds. We cannot see where it rests, but we see that it does not fall.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE.

Moo, moo!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will eat the sweet grass,
I will give her a glass
Of my milk for her tea;
Moo, moo! that's what Ill do
For my dear little maiden of three.

Mew, mew!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will catch all the mice,
And they shall not come twice
To the cake, you'll see;
Mew, mew! that's what I'll do
For my sweet little maiden of three.

Bow, wow!
I will go now
With my little girl of three;
I will make a great noise;
I will frighten the boys,
For they all fear me;
Bow, wow! this is just how
I'll guard my sweet maiden of three.

Neigh, neigh!
Out of the way
For my little girl of three!
I will give her a ride,
We will canter and glide
O'er the meadowy lea;
Neigh, neigh! that's just the way
I'll help my sweet maiden of three.

—Uncle Ned in St. Nicholas.

"There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.
There's many a sorrow
Would vanish tomorrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
But, sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things."

NEW YEAR'S IN OTHER LANDS.

In some countries New Year's Day is celebrated even more joyously than Christmas, and France is one of these. There "le jour de l'an" (the day of the year) as it is quaintly called is a time of much greater fun and merrymaking than Noel (Christmas) which is kept almost entirely as a religious festival. The little French children give and receive their presents at New Year's instead of at Christmas, while the grown-ups call at each others' houses to leave gifts and exchange good wishes with their friends for the year that has just begun.

In Scotland, too, New Year's Day is the greatest day of the year. When Mary, Queen of Scots, of whom you have read in your histories— the unhappy queen whose head was cut off, you remember, because Queen Elizabeth, her English cousin, was jealous of her— went from the sunny land of France to reign over bleak and cheerless Scotland, she took with her the customs of the country she loved so well; and there many of them are being followed to this day, though that happened nearly four hundred years ago.

VICTOR GAS FURNACES

FOR HEATING AND VENTILATING.

Handsomest, Cleanest, Quickest System for Residences, Stores, Hotels, Theaters, Halls, Churches and Auditoriums of all kinds.

Handy, quick, economical, healthy, effective, clean, attractive; no coal, no ashes, no odor, no dust, no dirt, no danger, no waste, no worry, no work, no care.

Touch a Match—IT GOES. Turn a Valve—IT'S OUT.

Air is taken from outside the building and is driven to the rooms with a steady, mellow heat, just like that of a sunny, summer day. It is kept absolutely separate from the gases of combustion, so no odor is possible. A modern system of economical HEATING and VENTILATING. Send for information before deciding on any other.

NATIONAL FURNACE CO.

Manufacturers of **Victor Gas Furnaces**

117-119 California Street, San Francisco, Cal

Telephone Kearny 5874

We are not heard for our much praying, but we are heard every time we truly pray.

FERRY'S SEEDS



For freshness, purity and reliability, **Ferry's Seeds** are in a class by themselves. Farmers have confidence in them because they know they can be relied upon. Don't experiment with cheap seeds—your surety lies in buying seeds sent out by a conscientious and trustworthy house.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908 is FREE. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

A special class will be opened in January.

Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. LoS Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
1400-1450 Foruth St., Cor. Michigan,

Your Winter Trip

made comfortable by the

SUNSET ROUTE

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars. Dining service the best. Parlor observation car. Library. Cafe. Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans-New Steamship Co's steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket offices
884 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.
14th and Franklin Sts.,
Oakland, Cal.

Miss Goitrox —George, dear, I'm afraid our wedding will have to be postponed.

Mr. Owings—Impossible darling . My creditors won't stand for it.—Chicago News.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY 16, 1908. No. 3

THE COMFORTER.

"How does God send the Comforter?
Ofttimes through byways dim;
Not always by the beaten path
Of sacrament and hymn;
Not always through the gates of prayer,
Or penitential psalm,
Or sacred rite, or holy day,
Or incense, breathing balm.

How does God send the Comforter?
Perchance through humblest avenues
Of sight, or sound, or sense.
Haply in childhood's laughing voice
Shall breathe the voice divine,
And tender hands of earthly love
Pour for thee heavenly wine!

How will God send the Comforter?
Thou knowest not, nor I!
His ways are countless as the stars
His hand hath hung on high.
His roses bring their fragrant balm,
His twilight hush its peace,
Morning its splendor, night its calm,
To give thy pain surcease!"

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

FOR WHOM DOES THE PENITENTIARY YAWN?

Who among the big grafters in San Francisco will ultimately go to the penitentiary it is not easy to tell at this juncture in affairs. Reuf was one of the biggest toads in the great graft puddle, and there is a feeling that he should be made to suffer more of a penalty than he would suffer if immunity should be granted him in order to secure evidence for the conviction of "the higher-up" offenders. But Reuf will stand ever before the world as a branded man. Nothing that he can do if he should secure immunity will restore him to the confidence of the people. He will rest alway under the shadow of suspicion. People generally, and he himself, will feel that the penitentiary was his rightful place, and so long as he shall live he will pay big penalty for his criminal acts. Accordingly, in our opinion, if his testimony is actually worth anything, it would be better to pay the price for it, and so let the law lay hold of the bribe-givers. But is his testimony worth much in way of evidence? Is it worth anything? Were the present writer a juror before whom persons accused of bribe-giving were being tried, there would have to be something far more credible than Reuf's word of mouth to turn the scale against the accused.

There are those who are indifferent as to the outcome of the cases against the San Francisco corporation officials merely because there are some reasons for questioning the motives of Rudolph Spreckels and other leaders in the prosecution. Motives should not be considered. Long ago was it said, in sacred writ, "The wrath of man shall praise Him." And the Apostle Paul said that it did not matter that some preached Christ out of envy and strife if good results accrued.

The welfare of San Francisco, a great and influential city, and the welfare of our whole land and nation, demand that as many of the great law-breakers as possible be reached and given their deserts. The people, therefore, should cease to consider motives; they should remember that Reuf is paying and will continue to pay a big penalty for his crimes, even though immunity be granted him, and that a failure to reach and convict "the higher-up" fellows will leave them to prey still upon the people, and will be an encouragement to others to do likewise. And San Farncisco business men need to understand that no damage to the city, coming through the conviction of these prominent men, even though there should be scores of them, can possibly be so great as a failure in the courts through some technicalities, and people everywhere firmly convinced of the guilt of the escaping parties.

But, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall!" This old saying came to mind when we read a few days ago of the decision of the appellate court in the case of ex-Mayor Schmitz. There was, of course, a great public outcry against it. Nevertheless it may have been the only decision a just court could give. We shall await the opinion of the most eminent jurists before joining in the clamor. There are those who say that there are persons on the supreme bench of the state who are not capable of giving an unbiased opinion on these graft cases. However, a decision from that source will be much more convincing and settling than the one from the appellate court. It is exceedingly unfortunate that some of the judges in that court and rendering decision in the Schmitz case are related in various ways to persons under indictment and to persons as strongly suspicioned as any that are under indictment.

For whom does the penitentiary yawn? For Reuf? It does not look that way. For Schmitz? Yes. For Ford and Calhoun? Seemingly. For Glass? Yes. For others? Perhaps. But this much is correct: There are a score or more who go about "trembling in their boots," lest the prosecution get such hold on the graft as to forever ruin them in the estimation of the public, even though they should not land in the pen.

The beautiful poem on the cover page of The Pacific Presbyterian for January 2d was by James Buckham of Melrose, Massachusetts, a brother of Professor ago The Pacific Presbyterian reviewed Mr. Buckham's ago The Pacific Presbyterian reviewed Mr. Bucham's latest book, "The Heritage of Life," published a few months ago by Jennings & Graham. Several of those books have passed into the hands of people herabouts and have proved of much comfort and inspiration. We quote a paragraph from the article on "The Meaning of Death:" "Blessed is the soul that interprets the death of loved ones, not as a taking away, but as a taking up, a setting forward, a transfiguration, an exaltation! They have simply gone to be with God and Christ our Redeemer in the beautiful city, whither we are all bound, and whither the longest life will bring us sooner than we realize." He who wrote this did not know then that the portals of the beautiful city were to open so soon to him. It was only a few weeks ago that the ravages of a hidden disease became known, and last week he passed on into the life beyond. In the book from which we have quoted he wrote, for the comfort of others: "Inexpressibly sad would be the pathos of incompleteness did we not trust that the arc of life which is broken here will be completed in heaven; that yonder all high and noble hopes and yearnings shall be fulfilled, all achievements crowned, all ideals realized." Many who knew James Buckham and many who will come yet to know him, through his writings, will turn as the years go on to the pages on which are printed these and other comforting and inspiring words.

The Rev. E. L. Walz spoke at a recent meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity concerning the recent trip East by himself and Mrs. Walz in the interests of the rehabilitation fund for the Green Street Church. Although they were East at an inopportune time—the Wall street panic being on then—

they met in general with cordial treatment, and realized by their effort about $4,000. The largest check came from a man of considerable wealth whose secretary had at first turned them away with the utmost in the way of discouragement. But they persevered and won. Some people whom they met thanked them for giving them the opportunity to give to so useful a work. In several places Mr. Walz was told that it was useless to attempt to raise any money. His reply was that all he asked was to be allowed to tell his story; and then, in every instance, some one arose and said in substance: We must not let this man go without extending some aid to the work which he represents; and substantial contributions were made. In the course of his remarks Mr. Walz stated that 4,000 college presidents had tried to get the ear of Mrs. Russell Sage since her great estate came to her for administering. Because of the large acquaintance and friendship that Mr. and Mrs. Walz have among Presbyterian people much more than one-half of the money contributed for the Green Street Church came from Presbyterians. About one-third of it came from Congregationalists. Judging from the talk given last Monday Mr. Walz doubtless told his story well—and he has a story worth telling and worth hearing. But think of it! Six weeks of effort, and not a cent raised! We should have despaired; but not they. They pressed on and won. They have not secured what is needed; but surely more will come.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

George C. Adams.

Protestant ministers have frequently taken alarm about our school system, and have been prompt to see and ward off attacks upon it. Sometimes it appeared later that the dangers were imaginary, and that no one had evil designs against the schools. Sensitiveness on the subject has so far disappeared that just now we are really in danger of doing a lasting harm to the school system that we love. In different parts of the United States there have appeared, simultaneously, efforts to make the Christian religion the basis of the teaching, and to compel all pupils, whether Christian or not, to take part in whatever exercises might be favored by the Christian part of the population, using the majority power to bring this about. We would like to see the people of the country all Christian, and at one as to the methods to be used; but they are not, and we easily make the blunder of using compulsion where we would not submit to it for a moment if the power were the other way.

It looks like surrendering a principle to let the singing of Christmas carols go out of the public schools; but why are they there? Probably the Pilgrim fathers never sang a Christmas carol, and many of them never heard one. They left England rather than be forced to sing them. And yet we would give a great deal if we could reproduce now their sterling character and devotion to principle. The carols belong to the churches, and should be sung there with all the heart and voice; but they do not belong in the public schools unless there is absolute unanimity about using them. The schools exist for the purpose of giving to all the children of the community such instruction as will fit them for citizenship, and for practical life. We are compelled to look to the churches (and once we did look to the homes) to give them education in religion and all that belongs to the department of the spiritual. We are trying to make up for the loss of home instruction by compelling all kinds of young people to adopt our religious ideas, and this is absolutely at variance with the teachings of Jesus. He compelled no one, and taught his disciples that they were not to spread his glad tidings in that way.

It would be a distinct gain if there could be use of the Bible in the schools as history and literature; it certainly is more important to an American than Roman mythology; but it can only be so used with justice when Jew and Roman Catholic and Protestant will come together and decide on some basis of agreement, and can then only be used so far as that agreement reaches. This is simple justice, and no kind of missionary spirit can make it right for us to go beyond it. If we do go beyond we plant seeds of discord and make any amount of trouble for our schools in the future. In our eagerness we forget to look for the effects of our action. It is a pity, but nearly all the persecution of Jews in modern times has been in the name of Jesus Christ. The terrible events in Russia during recent years have made the name of Jesus hateful to a Jew. Poor, deluded Christians have made a pretext of their religion to do what is absolutely contrary to all that Jesus taught; they have made it an utter impossibility that Jews carefully trained in their religion should feel any patience with the Christian religion. In our enlightened country we cannot be too careful to treat them with absolute fairness, and to avoid strengthening their feeling of distrust of Christianity. As the population is made up of people of diverse religious beliefs, it is not wise to foist the belief of any particular portion on the rest, and only harm to the school system can ever come of it.

For some years we have been interested in the policy of passive resistance on the part of our non-conformist brethren across the Atlantic. We have admired the spirit in which some of them have suffered loss rather than conform to that which their consciences cannot approve. We call it heroism on their part. If we would be consistent we must see to it that we do not compel any part of our great population to adopt such a policy toward us; what we call heroism in England would seem like paganism to some of our bitter sectarian people when used against them by those who cannot adopt their views. It would really be as heroic in one case as in the other; and the spirit of persecution is as bad, whether it comes from the Church of England or from you and me.

The place for religion in the schools is in the hearts and lives of the teachers. We have so much difficulty in getting away from the idea that Christianity is dogma that we think unless the teachings of Jesus can be placed in the curriculum nothing is being done. One thoroughly Christlike teacher, saying nothing of his or her beliefs, is worth more than all our teaching of doctrine, whether by book or song. A teacher who inspires the pupils to want to live such a life as she lives, and all whose acts toward the pupils are so fair and honorable as to win respect and love, is doing the highest kind of service. She is misusing her position when she uses her place as teacher to try to make proselytes for her church, no matter which church that may be; and in my observation through many years Protestants are fully as liable to err in this respect as any others. The great service of the public school system is in giving the same kind of training to children of all kinds of people. After a generation in these schools it would

puzzle any one to tell which were the children of natives or foreigners, and all have the same idea of loyalty to the flag, and understand alike the theory of our government. The branches that have been pursued have raised a class of citizens who can all work together. If the policy that is being advocated in some quarters by Protestant ministers shall succeed, we shall soon see an end of all this, and racial and class schools will multiply, and the unity of American population will be imperilled.

SOME STATISTICS FOR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN.

We condense from the Chicago Tribune some of the statistics for the year 1907:

The year 1907 was the banner year of beneficence. No other year in the history of this country has witnessed such a generous outpouring of wealth for the general good. The total of gifts and bequests for various purposes, excluding contributions to charity in the general sense, collections in churches, and minor subscriptions, and including only those exceeding $1,000, reaches the extraordinary sum of $149,902,130.

The following table shows that 1907 is the record breaking year.

1894	$19,907,116	1901	$123,888,732
1895	28,943,549	1902	77,397,167
1896	33,670,129	1903	76,934,978
1897	33,612,114	1904	46,296,980
1898	23,984,900	1905	104,586,922
1899	79,749,956	1907	149,902,130
1900	62,461,304		

The donations for the year have amounted to $107,904,933 and the bequests to $41,997,197. The total amount was distributed as follows:

To educational institutions, $70,015,542; to charities, $49,452,296; to religious organizations, $9,343,802; to museums, art galleries and public improvements, $17,247,400, and to libraries, $2,943,000.

Mr. Carnegie does not take the lead as usual, in his donations. That honor belongs to Mr. Rockefeller. Indeed, Mr. Carnegie is third in the race, having been outdone by Mrs. Russell Sage.

Mr. Rockefeller's public gifts have been as follows:

The general board of education	$32,000,000
The University of Chicago	5,517,000
The Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research	2,600,000
The University of Louisville	2,000,000
Park and its endowment to Cleveland, O.	2,000,000
American Baptist Missionary Union	200,000
Morningside College	50,000
Young Men's Christian Associations	35,000
Charities	17,500
Total	$44,419,500

The grand total of the known donations of Mr. Rockefeller amounts to nearly $70,000,000.

After the death of Russell Sage, in 1906, his widow began her benevolent work. In the last six months of that year she gave away $1,091,115. In 1907 she gave $13,489,700, divided as follows:

Sage foundation	$10,000,000
Renesselaer Polytechnic Institute	1,000,000
Emma Willard seminary	1,000,000
Young Men's Christian Associations	700,00
Seaman's Friend society	150,000
Northfield seminary	150,000
Society to aid indigent females	125,000
Sryacuse Teachers' college	100,000
Sag Harbor, L. I., schools	100,000
Syrian Protestant college	75,000
Lincoln Farm Association	25,000
Charity	62,000
Pascal institute	2,700
Total	$13,489,700

Mr. Carnegie has devoted little attention to libraries during the past year, partly, perhaps, because the ground has been quite thoroughly covered and partly, also, because objections have been raised to his conditions in several places and many offers have been declined. He seems to have transferred his minor patronage to small colleges.

His public donations for the year are as follows:

Carnegie Institute	$ 8,000,000
New York branch libraries	1,250,000
Library at Berlin, German	1,000,000
Twenty-six colleges	835,000
Bureau of American Republics	750,000
King Edward hospital fund	500,000
Site for Cambria county, Pa., hospital	350,000
Nineteen libraries	350,000
Indian memorial, Okmulgee, I. T.	50,000
Miscellaneous	39,500
Church organs	14,275
Total	$13,148,775

While Mr. Carnegie's record for 1907 has been surpassed both by Mr. Rockefeller and Mrs. Russell Sage, he still stands at the head of the world's benefactors, for the grand total of his known contributions is nearly $170,000,000.

Dr. D. K. Parsons' "lever" is still in operation, though not as actively as in former years. He has given $126,000 during the year to eight small colleges.

In addition to the above amounts the donations and bequests during 1907 amounting to $1,000,000 and upwards were as follows:

P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia, Pa., for art museum	$10,000,000
Robert N. Carson, Philadelphia, Pa., for orphan girls' home	5,000,000
Anna T. Jeanes, Philadelphia, Pa., for charities	5,000,000
John A. Creighton, Omaha, Neb., for Creighton university	3,000,000
John A. Creighton, Omaha, Neb., for charties	3,000,000
John C. Proctor, Peoria, Ill., for charity	2,000,000
George C. Taylor, New York, for charity	1,808,000
Henry Seybert, Philadelphia, for charity	1,500,000
Caroline K. Galland, Seattle, for charity	1,500,000
Thomas R. Patton, Philadelphia, for charity.	1,150,000
Hannah A. Currier, Manchester, N. H., for art gallery	1,000,000
N. J. Palmer, Colorado Springs, for park	1,000,000
Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, Concord, N. H., gift to Christian Science church	1,000,000

In this imposing array of benefactions women are handsomely represented, 135 of them having contributed 30,744,461.

Suicides in 1907.

Suicides continue to increase as they have done for several years past, and also continue in excess of other forms of violent death. The number for 1907 was

10,782, as reported in the public press. The following table shows the steady increase of self-murder during the last nine years:

1899	5,340	1904	9,240
1900	6,735	1905	9,928
1901	7,245	1906	10,125
1902	8,291	1907	10,782
1903	8,597		

The proportion of suicides as between men and women continues to increase in favor of men. Until 1906 about twice as many men committed suicide as women, but last year there were nearly three times as many men, and this year there are more than three times as many, the record showing 8,188 men and 2,594 women. Physicians, as usual, head the list among professional men, the number in 1907 having been 37, as compared with 39 in 1906, 34 in 1905, 33 in 1904, 35 in 1903 and 52 in 1902. It is a noticeable feature of the record that suicides occasioned by business losses have increased and that there has been a considerable increase of those occasioned by ill health. No less than 19 persons connected with banks, mostly managers and cashiers, are among the victims. It is always difficult to classify causes from press reports, as despondency, for instance, is a general term which might be applied to other cases, but the causes were stated as follows: Despondency, 4,028; insanity, 1,016; domestic infelicity, 2,172; disappointment in love, 1,213; ill health, 851; liquor, 493; business losses, 123; unknown. 786.

The most frequent agency of suicide, as usual was poison; 3,917 poisoned themselves and 3,681 used the revolver. Besides these, 1,154 used the rope, 974 drowned themselves, 801 cut their throats, 85 threw themselves in front of trains, 40 stabbed themselves, 81 jumped from windows or roofs, 6 blew themselves up with dynamite and 2 starved themselves to death.

Lynchings.

The record of lynchings, on the whole, is encouraging, as it contains the smallest number in the last twenty years. The total is but 63, as compared with 69 in 1906. As the lynching evil is a problem of national interest, the following table is appended. It covers a period of twenty-three years:

1885	184	1897	166
1886	138	1898	127
1887	122	1899	107
1888	142	1900	115
1889	176	1901	135
1890	127	1902	96
1891	192	1903	104
1892	235	1904	87
1893	200	1905	66
1894	190	1906	69
1895	171	1907	63
1896	131		

The number of lynchings in the various states and territories is as follows: Alabama, 11; Arkansas, 3; Georgia, 9; Iowa, 1; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 11; Maryland, 2; Mississippi, 13; Nebraska, 1; South Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 2; Texas, 4; Indian Territory, 1; Oaklahoma, 2—or, South, 61; North, 2. Of the total number 60 were negroes and 3 whites—60 males and 3 females. The crimes alleged were as follows: Murder, 18; rape, 12; attempted rape, 11; murderous assault, 7; race riot, 7; burglary, 3; complicity in murder, 2; rape and murder, 1; insults to women, 1; theft, 1.

Legal Executions.

The number of legal executions in 1907 was 104, or 19 less than the number in 1906. Classified by states and territories, the record is as follows: Alabama, 5; California, 2; Colorado, 1; Connecticut, 2; Delaware, 2; Florida, 3; Georgia, 3; Illinois, 2; Indiana, 1; Kentucky, 5; Louisiana, 3; Maryland, 1; Mississippi, 4; Missouri, 5; Nebraska, 1; New Jersey, 4; New York, 8; North Carolina, 4; Ohio, 7; Pennsylvania, 14; South Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 4; Texas, 5; Virginia, 11; Washington, 1; Arizona, 1; District of Columbia, 1; New Mexico, 1. There were 43 executed in the North and 61 in the south, and of these 54 were whites and 50 blacks. The crimes for which they were executed were: Murder, 96; rape, 6; burglary, 1; murder and rape, 1.

Homicides.

The number of deaths by all kinds of violence except suicide and lynching, as reported by telegraph and recorded in the newspapers of the various states and territories, was 8,712, or 638 less than the number reported for 1906. As this record closed on December 28, of course a few more would have to be added to make a complete statement. It should also be borne in mind that this record does not contain merely such cases commonly designated as murder or homicide, which are brought to trial in court, but every form of death by violence. The various causes of these violent deaths were reported as follows:

Quarrels, 4,832; unknown, 1,638; liquor, 593; by highwaymen, 611; jealousy, 629; insanity, 131; infanticide, 99; resisting arrest, 31; highwaymen killed, 53; self-defense, 23; strikes, 13; riots, 30; outrage, 29.

Sporting and Holiday Casualties.

That we take pleasure sadly is shown by the fact that 242 persons have been killed and 4,258 injured during the year while engaged in sports and celebrations of various kinds. In the football field, professional and amateur, twenty-one have been killed and seventy badly injured, and in the baseball field, professional and amateur, eighteen have been killed and thirty-six badly injured. The roller skate has killed one and injured three, the discus one, polo one, and vaulting one. The merry-go-round has injured twelve, electric swings eight, toboggans sixteen, and the scenic railroads have killed three and injured forty-five.

During the year seventy-seven persons have been killed and 4,033 injured by fireworks, toy pistols and giant crackers, of whom 3,865 were victims of Fourth of July patriotism and 100 of the local celebration of the 17th of June in Boston and Charlestown, Mass.

Halloween has a list of six persons killed and eighteen injured, and on Christmas forty-four persons were murdered.

Ballooning is responsible for the death of seven persons and the serious injury of two.

The criminally reckless who didn't know the pistol was loaded have killed forty-three persons and wounded fifteen, and the idiots who rock the boats have drowned eighteen.

Railroad.

The records show 2,989 passengers killed on steam railroads and 3,997 injured. On electric, 717 killed and 3,950 injured. Were the number of trainmen and others employed by the roads added the total would be largely increased, as may be inferred from the reports made to the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1906, which gave a total of 3,807 employes killed and 55,524 injured.

Automobile Accidents.

During the year 324 were killed in automobile accidents, and 1,244 were injured. This was considerable of an increase over 1906. The largest number of fatalities was in New York—45. In San Francisco 7 were killed and 55 injured; in Oakland 4 killed and 16 injured; Los Angeles 3 killed and 25 injured.

THE NEW SCIENCE OF PESSIMISM.

By W. N. Burr.

The other day I received a long letter from my friend, the Pessimist. He lives far away in the East does not read these pages, and is not likely ever to see his words in print if I give some of them to coast readers this week. He would not object if I were to ask of him the privilege of copying a paragraph or two from his letter, so long as the name by which his townsmen know him is not mentioned. I do not quote him because I agree with him; for I do not quite favor the wholesale sweeps of some of his criticisms; but it may be there is another man somewhere who is drifting into pessimism who may be saved by giving him a strong dose of the stuff all at once.

Says my friend, the Pessimist: "There is an attempt nowadays to build up a fictitious Christ among the denominations instead of preaching him just as the apostles did. What does the Romanist know of Christ, except as a baby in his mother's arms? To the Catholics Christ is simply a babe, because they as a class are not intellectually capable of thinking of anything higher. I have just been looking over an English hymnbook used in England. The music is simply grand; but almost every hymn in it is a high eulogy of a king, as the average Englishman cannot think of Christ except as an exaggerated Edward VII. Then the Unitarians and Universalists disparage the common presentation of Christ so much, because they reject the doctrine of future punishment, that they build up a Christ of their own, whose mercy is simply an indifference to all that is going on in the world. They cannot realize that Christ said 'Depart, ye cursed,' as well as 'Come, ye blessed;' or if they do realize it, they reject the idea in toto. In this way you may go all over the Protestant world, and you will find that the doctrine of future punishment is seldom mentioned and still less believed. At a funeral awhile ago the Methodist minister told me while going to the grave that he felt unable to draw any line that would consign any one person to eternal loss. Well, we do not have to draw such lines; but it seems to me the words of Christ draw a few.

"I am sure, too, that the mechanical part of church life tends to draw the minds of people from spiritual contemplation. It has been a matter of observation with me for years that church people, especially the younger ones, never mention religion except at their church or 'Endeavor' meetings; and when the meeting is over the younger ones, with yells like that of a lot of cats, will scream at each other till they go home, utterly regardless of the time and place. And in Sunday-school it is astounding and exasperating to me to notice the utter ignorance of the Bible, even in the Bible classes; and this ignorance increases just as the opportunity for learning increases.

"The average man is still very earthy, and I fear he will always remain so. Few men care to rise by independent action and thought unless there is some worldly gain in it. Not a pupil in our schools will go one line past the lesson, and will get that lesson only just well enough not to make a complete break-down. How many young people nowadays will **of choice** get out a good, standard text-book, such as is used in school, and try to learn something from it? Not one! The girls will crack peanuts and throw the shells at the boys, and the latter in turn will talk drivel to the girls. This is merely suggestive, for I could spin it out all day; and I mention it to show the superficial way of living we have all fallen into as a people.

"Even in our modern college life note how utterly the physical has driven out the mental giants. It is all football, rowing, running, breaking legs, ribs, heads, and resorting to such acute forms of rowdyism that it is a great problem now in all colleges how to enforce any kind of discipline. The exercise is all right; but what have we heard of Harvard College for years but something about its rowers and batters? Our colleges are simply hotbeds of contamination, patronized by the very rich. Our agricultural schools form one redeeming feature on the landscape, and I hope they will continue to grow."

When I had finished reading my friend, the Pessimist's letter I picked up Dr. Hillis' "The Quest of Happiness," just to get a sweeter taste in my mouth, and this is the moral that came first:

"Strangely enough, the generation that has toiled so long and so successfully upon its looms and its ships, and has so perfected its arts and industries, is now toiling upon the art of making itself miserable. Witness the development of the new science of pessimism."

And then I recalled the little story of Griffith John that one of our papers gave us a week or two ago.

"The 'incurable hopefulness' of the veteran missionary, Griffith John, finds expression all along his way back to the scene of his long labors in China. Speaking at Vancouver of Carlyle he said:

"Old Carlyle would not have been such a pessimist if he had been a missionary and gone to China and seen what I have seen."

After all, men find in this world what they go about looking for. There is plenty of encouragement in affairs for the optimist, plenty of discouragement for the eyes that are trained to pessimism. And above it all sounds the Voice of Infinite Power and Wisdom and Love saying: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

THOUGHT FOR THE MINISTER IN THE KING'S BUSINESS.

By F. M. Price, Highland, Cal.

We read the article entitled "The Minister in Business," found in the Pacific Presbyterian for January 2, 1908. We noted the mind of it, and imagined its formative history. We will fraternize with any believer in Jesus, regardless of thought agreement, whether he be found on the mountain top or in the valley; whether in victory or defeat. What is called hardening of the heart may be its ripening. I think I know what the pastor on the firing line will do when he reads it.

He will recall the saying, "The servant is not greater than his Lord, neither he that is sent greater

than he that sent him;" and that it was soon repeated, lest his disciples forget it. He will recall the exhortation, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down on the right hand of God. For consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your mind;" and he will try to continue obeying it for the sake of those who do not want or appreciate it or put anything in the contribution box; for is he not to be an imitation of Christ, a co-worker with God, a joint heir with Christ, if a partaker in his suffering. He will recall that he is to do greater things than the miracles of Jesus; that he is to build a temple for the indwelling of God, a society whose ethics will be the ethics of heaven and that his associates are the angels of God.

The active pastor will recall that he may weary but not faint; that a human mind is not the power by which to solve the questions of the spiritual and eternal; and that society, by its apparent effect of the truth, and by its life and estimates, is the sure death of the pastor who does not look unto Jesus, and refuses to consider the world but as that to be acted upon. The sap of the tree planted by the rivers of water and whose leaves do not wither is delight in the law of the Lord. He has learned in theological course that the humanity he found in the seminary was the same as that he left at home in the churches, and the same as he brought into it. It may have been a shock to him then, but now he is older.

He has learned that human thought of worth is not necessarily the thought of God; neither is the greatness of time the eternal greatness. He has learned that the democracy of the kingdom of God is not touched by human estimate; and he has learned that profit is not a creation of the mind. The worth while of men is not the worth while of the actual and the true. He has seen as poor workman in high place of the social scale as he has seen in its low places. The unknown of earth may be the heralded in heaven and the cause of its songs. God cannot be deceived, the ephemeral can not be made the eternal. As related to right and wrong, to the enduring or the fleeting there is no high or low, rich or poor, famous or obscure, preacher or real estate man. I once knew a drillmaster who could turn out marvels of precision, but you could put him in an empty Sidlitz powder box. I do not like the Christianity that can strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. The life that best interprets God to men is most glorious, and our emulation should be to see who can serve God most with the least trumpeting or professionalism. The greatest crime on earth is **not loving God**; yet we do not look to human government to punish it. Human government was ordained to restrain and regulate evil, but there is a government ot all ages, all lands and all individuals in all generations. The pastor is its representatives, and the greatest crime is liable in its court.

The self-deniers began in Jesus and have extended even unto our day. Shall the pastor find fault with salvation's plan because the leaven of the kingdom of God has not leavened the lump enough to make it convenient for him? Shall he withdraw his hand from the work because it is undone? Will unsanctified humanity seek us to apply the gospel to their deadness? We might hope, if we were priests of a prevalent religion our churches often praise. Moses lifted up a serpent in the wilderness, and it may be that through a bite the church is to be healed. The minister in business may do good and may be a protestant. War has cleared up many a condition in history.

Here is an illustration of shorthand:

The obscurity of earth may be the light of heaven, and the rural pastor may have a wider vision than the city church in the valley.

The daybreak back of San Bernardino may be greater than the sunset scene in the west, but it depends on your time of waking.

The truth in society cannot be distanced, for you cannot outreach your average.

You cannot leave the ministry until the ministry leaves you.

Intelligence is no more intelligent than its separation from sin.

Let the reader do the typewriting, for it is all apropos of "The Minister in Business."

Among the Churches.

Los Gatos.—The Rev. F. L. Fraser has gone for a few weeks' visit to his former home state—Minnesota.

San Francisco.—The Franklin Street Presbyterian Church property on the corner of Franklin and Vallejo streets is to be sold.

San Bernardino.—The Rev. A. G. Fessenden of the Grand View Church, Los Angeles, has accepted the call to San Bernardino, and will enter on the work early in February.

Colton.—The recent annual meeting reports showed a prosperous year for the church at Colton. All bills for current expenses have been paid and there is a balance in the treasury.

Pomona.—Forty persons were received into the membership of the Presbyterian Church the first Sunday of the year. A brotherhood with 100 charter members has been organized.

Monterey.—The recent annual meeting showed the church at Monterey in good condition. During the year repairs were made on the manse, on the church building, and a furnace was put in.

Los Angeles.—Mrs. S. Hall Young, wife of the Rev. Dr. Young, who is engaged in mission work at Nome, Alaska, has come to Los Angeles for the winter. Mrs. Young was the first white woman to teach in Alaska.

Uplands.—The Presbyterian Sunday-school at Uplands gave in a benevolent way during the last year $124.18. Its total collections for the year were $259.75. Eleven membere of the school entered into church membership.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. J. C. Morgan of Oklahoma has taken the pastorate of the Welsh Presbyterian Church. Mr. Morgan is a graduate of Wooster University, of McCormick Theological Seminary and of the Moody Bible Institute.

Berkeley.—Knox Presbyterian Church has organ-

ized a Sabbath-school on Ninth street near Grayson. The school will be supervised by Oakland Presbtery. The Rev. R. E. Eastman, pastor of Knox Church, will act as superintendent for a time.

Berkeley, First.—The First Presbyterian Church people worship now in their fine new edifice, the long delayed pews having arrived finally from the East and been put in place. Congregations are large and there is much interest and enthusiasm in all departments of the church work. The church feels that it has in Dr. McAfee a splendid leader. The past year has been one of large growth and widening influence.

Berkeley, St. John's.—The Rev. George C. Eldredge has entered on the pastorate in St. John's Church. Services are still held in Stiles hall. Work will begin soon on the building to be erected on the corner of Piedmont avenue and Stuart street. St. John's Church has selected a fine site for its house of worship, and undoubtedly will grow in a few years into a very strong and influential organization.

San Francisco.—There was a large attendance at the reception given the Rev. Dr. Hemphill, pastor emeritus of Calvary Church, Friday evening of last week. A diamond studded locket was presented Dr. Hemphill on which was the inscription: "Presented to Rev. Dr. Hemphill, D.D., by members of Calvary Presbyterian Church, as an expression of love and esteem, December 4, 1907." Inside the locket was a fine picture of Calvary Church.

Pasadena.—The handsome new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church was formally opened for service the first Sunday of the year. Dr. McLeod, the pastor, had returned from the East and the sermon was given by him on the texts, "How Amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts;" "And the house which I build is great, for great is our God above all gods;" "One greater than the temple is here." The auditorium will seat, comfortably, 1940 persons. It was overflowing that Sunday morning and in the evening also. In the evening there was an address by President Baer of Occidental College; also one by the Rev. John G. Blue who had occupied the pulpit while Dr. McLeod was in the East recently. The new house of worship and the lot have cost $300,000. There is some indebtedness, and the plan is not to dedicate the structure until it is free from debt.

Oakdale.—In looking back over the past six months the First Presbyterian Church of Oakdale, W. E. Miller, pastor, has much to be thankful for and in the spirit of victory, push forward in the work of the Master. At our first communion, July 7, two were received into the church. One by letter, one by reconfession. At the next communion, Oct. 6, eleven were received; nine by confession and two by letter. At the next communion, Jan. 5, eight were received; six by confession, two by letter; making a total gain to date of 21. Attendance at the public services has increased. A Christian Endeavor has been organized and is in a healthy condition. Ladies' Aid increased in membership and doing good work. A bazaar was held Dec. 14th, netting a neat sum. The Sunday-school gave a very successful Cantata Christmas eve, making many hearts happy, and is doing good work in the interest of Christian character. The pastor and wife have made 350 visits. The social life of the church is active and productive of much good. We have taken up the church work here in the strength of the Master and are happy in realizing his presence and blessings.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Moore preached at Sausalito, Sabbath, Jan. 5th, and administered commuinon. Mr. Jones, one of the students of the Seminary, is in charge of this church. They are planning to build a new church edifice. In the afternoon of the same day Dr. Moore participated in the dedication of the Chinese Presbyterian Church in San Francisco.

Rev. Robert M. Hood, '06, moved from Culdesac, Idaho, to Sunset, Washington, at the beginning of the year. He has filled a difficult field well and deserves the promotion to one more promising.

The heavy English ivy is being removed from the front of Montgomery Hall and the lighter Boston ivy substituted. It is believed that it will be an improvement in many ways. The English ivy will remain for the present on the other parts of Montgomery Hall and on Scott Hall. Some new plants and shrubbery are being set about the buildings and grounds under the direction of Mrs. A. W. Foster and Mrs. Robert Menzies of San Rafael, who have taken these matters in charge at the request of the Board of Directors.

Rev. Clarence D. Herriott, '02, of Hangchow, China, has not been in vigorous health the past year. He and Mrs. Herriott spent the summer in Kanizawa, Japan. While he was greatly improved by his sojourn there, he did not get all the help that was expected. It has become necessary for him to live out of the city in more favorable circumstances and to take special care of himself.

Prof. Paterson supplied the San Rafael pulpit last Sabbath and in the morning moderated a meeting of the session which issued a call for a congregational meeting to consider the election of a pastor.

Rev. Gilbert Voorhies, '05, of Early, Iowa, has been holding a series of evangelistic services for three weeks, assisted by an evangelist. More than thirty young people have accepted Jesus Christ as their Savior, a part of whom have already been received into the church.

The First Church of Bellingham, Wash, of which Rev. J. Robertson Macartney, '06, is pastor, is keeping pace with the growth of the city. They are hoping soon to erect a new edifice that will cost $50,000.

A WEEK IN A HOSPITAL.

There are a great many persons suffering from various maladies involving much pain and weariness, to say nothing of the constant drain upon their financial resources, who would derive great benefit, and in some cases be entirely restored, if they would only submit themselves to the skillful treatment to be obtained at one of our modern, well-equipped hospitals. But the thought of a hospital, with its array of doctors and nurses, and, most dreadful of all—the operating room, is repulsive to them. They would rather go anywhere or do anything than enter a hospital—the very word is suggestive of sadness to them, instead of hope, health and renewed life.

UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA

To some extent the writer shared these thoughts and feelings himself until recently—especially the dread of an operation; and it is to remove these prejudices and to show the groundlessness of the fears that are so often cherished, that he writes this brief account of a week spent at the Good Samaritan hospital of Los Angeles.

I had suffered for many years from two very common diseases; one of them, which, perhaps, can hardly be called a disease—hernia—causing me some discomfort and inconvenience, not unattended with danger; the other accompanied with much suffering, loss of strength and nervous exhaustion. For the latter complaint I had tried various remedies with only temporary relief, and I found myself, like the woman in scripture, growing worse rather than better. A friend strongly urged me to consult a specialist in Los Angeles, and after delaying as long as possible, I finally did so. He confidently expressed the opinion that he could cure me of both complaints, if I would submit to an operation. That was the thing which above all others I dreaded. I knew that it meant the hospital, with its mysterious chamber and its instruments of torture, and, not least, anesthetics, which to my mind seemed almost like the shadow of death. How little did I know what these things really meant! However, after thinking over the matter, I decided to commit myself into the hands of my God and of his servant, the doctor, who is a member and officer of one of our Presbyterian churches at Los Angeles. On Monday evening, December 2, I entered the Good Samaritan hospital. The day before I had written to several brethren, asking them to pray for me at the critical time, and I had arranged my affairs in view of a week's absence from home—or possibly longer. Before retiring to rest I read over from Isaiah xli, that treasury of consolation, the verse beginning, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Then turning to an old copy of Gospel Hymns my eye fell on the words which I thought singularly appropriate to my situation:

"He holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad."

With this scripture and song as a pillow I was ready for whatever might follow. The peace of God which passeth all understanding guarded my heart and my thoughts. I rested quietly until the early morning, when a nurse came to prepare me for the operation. A hypodermic injection was administered at 6:30 a. m. and another injection at 7:30. Shortly after this I sank into a beautiful sleep and remained entirely unconscious of everything that took place until shortly after noon, when I opened my eyes and asked whether the operation had taken place. That was all that I knew about the mysterious operating room and its instruments of torture and the dreadful anesthetics—that gentle and merciful handmaid of surgery, which draws the veil of sleep over every sight and sound which might shock the delicate nerves of the sufferer. In the interval I had been carefully lifted out of bed by the nurses, placed on a specially-constructed conveyance and taken to the operating room. Then ether had been administered and the surgeon had performed the double operation, taking one hour and five minutes, after which I had been taken back to my room, to awaken after two or three more hours' sleep, as naturally as though nothing had occurred.

My experiences during the next few days may be briefly summarized: I suffered very little pain and was able to sleep and take nourishment without any difficulty. On the fourth morning after the operation I was able to sit up in an armchair, read the newspapers and enjoy an excellent lunch. On the sixth day I got up, dressed without assistance and returned to my home, riding a distance of five miles on two cars and walking two blocks, with very little discomfort or difficulty. As I sit in my room writing this account I am filled with wonder and gratitude. Such an operation, or rather, double operation, performed so skillfully and so rapidly, without pain or shock to the system, would have been impossible a few years ago. I can join now, intelligently and fervently in the prayer of a brother minister who visited me at the hospital and who thanked God for "the ministry of science."

In conclusion, I wish to thank not only my Heavnyly Father, but also the doctors and nurses who were his instruments. However skillful the surgeon, no operation is likely to be successful without careful nursing. Hence the advantage of a hospital where trained helpers can be obtained. I have nothing but praise and gratitude for the faithful services of the nurses at the Good Samaritan hospital. They anticipated every want and gratified every desire consistent with the doctor's instructions. Their patience and cheerfulness knew no bounds, and they rejoiced in my recovery as though I was their own brother. To them I pray the gracious words of the Master may be spoken at that day: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." —J.O.

A TRIBUTE.

Rev. George W. Lyons, D.D., of whose death brief mention was made in The Pacific Presbyterian recently, was a native of Ohio. He was a graduate of Franklin College, Ohio, and of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., and was ordained by the Presbytery of Steubenville, Ohio, in May, 1879. For over a quarter of a century he served the church of Christ faithfully and efficiently. All this was in the State of California except one or two years. Upon graduating from the seminary he came immediately to California and preached in Ione for one year. But he had the missionary spirit and went as a missionary to Sitka, Alaska; but as the climate did not agree with Mrs. Lyons, they returned to California and located at Merced, where he served the church with much acceptance from 1881 to 1893. During this time, realizing the need there was for opportunities for the higher education of the youth of the community, he started an academy and carried it on for several years.

In 1893 he accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in Haywards. This church was young and weak at that time and worshiped in a hall. Under his able preaching and wise administration it made good progress. A fine house of worship was erected, the membership was greatly increased and the church arose to a position of great influence in the community. He remained here for about twelve years. During this time he was called to the work of Synodical Missionary for two or three years, but the church was so attached to him that it refused to accept his resigna-

tion and gave him leave of absence. He resumed his work as pastor, but soon afterwards received a stroke of paralysis that ere long caused him to retire from active service. He continued to decline until shortly before the close of 1907 he calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

Dr. Lyons was a scholarly man, a sound and able preacher, a faithful Presbyter and a man of wise judgment. His abilities were recognized by his brethren who elected him Moderator of the Synod of California in 1889. He was also for many years a director of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, and for a long time efficiently served the Presbytery of Oakland as Stated Clerk.

Funeral services were held in the church at Haywards, where he had so long preached the gospel. It was attended by about twenty-five ministers and a large concourse of other friends who will long hold him in loving remembrance.

JAMES CURRY.

The Home.

THE GATES OF GOLD.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three Gates of Gold.

Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if, to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear,
What the result of speech may be.

—Home Chat.

HOME MONEY MATTERS.

Most men hate to talk over money matters with their wives. The general accusation against men has been, ever since we began to hear anything about the matter, that they did not let their "women folks" know anything about their financial affairs. Consequently, the sudden death of the head of the family usually plunged those dependent upon him into financial chaos, out of which dishonest executors and lawyers evolved such elements as they chose.

Probably in some cases this reticence on the part of men is wise. Some women cannot bear the strain of uncertainty and worry which business men often carry with, at least outward calmness, from one year's end to another. Women's nerves are tenderer, and they feel none of the excitement of competition which often supports men in their crises. The very magnitude of the interests involved almost paralyzes women sometimes, and it would generally be foolish for men conducting large mercantile concerns to attempt to acquaint any members of his family, not directly and actively at work with him, of the daily progress of his undertakings. But the smaller financial pros and cons of the domestic order, the final arrangement of the property in case of death, the amount of insurance, the proportion to be laid in each year, these are affairs which should be thoroughly understood between husbands and wives.

Not long ago a rich man, who had insisted upon the making of a will by each of his younger relatives, died suddenly without himself having made any will whatsoever, thus throwing unexpectedly weighty cares upon his heirs. This is only one more illustration, added to dozens which everybody knows, of the way in which we all hold theories in regard to personal financial management, yet do not practically carry them out.

"But my husband simply won't talk about money," sighed one intelligent woman. "If I say after dinner in the evening, 'George, let's discuss the various bills which are due, and see about settling them,' he says: 'Why, will you spoil my evening, Maria, when I am so tired? For pity's sake, give me a little peace! I have been worrying about money matters all day.' As he had had at least three months of evenings without them, I felt that he might give up this one to the detested work, but I obediently kept still. The next morning, perhaps, I ask him again. 'Oh, I mustn't go to my business all worked up about money,' he says, and so on. There is never a time that he likes."

This situation exists oftener than we think. The consequence is that possibly as many as half the whole number of well-to-do wives hardly know whether or not their husband's lives are insured. Even if they know this much, they cannot tell for what sum nor in what companies, nor whether the insurance is for their own benefit entirely, or for that of others. Few women know how much money their husbands have in bank or in stocks or bonds, or how it is distributed. It is safe to say that while many, perhaps most, women keep some sort of an account of their personal expenses and are called on frequently to tell their husbands how they have spent every ten dollars which has been handed to them, the husbands rarely render such accounts to the wives; though in order to reach the best results in the joint management of the family funds each should know how much the other requires per week for personal expenses. Many a man would be surprised to find what an able helper he would have in his wife, in the close financiering necessary in most homes, if he would only confide in her. It is in little ways that the income leaks away fastest. Woman, with her constant and necessary attention to minute details in the conduct of the home, is better fitted than most men to stop these little leaks.

As the happiness or misery of a family depends largely upon the wise management of the income, it follows that considerable thought and care should be expended upon it. In the ideal home the entire management is the result of joint debates between husband and wife. Neither one should be arbitrary or stubborn. Reason should rule, and each one should be able and willing to enforce his or her position by sound reason or else abandon it. The money branch of the family affairs should be included under this rule, along with the education and discipline of the children, attendance upon social functions, religious observances, dietary and all the other departments of family life. Is it because wives have so often proved unequal to the trust that husbands have come to shut them out of their confidence? Or is it because those who have the power us it arbitrarily and selfishly?—Kate Upson Clark.

CARING FOR THOSE DEAREST TO US.

One's influence is likely to be strongest at home. Away from home one is "on parade," the real character always more or less concealed, the influence of that character more or less diverted by the effort to make one's better self prominent. In the home we are our true, unaffected selves, and our real influence upon others has fullest play. And it is in the home that we are with those who are dearest to us, and upon whom we would like our influence always to be for the best. Yet how often do we let our unworthiest selves crop out there, because at home we are loved and "understood," and we know that our faults will be overlooked and forgiven! Which is true enough; but that fact does not undo the harm that the influence of these failures is sure to work. The place where we can least afford to let down from our highest endeavor is in the midst of those closest and dearest to us. Our home deserves our best. Our home life ought to be our highest life.—Sunday School Times.

Young People.

THE BEE LINE.

Full many a time in childhood's happy hours
I've watched the bee
Forsake the honeyed breath of sweetest flowers
An 'neath the tree
Where flowed o'er yellow sands the little brook,
Sip moisture there.
Then, satisfied, its way it took
High in the air.

And so, when worldly sweets began to pall
Upon my taste,
Quick to the stream of life, purer than all
My feet made haste.
Then with the crystal dew upon my lip
I speed me home
Where trees of life with honey are adrip,
No more to roam.

—J. A. Burchit.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

Several passengers, on a hot day in June, entered the train on the Columbia & Augusta railroad. Among them were several young college boys, who were on the way home for their summer vacation. They were stylish, well-dresed lads, and were as gay and happy as boys usually are who have put books aside.

A party of merry girls already occupied the car, and in a little time the train seemed flooded with youth and sunshine. A very lean woman, with an ample lunch basket, divided her time between eating chicken and boiled eggs, and fanning vigorously with a turkey-tailed fan, while a stout man in the corner mopped his face with a red bandana, and remarked, by way of emphasis, "Hot, very hot!"

The girls and boys took in every incident, laughing and tittering all the while. Just across the aisle, opposite the boys, sat a woman holding a baby. A pale, tired, despairing look was on her face, and her eyes were full of suffering. The little one was fretful and cried piteously, but the young mother was too exhausted to try to quiet the baby.

"Oh, just listen to that young one! I think crying babies ought to be put out of the cars," one of the girls said, pertly.

"Yes, my head begins to ache," said another, while the boys laughed; and the louder the child cried, the more merriment it caused among the young people; while the lean woman and the fat man scowled and complained.

"I do not see any cause for ridicule," said Fred Weston, as he arose; and, to the amazement of all the passengers, he crossed to where the woman sat, and, with a courteous bow, extended his arms. "Please let me hold your baby a while," he said; "I have a little sister just her age, and she loves me dearly. You look so tired, ma'am."

The child opened wide her big brown eyes and gazed into the handsome, bright faces of the boy, as without hesitation she sprang forward into the outstretched arms. She ceased crying, and her lips puckered into a plaintive sob.

"Oh, how good you are!" the mother said, with a sigh of relief. "Thank you!" and she pressed her eyes to keep back the tears of gratitude. "You are a brave boy," she said, "to show such an act of kindness while your companions jeer and ridicule. Thank you," she said again. "Ah, she loves you dearly already;" and the once beautiful face of the woman was bright for a moment as she saw her baby laugh with joy.

"Now," said Fred, "since you see what good friends we are, suppose you lie down and rest. I will take care of the baby. Come, now, we will see the birdies fly." And with his little charge held tenderly in his arms, he took a seat beside the window, and soon had the baby's attention riveted on the passing, flitting scenes as the train sped on its way.

The passengers looked on in surprise, and Fred's companions ceased laughing and became quiet. The effect of this kind, manly act was electrical; it was a silent rebuke to every person in the car. In a moment the ladies and thoughtless girls each offered to assist Fred in caring for the little one. "Cute little darling!" was the exclamation of the girls; and with motherly tenderness all fondled and petted the child. But she clung to Fred tenaciously, as if resenting her long neglect and their sudden overtures of devotion. The lean woman put aside her turkey-tail fan, and went deep into her lunch basket for a "drumstick" for the baby. The stout man forgot it was a very hot day, and looked on with interest. Calling Fred to him, he chucked the baby under the chin. "Pretty child she is. Now, say, young man, why doesn't the mother go into the sleeper, I wonder? She looks mighty uncomfortable over there. She is fast asleep, with her head on that hard leather satchel. I hadn't noticed the poor woman before. She looks more dead than alive."

"Yes, sir; she's very bad off, I think," Fred answered, "and I judge she has not money enough to take a sleeper. I have a little change, and I thought I would just offer it to her. From what she told me sir, I think she is very poor."

"Indeed, indeed!" said the man, going deep into his pocket. "Now, my boy, you keep your money. Here, Brown Eyes, you and your ma be comfortable." So saying he pushed a roll of bills into the chubby first of the child.

"Now I want your name," Fred Weston said.

"Here's my card, Fred, and I want you to keep it, and if you ever want a situation, ever want assistance in time of trouble, ever want a recommendation,

just come to me. You are a noble, manly little fellow —a little gentleman. Your attention to that poor woman, and the courage you have shown in helping her, are a guarantee that you are sure to make a great and good man." Here the train stopped, and he arose. "Good-bye, my boy; you've taught me a lesson I'll never forget, and you have gained a friend for life."

A moment later he left the train, and Fred read on the card the name of a man who is called the "Cotton King of the South," and a man of whom he had often heard.

After having slept for some time, the woman suddenly awoke and looked about in a puzzled way. Fred was at her side. "Now," said she, "I'm feeling so much better. My sleep has given me new life," and she took the baby in her arms, and Fred gave her the money the gentleman had left for her, which proved to be a very liberal sum—more than the poor woman had seen in years. She simply bowed her head and wept as if her heart would break.

Again the train stopped. It was the station at which Fred must get off. The woman raised her eyes with a smile of gratitude that Fred forever remembered, and the baby put out her arms and cried pitecusly for him. He stopped and watched the train until it turned the curve. The woman was waving to him, and the little arms still beckoned him. The engine rushed on its way like a great living monster.

"Come, Fred," called out one of his companions.

"Yes, I'm coming," said Fred, wiping a mist that had suddenly gathered over his eyes.—Children's Visitor.

THE BOY THE MANAGER WANTED.

The manager of a big traction company in Chicago not long ago sent word to the superintendent of the special delivery bureau of the postoffice that there was something about the manner and bearing of one of the boy carriers of the division that he liked. He needed a good boy, and asked the superintendent to send the young man to his office.

The boy was employed, and today is working his way rapidly to the best position that the company has to offer. It was not long before the incident was repeated, and two boys found good positions that they are still holding.

The traction magnate knew nothing of either of the boys more than that their work in the special delivery bureau had brought them to his office. Both boys, by their behavior and general makeup, impelled him to offer them positions.

Another boy from the same department was sent on repeated errands to one of the strongest banks in Chicago. The president noticed him, obtained an interview with him, and finally employed him in a position from which he could work himself to the top of the ladder.

Not very long after that one of the officers of a great bank in Denver asked the aid of the Chicago bank in finding a first-class cashier. The letter that answered the Denver bank carried the name of the boy who had begun his career in the special delivery department of our distinguished Uncle Samuel, and that boy is now at the cashier's desk of one of the most powerful banks of the Rocky mountain region.

Conundrums.

What games do the waves play? Pitch and toss.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire? Because the sooner it's out the better.

Why are troublesome visitors like trees in winter? Because it is a long time before they leave.

Why is a prudent man like a pin? His head prevents him from going too far.

If a short man married a widow, what would his friends call him? A widow's mite.

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

Why is the Fourth of July like an oyster? Because we cannot enjoy it without crackers.

What is it which never asks any questions but requires so many answers? The door-bell.

"A dime is 6 per cent on $600 for one day. Save it." —Brown County World. That's an able editorial. The other day we were admiring a diamond ring on a printer's hand. "That's beer money," he said. We didn't understand, and he continued: "Well, I used to take a glass of beer every day, and some days I took several. I got a box, and whenever I wanted a glass of beer I dropped in a nickel and bought this ring on the installment plan. I refused $90 for it a short time ago." Another party we know of concluded he could save $10 a month which he was spending, not foolishly, exactly, but needlessly. He regarded the theater, lectures, books and magazines necessities, and did not curtail any there, but he did save thirty cents a week by shaving himself. The savings amounted to nearly $12 a month. This was eight or nine years ago. He bought some lots on the installment play, paying $10 and recently $15 a month. He could now get back the thousand he has paid in, less about $200 interest, and at least $1,500 advance on the property, making $2,200 cash. Many young men could pay for a nice home in ten years with the money they worse than throw away. It is not necessary to be miserly in order to save a good many dimes and quarters every week.—Pointers.

A negro was discovered carrying a very large number of books, which brought forth the inquiry:

"Going to school?"

"Do you study all these books?"

"No, sar; dey's me brudder's. I'se a ignorant kind er nigger 'side him, boss. Yer jest orter see dat nigger figgerin'. He has gone an' ciphered clean through addition, partition, distraction, abomination, justification, creation, amputation and adaptation."

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the blessed are.
—Henry Van Dyke.

A good deal is being said about the inefficiency of the battleship fleet. The charge is made that the ships are too low in the water to fire successfully. The armor plate is said to be inadequate. All such criticisms are easy. There is no need of alarm. Those who constructed the battleships know as much about them as the average magazine writers.

a Sunday law from the Legislature that meets in 1909. The committee was convinced, by the experience of the former campaign, that, in order to insure success in this new movement, one or more persons must be secured who could and would give their whole time to the work, and also begin their work at least one year before the Legislature should convene. This plan has been carried out and two good men are in the field.

The work was first begun at Los Angeles by forming a "Sunday Rest League" composed of some of the foremost business men and ministers of the city, and has been followed up by the formation of nearly fifty branch "Rest Leagues." This movement in under the leadership of Rev. William Francis Ireland, D.D., the executive secretary of the League who is devoting all his time to organizing "Sunday Rest Leagues." The object of these Leagues is to create sentiment for a Sunday law, and to aid in electing men as members of the next Legislature who will pledge themselves to assist in securing the passage of a Sunday law.

The other leader is Rev. G. L. Tufts, Ph.D., superintendent of the Pacific Coast District of "The International Reform Bureau" whose headquarters are at Washington, D. C., and of which Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph. D., the well-known promoter of many reforms, is a leading official. Dr. Tufts led the movement in Idaho last year which secured for that state a most excellent Sunday law, since the passage and enforcement of which in many places in that state attendance at the Sunday church services has doubled in numbers.

Dr. Tufts began work in Sacramento Sunday, Jan. 12th, and will spend the balance of the month in San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland. These two leaders will cooperate in carrying on the campaign in the state. To succeed they will have to have the hearty cooperation of the ministry and laity of all denominations, and the support of all who desire the moral betterment of our state. For but little can be done for the greatly needed moral uplifting of the state as long as it is cursed with a wide-open Sunday.

Hence the committee asks that the pastors and churches of all denominations open their pulpits and churches to these brethren and give them a hearty welcome and cordial support as they go to and fro over the State in the great work they have undertaken, which can only become successful by the hearty cooperation of all who desire better conditions to prevail in our great Commonwealth.

California is now the only state in the Union without a Sunday law, and by the hearty cooperation of all its good citizens with these leaders and this new movement, we can speedily wipe out this foul blot from the escutcheon of our loved state.

A BOY'S LIFE IN INDIA.

If you were a Hindu boy, instead of taking your bath in a close room, you would run out to a fountain in a broad, open court, or perhaps plunge into a river where crocodiles were swimming, and which you would be obliged to keep away with clubs. Then you would put on your clothes—a pair of simple cotton trousers, very short in the legs, a cotton or linen coat, something like a shirt, and about your head you would wrap a turban. By the time you were dressed and had fed the pigs and the poultry in the farmyard your mother or sister would call you to breakfast.

Your house will be a bamboo cottage thatched with the broad leaves of the palm, or it may be built of clay with flat, tiled roof.

Your breakfash will consist chiefly of baked cakes, unleavened bread, boiled rice, and possibly a little boiled fruit and a cup of water. After your morning meal is over you will be called to help your father yoke his cattle. The oxen are small and have straight, sharp horns, long pendent ears, and queer bunches or humps growing behind their shoulders. And not only the bullocks, but the cows, have the same humps. The cows, too, are quite as often used to plow with and to carry burdens as are the oxen. The yoke is a straight piece of bamboo laid over the bullocks' necks. The plow would strike you, I think, as being peculiarly clumsy. It is of wood, and the handle is an upright piece of bamboo. This the husbandman holds with one hand as he labors, while with the other he pours the seed into the mouth of a funnel-shaped tube that extends through the plowshare.

In the afternoon when you return from the field, your mother will send you to the temple with an offering for the priests, or, perhaps, to the bazaar to purchase a shawl or a pair of sandals, or it may be a pot to cook rice in. If the village is at a distance, you may get a ride with a neighbor going the same way. Your mode of conveyance will be a cart drawn by zebras or by buffaloes. As you walk the streets, strange sights meet you at every step; ox-carts go lumbering by, the driver sitting on the tongue of the vehicle and urging the great, unwieldly animals into a gallop by twisting their tails.

In the evening after you get home, and your father has returned from his labor, and supper has been eaten out of doors, perhaps under the palm-trees that shadow the cottage, you will all sit and listen to the strains of the village band, or to some wandering fakir who has come to seek shelter for the night, and for whose entertainment there is always a house maintained at the public expense. No lamps are lighted in the houses, and it grows very dark at last, for the moon is not out. It isn't much trouble to go to bed, for all you have to do it to throw yourself down on one of the mats on the floor of the kitchen, and go to sleep with the rest of the family lying around you. At length all is still save perhaps the drowsy whir of insects, the lone song of the nightingale, and far off the occasional cry of a jackal.—Boys and Girls.

The common problems, yours, mine, every ones's,
Is, not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be, but, finding first
What may be, then find out how to make it fair
Up to our means; a very different thing.
—Robert Browning.

ANIMAL MEMORIES.

Karl Hagenbeck, the famous lion tamer, insists that the power of memory is as well developed in animals as in human beings, and the wild animals are better endowed in the matter of remembering events and persons than are domestic ones. The story is told that he at one time visited a "zoo" to which he had sold some animals, and entering the lion house on tiptoe, he exclaimed, "Halloa!" in German; the larger lion jumped to his feet at once and it was but a moment before both lions and tigers were greeting him and licking his hands in joyful recognition, although he had not seen them for twenty months.

Dr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York "Zoo," is very highly regarded by the tenants of the monkey house, and never enters, even when the place is filled with sightseers, without receiving a hearty greeting and the outstretched hands of chimpanzees and orang-outangs. Last spring, after a long absence on account of sickness, he walked slowly to the outer circle of spectators and said, "Hello, Polly," and instantly there was a rush for the bars and a shout of welcome that could be heard a long way.

The memory of dogs is well appreciated.—The Circle.

CRUTCHES FOR BY-AND-BY.

"My young friend, you are fashioning a crutch for by-and-by," said a college professor to one of his students, who was forming the bad habit of using dishonest helps in doing his work. "The time will come when you will find you cannot walk without it. The result of such methods is to make one incapable, in the end, of doing an honest and thorough piece of work."

This was a stern arraignment of the young man; but what the professor said was true and just. Every bad habit we form is a crutch for the future. It enfeebles us by depriving us of the power to do right. The dishonest job is a crutch—a poor makeshift for right and fair dealing with others. As the habit of dishonest work grows upon us, we lose the power to walk with vigorous uprightness the pathway of human service.

So it is with every bad habit; it takes away our capability for living rightly. The evil personal habit in time makes us incapable of living normally. With what a wretched crutch the drunkard, for example, has to hobble through life! How he literally chains himself to it, and what a pitiful spectacle he makes in his abject slavery to it!

Crutches for by-and-by—yes, that is just what our bad habits are. Do we realize how surely and tyrannously they make moral as well as physical cripples of us?—Zion's Herald.

The cup of water to the faint,
Or rest unto the weary,
The light thou giv'st another life,
Shall make thine own less dreary.
And boundless realms of faith and love
Will wait for thy possessing;
Not creeds, but deeds, if thou wouldst win
Unto thy soul a blessing."

JAPAN'S KOREAN SCHOOL ROOM.

Dr. W. B. Scranton.

Industries, in their variety and degree, may be taken as an indication of the stage of development of a nation. Their absence is a sign of decadence or retarded development. Their presence is fundamental in producing the happiness and prosperity of the people. They are wholesomely effective as well on the mental and spiritual life, as in the material domain. Grindstones without grist wear themselves away or get clogged and stop. We think of general education as a prime requisite in the training of growing youth, or the opening up of a nation to its wider sphere of operations and usefulness, but unless that training can be given with some special object in view, and accompanied with practical illustrations and workings, it is like mathematical formulae unapplied, or perhaps worse, like sharp tools within the reach of irresponsible parties. A Korean young man was recently complaining with some bitterness because those who undertook the responsibility of his education years ago, have not caused him to arrive at a practical goal. He said:—"You know how I have spent my last twenty years in study, but you see it has not fitted me for anything." It was true. He has had what might be considered the Korean equivalent of an Academic training, has made good use of his time, and is now unusually well prepared for almost any kind of advanced study of a technical sort. But that he is in a position to take his place in a practical way in the affairs of Korea which are at this time pressing on every side, cannot be claimed for him, and his preparatory course was not meted out with that desirative end in view.

It is with particular interest one watches the methods Japan is pursuing with her new pupils at the present time. The conditions in which she found Korea, the stagnation in everything which leads to the betterment, and dignity of the nation, have afforded Japan a sphere of peculiar opportunity. Korein increasing impoverishment had been conspicuously apparent to the other nations for some time, and these manifest conditions account in some degree for the amount of criticism which has been so gratuitously showered on Japan and her attempts. Korean poverty, speaking in a material, not intrinsic sense, is patent to all. It would be an interesting subject for debate, why the arts and industries of Korea, which have existed in the past, are now deceased. The evidence of them, from the past, is everywhere about us. The artistic instinct is still in the people, and where encouragement and opportunity and scope have been given in recent years the results have been reassuring. So much so, that one need not hestitate to assign to the Korean a place alongside the other Asiatics in art appreciation and mechanical aptitude. They already give every promise of being reputable pupils of an eminently practical and artistic people.

The report of the Residency-General on Administrative Reforms in Korea, issued last January, gave an all-too meagre, but interesting account of what is proposed by way of development. General education was amply provided for, in its initiary, but the practical operations therein indicated are of special note. Under the head of "Encouragement of Productive Industries" we read of model farms, and experimental farming stations, efforts to improve the character of the cotton and rice production by the introduction and distribution of seeds from abroad, the rehabilitation of the hills with forests, and so on. If one takes the trouble to go beyong the Report, and to investigate for themselves, they will everywhere be met with every courtesy, and a full exhibition of all that is being undertaken. Connected with these enterprises, there is an able corps of Japanese instructors, who have studied abroad, and have qualified themselves for their several departments of work. Associated with these instructors there are pupils and assistants, who are benefitting by actual observation, as well as by the didactic and daily instructions imparted. Things are not only being brought to pass, but the theories on which the work is being carried out, are also taught to the rising generation of Koreans. It is by the Koreans themselves that the ultimate work must be done. Prince Ito well expressed it at the exhibition given at the Suwon Government Farm, when he remarked in substance (to quote from memory): —"You have before you the practical workings of this experimental farm. It is not a toy to be played with, but a means for the betterment and advancement of the agricultural interests of this country, which are now put in your hands and into your power to be worked out." The thoroughness of that initial enterprise was apparent to all the visitors, and the interest shown by the pupils was indicative of minds eager to learn, and appreciative of what was being done for them. And let the observations of the writer here be recorded, that wherever the Koreans and Japanese are associated together in practical ways, and in productive efforts, there is ever the most perfect harmony prevailing. No anti-Japanese agitations come from such sources. This is a sign of hopefulness for the future good relations between the two peoples.

To resume. Under this same head of "Encouragement of Productive Industries" we read:—"Quite early in her history Korea attained considerable advance in the arts of weaving, pottery making, metal casting, and skin dressing. In not a few instances Japan borrowed from that country in these lines of industry. But since the middle ages the Koreans have undergone various vicissitudes of natural life, and today all their industries are in a state of decay and decline. It is urgent therefore that their young generation be brought under Government guidance and given proper training in industrial arts, besides being taught the rudiments of necessary science, and its application, so to gradually bring life and activity back to their manufacturing world." To this end the Industrial Training Institute has been established at Seoul. A recent visit, together with some literature on the subject, has brought out certain facts concerning this institution. The institution is now in working operation although all the buildings are not yet completed. Eighty young men from 15 to 25 years of age, are under instruction, supported by the Government, and engaged in a two years' course of study. Dormitories are being erected for the use of the students. In the morning, their instructions are of a didactic character, when drawing, chemistry (both analytical and practical) physics, mathematics, and surveying, and the Japanese and English languages are taught, as well as other matters incident to such an institution. In separate buildings, properly equipped for the various purposes, these students in the after hours of the day, are inducted into the practical workings of their departments. Here they are taught to weave, working first in the simpler and then more complex patterns. They learn proper methods for the preparation of clay for pottery, modelling in the same (both practical and ormental work) decorating, glazing and baking. Dyeing, bleaching, soap making, carpentry, (both for house building and joinering) metal working, casting, tempering and finishing.

For the current year the sums of Yen 57,000 for construction; some Yen 30,000, for apparatus, and machinery; and nearly Yen 38,000 for maintenance were provided, for this one institution alone. Perhaps this is not more than a quarter of what is needed for that purpose in this section of the country, but it is expensive to go to housekeeping, and that is practically what Korea is doing at the present time. It would no doubt be highly profitable if similar institutions could be established in other parts of Korea, and no doubt this will be done as time goes on and the native appreciation of the work increases.

To any one who may have had personal knowledge of the great need of Korea along these lines, and the probable aptitude of the people, in the face of their past, such an eminently practical and important set of undertakings is very interesting. More than this it speaks well for the sagacity of the Japanese, who, in their efforts for the betterment of their neighbor's condition, have put so much stress on lines of least resistance, and greatest needs of the people. With the yearly growth of these various undertakings there is much promise for the future welfare and increased happiness of the people of the "Morning Calm," provided their noon day efforts, and their setting sun, shall find them carrying into daily life, in the spirit of their teachers, the lessons that are so needed and ably taught them.—Seoul Press.

ANOTHER SUNDAY CAMPAIGN.

E. D. McCreary, Ph.D., D.D.

Although "cast down" or rather "turned down" by the last Legislature in their efforts to secure a Sunday law the promoters of this movement to secure a Sunday law for California were not destroyed, nor even discouraged, and at their meeting in August at Mt. Hermon appointed a committe to initiate a new movement to secure

"INDOOR SUN."

Once on a time in far Japan
There lived a busy little man
So merry and so full of fun
That people called him Indoor Sun.

Now, Indoor Sun made mirrors fine,
Like those in your house and in mine,
And in these looking-glasses bright,
His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad
To see his face look cross and bad,
That he began to take great care
To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that those he knew
All seemed to like him better, too;
For, like the mirrors, everyone
Began to smile on Indoor Sun.

Now, try this just one day, and see
How bright and smiling you can be;
You'll find both happiness and fun
In playing you're Indoor Sun.

—Little Folks.

JEWISH ACTIVITY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

The recent flurry in the public schools in New York, in Chicago and in Los Angeles has revealed an activity on the part of the Jewish population not hitherto noted. That the Jews should become a disturbing, disloyal, vindictive and ungrateful factor in the American Republic is a surprise. The sound of the President's protest again Russian cruelty has scarcely died down. Eight hundred thousand Russian Jews are now in the city of New York where they have found shelter from a fierce and bloody persecution. That they turn in bitter resentment against the only country that has treated them broadly, brotherly, and engage in a war on the public schools is almost incredible According to newspaper reports Mr. Rosenstein, prominent in Judaistic clubdom, in writing to a Protestant Episcopal minister in Brooklyn is reported to have said:

"Don't let your bigotry run away with you. The Jew demands his rights, and the Jew has only made a beginning. This is a free country, and Christians have tried to make it a Christian country. We have now abolished your silly Santa Claus and your idiotic Christmas tree business. Next we will get after your libraries and compel you to throw out that vile Shakespeare, who wrote 'The Merchant of Venice,' with its implied insult on the Jews. You will have to throw out that Walter Scott novel of 'Ivanhoe,' where the Jew is held up to scorn as a money lender. Judaism now insists on her rights because Judaism is the real religion. Do you think Judaism has been dormant? Look at your lawyers, your judges, your teachers. Who own the banks? Who control the industries? Who are the tradespeople? If the Christians get in a huff and try to undo the action of the board of education, the allied Jewish forces can precipitate a fearful financial panic, the outcome of which will be that we will get more than we are at present demanding. In New York City the Jew must be considered. Keep your Christian hands off the schools. If newspapers uphold you we will withdraw our advertising. Jewish merchants will discharge Christian employees. Mortgages held by Jews on Christian properties will be foreclosed. Let them beware." If Mr. Rosenstein is correctly reported we must conclude that he is an eccentric individual, a violent ingrate who represents no one but himself. The American Republic stands or falls with the public schools. If America fails there will be no asylum for the Jews. If the Jews lend their hand to this nefarious attack upon the public schools they ought to be prohibited from entering this country. In this part of the Pacific Coast the Jews and Roman Catholics are politically hand in glove in every scheme.

A REACTIONARY DECISION.

The prosecution of the infamous San Francisco graft cases has received a discouraging blow from the District Court of Appeals. This court not only reversed the Superior Court, but practically invalidated the action of the grand jury, tearing up the case root and branch. The full text of the decision has not been published, but such extracts as we have seen put great emphasis on technicalities and leave wholly untouched the broader, deeper question of righteous judgment. The decision denies that the presiding judge had the right, upon challenge of the prosecution, to dismiss a member of the trial jury, because evidence was not introduced showing that he was a relative of the accused, though said relative admitted that he was remotely related to the accused. The second objection to the proceedings of the lower court referred to the appointment of Elisor Biggy, alleging that he was prejudiced against the defendant. In view of the notorious conditions confronting Judge Dunne at the time Biggy was appointed elisor, this objection must stand upon purely technical grounds.

The arguments based upon the principles of righteousness involved in the case strike one as being curiously oblique. The case is about as follows: Three French restaurant keepers claimed that the mayor would not continue their liquor licenses unless they would pay an enormous bonus under the disguise of a "fee" to the mayor's lawyer and political boss, the same to be divided with the mayor. Upon this allegation the mayor was convicted and then sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. The learned court invalidates the allegation by denying that a liquor license is property in the ordinary sense of the word. There is no extortion because no "property" is involved. The method by which $5,000 was extracted from the French restaurant keepers is not extortion, because, technically, the liquor license is not "property."

The third technicality is equally amazing. The Appellate Court does not deny that a crime has been committed, but that it was committed in such a way that the Penal Code does not recognize it as crime. The genius of the defendant in committing the wrong under the guise of doing right satisfies the demands of the law. The Appellate Court plainly says: "To procure property from others by a mere threat to do a lawful act is not a crime." That is, the mayor may threaten to withhold a liquor license, a lawful act, to extort $5,000 from a French restaurant keeper and not commit a crime. The learned court has overlooked a principle as old as the history of sin. Paul tells us that sin, that it might appear sin, worketh death by that which is good. It is the very genius of crime to hide behind "lawful acts." The mayor, in order to work the crime of extortion, hid his purpose under the pretense of doing a lawful act. The unfortunate thing about this decision is that it appears to be based wholly on technicalities. The broad, underlying principles of righteous judgment are not in evidence. The effect will be, we fear, a powerful stimulus to lawlessness.—California Christian Advocate.

The Rev. Dr. Willey had the pleasure of a trip to Monterey last week, and of standing where he first stood in February, 1849, when he first landed in California. Wonderful thoughts must have stirred in his brain!

PAINTING A FROG.

One of my pets was a frog about half grown. He would hop upon my hand to the tip of my finger, and sing (or croak) as long as I chose to hold him. I was an invalid just then, and, when I felt lonely and my husband was away, I used to give a little croak to invite the frog to a duet, and he would set off as if his life depended on his song, no matter what the hour might be.

One day I wanted to paint him in a picture, and tried to take a profile view. But he would not let me do it. Whenever I placed him in the right position, he would hop around so as to face me, and then go on my paper. Then I bethought myself of putting him in a plate with some water, so that he might be comfortable. This plan answered very well; but, when I turned the plate around so as to get a side view, he hobbled around also, and would face me. Then I tried edging round the table myself, but with the same result, so that I was obliged to hold him sideways while I drew him. But whenever I raised my head to look at him, he raised his, too, and lowered it again when I began to paint, and so we went on nodding at each other like two Chinese mandarins.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Many things happen to us all which it is just as well to laugh about as cry about. You might as well take them as part of the day's or month's or year's experiences, and as cheerfully as possible charge them as profit and loss. At any rate, grumbling and whining are not going to change them, and the expenditure of emotion in those unfortunate directions may unfit you for retrieving your blunders. Indeed, it often turns out that the unhappy and disagreeable mood into which one is thrown by a disappointment is a severer loss than the thing about which he complains. Many a man and woman has brought into the home circle a sour visage and a morose temper over some unfortunate occurrence and has clouded the home atmosphere and sown seeds of alienation between those who should love each other and stand together. The result of the ill nature has been utterly disproportionate to its occasion. Probably it is asking too much to expect a swain who has been refused by the lady of his heart, or a business man who has lost a good bargain, or a woman who has been caught in the rain wearing her best bonnet, to be exuberantly cheerful; but even in the case of such dire misfortunes philosophy may come to our aid and teach us not to make a bad matter worse.—Selected.

VICTOR GAS FURNACES

FOR HEATING AND VENTILATING.

Handsomest, Cleanest, Quickest System for Residences, Stores, Hotels, Theaters, Halls, Churches and Auditoriums of all kinds.

Handy, quick, economical, healthy, effective, clean, attractive; no coal, no ashes, no odor, no dust, no dirt, no danger, no waste, no worry, no work, no care.

Touch a Match—IT GOES. Turn a Valve—IT'S OUT.

Air is taken from outside the building and is driven to the rooms with a steady, mellow heat, just like that of a sunny, summer day. **It is kept absolutely separate from the gases of combustion, so no odor is possible.** A modern system of economical **HEATING and VENTILATING.** Send for information before deciding on any other.

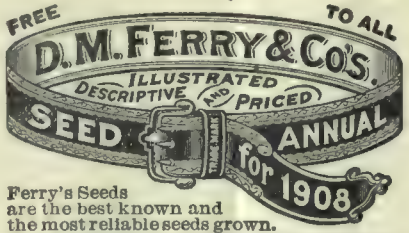
NATIONAL FURNACE CO.

Manufacturers of **Victor Gas Furnaces**

117-119 California Street, San Francisco, Cal

Telephone Kearny 5874

We are not heard for our much praying, but we are heard every time we truly pray.



Ferry's Seeds are the best known and the most reliable seeds grown. Every package has behind it the reputation of a house whose business standards are the highest in the trade.

Ferry's 1908 Seed Annual will be mailed FREE to all applicants. It contains colored plates, many engravings, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting over 1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Invaluable to all. Send for it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

A special class will be opened in January.

Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. LoS Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

1400-1450 Foruth St., Cor. Michigan,

Your Winter Trip

made comfortable by the

SUNSET ROUTE

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars. Dining service the best. Parlor observation car. Library. Cafe. Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans-New Steamship Co's steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket offices
884 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.
14th and Franklin Sts.,
Oakland, Cal.

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

Miss Goitrox —George, dear, I'm afraid our wedding will have to be postponed.

Mr. Owings—Impossible darling . My creditors won't stand for it.—Chicago News.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY 23, 1908. No. 4

University Library
30jun05

GET BUSY!

Good friend before it is too late,
Get busy!
To slouch along is tempting fate,
Get busy!
The man who sits and dreams all day,
Or talks to pass the time away,
Will never make his loafing pay--
Get busy!

The prizes fall to those who work,
Get busy!
But failure comes to those who shirk.
Get busy!
Move out into the living throng,
Stand up for right and rout the wrong,
In deeds worth doing e'er be strong—
Get busy!

—Paul Cook.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

There is in Oakland a saloon called "The Delay." It is well named. A saloon is a delay. It delays the men who patronize it, so that they never attain to that for which they were intended.

A few weeks ago a thousand men stood in line nearly all night at Bay City, Michigan, in order to get a chance at a job in a shipyard calling for one hundred and fifty men. All were desperately in need of work. Some reader, perhaps, remarks that only the improvident, with exception for special misfortune, ever get in this condition of great need. But they do get there. the remark to the contrary notwithstanding. Some day, in the not far-distant future, there will be worked out a better industrial system than that which we now have, and so many of the people will no longer stand only a few days from starvation.

The Christian Advocate, of Nashville, Tennessee had this timely editorial note last week: "Persons who are disposed to deal severely with the preacher or the editor whose teaching does not meet their views should remember that many tastes and many shades of opinion are to be met with. The sermon which fails wholly to appeal to you may be precisely what your neighbor wished and needed to hear. The article in your favorite paper which struck you as dull or as inappropriate may have brought to the editor a letter of hearty thanks from some reader who was pleased or helped by it. We should avoid making our personal tastes a criterion by which alone to measure the needs and the preferences of all our fellow-men."

The Christian Register calls "the solicitation of advertisements from buisness men, to be printed in the programs of various enterprises planned to make money for the benefit of the church," a "species of blackmail." This is something demanding serious consideration. Not many years ago a Pacific coast church ceased the publication of a monthly paper which it had published for many years—considerable of the expense for publishing it being met by advertisements—because it had come to regard the solicitation of the advertisements a "hold up" of the business men of the community. To a great extent business men everywhere so regard it. And we know of places where such solicitation is doing the cause of Christ far more harm than good. We know business men who say that the solicitation of advertisements by the dozens of organizations of one kind and another in the towns and cities in which they are doing business has become a decided nuisance.

WILL THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH CULMINATE?

A friend writes: "The article in the Pacific Presbyterian for January the 9th on "The Coming Catholicism and the Passing of Protestantism" has worried me. Does The Pacific Presbyterian endorse the article. Do you believe that Protestantism, with its glorious record, the bulwark of our religious faith for so many centuries, is dying out, and that a new religious faith is to come out of Romanism to take its place? Please let us know through the columns of The Pacific Presbyterian."

Gladly do we accede to this request. We do not believe that Roman Catholicism is ever to take the place of Protestantism, nor are we of opinion that Dr. Smyth so believes. But we do believe that the time is coming in the progress of the ages when Catholicism (Greek and Roman), and Protestantism will be at one. It will be a greatly changed Catholicism when this **approchement** shall have taken place.

There are many things today indicating great changes ere long in Roman Catholicism. It is strange that Dr. Smyth does not recognize the fact that it is losing to considerable extent its authority. The Springfield Republican has remarked concerning Dr. Smyth's sermon that "very much that he says concerning a disunited Protestantism is equally true of united Catholicism."

We quote further from the Springfield Republican:

"No one who studies the religious life of such countries as France and Italy, in which Protestantism is substantially non-existent, can fail to see that Roman Catholicism also has 'lost the old authority,' and has already lost entirely 'a mastery over the controling forces of modern life;' that it has 'lost the voice of authority in the state'—indeed, a Jew and a Freemason has lately been elected mayor of Rome, the holy city; that it has 'lost control over large areas of religious thought,' and has lost power 'to give to the people a good religious education.' Dr. Smyth's criticism of the failure of Protestantism is, in reality, a criticism of the failure of the Christian church in all its branches. The question he faces, therefore, is, Has the Christian church culminated?"

We believe that the paper from which quotation is made has struck the mark in the declaration that the great question faced is, "Has the Christian church culminated?"

We do not believe that it has culminated, nor that it will culminate. But we do believe that it is, to a great extent, powerless to do the work God has called it to do, divided as it now is. This will become much more evident during the next few decades; and willingly or unwillingly the church will be forced into such a co-operation as will make it an effective force in the regeneration of the world.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

While it is our belief that the church will culminate if it does not come together in co-operation, we are forced to cry out: "How long, O Lord, how long!" when we read such statements as the following by Archbishop Ireland, in a recent number of The North American Review: "How great the need of the Papacy in the Christian world is evidenced today as, perhaps, never before during its history. Outside the fold over which the Papacy presides, there are people, there are

ministers; but what of the sacred truths, the teaching of which is so imperiously commanded by the Lord—'Teaching all things whatsoever I have commanded you?' Adolph Harnack speaks for a large section of Protestantism when he reduces Christianity to the Fatherhood of God. Where something more of the old doctrines yet remain, how timid, often, and uncertain is the voice of him who proclaims them!"

Archbishop Ireland says further:

"How little time it would take, even within the Roman fold, to hurl into a similar chaos people and ministry were the Papacy to cease or to suspend its teachings is made evident by the recent rise, even there, of those errors against the faith which the Enclycical of Modernism in religion has so severely rebuked. The Roman communion is saved from the dogmatic chaos in which Protestant churches are so hopelessly engulfed because in it the Papacy reigns and teaches."

In further eulogy of Roman Catholicism the archbishop continues:

"Where we deal with the church we have before us the supernatural, the infallible; we have before us an institution with which Christ abides, even unto the end of time. This we must keep ever in mind, under the penalty of misreading or misjudging church and Papacy, of being forced into suspicions and hypotheses, justifiable where all is human, altogether out of place where the divine mingles with and controls the human."

There is presented the supposed objection, "If the Pope is monarch, and the final arbiter, may he not, in fact if not by right, alter the meaning of scripture and of tradition, over-ride decrees of councils and predecessors? Whence safety and protection?" And his answer is: "Take faith from the history of the Church and the Papacy; take faith from the promises of Christ to the Church and to Peter."

But a generation is growing up in Roman Catholic circles, indeed has already grown up here and there, that is not inclined to walk thus in the faith of the fathers. Yes, Catholicism has changed, is changing, and will change far more in the near future. Some time the chasm between Romanism and Protestantism will be bridged. Suggestive in this connection are the remarks of that inflential weekly, The Springfield Republican, on the recent order of an archbishop in Pittsburg that Roman Catholic parents must not, under penalty of refusal of absolution for mortal sin, allow their children to attend non-Catholic schools. The paper says editorially:

"That the disciplinary measure adopted will have any appreciable effect upon the great body of Catholic laymen is, of course, not to be believed. These Catholics are exponents of the American principle that the education of their children is a question in which the parents may properly exercise a certain degree of private judgment. The state, even in its compulsory school laws, does not dictate to them to what schools they shall send their boys and girls; and this freedom of choice conceded by the state in this country will not be surrendered by many citizens to a church hierachy."

The Springfield Republican goes on to say: "In most parts of the republic this condition happily prevails. It prevails especially here in New England. If there is anything that is resented by many laymen of our churches it is the suggestion that the church controls their action in matters of politics, education, or in any of the relations which are in the province of the individual or the state rather than of religion. * * * Americans will never be a priest-ridden people. And yet they will be a religious people."

INSURANCE OF BANK DEPOSITS.

It is becoming increasingly evident that some measures will be taken to insure depositors in banks against loss by failure of the banks. Until this is done money will not seek such deposit as it has heretofore.

A Chicago paper reports Alexander H. Revell, a leading merchant of that city, as saying:

"When a business man goes to the bank to borrow money he is obliged to furnish security. This security may be either convertible securities, indorsements or credit on reputation backed by stocks of merchandise. When he lends his money at the bank as a deposit he receives no security, but must have confidence in the ability and integrity of the men to whom he intrusts his money, backed also by reports of the financial condition of the bank of which few savings depositors know anything. So long as our financial atmosphere is clear, depositors have confidence, but when trouble comes, the more timid depositors become frightened and withdraw their money, the banks are compelled to contract their loans and accumulate reserves against the coming storm, manufacturers and business men are unable to obtain the loans they want to carry on their business, and the trouble grows until our industries and commerce are paralyzed."

All this is familiar to people in general—the condition into which a scare brings the money matters of the country. But aside from that there has to be faced now the fact that without some protection in way of insurance, government or otherwise, deposits in the banks will grow gradually less. There will be no runs on the banks, but gradually people will withdraw their money and invest it.

It is as Mr. Revell says. When a man deposits his money in a bank he lends it to that bank for use to its profit—and he should have the best of security for it.

While we are writing about banks it may not be amiss to remark that the experience of President Walker of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company ought to be a lesson to men near and far not to lend the influence of their names to anything to which they cannot give considerable supervision. More and more will such men be discredited. President Walker seems likely to be able to keep out of the penitentiary; but he can never have the standing as a business man that he had formerly.

SOME MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

The largest home income for foreign missions by any one of the denominational soci;eties in 1907 was $1,613,535 by the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Presbyterian Church ranks next with $1,276,748. Next comes the American Board, Congregational, with $978,-876. The Baptist Missionary Union follows closely with $976,072.

The total for America—that is, the United States and Canada—was $9,458,633. The society having the largest income from the field is the American Board—$226,271. The Presbyterian comes next in order, with $192,755. The Methodist Episcopal had from the field $134,176.

The British societies received for foreign work, from home contributions, $9,361,036, the largest amount, $1,878,785, coming into the treasury of the Church Society. The Wesleyan Methodist had $1,043,535, and the London Society, Congregational, $885,120. The income of the British societies from the foreign field was $1,531,181.

The American society having the largest number of native Christian adherents is the Methodist Episcopal—315,240; the Baptist Union has 253,533; the American Board has 151,460, and the Presbyterian Board 147,000.

The communicants, full members, are less in number, being 137,438 for the Baptists, 83,180 for the Methodists, 68,953 for the Congregationalists and 70,447 for the Presbyterians. The total number of adherents is 1,286,259; the total number of communicants 545,180. For all the societies, American, British, German and others, the total adherents are 4,351,138, and the total communicants 1,816,450.

The total income of the different foreign missionary societies for 1907 was $22,459,680. From the field they received $3,483920. This is an increase in income over that for 1906 of $1,179,533. Eleven years ago the home income of all the societies was only $13,620,972; and the income from the field was only $1,545,000.

The native Christian adherents have increased in that time from 2,771,801 to 4,351,138; and the communicants from 995,793 to 1,816,450.

SOCIALISTS HISS THE Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY AT PORTLAND.

Walter Thomas Mills was speaking in the Association rooms the other day, at the request of the secretary. In the course of his remarks he said:

"There cannot be a normal citizenship without a pure home. There can be no such thing as strong bodies and pure minds and clean hearts unless these homes are possible. I have heard the old story of love in a log cabin with four bare walls, and love enthroned, but I do not know of any place where a master is more likely to lose his scepter than in such a place. Cornbread and water, with four bare walls and floors, and live on love—say, boys, that is infinitely better than no home at all. But a man who would be content to keep a woman he loves in such a place is not fit to live on this earth."

Addressing the men personally, Mr. Mills continueed:

"Everyone of you men should be a married man. When men who ought to be married are married there will be no red-light district nor barrooms. You may pass all laws against vice that you want to, but the wiser policy is to open up for men the opportunity to do the healthy, righteous thing, instead of making only laws.

"There are in the United States today not less than 2,000,000 men," continued Mr. Mills, "who should be married, and 2,000,000 more men who should have married, but who are not going to do it. These weddings did not take place because of the faults of the men, but because of their best qualities. Each one of these men will look into the face of some woman and tell the same old story told for the last thousand centuries; they will struggle for the mastery of passions they cannot conquer, and then will turn away and say it can never be; not because these men are false, but because they refuse to betray these women and posterity into a condition of hopeless poverty and distress."

At the conclusion of the address Mr. Stone, the Y. M. C. A. secretary, said that he did not believe Mr. Mills desired to leave the impression that present economic conditions excused men from a duty they owed to themselves, to their fellow-men and to the laws of the state. He said that no matter how bad the economic conditions were, they did not justify any man's frequenting the red-light district.

"There may be 2,000,000 men in the United States who ought to be married, as Mr. Mills says," continued Mr. Stone, "but I believe there are many men wandering up and down the earth who under the present economic conditions could establish homes if they would. I have never seen a healthy, able-bodied young man who could not in Portland establish a home if he wanted to do so."

It was during these remarks that the socialistic element indulged in hisses. We are of opinion that Mr. Mills should have rebuked them, but no account of any such rebuke has come to our notice.

FORGIVENESS AS A HABIT.

By Thomas F. Day, D.D.

Habit is "a way of being held, or of holding oneself." We form habits and habits in turn form us. They reform or deform us, according to their inherent quality. Inclination, unrestricted, hardens into habit We may be unconscious of the process, but the result is certain sooner or later to become an appreciable element in our moral consciousness.

In critical moments, when duty in its more rigorous aspects comes to the fore, when the hour of decision strikes, the issue often turns solely on what we have silently grown to be through the power of habit. Then habits become either weights or wings. Matured character asserts itself. Impromptu resolves cannot resist the onrush of thought, feeling and purpose which have been slowly forged deep down within the soul where burn the central fires of inclination. We are weak when we ought to have been strong.

Or the reverse of this may be true. Good thoughts brave purposes and feelings pure and true, may have been wrought at that central forge. The hour of testing finds us ready. Opportunity meets us and it is ours. The fruitage of long years of patient struggle is gathered in a brief moment of time, and it remains a perpetual possession.

The law holds in the case of every Christian virtue. Belief and approval, right in themselves, are no substitutes for the doing which engenders habit. Forgiveness—we may extol it, commend it, preach it; do we practice it? The forgiving spirit is beautiful because it is Christlike. Has it become habitual with us through specific and repeated acts of forgiveness?

Forgiveness is an every-day and all-day grace; a field and kitchen virtue; but no less a necessity in the market-place and the drawing-room. Every day and all the day—so was it brought home to Peter. "Lord, how oft? Until seven times?" **Thrice** was the utmost limit according to the Rabbinical standard. Peter intended to be generous. He would extend it to seven times. He had not caught the evangelic spirit. He was still in the legal sphere, with its short views, its arithmetical measurements. Jesus startled him with his emphatic "no." Not seven times, but seventy times seven—"times without number, infinite placability." Jesus meant not to fix a limit, but to paralyze the

thought of fixing one. "As the heavens for height," so his rule. It is not too high. Being God's own standard whereby he forgives us, this alone can be the measure of our forgiving one another.

Forgiveness need not wait on the offender's repentance. Penitence may be a condition of receiving forgiveness, of realizing it, of being warmed and clothed by it; as only the repentant prodigal knew how deep and tender was the love that welled in the father's breast. But the **spirit** of forgiveness is active, and its decisions are final, irrespective of the offender's present attitude, be it child or neighbor, friend or foe. We do injury to ourselves by insisting that he who has wronged us must first sue for pardon before we can exercise pardoning grace. Luke 17:31 seems to justify such withholding of forgiveness until the offending brother repents. This, however, sets no limit for the inward disposition; it can only determine the circumstances in which the forgiving spirit, already burning as a fire of unquenchable love within, shall attain to outward expression. The hearth-fire is alight and glowing; but only he that knocks at the door and is admitted can sit thereat. Not all is said when this is said. The door stands ajar, and every radiant window-pane speaks its welcome.

Plainly, forgiveness is, in its rich, full sense, a distinctively **Christian** grace. "The old man" is both ignorant and destitute of it. Itself a grace, it is the gift of grace. It is a test of character. Offenses are the occasion of its advancement. Forgiveness is a militant grace, with sword-edge ever turned inward against the whole "Diabolonian" rabble that opposes it,—the grudge that hides in its hole, the resentment that snarls, the malice that lurks in ambush, the fierce anger that rises up to slay. The habit of forgiveness is a garment of the soul, whose inner side is stained with the blood of trampled foes, but on its outer side it is white as the raiment of the transfigured Christ.

WORLD-WIDE PERILS OF THE SABBATH.

By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts.

In the world tour to which I have devoted fourteen months not even heathenism has so saddened me as has the world-wide decline of Sabbath-observance among Christians. From the side of law the last two years have been most encouraging, with China closing offices and schools on Sunday, France closing shops and the United States its exposition at Jamestown; while Canada has kept the front in this reform with its new Sunday law. Such a group of governmental acts have led every pastor in the world to challenge his people to new loyalty to an institution so endorsed, or at least new study of its claim. But even the missionary churches are feeling the lax standards of the churches behind them. Not a few missionaries use public conveyances on Sunday, and while converts are expected to sacrifice even life itself in hours of trial rather than be disloyal to God in other matters, in some places they do not seem to be expected to make any sacrifice not even to give up Sunday work for gain, to uphold the sign and ensign of the lordship of Christ. At one place we found Seventh Day Adventists, who are unevangelical in more ways than one, holding full membership in a missionary association, which gave them a point of vantage for their world-wide crusade against the sacred observance of the Lord's Day, which their perverted minds treat as the supreme sin of the age. So little attention has been given to Sabbath observance in theological seminaries and Christian colleges that few missionaries or ministers know enough of the Seventh Day Adventists' absurd theory that the "third beast" of Revelation xiii. is the United States Government, to show their supreme folly and laugh them out of court.

The most surprising thing is to find in such a Christian land as Australia, with ancestral Sabbath training of the best sort, Presbyterian churches where visiting ministers are charged on Sabbath morning to get through before 12:15, as nearly all the congregation must in any case bolt for the railway station at that time to "catch their trains." On British ships, after formal reading of the "service," the very worshipers go forth to play chess and quoits on the deck. In Hawaii American occupation has greatly weakened Sabbath observance, and in the Philippines it is counted a "reform" that a recent law has cut down the Sunday horse racing with legalized gambling to fewer Sundays than were allowed in the earlier days of American occupation. In London, barmaids, some of them church members, still throw open their tempting doors at 6 p. .m on Sunday, and maids with their lovers are numerously seen on the other side of the bar. All this is a Macedonian call to special missionary work in this fundamental line. The Sabbath is the water supply of missions and of temperance, as well as of church work. None of these agencies can prosecute their battles successfully unless they drink every week of the spiritual waters of a well-kept Sabbath.

Well-selected Sabbath defense literature should be sent to moral and religious leaders all over the world to stay the perilous retreat in Sabbath observance that is now in progress all along the line, at the very time when a "wave of reform," that cannot continue if the Sabbath is lost, is carrying forward to victory both the anti-opium and the anti-alcohol crusades.

A VOICE FROM THE FIELD.

W. N. Burr, Tulare, Cal.

A few days ago I received a long letter from a friend who has been for a number of years on the firing line in a foreign mission field. If I were to mention his name, all who keep their eyes upon the work of the American Board in foreign lands would at once recognize it as the name of one of our hardest working and most successful foreign missionaries.

We have folks sometimes say things about the work and the workers that we designate as "foreign,"—and sometimes our remarks are flavored with favor and sometimes with disfavor. Perhaps it will be no more than courteous if we give the listening ear to this man on the field, who draws a picture of some homeland conditions, as he sees them from his "foreign" watch-tower.

"You home people do have your home problems and they are simply colossal," he writes; "but they would be more easily solved, I believe, if so many of our leaders of thought had not gone astray. How intensely I have felt the theological trend in the homeland! It has worn upon me more than the burden of heathenism; for I feel sure if the church had but stood true, especially to the great doctrines of Jesus Christ **crucified** and Jesus Christ **risen** from the dead, the victory over heathenism would have been more nearly won than it is. But when the church weakens, as I

believe it has under the lead of some of the seminaries and some brilliant preachers and teachers, and the powerful German materialism, the work is jeopardized in every land under the sun; and some most disastrous results have already appeared. We here have lost some of the most golden opportunities because while the work has opened before us by leaps and bounds the home support has been kept at the same old figures as a quarter, or, perhaps, half a century ago. Yes, I feel the home problems to the marrow of my bones—the business situation, the theological situation, the social conditions are enough to make angels weep!

"But I thank God for all that the death and victory of Jesus Chirst is doing in crowded mart and humble hamlet to purify the nation, and raise up a people worthy of that sacrifice, and worthy of the magnificent heritage which God has given to my homeland people. As I read, when I was in Palestine, the outbursts of enthusiasm of the poet-patriot David, I thought again and again what seraphic songs he would have sung; what heavenly assistance he would have sought to give vent to his feelings, could he have moved an oar on the silver waters of Lake George or paddled a canoe under the shadow of Katahdin, or stood behind Niagara Falls, or sped up and down the inland waterways of the United States, or camped by the crown of northern lakes, or bathed his feet in the warm waters of the Gulf, or looked on the autumn glories of the Berkshire hills, or frolicked with the clouds on some Rocky mountain peak, or seen **California alone!** Oh, for a wide-spreading revival that shall sweep all over the homeland, from north to south and from east to west, and cleanse it of its horrid idolatries and abominations, and make it, indeed, a **'Brother** Jonathan' to all the nations under heaven, careless of its own crown, if only the Davids among the brother nations may win the victory over their Goliaths, and sing and wing their way to a kingdom of peace with God dwelling in the midst!"

This voice from the field may seem to be a bit strained as it reaches our cool, conservative Congregational ears; but our estimates of foreign mission work are sometimes made in tones that must sound like those of cracked bells as they reach the ears of the men and women who know the work at first hand. To use the words of another missionary: "The gospel of the kingdom has the last word to say on all these matters." Not the gospel of the seminary, nor the gospel of the German university, nor yet the gospel of the man on the field, save as these shall catch and hold the **spirit** of the gospel of the kingdom!

THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY IMPERATIVE.

The number of The Missionary Herald to be issued this week says editorially:

"At a recent meeting where the interests of foreign missions were being discussed, one or two speakers affirmed that there was need of a restatement of the aims and motives of the foreign missionary enterprise to make it grip the hearts of the men of today. It was remarked that some of the arguments which used to rouse enthusiasm were no longer effective, and that many in our churches had lost the sense of any strong obligation to this task. The primary need, it was said, is to set forth the modern view of foreign missions, with its change of emphasis and fresh imperative. In view of this suggestion twelve Congregational ministers, representing several sections of the country, and six foreign missionaries, at home on furlough or near at hand, were asked to contribute brief statements of what they regard as the weighty appeal of foreign missions now."

From advanced sheets kindly furnished us we make up an interesting compilation.

A California Response.

In response to this request the Rev. C. R. Brown of the First Congregational Church of Oakland has written:

The appeal can, in my judgment, be made most effective when addressed to these motives:—

1. The obligation to export the best elements in our Christian civilization; the worst are sure to find their way to non-Christian countries.

2. The duty of sharing with less fortunate peoples those blessings available in the rightly ordered hospital, school and church.

3. The responsibility at this time of world-wide awakening for sending trained experts to educate a generation of native physicinas, teachers and preachers, competent for future leadership in the moral advance of their own lands.

A Washington Opinion.

President Penrose of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, writes:

1. **The Need of the World for Christ.**—No man doubts that the world needs Christ: As the spirit of a new life, pure, peaceable, abounding in righteousness and mercy; as the Saviour of the world from sin; as revealing the inmost nature of Godhead. Ignorance of world conditions deadens the sense of this need.

2. **My Need for a Better World through Christ.**—So long as the world, my social environment, is defective, I am retarded in my own development. The solidarity of the race bids me demand, for my own sake, a world bettered by Christ.

3. **My Duty to Extend the Kingdom.**—The business of the Christian is to establish the kingdom of God on earth. Missions offer one way of doing this.

A Voice from Turkey.

Rev. Ernest C. Partridge, whose field lies in Turkey, writes:

Salvation, as we think of it today, is not so much being saved **from** destruction as **to** construction. The gospel of Jesus Christ is salvation to developing Christian character. Such character is cultivated through constant friendship with Christ, and is the greatest necessity of humanity. Men in non-Christian lands as really need Christian character as we who live in the most enlightened environment. A living Christian most appreciates what Christianity means to him. Such a Christian knows neither "home" nor "foreign," but knows God as father and men everywhere as brothers in Christ. The life motive of such a Christian is. "Because he laid down his life for us, we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Such Christians united make a missionary church, and such churches must recognize the world as their field.

The Word from Our National Capital.

The Rev. Dr. S. H. Woodrow of the First Congregational Church of Washington, D. C., says:

The motive of missionary appeal to the modern man may be threefold. A strong motive is the commercial. Christianity is the great civilizer, and where Christianity has paved the way and created the wants commerce follows to supply them. Clothes follow conversion.

The heathen who has found Christ exchanges his hut for a house, furnishes it with the things that accompany salvation, desires modern implements to till his fields, clothing to cover his nakedness, and books and music to minister to his intellectual and aesthetic needs.

A stronger motive is the humanitarian. The aim of missions is the social and moral elevation of mankind. Its effort is to banish barbarism, abolish tyranny, dispel ignorance, remove superstition and break the power of oppression.

The strongest motive must ever be Christ's command. It is still, "Go ye into all the world." Till the last man has been saved and brought to the character and conduct of a son of God that command will be in force.

The dictates of prudence, the spirit of humanity, the love of Christ combine to urge the churches to send the heralds of liberty, light and life to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Africa's Contribution.

From the Rev. Fred R. Bunker of South Africa comes the following:

The root principle of Christian missions is the purpose and plan of God to redeem all nations, as revealed by his Son, Jesus Christ.

The great, unchangeable imperative is the distinct command to disciple and teach all nations.

The strongest motives today, as ever, are grateful loyalty to Jesus Christ in his efforts to establish the kingdom of God on earth and voluntary obedience to his demand upon personal service, and sacrifice in the carrying out of his purpose.

An infinite varietv of minor motives, individual social, economic, intellectual, and emotional, have appealed and always will appeal to various classes of men and women, according to difference of temperament, education and environment, and none of them should be ignored or dispised, however they mav be restated

But the main appeal to men to go and give is the belief that "the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and that this gospel is committed to us in trust for the nations No other motive will stand the test of all time and changes.

INAUGURATION OF PROFESSORS AT SAN ANSELMO.

Thursday, January 30th, has been selected as the time for the inauguration of the two new professors at the San Francisco Theological Seminary. Rev. Thomas Verner Moore, D.D., will be inaugurated as Stuart Professor of Systematic Theology, and Rev. Charles Gordon Paterson, B. A., as California Professor of Church History. Prof. Paterson will deliver an inaugural address and the charge to the professors will be given by Rev. J. M. Wilson, D.D., pastor of Westminster Church, Seattle, and one of the leading ministers of the Synod of Washington. Rev. George G. Eldredge, president of the Board of Directors, will preside. The exercises will be held in Scott Hall, San Anselmo, at 2 o'clock. All friends are invited. The most convenient boat will be the 12:45 from San Francisco.

The Sunset Magazine for January is a good number to send to Eastern friends. "In Winter's Outdoor Land" is an attractive article, beautifully illustrated.

Among the Churches.

Upland.—Plans for a new church building are being considered, the resent structure being inadequate to meet the needs.

Los Gatos.—The reports at the annual meeting showed good condition in all departments of the church work at Los Gatos. The amount of money raised for all purposes during the year was about $3,500, of which the Ladies' Aid Society raised $350, the Sunday-school over $200, the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society $150, the Christian Endeavor Society nearly $100, and the sum of $213.55 was contributed to the several Boards. Repair work on the church building is going on now.

San Francisco, Calvary.—The Rev. William Rader, who has been the associate pastor for several months, has had a unanimous call to the pastorate. Mr. Rader was pastor of the Third Congregational Church of San Francisco for ten years. During those years his influence went out far beyond his own denomination. For addresses and lectures at important assemblies he was much in demand. For a year and a half before taking the position of associate pastor of Calvary Church Mr. Rader devoted his time to literary work, writing a large amount of editorial matter for one of the San Francisco dailies. His work as associate with Dr. Hemphill was such that when the latter desired to lay down the work which he had carried on for so many years and was made pastor emeritus. Mr. Rader was seen at once to be the logical successor.

Sacramento, Fremont Park.—At the January communion service of this church fourteen persons were received into membership, three of these upon confession of faith. The pastor, Rev. W. C. Sherman has been invited by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman to do some Bible work at the Winona Bible Institute this year, and may be able to accept the invitation. This church now has in its membership a missionary in Siam, Miss Ednah Bonner, and one in Egypt, Miss Mabel Triplett; also a student volunteer; while two who were formerly among its members are now in Home Mission fields. It also praises the Lord for having called from its ranks into active Christian service Miss Edith Hatfield, who is being blest as College Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Madison, Wisconsin. The organized classes in the Sunday-school are growing more enthusiastic and increasing their numerical strength considerably, also taking much interest in the work outlined by teachers. The Mission Study Class greatly enjoyed the "Conquest of India" and will soon begin "The Uplift of China."

ALAMEDA.

First Presbyterian.

A men's supper in the interest of more systematic offerings to the church boards, was given by the Ladies' Aid Society in the social hall on Friday evening, January 17th. This gathering was in pursuance of a campaign recently inaugurated by Rev. D. E. Potter, Field Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions.

Some fifty men enjoyed the women's hospitality, among whom were the following guests: Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., Field Secretary of the Board of Home Missions; Rev. T. V. Moore, D.D., of the San Francisco Theological Seminary; Rev. L. P. Hitchcock, Congregational; McFarlane, Christian; Martin, Methodist; Russell, Baptist; Gardiner of California College, and Dr. Brush.

The after-program was opened by Mr. Costell, bass soloist of the choir, who rendered two selections, accompanied by Miss Westgate, organist.

Dr. Moore took for his theme, "Service for Men." After stating that too much of the work of the church had been laid upon women, the speaker went on to develop the thought that man's religion, although slower and more cautious, had accomplished grand achievements. Man's mission was wider than his next door neighbor. It was not Home Missions nor Foreign Missions, but a mission the fulfillment of which rested upon each of us in the first place; in the second place it was a work of tremendous magnitude and significance, which the speaker proceeded to show by a graphic portrayal of the enterprises involved in carrying it on, and lastly it should be planned for worthily and systematically.

Rev. D. E. Potter, after emphasizing the note sounded by Dr. Moore in regard to the obligation resting upon the men of the church, went on to mention sixteen ways by which the work of fulfilling this obligation would be accomplished:

(1) By the women, young people, Sunday-school and the laymen; (2) by education, prayer, giving one's self to the work, and money; (3) as to methods, the gastronomic, in evidence on the present occasion; the galvanic, by creating enthusiasm under some forceful speaker or spellbinder; the annual offering, to which Mr. Potter amusingly referred by inquiring if we were in the habit of paying our household bills in that way; and the last and best method of a monthly offering, which this campaign was instituted mainly to secure.

Dr. Holt referred briefly to his experience as a for eign missionary, and said that the high privilege of being chosen of God to aid in any part of this grand work was sufficient reward for the utmost effort that the servant of God could put forth.

Dr. Holt occupied the pulpit on Sunday morning, the 19th, the occasion being the annual offering for the Boards. In an address, both tense and vigorous, he contended that God's country, as it was called by those homeward bound, should not only be kept so, but made of increasing blessing to all the world.

The difficulties to be surmounted in the cosmopolitan nature of the population, the difference in temperament and ideals, were clearly outlined, and the people urged to a proper and consecrated view of their duty as to offerings.

The pledges received showed a substantial increase over the past year, and will be considerably augmented by later gifts. —W. A. U.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The January Monday evening conference was held on the 13th. The faculty and students took dinner together as usual. The guest of the evening was Mr. J. Lovell Murray of New York, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. He gave a very interesting address on his personal experiences among the students of India. Prof. Dean of the department of science in Park College was also present and spoke for a short time. Prof. Dean has made several visits to the Seminary recently, where he has been warmly welcomed by the Park College students. Mr. Murray remained over until Tuesday morning, when he gave another address on "The Awakening of the Orient."

Prof. Paterson is supplying the San Rafael church for a month. He moderated a congregational meeting last Sabbath at which the congregation decided that they were not yet ready to proceed to the election of a pastor.

Last Sabbath Dr. Landon supplied the Second Presbyterian Church of San Jose, whose pastor elect, Rev. Mr. Long, does not come until the first Sabbath in February. Dr. Day supplied the San Anselmo pulpit

All the friends of the Seminary will be glad to know that Mrs. Dr. Gilchrist, who is now at her home in San Jose, is rapidly recovering from her protracted and serious illness. She is now able to take short walks on the street.

The following is a recent message to the Board of Foreign Missions from Rev. Webster E. Browning, Ph. D., '93, president of the Instituto Inglis, Santiago, Chile: "Send us three teachers at once. We have increased our tuition fees 33 per cent and still have a long waiting list of applicants. If accommodations were provided a thousand boys could be educated in the Institute."

Rev. Avery G. Hunt, '98, has moved from Ontario and taken charge of the church at Santa Maria.

The church at Red Bluff, of which Rev. John Henry Sharpe, '05, is pastor, has been making extensive repairs. The work of the church is prospering, both morning and evening congregations being large.

Rev. H. H. Wintler, '98, has been elected a commissioner to the next General Assemply from the Presbytery of Oakland.

The editors of the Overland Monthly deserve to be congratulated on the January number of that magazine. It is the best fifteen-cent publication issued for January.

An interdenominational missionary conference will begin in San Francisco on January the 30th and continue to the 2nd of February. It will be held in Calvary Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Fillmore and Jackson. Bishop Bell of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ will be among the speakers; also Dwight E. Potter, a secretary of the Presbyterian Foreign Board. Among the addresses will be one by Mr. Ng. Poon Chew, the Chinese journalist, on "China's Possibility the Church's Responsibility."

Burglars have been in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco three times recently. On one occasion they secured from the letter-box in a hallway a letter with an enclosure of a check for $20. The thief went with it to the bank on which it was drawn, payable to the First Congregational Church, saying that he was the sexton and that the pastor wished to get the money thereon. The paying teller told him he would need the proper signature. Accordingly he went away for a few minutes and then returned with the forged signature of "Geo. C. Adams." The teller handed out the money. When the check came back to the man

who had drawn it the forgery was recognized. Of course the bank stood the loss.

"A $20,0000 man for $5,000" is the way President Roosevelt puts it concerning Judge Ballinger of Seattle, who, at the earnest solicitation of Secretary Garfield laid down a lucrative law practice and accepted for a time a position at Washington as land commissioner. Mr. Ballinger has done the work wanted of him; has brought the office out of chaos to some system; has resigned and will soon return to Seattle. He is a member of Plymouth Church, and was mayor of the city for one term. It was at Williams College where the acquaintance began with Garfield which finally led him to the work in which he has been engaged at the national capital during the last year, and which has won for him many encomiums.

The Men's Club of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, despite the downpour on Monday night, had an attendance of about an hundred at the meeting at which consolidation of the cities about the bay was discussed by ex-Mayor Olney and John B. Irish of Oakland and Professor Bacon of Berkeley. The first named spoke in favor of consolidation for all the cities into a Greater San Francisco; the second, if agreeable to Berkeley and Alameda, of a consolidation of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda; and the third in favor of Berkeley keeping her separate existence. The Pacific believes with Mr. Olney that inevitable forces will in time compel a consolidation into a Greater San Francisco. Gradually will be removed the possibility of the objection made by Colonel Irish that the territory is not contiguous. It will become contiguous. A tunnel under the bay, after a few years, will make it so. The probabilities are, however, that consolidation on the east side of the bay will be effected quite a while before all will consolidate into Greater San Francisco. From every standpoint of reason (sentiment aside) we ought to have very soon the "City and County of Berkeley," in which would be included Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda.

THE COMING OF AMERICA'S GREAT FLEET.

In conversation with Mr. Fred A. McCarl, Secretary of the Naval Young Men's Christian Association, we came into possession of the following information and observations concerning the coming of the great American fleet of battleships. It is expected that this fleet will reach San Francisco about the last of April or the first of May.

That Californians will entertain the fleet in royal fashion goes without saying. Just how the officers and men will be entertained is a matter of conjecture. It behooves all right minded people to see that the 15,000 enlisted men composing this crew are well cared for while they are in port. It is a well known fact that the joints, dives and gambling dens are laying extensive plans "to rope in" the men when they visit San Francisco and the bay cities. It is therefore of great encouragement to the Christian citizens and those interested in all philanthropic work to know that the Naval Young Men's Christian Association, through its representative, Mr. F. A. McCarl, has a definite plan for meeting the needs of the men while on shore leave. The Association contemplates securing a building near the water front in San Francisco, and will equip it with all the attractive features of a club house—reading rooms, cafe, and sleeping accommodations. These men are well acquainted with the Naval Young Men's Christian Association, inasmuch as this organization controls these attractive club houses in nearly every prominent Naval Station throughout the eastern states as well as in China and the Philippines. The Naval Association building at Brooklyn, costing $420,000, was the gift of Miss Helen Miller Gould, to which an Annex is being constructed at a cost of $350,000, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Another building is being erected at Norfolk, costing $300,000, the gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

That the time is fast approaching when San Francisco must have a building for these men of our Pacific fleet is a self-evident fact. The Naval Young Men's Christian Association at Vallejo, California, costing $82,000, cannot accomodate the men who are on ships anchored in San Francisco Bay, and so a time is coming when the Association must erect a club house in San Francisco where all sailors and marines of the American Navy will be welcome.

Mr. McCarl was extended the courtesy of presenting the plan of the Association to welcome the fleet, at the Methodist Preachers' Meeting assembled in First Church, Oakland, Monday morning, January 6th. The entire Methodist churches around San Francisco Bay agreed to co-operate with the Association in carrying forward this most helpful and attractive plan.

Rear Admiral Dewey has written the following letter to International Committee, Young Men's Christian Association, Army and Navy Department:

"Office of Admiral of Navy,

"Washington, D. C.———1907.

"Sir: It occurs to me as the departure of the Fleet for the Pacific approaches that a grand work lies ready for the Young Men's Christian Association to inaugurate, for for the aid of the enlisted men, young and old, of that great Fleet.

"Could not some place be secured at San Francisco where the men would find friends to look after their welfare and aid them in finding lodgings; in short, do the same estimable work which is now being done in the Naval Building in Brooklyn?

"I trust this work can be started at once so that all may be ready when the Fleet arrives.

"Wishing you success, believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"(Signed) George Dewey.

"Admiral of the Navy."

A TREMENDOUS PROBLEM.

The London Times takes a hand in the Asiatic emigration problem. "What is at the bottom of all this agitation now going on for the exclusion of the Oriental? Race antipathy? Incompatibility of ideals? Not at all. These are superficial. They are laid aside when convenient." That is the way the Times opens this important subject. It declares truthfully, fundamentally: "They do not stand in the way when white men can make money by exiling themselves among Orientals. At the bottom of the whole affair is economic jealousy. In Vancouver, in California, in the Transvaal, in Natal, in Australia, the real objection to the Oriental is that he is too frugal, too industrious, and too efficient. But these are economic factors that cannot be combated by violence or by exclusion; and the sooner that fact is recognized the better will it be for the white races. The fight is against the white man's own peculiarities. The

white man is prone to hire labor at a low rate, specially if that labor is satisfactory. The white man is too proud, too valuable, or too much of a leader to do the small things which the Japanese, Chinese and Asiatics generally do cheerfully and do well. The real basis of the quarrel is between white men and white men. If the white men were agreed the Asiatic could have no employment. The fact is that the law of economics is at the bottom of the movement. So long as white men will buy labor or anything else in the cheapest market the Oriental will always have a chance to come in."

There are, the Times goes on to say, other aspects of this subject. That the white man should enter the territory of an Asiatic nation is regarded as a perfectly right and proper thing. That he should force himself and his religion, his commerce, and even, in too many cases, his vices, upon nations that did not want to have anything to do with him and sought only to live their own lives in peace, is regarded as not only right but meritorious. That he should force the Asiatics to give him concessions of railways, steamships, mines, and anything else that he may covet is thought entirely just and equitable. But when a few hundreds or thousands of these Asiatics go to a white man's country, not as conquerors, or monopolists, or concessionnaires, but simply as humble laborers offering labor for wages which satisfy their frugal requirements, there is wild excitement, political agitation, and mob violence. The Oriental can get along without liquor or tobacco and work sixteen hours a day. The white man would not rest so long as he thought there were concessions to be had, trade to be stirred up. The present world situation is due not to the Asiatic but to the white man. His restless spirit, his ceaseless activity, has set all these races, the quiescent races, to moving, and it is now the white man's problem. The whole commotion in the United States is largely based on a theory. There is only one Japanese in America to every 5000 American laborers. It is a question which cannot be settled by any reactionary quarrel. God, through time, opportunity, truth, kindness, friendship, reconciliation, grace, and brotherly love, alone can adjust these great primary problems of the races.

A STUDY IN STATISTICS.

Commissioner Frank P. Sargent of Immigration has submitted his report. He shows that an army of 1,285,349 souls have come, drawn hither by the free institutions and the marvelous prosperity of our country, and the chance here afforded every honest toiler to gain a livelihood by the sweat of his brow or the exercise of his intelligence. The increase over the year 1906 is 184,614. There were 12,432 aliens rejected and sent back. 873,923 had less than $50. The average amount of money brought by these immigrants is less than $20 each. The commissioner points out that either through such international conferences or amendments to our laws adequate provision should be made for the issuance of proper passports to persons who are coming to America. By this means such organizations as the "black hand" society could not gain a foothold here because the passports would have to bear the record of the alien. It would do much, too, the commissioner believes, to put an end to the "white slave traffic," although that even now is under reasonably good control by immigration officials. It seems to us that such passports are absolutely necessary. Each government should know the status of its citizens who propose to go abroad. This is the policy of Japan and the only enlightened and the only adequate policy. We think every civilized nation owes it to itself to take careful cognizance of its outgoing citizens.

THAT REACTIONARY DECISION AGAIN.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

We have yet to meet and converse with a single person that justified the decision of the Appellate court reversing the findings of Judge Dunne's court. It may be true that all California is too indignant to be fair. The press of the state has spoken with great feeling against the Judges. We do not deny the fact that the interest of justice may at times contravene public opinion. A court capable of weighing the evidence should, however, be able to make clear, adequate reasons for the decision. So far as we have heard or seen criticisms of the decision not one writer has been able to discover even plausible reasons for the action. The Oregonian is usually fair in such matters. After calling attention to two adverse decisions of the Supreme court of the United States and two of the same kind from the Supreme court of Oregon, it says: "The fifth decision, made by the California Court of Appeals, holds that it is lawful for the Mayor of a city to extort money from restaurant-keepers by threats, and sets free the notorious grafter, Schmitz. Is not this a beautiful record? Does it tend to fortify our confidence in the courts? Does it assure us that they are busy doing justice or suggest that they are doing something else? Touching the Schmitz decision, Judge Dunne, who is not a rash man either in speech or act, accuses the Court of Appeals of something very much like corruption. The members, he says, have friends and relatives among the gang of grafters to which Schmitz belongs. If they were honest men, would they have undertaken to decide his appeal? The truth is that these Judges were put in place by the same power that created Schmitz. They are creatures of the Herrin-Ruef-Calhoun syndicate. Their authority is part of a conspiracy against civilization in California. They were put in office to protect thievery and they fulfill their obligations by giving immunity to thieves." We do not go so far as the Oregonian. If Judges can be elected by such bulldozing methods, and if they can be terrorized by the baser element in society, then indeed is our country in peril. We have seen no attempt to extenuate this calamitous decision. The Los Angeles News puts the case in the following manner: "Not in years has justice received such a jolt as that administered by the District Court of Appeals, and the fact that the members constituting that court are closely related to persons under indictments for participating in bribery cases, subjects the decree to the just suspicion of all honest men. San Francisco in particular, California in general, and the republic at large have suffered great wrong by reason of this reprehensible decision."

Los Angeles has put into new buildings since December, 1889, $112,704,466. During the last year 7700 permits have been issued for new buildings, the valuation being $13,851,154 with a total frontage of 25.23 miles. These figures give but an inadequate idea of the growth of this great metropolis of Southern California. It is the firm conviction of all Southern California that Los Angeles is yet in its infancy. There is no doubt but that it has a great future. How great no one can tell.

Denver has been selected as the place for holding the next Democratic National Convention. This will give the convention "elevated" ideas. There will be nothing "torrid" in their oratory.

It is delightful to see one of our California Congressmen, who about one year ago, under the domination of the dog-racing contingency of San Francisco was running to and fro in a mad frenzy, fairly leaping into the air whenever the word "Japanese" was mentioned, now burning incense to the Mikado, yea, and bringing an appropriation of $250,000 for installing an American exhibit in Tokyo 1912. Ah, that is fine. If that is not meant for repentance, what is it?

Professor Morse Stephens of the University of California strongly favors the Greater San Francisco proposition. He thinks that the combined cities of the bay would number in 1910, 800,000 people. He asserts that the consolidation is inevitable. New York, Cincinnati and Pittsburg are cases in point where consolidation has greatly improved the government and prestige of the city.

The Home.

"There's many a trouble would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in our heart.

"There's many a sorrow would vanish tomorrow
Were we but to furnish the wings;
But sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches all sorts of terrible things."

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

By the Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, in London Chronicle.

New methods and new ideals concerning children have made men question the absolute accuracy of the Old Testament words in Proverbs 22:6: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." I, nevertheless, intend to treat it as an inspired statement, as a declaration of truth. The first thing I desire to say is that training involves an ideal. We are living in an age when even in the Christian church the ideals we have for our children are very low. Too often the aim for our boys is that they shall be educated, gain a position for themselves, and "get on in the world." Too often for our girls we have the ideal that they also shall be educated, refined, and accomplished, and presently, again to use a phrase which, if I could, I would cancel absolutely from the thinking of Christian parents, "get settled." These as ideals are anti-Christian and pagan. I am not undervaluing education. It is the duty of every man to give his children the best education possible. I am not undervaluing position. Let every lad be ambitious to be the best carpenter, the best doctor, the best lawyer in the whole district. Let our girls, in very deed and truth, be educated, cultured and refined; but if these constitute the ultimate, then in what are we removed from pagans?

What, then, should be our ideal? That the child should realize Jesus Christ's estimate of greatness. A man is great if his character is what it ought to be. In the manifesto of the King not a single blessing is pronounced upon having, nor upon doing. All the blessings are upon being. The true ideal toward which we are to move in the training of our children must be the realization of the character upon which Jesus Christ has set the sevenfold chaplet of his benediction. That the boy may be a godly man, that the girl may be one of the King's daughters, is the supreme matter. To neglect that as the ultimate, to lose sight of that as the goal, is to ruin our children by a false love. Next, the training of a child involves personal discipline. You will make your boy what you are, and not what you tell him to be. You cannot expect your boy to be a Christian athlete if you are weak and anaemic in your Christianity. If you neglect prayer, and if the family altar is a thing you can lightly lay aside, your boy will not be likely to erect it in his own home. If I am to train my child, I must see the goal towards which I desire him to press, but I must go that way, too.

Then, again, training involves a recognition of certain facts about the child. First of all, account for it as you will—I care very little about the philosophy, but I care a great deal about the fact—there is enough iniquity in the heart of every child to effect the ruin of the race if it works itself out. I remember this also, that there is not a child born that is not born to the inheritance of the grace of God, and that is far mightier than the forces which are against them. So I have these two things to remember in the training of every child, first of all, the capacity of evil, but beneath it, deeper than it, truer than it, is the capacity for good, and at the disposal of the child for the realization of the good as against the evil, is all the grace of God.

I suppose it is necessary in these days that we should teach children in crowds. Would to God we could escape from it. Every child is a lonely personality, a special individuality. When God made you, he broke the mold, for no two men are alike. You cannot find in any one home two children alike. Train up your family of two, or three, or four, or five, on exactly the same lines, and you may hit the goal in the case of one and miss it in all the rest. No, you must specialize. Every child demands special consideration. We have suffered in every way, socially, politically, and most certainly religiously, by the habit of imagining that we can deal with children in crowds, and treat them all the same way. It cannot be done. For the teaching of certain things which they must know, it is necessary; but when you are going to train a child it is a matter of education rather than instruction. There is all the difference in the world between instructing and educating. To instruct is to build up; to educate is to draw out.

Training must be twofold. It must, first of all, be positive. The children must be taught that they belong to Christ, and led to the point of recognizing this fact and yielding themselves thereto. In the second place, the children must be taught that sin is their enemy, and therefore God's enemy, and it is therefore to be fought perpetually. Our first business is to bring the child into a recognition of its actual relationship to Christ. and a personal yielding thereto. Let it be done easily and naturally. Do not be anxious that your child should pass through any volcanic experience, but as soon as possible the little one should be able to say, "Yes, I love Jesus, and I will be his." It should be as simple as the kiss of the morning upon the brow of the hill, as the distilling of moisture in the dew.

Now we must notice that it is only upon the fulfillment of the conditions enunciated that we may have any right to expect a fulfillment of the promise made. We have no business to expect that our child will fulfill the true purpose of life if we neglect the training of the early days. It may be asserted that the untrained must go wrong. Not necessarily. You may neglect your child, and some godly Sabbath-school teacher may do the work you have neglected. Or it may be said that the wrongly trained must go wrong. Not necessarily. It is not always so. There are children wrongly trained at home who yet at last have found life and its great fulfillment. People sometimes who have been very careless about training their children in godliness, who thought of all things except the supremely needful things, when their children are taken from them, speak of the hope that they will meet them when they cross the border line. Yes, perchance, but your child, if you fed, clothed and educated it, and neglected its relation to God, will be more eager to meet the Sabbath-school teacher who led it to God than to meet you. Spiritual relationships are the final relationships.

With such an ideal, and such a training, and such a promise, the only fear we need have about our children is fear concerning ourselves. It is true that there have been great failures. Why? Children from Christian homes sometimes turn out ill because of the laxity which imagines that a child's happiness consists in self-pleasing, and in having its own will. There is all the difference between letting a child have its own will and training it in its own way. To train a child in its own way crosses the will sometimes. This, however, must never be done with passion. Passion burns to destruction. Reason fires to construction.

Or, it may be, on the other hand, that there is the sternness which forgets the needs of young life. There is the method of the moral policeman. When it is adopted, the boy crosses the threshold and with a sigh of abandonment plunges into every excess of evil.

Said a man to me some years ago: "How is it I have lost my children?" I replied: "I do not see that you have lost your children. They are sitting round your board, most of them, and they respect you." "Oh, yes," he said, "but there is not a boy round my board who trusts me." Then I said to him, more for the instruction of my heart than with the idea that I could help him: "What do you mean?" "Why," he replied, "there is not one of them who makes a confidant of me." I looked the man in the face and said: "Did you ever play marbles with them when they were little?" At once he replied: "Oh, certainly not." And I said: "That is why you lost them."

We do not lose our children when they are seventeen. We lose them when they are seven. You are a good man, and a hard man, and your children know it. They respect you, but they do not trust you, and you lose them. There may be a laxity that is too gentle, a love that is anaemic; but there may be too much iron in your blood, too much earnestness.

How shall we find the happy medium? Be very much and very constantly in comradeship with Christ. If we are going to be so severe as to be true, and so tender as to hold, we must know Christ, the Man who could look right into the soul of a Pharisee and scorch it with his look, and into the eye of a little child and make the child want to come and play with him. We must be much with Christ if we are to be with children. If you do not know Christ, keep your hands off the bairns.

Young People.

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT E. LEE.

Despite the fact that in our great Civil War Gen. Robert E. Lee made the great mistake of fighting on the wrong side, he was a man of matchless integrity, noble impulses and overmastering magnanimity. Evidence of all this is had in many incidents of his life and conduct, one of which is given as follows:

Early in the war, before Lee had risen to the eminence he afterward acquired, he was severely criticised by Gen. Whiting, a man who stood at the head of his class at West Point, and who was considered by all the Confederates a very bright man. One day President Davis called Lee to him for consultation regarding an officer for an important command.

"What do you think of Whiting?" asked Davis.

Lee at once said Whiting was one of the ablest men in the army, and well fitted for the post.

An officer who heard the conversation drew the general aside and said: "Don't you know what unkind things Whiting has been saying about you?"

Lee replied: "I understood that the president desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me."—Ex.

A NOBLE BOY.

A certain boy matriculated in one of the universities of the South. He was poorly clad. When this boy paid his board, tuition and the price of second-hand books, he had just $5 left. At the end of the fourth year he took the "A. B."degree, and the next year the "A. M." degree. His poor, old widowed mother sold one of the plow-horses to pay him through the fifth year. But at the end of that year he sat among the graduates—dressed in plain brown linen coat and pants, and no vest. But he was the honor graduate and at the head of the class. When a beautiful gold medal was handed to him, he stepped from the rostrum and walked straight to the back of the room, where, right by the door, sat a homely old woman in black, and tied the blue ribbon with the great glittering medal around her neck. She buried her wrinkled face in her old drawn hands and wept like a child. It seemed the applause would never die away. And now he is corporation counsel at $6,000 a year, his mother sits happily in the gloamings of a beyond, and the picture of her noble son hangs on the walls of his alma mater.

The little four-year-old daughter of a minister was in attendance upon a wedding which occurred at the parsonage. Her father asked the contracting parties if they would "Love, cherish and defend one another," and pronounced them husband and wife. Three days afterward, in discussing the event with her father, the latter asked, "Katherine, what is a wedding?" To which she gave reply: "Well, papa, it's where a man and woman stand up and promise to love cherries and be friends; then they are married." The same little girl takes her place in the daily devotion, reading her verse from the Bible in order. She read from Isaiah, "Who art thou that fearest continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor?" That word "oppressor" was a new one to her, but she went at it in this fashion: "Who art thou that fearest continually the fury of the professor?"

THINK GENTLY.

Think gently of the erring one;
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gentle to the erring ones;
We may yet lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

—Miss Fletcher.

JESUS ONLY.

Jesus is the way, and the only way, the truth, and the only truth, the life, and the only life. There is none other. Science is good in its place, but it has no power to awaken or develop the spiritual life. One may study science all his life, and his spirit will be dwarfed and dormant unless the light that was kindled on Calvary shall shine in. Reason is good, but reason cannot show us the way of life. Friends may be wise and good, and may offer us all the assistance in their power, but they cannot give us the light of life.

In a Sunday School periodical we are told of a Western farmer, driving home from a distant village one day who lost his way on the prairie. He drove about diligently but fruitlessly searching for the road until night came and found him weary, cold, hungry and almost in despair. Presently he struck a track over which a sleigh had gone before him, and said to himself, "Now I have found the right way." Eagerly listening, he heard sleigh-bells just ahead, and was greatly encouraged. "I will follow that man, he will lead me home," said he. He drove on mile after mile, the road becoming more beaten as he proceeded, but nothing came in sight but the wide waste of prairie. He began to fear that his brain was becoming dizzy, and reason reeling. He urged his weary horse faster and faster until he came up with the man ahead of him, and shouted, "Where are you going?" "I am following you," was the answer that came back.

The two men were lost, and in their bewilderment were following each other round and round in the dark in a circle, and making no progress. They held a hasty consultation, and for the first time it occurred to them to look to the sky. Looking up they saw the north star shining bright and clear. It had been shining there all the time, but they had never thought to look up. Taking this new lamp for a guide, they made a fresh start, and soon arrived at home safely.

There are thousands of men and women lost in this great wilderness world, following each other round in a circle. They are pushing on through the night and the cold, hoping soon to find rest and peace. They are no nearer after twenty years of weary search than they were at first. But all the time there shines a star in the sky, it is the Star of Bethlehem. That star will guide the soul safely to the city of rest. But they never think to look up. They are evermore looking down. Unconsciously we are leading others into error if we fail to follow Christ. We may not aspire to be leaders. We may try not to be leaders, but we are all leading others upward to the light, or downward into the night. Jesus only is our guide.

He alone can correct our spiritual vision. A celebrated artist always kept a few bright fine gems on his easel. To the inquiry as to his reason for doing so, he replied: "I do this to tone up my eyes. Working in pigments impairs the delicate sense of color. By having these pure colors before me to refresh my vision and elevate our spiritual life.—The Christian Advocate.

SOMETHING TO LIVE UP TO.

One who repeated to a friend a word of praise that had been overheard—a high encomium of his work and character, was somewhat surprised at the sudden light that flashed into the strong face.

"Thank you," was the earnest reply, "I'm glad you told me that. It is somethings to live up to."

There was no vain acceptance of the commendation as fully merited; it was only like a bugle call to higher service. That is what such words always prove to any true and earnest spirit. They flash a sharp contrast between the self that appears to others, and what the soul knows of its failures and shortcomings, and humble as no blame could do; but also they inspire to fresh courage and effort; they are "something to live up to."

"A true friend will tell one his faults," is a saying we often hear, but a true friend, if he is wise in the knowledge of human nature, will tell us our virtues. The fact is that in this busy world of ours, with its keen struggle and sharp competition, we are pretty apt to be told our faults by those who are not friends, and to be brought face to face with our mistakes and failures so often that we sometimes lose hope and courage. Whoever has a word of honest praise for another should feel that he holds something which is that other's due, and hasten to pay it. The word of blame may be a goad, but the word of hearty commendation will be "something to live up to" through many a trying hour.—The Parish Visitor.

SPEAK IT OUT.

"Run and tell her, or she may hear it from somebody else," said a young man laughingly to the pretty sister at his side. "There she stands. I will hold your impediment and entertain Fred until you return."

The girl tried to frown upon the speaker, but ended by handing him a bouquet and fan, and moving off toward a severe-looking woman at the opposite side of the room.

"She would not condescend to gossip," he said as both youths looked after her admiringly, and one questioningly; "but she dearly loves to retail a compliment. I believe in every chamber of her brain is stowed away some nice thing she has heard about somebody, to be delicately imparted to the particular person when he or she appears. It was your remark about that lady's classic profile which has just taken my sister away. She does not do it for effect, either. She says it is stark selfishness; she likes to see the pleasure on people's faces."

"That is the reason, then, that I seem to grow an inch taller whenever I talk with her," Fred replied. "It is like 'Alice in Wonderland.' When I have swallowed warnings about my faults, jokes and my blushing, and so-called frankness in general, I wither all up. Your sister makes a shy fellow think he amounts to something."

No wonder she is a popular girl, and that all kinds of persons make opportunities to meet her. She never thinks it her duty to tell people unpleasant truths, or to declare her whole opinion of them, or to carry unkind intelligence. Metaphorically speaking, she never treads on one's toes. She never croaks. She never gives social stabs. She prefers the oil and wine treatment of wounds. She sees no virture in making enemies. She agrees with Oliver Wendell Holmes in thinking that friendship does not authorize one to say disagreeable things. She openly declares that she would rather be loved than hated.

"See now," exclaimed Fred, who had been watching the girl while he was thinking this. "That stern profile is transformed. It does pay to speak out the nice little things one thinks."—From "If I Were a Girl Again."

WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

What would you take for that soft little head
Pressed close to your face at time for bed;
For that white dimpled hand in your own held tight,
And the dear little eyelids kissed down for the night?
What would you take?

What would you take for that smile in the morn,
Those bright dancing eyes, and the face they adorn;
For the sweet, little voice that you hear all day
Laughing 'nd cooing—yet nothing to say?
What would you take?

What would you take for those pink little feet,
Those round, chubby cheeks and that mouth so sweet;
For the wee, tiny fingers, and little soft toes,
That wrinkly little neck, and that funny little nose?
Now, what would you take?

—Mrs. T. D. Prosser in Good Housekeeping.

MARY'S WHITE ROSES

Mary was in bed when papa and mamma got home from their drive to the country. So she did not see the roses grandma sent her until she went down stairs the next morning.

"O, how beautiful!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of the great bowl of creamy blossoms on the sitting-room table.

She bent to breathe in their fragrance, She did love roses so much.

"Yes," said mamma, "I never saw more beautiful roses, and," she added smiling, "they are all yours."

"O! I guess grandma thought they would look nice on the table at my party this afternoon."

"Yes, dear, there are so many they will decorate the table nicely."

It was the 30th of May and Mary's birthday. At the breakfast table by her plate she found several pretty gifts. After breakfast mamma said, "I must go down town with papa, dear. But I shall be home in time to see that everything is ready for your party."

"Can't I go, too?"

"No, dear, it would tire you too much."

The little girl felt lonesome after mamma had gone. She played with her dolls awhile, and read a little time. But she was too excited over her party to settle long at one thing.

She went into the sitting-room to admire her roses. How lovely they were! How fine the table would be with them! It was a long time to wait until afternoon. Presently she took one of her dolls and went out into the yard and sat on a bench. The kitchen door was open. She could hear Mrs. Brady, the laundress, talking to cook.

"I want to get done by twelve o'clock," she said, "Jenny and I are going out to the cemetery this afternoon."

"Sure enough," replied cook, "it is Decoration-day. Are you going to take flowers?"

"I'm worrying about that. Jenny is set on taking some, but I'm afraid I can't spare the money. The florists charge so much for them." And Mary could hear the great sigh which the laundress gave.

"I hate to disappoint poor Jenny, she's so set on taking some."

"It's too bad," returned cook.

Mary thought so, too. Jenny was such a nice little girl. She came sometimes with her mother, and Mary always liked to play with her.

Presently cook said: "It's half-past eleven."

"I'll be done in ten minutes now," said the laundress. "I think I'll go to a florist and see how many flowers I can get for a quarter. I can't spare more, for there's our car-fare to the cemetery and back."

Mary remembered that the flowers mamma had bought once to take to the cemetery cost seven dollars.

"Poor Mrs. Brady. It was too bad." The little girl wandered into the house again. As she saw her roses a sudden thought came to her. She would give some of them to Mrs. Brady. But then there would not be so many for the table. She stood to think about it. "No, I'll give them all to her."

Just then mamma came home. Mary told her what she thought of doing.

"Why," said mamma, "that's a lovely thing to do. I am so glad you thought of it."

EMILY S. WINDSOR,
In Western Christian Advocate.

ALSIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

"Dear little Alsie," grandma wrote, "you must write and tell me what you wish for a birthday present." And Alsie thought and thought, for it was a very important matter, and she did not want to make a mistake. For a while she ran her pencil over the page without making a mark, but finally she wrote:

"Dear Grandma: I believe I want a little gold necklace more than anything else. It costs ten dollars. I believe I want it as much as mamma wants a new set of teaspoons."

Grandma smiled when she read the letter; but she sent Alsie ten dollars, telling her she could buy the necklace or anything else. "Because I know," wrote Grandma, "that sometimes little people change their minds."

"I don't change my mind when I've got ten dollars to buy a gold necklace," said Alsie, and she ran off to the jeweler's. But, while she was standing at the counter waiting for the clerk, she saw laid out in the case before her the prettiest set of teaspoons, and she thought, "I wish mamma had them!"

"The price is ten dollars," said the clerk, "but they're worth it." And he took out the spoons.

"I believe," she said softly, "I'll take the spoons."

It was a happy little girl who ran home carrying the teaspoons, a happy little girl who handed them to her surprised mamma, and a happy little girl who wrote:

"Dear Grandma: I know you won't care when I tell you that I spent the ten dollars buying lovely little teaspoons for mamma and all of us, instead of getting the necklace just for myself. I send you a thousand thanks from everybody and a special birthday kiss from your little granddaughter,

ALSIE."

And grandma did not mind at all.—Louise R. Baker in Jewels.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR CRITICISMS.

A writer says "A few years ago I heard a sermon from a young man just beginning to preach. Had it been delivered in a class-room for criticism, it would have been severely handled. But it was a gospel sermon, having the throb of real life in it; and it touched among others, the heart of a bright girl of fifteen. After service I met her parents at the church door, and walked home with the three members of the family. We had gone only a little way, when the father remarked that he thought that young fellow should go back to the farm, if he could not preach better than that. Thereupon the daughter felt ashamed at being wrought up by such an inferior discourse and so banished the seriousness from her mind. She is now about twenty, fond of trashy novels and worldly amusements. Had that father, instead of looking at the sermon from the standpoint of a critic, judged of it from the standpoint of his daughter's need of Christ, and followed her serious impressions with serious words and importunate prayers of his own, he might today have been able to look back over six years spent by her in loving and serving the Lord."

—Selected.

NOT SELFISH.

Selfishness is a weed that chokes many a flower of Christian graces. What if our Thanksgiving is selfish? What if we eat and are merry and others are sad and lonely? Our heavily ladened tables only for ourselves and nothing for the poor who stand without? The larger happiness is for him who shares his blessings with others. 'Tis a paradox, but 'tis true that Christian joys multiply in proportion as they are shared with others. And if Thanksgiving is to bring us the greater benedictions of that day it will be because we shut from our hearts every chance of selfishness and take therein as much as possible the sorrows and privations of others.

BLOWING HER HORN.

Teddy had never seen a cow, being a city boy. While on a visit to the country he walked out across the fields with his grandpa. There they saw a cow and Teddy's curiosity was greatly excited.

"What is that, grandpa?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why, that's only a cow," was the reply.

"And what are those things on her head?" was the next question.

The two walked on. Presently the cow mooed loud and long. Teddy was amazed. Looking back he exclaimed, "Which horn did she blow, grandpa?"—Ex.

VAIN REGRETS.

Passive regret is only an addition to your fault. * * * Raise yourself out of the dust, and dry your eyes that you may see more clearly. Endure your misery like a man. God will remit your fault; do you make reparation, profit from the experience, sow and toil, watch and pray, march and fight. Woe to those who stagnate in sterile repentance and enervating tears! They pass the half of their days lamenting the faults of the other half, and their life falls back useless into the abyss of the past.—Charles Wagner.

NOBLE DEEDS.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of our meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MY GUIDE.

I little see, I little know,
  Yet can I fear no ill;
He who hath guided me till now
  Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
  Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
  And given me strength to bear.

I know not what beyond may be,
  But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die,
  And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn;
  I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
  And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
  As lean in faith I must;
The lesson of my life hath been
  A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
  With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
  The music of my psalm.

—Frederick L. Mosmer.

GOD AND THE EVENING OF LIFE.

After the storm comes the sunshine and the calm. After the strenuousness of youth and manhood come the years of calm and beautiful worship and communion with God. The light has come, questions have given way to faith, and our doubts have resolved themselves into certainties. We are no longer filled with fear; we approach God with filial love, and out of hearts filled with loving gratitude we bow before him in humble adoration and worship. We are no longer tormented by thoughts of punishment awaiting us for duties left undone or evil done, for God has "blotted out all our transgressions," and through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ we have a knowledge within that God is patient, loving and kind. He "remembers that we are dust," and by mercy and justice God has pardoned our sins. "By grace are we saved."

Through the mists of the years, the battles of life, we have come to the resting-place before we enter into the great Beyond, and, lingering on the verge of eternity, we gaze into the future, desiring to part the veil asunder, and enter into the life of the blessed. Earth is daily receding, death has lost all its terrors, the future life beckons us away, and, looking intently, we behold God, our God and Father, with outstretched hands, standing just within the portals of the heavenly home, eager to welcome us to the shining home of our loved ones gone before. The poet sang the truth, and we now feel it true as never before:

"I shall steer my bark where the waves roll dark,
  I shall cross a stranger sea;
But I know I shall stand on that bright strand,
  Where my loved ones are waiting for me."

Here the conception of God has become a source of comfort. Long since we have repented of our sins; long since we have ceased to doubt his eternal kindness; long since we have committed to his care our eternal destiny, and are patiently waiting the summons, "Come up higher."

From the eminence of old age we are thus prepared for the great change, so that when the voice is still, the eyes are closed, the hands folded across the breast, and the silver locks carefully parted for the last time, we look into the face of the dead, and see the heavenly smile thereon, we, the living, are given a new and better conception of the eternal fitness of things; and instead of tears of bitterness, we weep tears of joy and gladness, because we know that whatever there may have been of joy in the present life, they have gone to a more joyous sphere, and whatever there may have been of sorrow here, there shall be no more, for God shall "wipe all tears from their eyes," and they shall rejoice without fear. The best conception of God has come to us through the light of knowledge, and in the latter days of the world we know God better, love him in a purer way, and worship him in faith. Out of the past shadows may arise, but as for us, we will cling to the present attitude of love, mercy and truth as the new and higher conception of God the Father.—Christian Work.

THE REWARD IS IN THE DOING.

I have a friend who, for many years, was connected with the naval observatory in Washington. A couple of years ago, when he was retired, I said to him that I always looked upon an astronomer with a kind of awe,—he seemed to me to be so near to the Almighty, at His elbow seeing Him work, as it were, and my friend smiled.

"I have not looked through a telescope at a star in a dozen years," he said. "All the years I have been in the service, I have been carrying on certain calculations that were begun before I was a man, and that will go on years after I am dead. When they are finished at last, we shall know something worth knowing. Meanwhile, I and the rest of us have been but links in the long chain upon whose trusty work depends the final value of it all. That I have tried to do my part faithfully must be my reward."

What greater reward could any man ask than this,—to be a link, however humble, in the chain which links our world of men with God's Kingdom on high, and helps prepare this earth for His coming in His own good time?—Jacob Riis.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

Only think, too, how much may be achieved in a little while. The atonement for the world of perishing sinners was accomplished between the sixth hour and the ninth hour on darkened Calvary. That flash of Divine electricity from the Holy Spirit which struck Saul of Tarsus to the ground was the work of an instant, but the great electric burner of the converted Paul has blazed over all the world for centuries. A half-hour's faithful preaching of Jesus by a Methodist exhorter brought the boy Spurgeon to a decision, and launched the mightiest ministry of modern times. Every Christian can testify that the best decisions and deeds of his or her life turned on the pivot of a few minutes. We ought to be misers of our minutes! If on a dying bed they are so precious, why not in the fuller days of our healthful energies? Our whole eternity will hinge on the "little while" of probation here. As a convert exclaimed in a prayer-meeting: "It was only a moment's work, when I was in earnest." May God help us all to be faithful for "a little while;" and then comes the unfading crown.—

HAPPINESS IN WORKING.

Work is a secret of happiness. It saves the heart from being overcharged. The emotions which otherwise would lie pent up to the hurt of the life find vent and are wrought out in activities which bless others, while they produce health and wholesomeness in him who performs them. No worse mistake can be made by one in grief than to drop life's duties and tasks out of the hands and put one's self off from the common duties and ministries of life. God's comfort is not found in this way. Joy comes not back to him who nourishes his sorrow in idle brooding; it is found only in the earnest and faithful doing of every duty.

TEMPERANCE ASSEMBLY.

Christian Science Hall, Sacramento and Scott Streets, San Francisco, California, March 17-19, 1908.

Announcement:—

We take pleasure in announcing the Temperance Assembly which is to be held in San Francisco, March 17-19, 1908.

Judge Samuel R. Artman of Lebanon, Indiana, who rendered the now famous court decision concerning Civil Law and Government and the Liquor Traffic, will be the guest of honor and the chief speaker in the Assembly. Following the Assembly in San Francisco Judge Artman will fill twelve convention engagements in other cities of central California.

The end sought by the Assembly is that it shall be a VOICE to California, an APPEAL for nobler citizenship. It will have upon its programs and in its councils jurists, editors, educators, clergymen, labor leaders, merchants, manufacturers, politicians, and others. The subject is worthy of and demands the best statesmanship of the hour.

The liquor traffic is now under the indictment that it is commercially a bad investment for society and a violator of the fundamental principle of civil law and government. The case is having and is to have a frank and just hearing in the great court of the people —the court of last resort.

Permit us to give you briefly the larger analysis of the subject:—

a, Our leading statisticians show in cold fingers that the revenues derived from the liquor traffic are far less in amount than the cost of pauperism and crime imposed by the traffic upon the Commonwealth.

b, Organized enterprise everywhere increasingly demands sobriety in all its operatives.

c, The public press is rapidly uniting for the great argument against commercial waste and civic negligence. Social sobriety is the theme and goal of the best in the editorial discussion.

d, Labor sees that it cannot ascend to the attainment of its best hopes with the burden upon it of the public drinking place.

e, The courts are interpreting anew the manual of civil law and life. They are declaring that the liquor traffic must cease under the law, for there are no rights apart from righteousness.

f, Temperance forces old and new are lining up in a new fellowship for industrial, commercial and civic defense against a common foe.

g, The liquor press freely announces the doom of its own cause. It proclaims the tardiness, indifference, division and selfishness of the allies in the traffic.

h, Sobriety now has control of half the territory of the United States to the irreparable trade loss of the liquor traffic.

i, There is a marked shrinkage in the gross income of the trade. The cost of defense is increasingly great. Under the remorseless reign of the common laws of trade capital has begun to shift into other forms of investment.

j, At last the liquor men are pleading for mercy. Among themselves and before the public they plead for the moral improvement of the saloon. They plead that they themselves are necessary benefactors and supporters of the state and the school.

k, A mighty movement of the national conscience is demanding the suppression of the saloon and a new commercial thrift with social purity.

THE ASSEMBLY will VOICE to California the message of facts and the just appeal to conscience from the truth and testimony therein.

To all who seek the higher good of California we extend the invitation to attend the ASSEMBLY and participate freely in all its councils, its conferences and its popular meetings.

Yours in behalf of the noblest citizenship,

HENRY J. McCOY, President.
A. C. BANE, Vice-President.
H. H. BELL, Vice-President.
A. S. JOHNSON, Treasurer.
LOUIS J. SAWYER, Secretary.
HUGH W. GILCHRIST, Chairman Presidential Committee.

RIGHT ECONOMY.

There is a noble economy of the deepest life. There is a watchful reserve which keeps guard over the powers of profound anxiety and devoted work, and refuses to give them away to any first applicant who comes and asks. Wealth rolls up to the door and says, "Give me your great anxiety;" and you look up and answer, "No, not for you; here is a little half-indifferent desire which is all that you deserve." Popularity comes and says, "Work with all your might for me;" and you reply, "No; you are not of consequence enough for that. Here is a small fragment of energy which you may have, if you want it; but that is all." Even Knowledge comes and says, "Give your whole soul to me;" and you must answer once more, "No; great, good, beautiful as you are, you are not worthy of a man's whole soul. There is something in a man so sacred and so precious that he must keep it in reserve till something even greater than the desire of knowledge demands it." But then at last comes One far more majestic than them all—God comes with His supreme demand for goodness and for character and then you open the doors of your whole nature and bid your holiest and profoundest devotion to come trooping forth. Now you rejoice that you kept something which you would not give to any lesser lord. Now here is the deep in life which can call to the deep in you and find its answer.—Phillips Brooks.

Craig Desk Company
Full Assortment of
OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS
Lowest Prices.
46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—Alfred Tennyson.

If a short man married a widow, what would his friends call him? A widow's mite.

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

The Sower Has No Second Chance
Good sense says make the most of the first.
FERRY'S SEEDS
have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—merit tells.
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908
tells the whole Seed Story—sent FREE for the asking. Don't sow seeds till you get it.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS
(State Accredited List).
Sixteenth year opened last September.
A special class will be opened in January.
Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE
DEALERS IN
PAPER
San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. LoS Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
1400-1450 Foruth St., Cor. Michigan.

Miss Goitrox —George, dear, I'm afraid our wedding will have to be postponed.

Mr. Owings—Impossible darling . My creditors won't stand for it.—Chicago News.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30Jun05

VOL. VI BERKELEY, CAL., JANUARY 30, 1908. No. 5

LOVE TELLS ME SO.

James Buckham.

A life of baffled toil goes down;
But God, who heeds not fortune's frown,
That life shall crown.
How do I know?
Love tells me so!

A heart is broken like a reed;
But God shall stoop unto its need,
And heal indeed.
How do I know?
Love tells me so!

For him who hath or pain or care
The night must pass, and, here or there,
The morn rise fair.
How do I know?
Love tells me so!
—From "A Wayside Altar."

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

Statistics for 1907 give the number of Roman Catholic adherents (or population) in California as 368,875. New York leads among the states, with 2,650,000 adherents. Illinois stands next, with 1,468,644; Pennsylvania ranks third, with 1,404,604; Massachusetts, one of the old Puritan strongholds, stands next, with 1,213,121. The Roman Catholic population of the United States is 13,887,426. Roman Catholicism has a large army of adherents the world over; but it is a waning force in comparison with Protestantism.

Mizpah Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, has a young girl member who is of the right stamp. She believes in the prayer-meeting, and she believes also in "Early to bed and early to rise." Recently she went to bed especially early, forgetting that it was prayer-meeting night. When it came to her mind that it was the evening for the prayer-meeting, she arose and dressed and betook herself hurriedly to the accustomed place of meeting. She was late, of course, but she was there. It is narrated concerning the venerable Bede, a sainted man of early British days, that he was especially anxious in his last days to be in his accustomed place in the sanctuary, remarking at one time, "The angels will be there, and they will say, 'Where is Bede?' "

A business house in Los Angeles put an advertisement in a daily paper stating that a man was wanted as night watchman. Early the next morning there were 100 applicants for the place, many of whom would gladly have taken it at less than the $50 a month which was offered, having been without work for many weeks. Bethlehem Institute, Los Angeles, is feeding a thousand hungry persons every week, and the Salvation Army fifteen hundred. The latter furnishes a bowl of good soup for two cents, but it is stated that many men do not have the two cents to pay for it. Of course these conditions are not peculiar to Los Angeles. From all over the country comes word of thousands upon thousands of worthy persons out of employment, in addition to the vast army of unworthy. Among the cities on the Pacific coast Seattle, in all probability, takes the lead in the number of unemployed. When we think how near to starvation many of our working people stand, we rejoice that there are many things foreshadowing co-operative industrial system that will make it possible for the average worker to lay up something against the days of adversity. The employees who bought stock in the United States steel corporation in 1903 at $82.50 a share have received since then in dividends $125 on each share. This is somewhat as it should be. We say **somewhat.** It is a step in the right direction. Bigger steps in that direction will be taken before many years roll around.

The Rev. Joseph Rowell announced at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday that he was to take departure that evening for Palestine, having a great desire to view the land where the Savior lived his sacrificial life nearly two thousand years ago. Tender, sympathetic words were spoken then in the ears of this Christian veteran who has given his life since 1849 to work among the seamen of the Pacific coast; he and his interests were devoutly carried to the throne of grace, and the closing hymn of the meeting that day was "God be with you till we meet again." Mr. Rowell is in his 88th year. Will he close his eyes to earthly things and scenes in that land, the hills and valleys of which were long ago trodden by the feet of the Master whom he has ever so ardently loved and so nobly served? Or, will it be given to him to come back and end his days here, where he has builded his life into the lives of people all around the world. A large circle of friends hope it will be the latter. Only God knows which it will be.

Persistent repetition is, for the larger part of mankind, the one guarantee of truth." So writes Professor Dulles of Auburn Theological Seminary in his recent book, "The True Church," which we review this week. "It is not an altogether dignified parallel, yet it is a parallel to the assertion by this or that body of Christians that it is **The** Church, when we say that the advertisement, that 'Royal Baking Powder' is alone pure,' is worth millions to the company making it, for precisely the same reason that many are persuaded that the so-called 'catholic' churches are alone churches. 'If it is not an Eastman, it is not a kodak,' is precisely like what is said by some Christians, and with the same effect, that many accept the assertion as true,—'If it is not Episcopal, it is not a church.' That Pears' soap has special cleansing power is so impressed on the Anglo-Saxon imagination by continual representation, that multitudes would think themselves unwashed if if it had not been used. We must regard this frailty of human nature, and the ease with which assured assertion is regarded as equivalent to proof when a church claims that it is **'Catholic'** or 'The **True** Church.' " At different times in the past we have thought of the power and influence of persistent repetition of the matter of baptism by immersion in the churches of the Disciples of Christ—usually designated as "Christian." We have known many persons to be won to that belief and communion simply through the persistent repetition of the thought, the dogma, that immersion was the primitive mode of baptism, and the only valid mode. Other churches in the communities which we have in mind rarely had sermons on baptism, but the preachers in the Disciple churches hammered away at it year in and year out, until they firmly riveted the immersion idea into hundreds of minds which accepted it for the same reason that millions of people have accepted Royal baking powder and Pears' soap—not because they **knew** it to be true as they knew other things, but because the preacher constantly asserted it to be true.

"AS HE THAT SERVETH."

"As He That Serveth" is the title of a forty-eight-page pamphlet containing articles written at various times by the late F. B. Perkins for The Pacific and the Pacific Presbyterian.

The first article gives the book its title. There are others on the following subjects: The Sanctification of the Commonplace; The Sign of the Cross; The Case of the Spree; Forgiveness and Fear; The Paramount Duty; Atmosphere; This Do in Remembrance of Me; Koinonia—Communio—Fellowship; Our Spirituality and Our Individual Relations with God. All are valuable articles—of far more worth than a great deal that is published in ways not so unassuming. By request these articles have been reprinted by Mrs. Perkins in this combined form for friends. Introductory to the series there is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Perkins to his class at Andover Theological Seminary on its 40th anniversary. It tells of joy in the gospel ministry. We quote from it:

"Forty years of service as an 'ambassador of Christ!' Can it be? He has been a good master, a gracious, glorious sovereign; and the joy of my heart is that he has counted me worthy, putting and keeping me in the ministry. I wish I had been more faithful to him. I wish I had lived constantly nearer to him, where I could look into his eyes and read his mind more fully. But I thank God that I am what I am. I thank him that he has revealed so much of himself to me, and that I have been permitted to tell to others what I have learned of his goodness and of his power to save. Sickness has entered largely as a factor into my experience during these forty years. Sometimes for months and even for years I have been shut off from the privilege of public testimony to the truth in Jesus. But these periods have not been lost time. Out of each I have come, as I think, with clearer apprehensions of his grace, and of his ability to satisfy every longing heart and to fill every hungry heart with gladness. Never was my hold on the great truths of redemption so strong, my joy in them so great, or my conviction of their triumphant progress so clear as today. Our God is marching on! I believe it. Every knee shall bow in the name of the Lord Jesus. I am sure of it. I am coming, practically, to read the history of the world, and specifically of our own times, as a history of redemption. The world was made for Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ for the world. They cannot always be kept apart. Those closing visions of the Revelation are a picture of what lies just before us. I have never been so full of confidence in the salvation of mankind—that is, of society, as distinguished from a remnant—as today."

It was in 1898 that Mr. Perkins thus confessed to his classmates of forty years before the joy of the life in Christ. It was in November, 1906, that he passed to be forever with him whom he so greatly loved and so faithfully served all his years.

As we look over the pages of this pamphlet and note his words here and there, there come recollections of his helpfulness, and of his great desire to be more helpful.

The article on "As He That Serveth" was based on the story of "The Lure of the Labrador Wild,"—that fateful expedition into the unknown depths of that great wild Northland by Hubbard and Wallace and their faithful half-breed Indian attendant. The keynote of the life of George Elson, the Cree Indian, during those remarkable experiences, is found in his reply when starvation was imminent and the question of turning back was put to him: "Oh, I'd like to turn back; and I think it safest, but I'm goin' to stick to you fellers, and I'm goin' where you go." And when in the days of their greatest extremity, when one lay dead—though he did not know it—and the hope of the other rested only in him, with fast freezing feet he struggled on, thinking not of self, but of 'them fellers up there in the snow.' Our friend, Mr. Perkins, took this incident, and from it wrote:

"Do you know of anything more heroic than the picture of that humble woodman, himself gripped by death, but ignoring his own personal needs in a sublimely sacrificial devotion to his comrades? It was more than grand; it was Christ-like and Christ inspired. The spirit of the cross was there, for Elson was a Christian trophy won by some unknown missionary at a faraway port. And the voice which comes to us out of those wilds is the same to which we shall listen as we gather on Sunday at the sacramental table." And then finally in conclusion: "Our office is one with that of the Master. That is the genuine missionary spirit. Through such devotion alone are the waste places of the earth to be reclaimed. We are to be among men as those that serve; and service for us means just such homely duties of practical righteousness as made up the life of the Master; just such a taking up and heartily doing the work which lies next to us, as has characterized all the heroes of the cross, and as places the name of George Elson among the successors of Israel's first heroic three."

The lesson which our brother would have us learn from "The Case of the Spree" is that quickly the cry of the lowliest may reach the ear of Omnipotence and move the arm that moves the world. "It is of course optional," he says, "with any one to accept or reject the assurance which both promises and illustration join to render possible. If he wishes to live in the cellar when the bright and sunlighted rooms are waiting his occupancy, he can do so; only let him not wonder at others who prefer the windows looking out toward heaven, and who find their lives thus made all gladness in the sunshine of the ord."

Gone for more than a year, and yet not gone! This is our thought concerning this beloved brother as we turn the pages of this little book. Glad will many be that the loved ones who yet tarry here have sent it forth on its way of service.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.

By the Rev. Benjamin Chappell, Tokyo.

During the war with Russia a few foreigners and Japanese in Tokyo organized the Council of the Friends of Peace and Arbitration. Its members were one in their belief that "all war is contrary to the teaching and spirit of Jesus Christ." They could not imagine the Man of Nazareth commander on a battlefield or standing by the shore and saying, as the enemy's ship went down, "That mine was in exactly the right place." What He could not approve they could not. So, while others shouted with the shouting crowds, they could but suffer with their suffering Lord. They were such persons as are called visionaries, but all know that they who in their day were accounted extremists helped to lay the foundations of our highest civilization.

They knew that nothing could be done toward peace while the nation was at war, so they prepared,

by careful thought and consultation, for opportunities when the war should end. They saw that, for largest success, the movement should be in Japanese hands, and that it could not hope for wide favor unless upon a somewhat different platform from the council's principle, that all war is wrong. They also remembered that war is inconsistent not only with Christianity, but with the ethics of the East; that Confucius said, "Within the four seas all are brothers;" that Mencius taught "Love brings under its sway whatever hinders its power;" that Laotsze wrote, "Recompense enmity by doing good;" that the Buddha taught, "Never in this world does hatred cease by hatred. Hatred ceases by love." Peace, unweaponed, conquers every wrong." A basis was therefore needed broad enough to include all who desired the settlement of misunderstandings by other means than the arbitrament of the sword. So, on May 18, 1906, anniversary of The Hague Conference, the Japan Peace Society was organized; the Hon. S. Ebara, president, Judge Watauabe, vice-president, and many others of wide influence united in the purpose "to secure and maintain the permanent and universal peace of the world by fostering intimate relations among nations and harmonious feelings among races, and especially by urging the use of peaceable means in settling international disputes."

Two months ago the Oriental Peace Society, another organization, held its first public meeting in Kyoto. The latter of two announced purposes of this new organization—to manifest to the West the peace-loving nature and ideals of the Japanese and to prevent war with the United States—gives us pause, especially when accentuated by "the long and able address" of a university professor of law. "He showed, by a minute discussion of reasons offered to explain recent events, that the only explanation is race prejudice. He maintained that the troubles are only just beginning; that the problem will grow graver until Oriental emigrants are placed on a basis of equality of treatment with those from Europe. One purpose of the society is to bring this about without appealing to the sword. It was evident, however, that the speaker was not sanguine of success."

We are face to face with an immense question, the greatest of centuries. India and China rising, with Japan, to national and Oriental consciousness, and the Pacific a mere Hellespont, a ferry! Is the goal an acceptance of universal brotherhood, with content so large as to exclude race discrimination? Is the day really coming when statesmen will advocate measures seemingly disadvantageous to their own country, but for the best interests of mankind?

He would be a daring prophet who should attempt to foretell the next ten years of the Orient. But this is certain: no ministry in Tokyo could live a month that would, in any slightest way, admit Japanese inferiority to any other people beneath the sun. When under extra-territoriality, how the nation chafed and galled until that mark of inferiority was forever removed! And now? The American press is rejoiced and surprised because, instead of limiting, Japan may wholly stop undesired emigration. But it fails to see, beneath this possible settlement of the vexed question, the self-respecting dignity that declines to have a few received on sufferance. That would not be a settlement.

What is right is a large question that needs patience and high thinking, but when seen the fear is whether this nation will be Christian enough to do it. Even if the Japanese could be and were given a thrashing, that would not settle anything. Of no nation under the sun is it more true than of them that "Nothing is settled until it is settled right."

On the morning after Port Arthur's retrocession, I could almost feel the air palpitate with suppressed rage as Japanese friends quietly said to me, "It is not right." And with the same indignation and wrath all Japan trembled that day and until, in the old way, they made it right. When, during those terrific months, the Occidental opened his daily paper, he asked, with increasing tension, Will Port Arthur fall? But the Japanese never asked that question, never? "Port Arthur **must** fall," they said.

And these men who hate war, yet have displayed such noble qualities while engaged in it, whose centuries of training have made it natural to sink self utterly in any cause espoused, they are to be re-enforcements, leaders in the world movement for international peace: "Something heroic which will appeal to men as universally as war does, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual selves as war is obviously incompatible."

Japan and America will then be rivals only in the early meaning of the word, dwellers on opposite shores, the ocean not for separation, but for union, each the other's friend and helper. Thus the manifest Divine purpose shall be fulfilled, that each shall give to the other something, not material only, but of the highest, which the other lacks, and together bring in a higher civilization than either could reach alone; for not only they without us, but also we without them shall not be made perfect.

A SERMON FOR STUDENTS.

By Rev. Henry Kingman, D.D.

(We know whereof we speak when we say that there is a fine atmosphere morally, religiously and intellectually in two Southern California colleges—Occidental and Pomona. We give our readers herewith a taste of what the students at Pomona get from the Rev. Dr. Kingman—the pastor of the town and college church at Claremont, the seat of Pomona College We hope to have ere long something from Occidental. —Editor.)

John 17:3: "This is life eternal that they should know thee, the only true God, and him whom thou didst send, even Jesus Christ."

A college course is a way of life. We have come up here, as students, that we may get a deeper hold on life's possibilities. We may not have thought of this aim, but we may be sure that our parents did, and in any case it is the real purpose that brings us here.

Some of you read, in the newspapers, of that last Nevada miner to make his fortune, who is seeing life and trying to burn up his roll in Chicago. And it is a pathetic story, so helplessly limited is he in his ways of spending it, because his own life is so circumscribed and meagre. As he says, he counts on spending $800 or $900 a night in the hotel barroom, having a good time with his friends. But when he has had all the good times of this sort he can stand, he is pretty nearly at the end of his resources. Travel would be a bore; art and music and books are an unfamiliar world; philanthropy, except for giving huge tips to bellboys, is an utter stranger; and the deep delight of a lover of

nature in forest and mountain is no more for him than for a poet of the eighteenth century.

He is a type of a multitude of men and women whose life, most often through no fault of theirs, is cut down to a range of activities and enjoyments pitifully scant and starved. Think by contrast what it would mean to many men and women in this audience to have $50,000 to spend outright, as they might most enjoy its spending. The difference rudely measures the disparity in the richness and fullness of their hold on life and his.

You know Herbert Spencer's definition of life. How he made the thought familiar that life is simply the adjustment of inner to outer relations. You poke a piece of seaweed with a stick, and there is no response; it has no adjustment at all to the stimulus of touch from the outer world; but you poke a sea-anemone on the rock close by, and instantly it shrinks into itself, as if afraid and hurt. It responds to that stimulus which the kelp cannot feel; it has climbed up the scale of life. And so, on and up life climbs, as new senses and new capacities develop, opening up new regions in the outer world, until we come to the wide, rich, marvelously varied life of man.

But even here the degree of adjustment varies infinitely. Here is the Helen Keller of a few years ago, in her vacant world of stillness and the dark; while now, the same woman, she is all tremulously alive and responsive to whole worlds of perception and spiritual appreciation that once did not exist for her, and that are still closed to so perfect a manly physique, for example, as that of the latest prize fighter of our day.

And it is because our life consists not only in chest measure, and muscle, and wind, and the number of days that the human machine can hold out, but in the completeness of our response to all of God's great universe that human sense can know, it is because of this that we come up to college. We want life—not only the pleasures of eating and drinking, of money-getting and spending, but the richest, widest, most far-reaching possession and enjoyment of all that is possible for a human spirit.

So, little by little, as student years go on, our knowledge widens and our senses open to new worlds that once were not for us. Science unfolds to us world after world of wonder. Literature throws open wide doors leading into hitherto undiscovered countries, and history and economics and sociology relate us to the busy, seething world of men, and awaken us to keen interests that touched us as children not at all. Psychology and philosophy yield glimpses of truth more fascinating still, that lead out thought into regions where, but for this new stimulus, we had never imagined that any footpaths led for human feet.

Year by year we are accumulating knowledge, not for knowledge's own sake—which were a dreary thing—but for the sake of the steadily expanding life that knowledge gives, as our capacities move steadily forward into adjustment, into relation, with the great world of our environment. We are growing every day.

Now it is quite evident, is it not, that there is a great difference in the importance of those various fields of reality with which expanding knowledge brings us in touch. You might be quite ignorant of botany, for example, and yet not have your life seriously crippled; as it would be if you knew nothing of the long procession of human history. I might be quite blind and unresponsive to the wonders of the world of electrical phenomena, and still not suffer every day from a starved soul as I should suffer if the literature of great minds were a closed book to me. And, indeed, one might be ignorant of all the studies of a college course, and yet not be so beggared in the first principles of life as was that little blind girl for whom any strong affection, any deep sentiment, was impossible.

We recognize instantly that to be poor in soul, to be dull and unresponsive in spirit, is to be more stunted and starved in life than to be ignorant of whole worlds of the facts of science. So when we come to college to study, to learn, to enrich and deepen life through knowledge, the importance of our studies and of our attainments is in proportion to their grip on our soul—to their education, their drawing-out of our spirit. A year's hard work in memorizing facts that left us uninterested and unresponsive, would be a year's hard work mostly wasted. Life is what we are after, and the knowledge that opens to us the widest reach and scope of life is the knowledge that we most want.

Here is our aim in coming up to college—to know, and through knowing to live. And we most want to know what is richest in its yield of life.

In the light of that fact, listen to this word of Jesus, spoken to us students of today: "This is life eternal, that they should know thee."

You can find men who are ashamed of religion, as though it were somehow unworthy of a student, or at least remote from his interests. As a matter of fact, if Jesus spoke the truth, there is nothing to which a student's aim is more vitally related. If it is the enlargement of life we are after, there is no other field of knowledge that lays such tremendous hold upon the spirit, rousing it, enriching it, quickening its powers, and relating it to realities that in every age have nerved the soul to its intensest, noblest activity. To come up to college to study, to know, and then to turn one's back carelessly on that very field of knowledge that pulsates with a life unquenchable, illimitable—the knowledge of God—that, for a student, is the fatal blunder.

And that is why, doubtless to the astonishment of some of you, this is a Christian college, not in name, but in a tremendous earnestness and honesty. It stands for high-grade work, for an honest education along lines of broad culture; but it recognizes the fact, written over and over in thousands of years of human struggle, that in a man's adjustment with God is the knowledge that most quickens and ennobles the spirit, and most yields the life for which the complete man has always hungered. And that this adjustment to the fact of God does not interfere with the scholarly or scientific attitude, but inevitably raises to their highest power and efficiency all the mind's capacities for mastering and discerning truth. If any feel that here in Pomona we somehow mix up religion with scholarship, we admit it, not with apology, but with unhesitating candor—because you cannot separate the two without doing violence to human nature, and stunting the richest powers of the soul.

I would only ask you to consider two things, very briefly:

First. This field of knowledge of which Jesus spoke; and, second, the life to which it leads.

To know God! I shall not try to prove that this is possible; I take it this morning for granted. I assume that you agree with me in what I perfectly believe,

that Jesus knew of what he spoke, and that a man may know God. He may know man, his anatomy, his psychology, his sociology, and may vastly enlarge his own range of life by doing so. But even man is not the most pervasive or the most enduring fact in our environment—even our college environment. The all-pervasive, unescapable fact is God. At the very heart of all the realities of a student's life is the reality and presence of our Father. The circumstance that we are unconscious of or indifferent to it, does not at all alter the fact that the most important factor in our environment is the Father of our spirits.

The whole struggle of one's student life is to relate himself, to adjust himself to his environment. To that end we study the rocks, the flowers, the animals, the heavens, the ways and thoughts of men. But suppose we leave out God, the greatest fact of all! Is it not a fatal omission? Is it not the height of folly for a man or woman to use blow-pipe and scales and microscope and telescope and table of logarithms and dictionary in the effort to know, and fail to use the means by which alone one can come into relationship with the supreme fact of his existence?

Suppose men do call it "religion;" shall that frighten us into an ignorant resistance to our soul's need, or make us somehow ashamed to listen to the appeal of our inmost spirit? Never! We recognize that for every one of us here this morning, whatever may be his tastes or training or attitude to the church, for every one of us the utmost need of his college life is that, whatever else he comes to know, he should come better to know God. We do not want to walk in a way of obstinate ignorance that leads to the soul's decay, but in a way of increasing knowledge that leads to the absolute and unquenchable life.

But how to know him! If a man would know calculus, he has only to advance, by sheer intellectual effort, from proposition to proposition, and presently he will have mastered the subject, simply by progressive steps of logical demonstration. We cannot so advance to the knowledge of God. And I would ask your most thoughtful attention to the few words that follow.

It is the vice and weakness of the scientific scholarship of our time, as Spencer pointed out in his last days, that we have so exaggerated the place of the intellect, of the logical faculty, in education—in learning, and in knowing, and in developing the whole man. The chief component of mind, as Spencer points out, is feeling. And the psychologists of the present day, led by Professor James, are pointing out that the deepest and most productive convictions of humanity are those which cannot be arrived at by merely intellectual processes—by reasoning. They are a product of what psychologists call the "feeling background" of consciousness. We come to them not by argument, but by our moral response to the nature of things—under the impulse of the spiritual experiences of the race.

It has been very clearly pointed out how faith is apt to shrink in college years, because of the effort, especially in the senior year, to rest it wholly upon logical argument; and as one comes to see how comparatively insecure is the logical demonstration for the being and character of God, he feels for the time that his faith is left without a basis. And it is apt to take a year or two, or even more, for him to react to the normal attitude of what James calls the "inward certitude, founded on love, on the surrender of the heart to the truth, which is distinct from conviction on purely intellectual grounds."

If any of us are waiting, therefore, until, somewhere in our studies, we shall be compelled to believe in and to know God, as we were compelled to adopt the various present-day scientific conclusions regarding nature, we shall probably wait in vain. That knowledge of which Jesus spoke is not arrived at through books or arguments, but through surrender to that most insistent authority of conscience, which will not be content, which will never let you rest, until, with argument or without argument, you submit yourself to the holy infinite will of God.

You believe now, without argument, that the universe is one not only of order, but of a moral purpose and authority. And the same insistent racial impulse to believe is ceaselessly urging you to recognize in God the ground and center of this moral authority. You owe him submission, obedience. So long as you resist or disobey or avoid him, so long as you are morally stubborn and untrue, you cannot know him, cannot see him, though you should master all the philosophies of the ages. It is the attitude of the soul, not its argument, that makes possible the knowledge of God.

The child can know Him easily, as Jesus said. The pure in heart can see Him. He who will do his will shall know him. But this knowledge, in which is eternal life, cannot be had by study only, but by the honest obedience of the soul to the voice of God. We must, somehow, all of us, come to this knowledge of the great abiding, supreme factor in our environment—we must, for otherwise all our life's powers will presently be failing. But if we do, whether it be now, or after ages of shame and failure, it will be the way of loving response to God—of acceptance of his will.

And now think for a minute of the life to which this knowledge leads. We are not ashamed to long for life; the greatest scholar, the wisest man, need not be ashamed of that. And if he were, it would show that something was wrong with him, something abnormal and unhuman, because the deepest instinct in man is the terrible hunger for life—the instinct of self-preservation. All else pales before it. They say that a normal child never thinks of death as a possibility—others may disappear, but for him life, of course, is taken for granted. And do you think that this feverish, inextinguishable appetite for life is only given us to mock us—that it is an instinct without any answering reality? Because if you and I, after our college course, are only going to have a few years in California, and then a few more, East or West, and then suddenly are to disappear into the void like a candle's denly are to disappear into the void like a candle's flame, then the instinct is a mockery and a torment.

Quite true, the tides of life run strong in us today, and as we look forward into the long crowded years yet to come, it seems to us as though we should be able almost to drink our fill of life and life's rewards. Yet I know, and anyone can tell you, that you will hardly be raising the full cup of life's enjoyment to your lips before a force with which you cannot fight will draw it irresistibly away again, and you will have to set it down just when it was about to reach the thirst.

And we cannot endure, and will not believe, that this tantalizing disappointment is all that God has arranged for us. The human race has never believed it, and never will; simply because we are human, and made for something more. And that something more—something infinitely more—is what Jesus familiarly and confidently spoke of as eternal life—a spiritual

adjustment and relationship that death could not shatter.

A man might adjust himself never so carefully to the Greek or Roman or Hebrew civilization, he might get their literatures by heart, and master the whole field of science so far as it existed, but in a few days—a little while—he would be utterly done with Greek and Roman, and with all their science and literature as well. And all the life that was knitted up with that laboriously acquired knowledge would seem to fade out and disappear. But, said Jesus, a man may so take hold on the unshakable part of his environment, may so knit up his spirit with the eternal, infinite spirit of God, that death, or ages after death, cannot tear him loose from the great, full life to which he has given himself. That knowledge, and that spiritual adjustment, is an eternal power of life—and it fulfills all the instinctive, insatiable hunger that we know, here and now.

College years, in comparison with the long reach of life we crave, are as brief as a meteor's flash in the night. But college years may yield us a hold on God that will only grow in strength and in significance through the long, long future of our race, or of races yet to be. It is the commonplace of our childhood days, and it is the all but incredible prophecy of mature faith that the present hour may yield us this eternal harvest of life. We have long been familiar with it, but these words of Jesus remind us of it again this morning, that the choice of our soul, at this very day and moment, may make us the inheritors of this unending life, of this long day without a setting. It is for us to choose whether we will be of that family and household of our Father, that shall never be removed from him; whether we are willing so to know him, through Jesus Christ that our inmost life and spirit shall be knit with his life and spirit.

That old message comes down to us through the centuries, thrilling still with pity and with longing: "Acquaint thyself with God." It reaches to our student life here in Pomona, and sounds through its days and weeks, giving us the deepest note of the student's ambition—the call to a knowledge that will never fail, but that has in it even now the power of an endless life.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find that what is needful for you in a book.
—George Macdonald.

"Supreme Things." By J. G. K. McClure. Last year President McClure of McCormick Theological Seminary gave addresses at eight different universities —Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Princeton, Illinois, Wisconsin and Chicago. These addresses were on: The Supreme Revelation, The Supreme Obligation, The Supreme Virtue, The Supreme Art, The Supreme Resource, The Supreme Test, The Supreme Mission, The Supreme Temper. Dr. McClure says in the preface to the volume containing these highly inspirational addresses that the first invitation ever received by him to present the claims of the Christian ministry came from a state university—that of Michigan. The address on the Supreme Virtue was given at Cornell. In that Dr. McClure says that in a general way reverence may be designated as the mother of all virtues. Mention is made of Oliver Wendell Holmes writing when past seventy from his country home to a friend in town, stating that on the preceding Sabbath he had attended the service in the village church, and saying in way of explanation, "There is a little plant called reverence in a corner of my soul's garden which I like to have watered about once a week." And Dr. McClure continues: "Every time we nourish reverence we help the growth of all our virtues. If we possess and keep reverence, we have capacity for development and effectiveness. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors who lived in England at the time the monks came to convert England to Christianity were in a deplorable heathen condition, addicted to practices hurtful to themselves and injurious to society. But they had one virtue that was a promise of betterment and progress:—they looked upon the ocean, they peered into the forests, they lifted their eyes to the skies, and in each case they respectfully waited for the teaching which should explain to them the grand and the majestic. They were reverent before the mysteries of nature, of life, and of death. Because they were thus reverent, they had the capacity for sterling manhood. When, then, the gospel came to them, and explained who it was that had made ocean, forest and skies, and explained the significance of life and death, these ancestors answered to the explanation, and they became the helpful force they now are in the English-speaking race of today. Much as we ourselves already know, all life is still enwrapped in mystery, not alone the life of today, but the life of eternity. Only as we face the mystery of the present and of the future with a reverent spirit have we promise of safety and of growth. In reverence lies our hope and our assurance of progress and of worth." Dr. McClure's experiences lead him to remark: "There is no feature of the welfare of the students lying so near to the heart of the university authorities as the religious life." His book is one that will prove of much suggestiveness to all and of special interest to young men. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; 75 cents net.)

"Modern Poets and Christian Teaching." We have before us in this admirable series the volume by Frank C. Lockwood on **Robert Browning.** The aim of the writer of the book as set forth in a foreword has not been to enter into a technical and exhaustive study of Browning's poetry from either a philosophical or an artistic point of view. It has been his desire, he says, to present to serious readers in as simple and lucid a manner as possible a connected account of things fundamental that lie deeply bedded in Browning's life and poetry. The need of such a work, he remarks, is to be found in the fact that the poet is frequently difficult to understand, and in the fact that there is much in him that is vastly worthy of being understood. In order to find access to the riches of Browning's genius, the author regards as necessary the unlocking of the door of his personality. Accordingly he begins with a chapter on The Man Browning. This is followed by: Browning's Way to Truth, The Path to God, The Human Highway, The Upward March of Nature, God's Message to Man, and finally by a chapter on Browning's Influence. Of all modern English poets Browning is regarded by the author as the most distinctively Christian. Browning, we are told, reaches his world of ultimate truth not by intellect, but by intuition. "He adds nothing new to our store of knowledge, though he does gain fresh and rich insight into the ultimate realities of life. Throughout the entire range of his poetry the existence of God as the ground and explanation of all being is spontaneously and stoutly

assumed. It is not a matter for argument. It is a fact as immediate and indisputable as his own soul." Writing concerning Browning's influence, and comparing poet with poet, Mr. Lockwood says: "Our unstinted and undying gratitude we reserve for the poet who, finding us disconsolate, comforts us; who, finding us disheartened and ready to yield, sounds the note of advance for us; who, finding us recreant to our trust and disloyal to our aspirations, uncovers for us once more the ideal that has been temporarily obscured. It is he who stays our feet amid the whiling waters of temptation; who sets the stars of faith and love and hope in our benighted sky, and who whispers to us in our lonely and and nerveless moments of despair the heartening message of God and immortality. And all this Browning does. He is a good Samaritan to us in our need. But he does more than this. He does what all great poets and prophets do—stirs within us, somehow, a new and larger sense of life. He reclaims in some measure the waste places of existence and arouses sluggish hearts to a realization of unguessed capacities." (Eaton & Mains, New York; $1.00 net; also Jennings & Graham, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.)

"The True Church." By Allen Macy Dulles. This study of the Church, historical and scriptural, by the professor of Theism and Apologetics in Auburn Theological Seminary is candid and cogent. Its purpose is to defend the evangelic concept of the Church, not to show that any one form of church government is better or worse than another. It is a criticism of the catholic position of which such men as Gore and Moberly of the Church of England have been such ardent defenders—the position that the Church has been from the beginning a society with a divinely appointed succession of those who are in 'holy orders.' Professor Dulles feels that the churches are in danger of returning to an ecclesiasticism which has limited Christian liberty and corrupted Christian service. Oman, author of "Freedom and Faith," is quoted: "The person of Jesus loses all real significance as soon as we interpret him mainly as the founder of an outwardly authoritative institution." And Ritschl, in 1859: "There is need of this apologetic justification of the evangelic concept of the Church because false determinations or measures of what the Church is are current today within evangelical Christendom." Professor Dulles adds: "There is not less need today. A concept of The Church which excludes the Quaker, Fox; and the leader of the Salvation Army, William Booth, must be, can be, shown to be false." Brave words! As soon as our eyes fell on them in the opening pages, they commended the book. The evangelic and the catholic concept of the Church are thus differentiated: "The evangelic notion is that the Christian religion, the Christian consciousness forms and determines Christian churches which all manifest the Church. The catholic notion is that there exists a formally established so;ciety which, as a Church, forms and determines the Christian religion. So Schleiermacher, concisely differentiates; in Protestantism The Church is reached through Christ; in Catholicism, Christ is reached through the Church. In the Catholic concept, The Church, it is supposed, can and does exist only in one form, which is essential not to its mere well-being, but to its very being; and the true religion is that which this church has, it is said, maintained, still teaches and always will teach." The Catholic concept is maintained by the Roman, the Greek, the Chaldean, Syrian, Gregorian and Coptic churches; the evangelic by the Lutheran and the Reformed. In the Anglican church there is a catholic element, and the author remarks: "It is greatly to be regretted that the Anglican church, and the American daughter, are not willing to occupy the position to which history assigns them, as Reformed churches. This is where their best scholars place them, from Hooker and Hall, to Sanday and Rashdall. No other one thing would do more for the union of all the churches, and the evangelic concept of the Church than the return of the whole Anglican church to its original ecclesiastical position, as in the days of Usher and Baxter and Andrews and Jewell. Professor Dulles looks forward to the unity of Christendom and says: "The unity of Christendom must be by the universal acceptance of either the catholic or evangelic definition of the Church. It is incumbent on the evangelic Christian either to prove his position or else accept the catholic. This means that the evangelical must show the truth of his own, and therefore the erroneousness of the catholic definition of the faith." (F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 320; $1.25 net.)

"The Christian Religion: Its Meaning and Proof." By J. Scott Lidgitt. The author says in the introduction to this volume: "It cannot be denied that widespread dissatisfaction exists at the present time with the ordinary systems of Christian evidence. To some extent this is the case in regard to the statements of Christian doctrine which they seek to substantiate. Yet it is still more so in regard to the general point of view from which the subject is approached and to the arguments by which the truth of Christianity is upheld. Those who are not convinced in the matter feel that their difficulties have not been realized, still less met. Those who are convinced are disappointed, because the deepest grounds of their belief are inadequately set forth." A threefold reason is presented for a restatement of the nature and grounds of Christian belief: The principles of continuity, the scientific point of view, the claims of the spiritual consciousness. The book is divided into three parts: The History and Task of Christian Evidences; Christianity as the Absolute Religion; The Proof of the Christian Religion. Under the first division there are chapters on: The General History of Christian Evidences to the Rise of the Critical Philosophy, The Inadequacy of existing Systems of Christian Evidence to Satisfy the Modern Point of View, The Task Set to Christian Evidences in the Present Time. The second part considers: The Content of the Christian Religion, The Factors of Religion, The Ethnic Religions, Christianity as the Fulfillment of Religion. In the third division we have consideration of: The Primary Verification of Christianity, The Christian explanation of the World and the Rejoinder of Naturalism, The Criticism of Naturalism, The Arugument from Design, The Christian Doctrine of Man and of Redemption, The Doctrine of God. The book is a scholarly one, and yet popular and thoroughly readable. The thoughtful layman, interested in the discussion of matters relating to the Christian religion, as well as the minister, will find it of interest and value. The author says in the preface: "The popular discussion of what is commonly called the new theology did not take place until this book was practically completed. It has, therefore, been impossible, even if it had been otherwise desirable, to enter into the current controversy on the sub-

ject. It will be found, however, that many of the subjects of the controversy are dealt with, and that a serious attempt is made to give full effect to the truth of the immanence, while steadfastly maintaining the transcendence, of God." The author is an Englishman who has already commended himself widely by his books on "The Fatherhood of God in Christian Truth and Life," "The Spiritual Principle of The Atonement," etc. (Eaton & Mains, New York; pages 516; $2.50 net; also Jennings & Graham, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.)

"Studies in the Gospel of John." By **George P. Eckman, D.D.** In this volume we find a very helpful analytical, expository and devotional study of the first twelve chapters of the Gospel of John. It is intended for private study, for use in prayer meetings, and in Bible classes. Concerning the Gospel of John Dr. Eckman writes: "The book is redolent of the spirit of Christ. It is one of the profoundest works known to men, yet it charms the humblest minds. It is the choicest book for devotional reading which the New Testament contains; yet the theologian will never get to the bottom of it. A thorough acquaintance with this gospel is a liberal education in the things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health. To fill one's mind with its language and one's heart with its spirit is to insure a noble and effective life." Dr. Eckman's book will help many to this end. It is esecially timely in that it comes when the International Sunday-school lessons are in this gospel. All who get this volume will hope that the author will put forth soon another covering the remaining chapters of the gospel. (Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, also Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.; pages 303; $1.00 net.)

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Chico.—Architects are working on plans for the proposed new church building.

Lemon Cove.—Articles of incorporation of the First Presbyterian Church of Lemon Cove have been filed with the county clerk.

Fort Bragg.—The Rev. R. C. Grace of Oklahoma has accepted a call to the work at Fort Bragg, and is expected in February.

Point Arena.—The church building is being overhauled. The exterior will be painted and the interior papered and painted.

Los Angeles.—Work is being pushed on the new building for the East Side Presbyterian Church on Dayton avenue near Loreta street. The building covers a space 64 by 78 feet.

Pasadena.—The Christian Endeavor Society of the First Presbyterian Church is the banner society in California in number and in benevolences. Recently the society pledged $1,000 for mission work.

National City.—The Rev. David M. Stuart has taken the work at National City, going thence from Tropico. Some years ago Mr. Stuart had charge at National City.

Winters.—The 30th anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. H. C. Culton was celebrated the first Sabbath of the year. Mr. Culton came from Tennessee to California in 1878 to enter on the work at Winters. The church now has 150 members, seven having joined during the last year. The church has had the same elders for twenty years. This is one of the churches coming from the Cumberland union.

Los Angeles.—The Los Angeles Presbytery voted at its recent meeting to assume, on April 1, 1908, all the mission work within its borders. To this end $9,000 will be raised. The union with the Cumberland churches makes necessary more Home Missionary work, because many of these congregations are small and struggling, and must be assisted for some time to come. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church has devoted itself largely to the maintenance of new churches in difficult fields.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

New dormitories are being erected on the grounds of the Presbyterian Indian school near Tucson, Arizona. One will be for boys, the other for girls. They will cost $25,0000 and $30,000 respectively.

Since the Rev. W. B. Gantz entered on the pastorate of the Highland Park Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, last October, 117 persons have been received into membership. The church now has a membership considerably above 500.

A mass meeting of great importance was held in the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Rosa on Sunday evening, the 19th, participated in bv the various churches. It was in the interests of a movement to rid the city of the houses of ill-fame. Considerable money was pledged for the furtherance of the movement.

On a recent Sunday the Rev. Dr. McLeod of the First Presbyterian Church, Pasadena, stated that it had come to him that the enormous hats of some of the ladies were a hindrance both to hearing and seeing on the part of the worshipers, and remarked: "Next Sunday I shall hope to see the hats removed for the sake of those who say they otherwise might just as well remain at home and listen to the sermon by telephone." The following Sunday there was not much headgear of the hat order to be seen in the church, but so far as could be observed the usual attendants were there.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland has offered its pastor, the Rev. C. R. Brown, a vacation of six or eight months, as he may elect. It is said that Mr. Brown will begin to take it immediately after Easter, and that he will take in the International Congregational Council in Edinburgh, Scotland, during his leave of absence. The Oakland church has done well in that it has so voted. Its beloved pastor will return to the work with renewed strength and what the church has done will be as bread cast upon the waters. Such a vacation is none too much after a ten-years' pastorate in such a church as the First Congregational of Oakland.

The Los Angeles Independent says: "The Spanish Presbyterian Church, under Rev. Mr. Mata, is earnestly grappling with the conditions as they exist in their

large field of labor. At present the church services are held in Bethlehem church audience room, Vignes street These services are crowded and conversions are frequent. The need of employment for men is very great; poverty and distress are manifest on every hand, but the church and pastor are doing what they can to meet the great needs, and the people look to the church as their friend as never before. The very strenuous conditions are leading many to look up to God for help, and it is expected that there will be a considerable ingathering to the church from these very conditions."

The First Presbyterian Church of Albany, New York, has called the Rev. Dr. W. H. Hopkins, now pastor of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Dr. Hopkins was consulted concerning a call about six months ago, but declined to consider it. A few weeks ago he was approached again with reference to the matter, and decided that he would give it earnest and prayerful consideration. The call has been received and he will give answer soon. Dr. Hopkins is much beloved in Berkeley and enjoys his present pastorate; but physicians think a change of climate may be best and the call to Albany may be accepted. If so, it will not be his first Presbyterian pastorate, for he was for four years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Jacksonville, Florida.

A Pomona correspondent of the Los Angeles Times writes for that paper for the issue of January the 20th: "The co-operative church meetings commenced here this forenoon with a general exchange of pulpits by the local ministers of the evangelical churches. Rev. T. C. Creswell of the Presbyterian church preached at the First Methodist; Rev. Mr. Van Arnam of the latter church, at the Congregational; Rev. Mr. Watson of the Baptist church, at the Presbyterian; Rev. Dr. Carroll of Trinity Methodist at the Baptist; Rev. W. A. Youngman of the Methodist South, at the Christian church, and Rev. Clubb of the Christian at the Methodist South. Rev. G. E. Soper of the Congregational church addressed the congregation at St. Paul's Episcopal parish. After this evening the meetings will be held in the First Methodist Church with overflow meetings at the Congregational or Baptist churches. The meetings will continue every evening except Saturday for two weeks."

The Silver City Independent (New Mexico) says: "Silver City stands an excellent chance to get the big sanatorium for tubercular patients which will be established by the Presbyterians of this country, and all that is necessary to achieve the desired result is for every one to get busy and do his share. The people here stand ready to purchase any site which may be acceptable. From a climatologicial standpoint, which will be the principal consideration in the erection of the institution, Silver City has the best all-of-the-year-around climate, and this is beyond dispute. This city has an altitude which is said by the most eminent physicians of the country to be the best for the treatment and cure of tuberculosis, which together with its high percentage of sunshine, low percentage of humidity and its health-giving mountain air makes it an ideal place. New Mexico people do not realize the magnitude of the sanatorium which the Presbyterian church at large proposes to establish at some point in this territory. The institution will be large enough to accommodate several hundred patients, and the first cost of construction will be about $500,000, and the buildings may eventually cost $1,000,000. It is proposed to raise the money required for the building and maintenance of the big sanatorium by asking a certain amount from each of the 2,000,000 or more members of the Presbyterian church in the United States. For instance, if each member of this denomination in the country contributed ten cents to the cause the money derived from this source would aggregate over $200,000. A fifty-cent assessment would bring in a revenue of over $1,000,000."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Moore has been giving assistance to the Oakland Presbytery in its agitation of the "Forward Movement." Last Sabbath morning he spoke in one of the Berkeley churches and in the evening in the Brooklyn church, Oakland.

The Seminary quartette, Messrs. Caskey, Fiske, McKee and White, have been giving considerable assistance to the churches of late. On Saturday evening, the 18th, they sang at a church entertainment at Two Rocks. On Sunday morning they sang for the church there and for the Novato church that evening. Last Friday evening they provided the principal entertainment for a social gathering in the church parlors in San Rafael.

Rev. R. A. Crichton, '06, of Healdsburg, gave his people a stirring sermon on the saloon problem on Sabbath, the 19th, which attracted considerable attention and was published in the Healdsburg Tribune.

Rev. E. T. Allen, '02, has moved from Irrigon, Oregon, to Chicago to take charge of our church in South Chicago. Mr. Allen was for several years the successful assistant of Dr. E. P. Hill in the first Church of Portland. He has now gone to Chicago to undertake the work there under Dr. Hill's direction.

Rev. Charles F. Woodward, '02, of Roswell, Idaho, is doing a fine work, having completed and dedicated one of the finest country churches in Idaho. But he will probably have to leave his field on account of the illness of his wife. She is in the hospital undergoing treatment for exopthalmic goitre. Her physician says she will have to move to a lower altitude.

Mrs. Charles H. Fish of San Rafael has been seriously ill of pneumonia, but according to the last report was improving. Mr. Fish has been a faithful director of the Seminary and president of its board of trustees for many years.

TWO DOLLARS FOR ONE.

There is a chance to double the value of one's money in a short time, for which the undersigned gives his personal guarantee. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has said that if the Presbyterians of our denomination will raise $12,500, to be a perpetual fund to keep up a library in our useful college for Freedmen, known as Biddle University, and located at Charlotte, N. C., he will donate the same amount, with which to build a proper building to accommodate the books. So every dollar we give means two dollars for the good work. The problem of uplifting the blacks of the South is an urgent one. Biddle can raise up needed workers, if properly equipped. Benicia Presbytery is asked to raise twenty-five dollars; and I have been asked as chairman on Freedmen to raise this amount at once. Will twenty-five good men and women send one dollar each for this

purpose to me. Remember it is two dollars for one.

THEO. F. BURNHAM,
Vallejo, Cal.

PRESIDENT BAER ADDRESSES THE METHODIST MINISTERS OF LOS ANGELES.

President John Willis Baer of Occidental College gave an address recently at the meeting of the Methodist ministers of Los Angeles. A Los Angeles paper reports him as saying in part:

"I have come before you today as a layman, but we as ministers and laymen have our ideals in carrying out our life work. We wish for success, and when we see it in the lives of others we try to imitate their good qualities. I do not think it is right for ministers to be restless and fretful in their work. The Bible should be the spiritual guide of their lives. They cannot do their work in their own strength. God helps them only as they help themselves. He will remind them and the rest of us that we all need deeper penitence.

"I think the press is doing much good for the ministers, but in reading over many of the sensational topics announced I would not know where to go to hear the plain, straight gospel.

"We do not hear so much of sin in the pulpits nowadays. Ministers seem to think it is old-fashioned and dodge round it to a great extent.

"I do not like to hear a person put in his claims of being in the gutter. I do not think it necessary for a man to grovel in the dirt in order to be saved. But I think it much better if he gets down, instead of laying high claims of his low estate, to praise the helper who raised him from the gutter.

"I think there is a great poverty in the prayer-lives of many ministers and others. We cannot seem to find time for prayer, but we can attend to all manner of committee and institutional work.

"I will venture to say in this gathering of ministers that not three chapters of the Bible were read this Monday morning. It is not the number of three or more, but it is the principle.

"Ministers have many difficulties and have to sacrifice much, but the sacrficial blood divides and also unites.

"Philanthropy takes up much of our lives. The ministers in the pulpits ought to strike harder blows for the betterment of the homes. It is right to look out for better homes for the people, but better people should occupy the houses.

"I think it is a blight on the spiritual life of a minister to draw commercialism into his pastoral work in order to maintain himself. He should be supplied with sufficient means to do his work without being compelled to take up outside issues.

"I have always been inclined to welcome the women folks, but—I have shut down on them. I think that festivals and fairs in the churches should be done away with.

"Ministers should have one day of each week for recreation, and their physical as well as mental health should be guarded. We should all of us limit our work and then work to the limit."

Tommy—I wonder why the words is spelled in such a funny way.

Jimmy—Cause they was made in the first place by the school teachers, and they made 'em so's they would have to be hired to teach how to spell 'em.

The Home.

BEATIN' THE DEVIL.

When a feller does a turn to you
  What ain't jest exactly right;
Ef he takes a mean advantage
  Underhanded, er at night,
Jest don't give him much attention,
  An' don't worry 'bout it much,
Fer the devil's watchin' uv him—
  Sort o' got him in his clutch.

Don't you git that silly notion
  That what justice doesn't do,
You must take upon your shoulders
  An' mete out that rogue his due;
While you're measurin' he'll be measurin'
  Sort o' play you tit for tat—
Jest return him good for evil,
  That's the way to pay him back.

Ef you want to beat somebody
  Why, I'll tell you what to do;
Pay that feller back in kindness,
  It will measure back to you;
An' the devil—poor old Satan—
  Will quite likely that man lose;
That's the way to beat the devil—
  You kin do it if you choose.

—D. E. Matson.

A WIFE'S MISTAKE.

"Isn't it terrible to think people should have to endure such misery?" said Ella Randal to her husband.

At a friend's house the previous night she had been introduced to the vicar of an East-end parish and had heard from him many sad stories relative to the existence of the very poor, which stories she had been relating to her husband.

"I should so like to do a little to brighten their lives," she pursued. "You wouldn't object to my helping Mr. Deane, would you, Lawrence?"

"No—o," he answered, rather hesitatingly. But Ella's mind was too occupied to notice his manner. He did not oppose her desire.

"I hope not," he rejoined gravely. "But my people say they never see you now, and mother informed me she had called twice and you were not at home."

"I told Emily if at any time your mother called when I was out, she was to be sure and ask her in to rest, and bring up tea for her," said Ella, deprecatingly.

"She came to see you, dearest, you know."

That was all she thought of just now, and she promptly settled to devote two mornings a week to her East-end work. Gradually, however, a greater portion of her time was encroached upon, till at length her husband remarked, "You mustn't overdo it, my dear."

"Oh! I am not likely to."

The young wife frowned a little.

"It would be wiser to write first and warn me of her intention."

"I understand that on the last occasion she had sent you a postcard."

"I don't think—" began Ella. Then a dull flush spread on her face. "I do believe there was a postcard,

but I didn't read it. I didn't even look to see who it was from. I was late in starting, and several circulars came by the same post. So I put them all away together, meaning to look them through at my leisure. Yes, here it is," added she, pulling open the drawer of her escritoire and from a collection of papers extracting the postcard in question.

"I'm so sorry," she ejaculated. "I will write and apologize.

"And ask her to come again. Better fix a day."

"Yes, certainly."

"One day next week."

Ella shook her head.

"Not next week. I'm engaged every day, positively."

Lawrence looked distressed, even displeased, but went on with his dinner in silence. The weeks and months slipped away, and because of the increasing demands of outside interests Ella was compelled to leave more and more of her home management in the hands of her servants.

One day she noticed that her husband had eaten scarcely any dinner.

"Are you not well?" she inquired.

"I don't feel hungry," was the reply, and his voice sounded limp and dull.

After dinner he lay back in an easy-chair with his eyes closed.

"Poor old boy!" remarked his wife, stooping to kiss him as she passed to her writing table; "does the head ache?"

"Yes, it does indeed. Will you play something gentle and soothing?"

"Not tonight, dear. I must get some letters written," she rejoined, taking up her pen. She was arranging the Summer treats for her Factory Girls' Guild, and her correspondence just now was very heavy.

Owing to this press of work she was up early the next morning, and had had her breakfast and was in the hall buttoning her gloves when her husband made his appearance.

"I'm so sorry I can't wait to pour out your coffee," she cried, waving her hand and opening the front door.

All manner of hindrances beset her during the day, and in consequence she was later than she had ever been before in returning home.

She let herself in with her latchkey, and was withdrawing it from the lock when her eyes fell upon the figure of a nurse in uniform coming along the hall.

For a moment amazement kept her quiet. Then fear smote her.

"Why are you here?" she demanded.

"Mr. Randal is ill, and I am the nurse in charge," was the composed reply.

Not a word in response did Ella speak as she darted to the staircase. But the woman barred her ascent.

"Mr. Randal will not know you. You had better see the doctor first," said she.

Ella's lips were dumb still, but she pushed past the nurse and ran fleetly up the stairs. As she gained the landing the bedroom door opened, and the doctor appeared.

"Go in and wait till I return," he said to the nurse, who was following close on Ella's heels. Then added to the latter: "I should like a few minutes' conversation with you, Mrs. Randal."

"What is the matter with my husband?" gasped Ella, directly she and the physician were alone.

"Blood-poisoning," answered he shortly.

He was a neighbor and held old-fashioned views on the obligations of married women.

"Is he very ill?" questioned Ella, and her face expressed such anguish that her companion's displeasure in a measure abated.

"Yes," he said more gently, "I regret to say he is very ill. He must have been unwell for some time. Have you not observed that he was out of health?"

Ella's face changed from white to red.

"I—I—" she stammered. Then added in a faltering tone, "He did yesterday complain of headache and of having no appetite."

"Poor fellow!" was the comment. And the young wife's heart contracted.

"Oh, you don't think he is going to die? Oh, doctor, save him, save him!" she implored.

"My dear young lady, believe me, I will do my best; but the issues of life and death are in higher hands than mine."

"The nurse—she is not wanted. I will do everything for him," cried Ella.

"Impossible," was the quick retort. "A case of this description requires constant care. One person alone cannot give it. You can help, of course, but other assistance is absolutely necessary. And now," he continued more kindly, "before you see your husband you must have some refreshment. You are overwrought, and I do not desire to have two patients on my hands."

He spoke with authority, and though it was a hard matter to eat and drink when her soul was sick with anxiety, yet she persevered, her one thought now being to fit herself for the task of nursing her husband.

Lawrence recovered, but his illness was long and tedious. How he had contracted it was a mystery, till one day Ella went into the kitchen to prepare some beef tea. And then the mystery was solved; for she found the cooking utensils in an unspeakably dirty condition.

Said Doctor Hurne when she told him of her discovery, "The wonder is that your husband was the only victim of your cook's culpable negligence."

"My cook's culpable negligence?" repeated Ella, remorsefully. "Say rather mine, doctor. I was so busy looking after other people's business that I grew careless of my own duties. Had Lawrence died it would have been my fault. Oh, I see it quite clearly, but, with God's help, I will never make such a mistake again."—London S. S. Times.

Young People.

A BOY AND A WOODCHUCK.

Teddy was sick in bed. The doctor had just come. Teddy could hear him talking with mamma in the next room.

"I can't persuade him to touch the milk," his mother was saying. "He never drinks it when he is well. What shall I do?"

Teddy listened eagerly for the answer. Dr. Huntington was such a kind, jolly man.

"Starve him to it!"

Teddy could hardly believe he heard aright. He

trusted his ears still less when the doctor walked, smiling, up to the bedside.

"How do you feel this morning?" he asked, taking Teddy's wrist in his cool hand.

"I haven't had anything to eat," whined the little boy. "I can't drink milk."

"You'd better try," said the doctor.

"I can't! Mayn't I have a cooky?"

"No."

"Or some bread and butter?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because milk is better for you."

"But I can't drink it!"

The physician was preparing a powder and did not reply.

Teddy wondered if he had heard.

"Did you ever hear the story of the little woodchuck?" Dr. Huntington looked up with merry eyes.

"No, sir," said Teddy. "What is it?"

"Well, it was this way;" and the doctor seated himself comfortably in his chair. "There was once a little woodchuck that lived in a nice, deep hole with his mother. There was nothing he liked to do quite so well as to run around in the sunshine At the other end of the lot there was a tall tree, and one morning the little woodchuck's mother said: 'Today you must learn to climb that tree. I cannot always be here to protect you, and, if a dog should catch you away from home, you'd be in a fine plight.'

"But the little woodchuck looked up the steep trunk, and said, 'Oh, I can't!'

"The next morning his mother said to him again: 'Today you must certainly learn to climb that tree!' But once more the little woodchuck answered, 'I can't! I can't!' and ran off to play in the sunshine.

It was not long before the mother went to visit a neighbor. The little woodchuck was having a glorious time, when all of sudden he heard a yelp, and there was a dog rushing toward him! He looked longingly at his home across the lot; but the dog was between—and he was coming nearer every second! The little woodchuck ran as hard as he could make his feet fly, but the dog ran faster. Just as he thought he couldn't run much farther, he came to the big tree. 'Dear me,' he gasped, 'I can't climb it!' And then because the dog was almost upon him, and because there wasn't anything else to do, the little woodchuck just scrambled up that tree—up, up, up, till he was out of the dog's reach! You see, he had to, and so he did!

"I hope tomorrow I shall find you a great deal better," and the doctor smiled a kind good-bye.

Teddy lay thinking, after his mother and Dr. Huntington had gone out.

"I wonder if I could," he thought. "I'm awfully hungry!" and he reached for the glass of milk on the table by his bed.

When his mother came back the glass was empty and Teddy was smiling contentedly among the pillows.—Emma C. Dowd, in Sunday School Times.

"Ruth," said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?"

Ruth: "We're playing we are grownup women making a call."—Chicago Daily News.

"SIN IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN THOUGHT."

The January-February Methodist Review has an instructive article from Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D., LL. D., the well known English writer, entitled "Sin in the Light of Modern Thought." He treats the subject fundamentally. Science faces the fact that after all animal and plant life does not appear primarily in a few imperfect species but according to Sir J. W. Dawson it often appears in highly perfect and specialized forms. If that be made to hold good in even a single instance the appearance of man as a perfect being could be condemned as unscientific. This point is not pressed beyond the universally admitted law that the principle of degeneracy is as well established as the principle of development. Under this interpretation of the laws of being, science has left plenty of room for the theological explanation of the Fall. Science has placed a great deal of emphasis on degeneracy, reactions, reversions, atrophies and extinctions. It is not a contravention of science to say that man appeared at first as a perfect specialized species and under the law of degeneracy as expounded by natural scientists lost his high qualities and forfeited his spiritual estate.

If on the contrary the more general opinion of modern science, that we have risen out of animal conditions and sin is the survival of animal impulses, sin remains sin and must be reckoned with irrespective of its origin. The question is whether the orthodox view shall be discredited or remain valid. The reality, the very nature, the working force of evil is not denied. Revelation, modern thought admits, has not misled the world in respect to the awful fact of sin. That a malefic element is at work, the rankest rationalism must and does admit. But to put it in the unique phrase of Dr. Watkinson "The rascality of nature confounds" the scientists. The old deists who antedate modern science affected to see no evil in the world. "Christian Scientists," the final product of rational deism, and degenerate theosophy, see no evil. The superficial modern theology which like a northern whale lives by skimming the surface of the whole arctic ocean, fails to see the dark enigma of the world, but the honest scientists see the traces of sin in the blade of grass, the flower of the field, the gnarled and twisted facts embodied in the trees of the forest. These things are the revelation of evil, of selfishness, of cunning and of spite. The same is terribly true among the animals. The blind fool does not see these things but the stern, cold, gray eye of science sees them. Every form of crime is found among the animals. Horses, dogs, elephants, monkeys, parrots, are selfish, cruel, jealous, spiteful and thieves.

Modern thought recognizes not only the fact of evil but the total depravity of human nature. Modern rationalism has sought in every way to discredit this doctrine. The rationalist has tried deligently to teach that human nature was dualistic in ultimate principle, made up of a mixture of good and bad, but higher, truer, psychology discovers that man is in the ultimate analysis a single principle. If a man has leprosy he is a leper. Sin does not affect a single part. Stealing may be the act of the hand but the whole man is a thief though only his cunning fingers did the actual stealing. The man in his entirety is a sinner. Total depravity simply assumes the unity of human character. The same hand may do good that does harm. Human nature in actuality is good and evil in confusion but the principle of evil corrupts the good. The principle which determines character as discovered in art, in literature and in philosophy is evil. Good and evil exist together, but no matter how much the good

or how small the evil in the mixture evil determines the status of the character. Philosophically as well as theologically or psychologically the presence of any evil makes the base of life wholly evil. The unity of the personality is represented in the act of sin but sin committed cannot be cured or cancelled by a good act. The cloven foot of a picture no matter how benign and beautiful the face makes the character devilish. The principle of evil determines the moral status of the person.

It comes to pass then in these days of progress that true and adequate science finds the psychological facts, the biological facts, the philosophical data, has room not only for evil but for the doctrine of total depravity. Science finds the natural man a carnal man, a sort of gorilla. The presence of evil in man is not denied. If man was originally perfect as science is unable to deny since science affirms that perfect animal and plant species are found, then the law of reversion and reaction accounts for the fall and the degeneracy of the race. Paul found that all men are under sin. Science finds the same thing. Science teaches heredity. Paul tells us that in Adam all die. The malign and evil in human nature is universal. The best of men find upon examination of their own hearts that they are far from being perfect. The school boy tells us that Shakespeare did not write the plays accredited to him but another fellow by the same name. So with the story of Genesis. Adam and the garden have been ruled out but another fellow makes the beginnings and answers the conditions. Sin is a fact universally conceded. Its absolute and radical effect upon human character is frankly admitted. Modern thought concedes the essential doctrine of sin.

RULES FOR BANK EMPLOYEES.

The Fifth Avenue Bank, New York, has adopted stringent temperance rules prohibiting the employees from drinking intoxicants at meals, visiting saloons, race-tracks or evil resorts of any kind. The three monstrous evils at work upon the fabric of civilization are here mentioned, liquor, gambling and beastliness. A good many other crimes there are but these are the most corrupting, the most fundamental. That something must be done to check these evils is not only apparent to the New York bankers but to the most casual observer. The new board of police commissioners of San Francisco has acted promptly in refusing saloon license when a reasonable showing of opposition has been made. If the moral forces of San Francisco could be gotten together under proper leadership now is the time to act.

We quote from these bank-rules with approval. It is all right to use the power of negatives. They read in part:

You must not drink any intoxicants with meals in public restaurants.

You must not enter any saloon.

You must not enter any gambling house.

You must not enter any poolroom.

You must not visit any race track.

You must not enter any bucket shop.

You must not speculate.

You must not attend prize fights.

You must not have vicious companions.

Two or three observations should be made. In the first place we note the awakening of the commercial conscience to the dangers of liquor and gambling and associated vices. In the next place we note that young men have the additional incentive to live right and be right. In the third place we note the reactionary condition of society. All these rules are negative—they belong to the old child-like dispensation when men had to be restrained by "thou-shalt-nots." Great as are our material resources, educational advantages, and synthetic agencies of the world's greatest century yet we are children in morals. These old leading strings, implements of the old dispensation, schoolmasters, to lead us to Christ are still required. What a pity that these bankers cannot find young men, filled with the positive, affirmative virtues of the Spirit of Christ. There should be young men with all these rules written, not upon a card board and placed upon the desk in front of them, but written, as the prophet says, upon the tables of the heart. We make one more observation. These bankers in order **to make rules** must themselves **keep the rules** they make for others. It would be sheer cunning hypocrisy for them to attempt to impose rules upon the employees they themselves did not obey.

GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. Charles H. Bentley, president of the Chamber of Commerce, recently addressed the student body of the Stanford University, and among other strong utterances said: "Our universities have a heavy responsibility in this connection, for they do not discharge their duty to the state unless their students leave them with that public spirit which brings them to cheerfully sacrifice their personal comfort for the welfare of the community and state. The learned man without work is likened to the bee without honey. Tell that harsh and ungenerous hornet, " ' as thou yieldest no honey, wound not with thy sting.' " Concerning the condition of San Francisco no man is better prepared to speak than Mr. Bentley. He has shown himself a worthy leader of the great commercial body. He says: "San Francisco is torn with dissension at the present time. A large and influential element of the business community, with many of the larger firms of attorneys, is crying that the prosecution is harrowing the town; they are tired of it all, and that it had better be stopped. Many go further and attempt to throw discredit on the one man who has proved himself able and willing to turn foul brood out of office. They stultify themselves by ascribing selfish motives to a truly great and good citizen who has sacrificed his time, his personal comfort and his personal safety for the public good." Mr. Bentley belongs to the class of leaders that believe in cleaning out the den of disreputable grafters at any cost. It is a genuine pleasure to record the firm moral convictions of the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

ORIGINAL PACKAGE LAW.

Congress is compelled by the increase of prohibition territory to take up the "original package" law. The Supreme Court has persistently decided that interference with original packages was a violation of interstate commerce. It is now proposed to amend the Wilson law making all liquor subject to the laws of the State into which it is shipped whether in the original packages or not. This is as it should be. The state treats its own liquor commerce in a certain fashion, other states should respect the police regulations of neighbor states. There is no interference with legitimate commerce and none likely to occur. We express the hope that Congress will be able to amend this "original package" law making all liquors subject to the laws of the state into which they are imported. That is simply justice.

JIM JONES.

Jim Jones gets up at half-past four in rain or shine or cold,
And leaves the papers at the doors. He's only twelve years old,
But my! he's big, and makes me wish I had some work like his.
He says to me, "Poor kid; of course you'd like my job.
If you could hear the things I hear, and see the things I see
When I get up at half-past four, you'd wish that you was me!"
He squints his eyes. "Why, Chub," he says, "I own the whole long street!
And if you knew the things I know you'd say they're hard to beat."
"O, Jim," I say, "please tell me now what all these things can be."
"Not yet," says Jim; "you're lots too young. Wait till you're big like me."
"But, Jim, it must be awful cold in winter when it's dark."
"Oh, sure," he says, "so fine and cold it's just a perfect lark.
Of course I never dare to laugh for fear my face will crack;
Nor I can't frown, for it might freeze and turn an awful black.
So I just wear a half-way grin, and if my face should freeze,
I'd be all right to look at with a cheerful smile to please.
You poor young kid," he says real sad, "I'm sorry as can be
Your pa won't let you go to work and see the things I see.
I cross my heart they're true," he says, each time I talk with him.
Oh, dear! why can't I get up, too, at half-past four, like Jim?

—Louise Ayres Garnet, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE LITTLE VISITOR.

Back and forth, back and forth, went little Mary with her two dolls under her arm, till her cheeks and lips were as pink as grandma's pinkest roses, and her eyes shone like stars. Around the house, under the trees, over the little bridge galloped the fiery wooden horse, urged on by its little mistress, then mamma heard a loud "whoa" right at the kitchen door.

Ting-a-ling-ling went the little hand bell. "Come in," said mamma, who was busy taking some light fluffy little tea cakes out of the oven.

"I am Mrs. Brown," said Mary, "and these are my two little girls, Millie and Helen. We've come a long way and are dreadful tired. May we come in and rest?" "Why, yes," said mamma, "come right in and take the rocking chair." "Perhaps we may stay to dinner." said Mrs. Brown, looking longingly at the little cakes.

"It will be a long time till dinner," said mamma, with a twinkle in her eyes.

The little visitor looked very sober and gave a deep sigh.

"Is your oldest girl well?" asked mamma, looking at the larger of the two dolls, whose face had patches of paint rubbed off.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "she's well now, but she had the small-pox, and has scars on her face. She isn't pretty any more, but I love her just the same." "Of course," said mamma, gravely, spreading the thick white frosting over the little cakes.

Suddenly a voice at her elbow said "My, how good they look. Can't I have one, mamma?" Mamma looked around in surprise, and said, "Why, Mrs. Brown." "O, I forgot," said the little visitor, as she went slowly back to her chair.

Pretty soon mamma set a small table in front of Mrs. Brown, and putting a pretty china plate heaped with tiny frosted cakes on it, said, "You must be very hungry after your long ride. Won't you have a lunch?"

"O thank you," said Mrs. Brown," "I know my children must be most starved."

Mamma had to go out of the room for a little while, and when she came back the little china plate was empty.

The strange part of it all was that Mrs. Brown was the only one of the little family who had crumbs of frosting around her mouth and in her lap.

CHARLOTTE M. HALVORSEN.
Oakdale, Cal.

"DO THE HARD THINGS FIRST."

Suspended above the desk of a Pittsburg bank president is this motto :"Do the Hard Things First." Ten years ago he was discount clerk in this same bank. "How did you climb so fast?" I asked him. "I lived up to that text," he replied. "There is not much else to tell. I had long been conscious that I was not keeping up with my work; it was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result: I became intellectually lazy. I felt increasing incapacity for my work. One morning I woke up. I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memoranda of several matters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar. Suddenly the thought came to me: 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, the mean, annoying little things, my mental muscles have been allowed to grow flabby. They must get some exercise.' I took off my coat, and proceeded to 'clean house.' It wasn't half as hard as I expected. Then I took a card, and wrote on it: 'Do the Hard Things First,' and put it where I could see it every morning. I've been doing the hard thing first ever since."—Brooklyn Eagle.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

Hall Caine visited one October the country home of a New York man. It was in New England, on a mountainside, and the splendid colors of the foliage—the scarlets and golds and innumerable flame-like tints—gave to the still forests an indescribable magnificence.

The leaves fell in a rain of color through the transparent air. In the garden, one afternoon, he heard a gardener say to his little son:

"I wish you would rake up these dead leaves in a pile."

"O, I don't feel like it," whined the boy. "My back's sore, and I've got a cramp in my wrist, and there's growing pains in my legs."

"After you get 'em raked up," went on the gardener, calmly, "you can make a nice, big bonfire out of them and jump over it."

The boy began to whoop and leap.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "Where's the rake?"—Rochester Herald.

HOW SHALL I LIVE MY LIFE?

"How shall I live my life?—
Boy! let thy footsteps keep
The narrow path and steep:
From life's bright morn until its fading light
I will lead thy soul aright
Though all the path with many a snare be rife.

"How shall I learn that road?"—
Boy! lest thy steps should stray,
God's Voice thou must obey:
"This is the way," it whispers, "walk therein,"
Shun all the lures of sin,
So heaven-bless'd years shall lead thee to thy God.

"And if from God I roam?"—
Boy! though thou faint or fail,
Thy foes shall not prevail
If thou wilt turn to Christ the Crucified,
For thee he lived. He died.
His love can lead his weary wanderers home.

—Dean Farrar.

MOVEMENT FOR SUNDAY REST LAW

Dr. G. L. Tufts, of Portland, Ore., who is the District Secretary of the International Reform Bureau for the three Pacific Coast states, Idaho and Nevada, has taken up his headquarters for the time being at 1449 Franklin St., Oakland, California. For nearly five years he has been working in Oregon, Idaho and Washington in connectio with great reform movements. He was a recognized leader in securing the excellent local option law for Oregon and in carrying prohibition in eight counties besides many precincts of other counties. The leading brewers of Portland predict that within four years there will not be a saloon left in the state.

Dr. Tufts was the author of the new Sunday rest law passed by the last legislature of Idaho and it was largely due to his efforts that the bill became a law. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, who is general superintendent of the Reform Bureau, has pronounced this the best Sunday law of any state in the Union. It is being well enforced and giving general satisfaction throughout the state. It provides for the closing of all unnecessary lines of business, saloons, theaters, race tracks, dance halls, circuses and shows, merry-go-rounds, bowling alleys, billiard and pool rooms, variety hall and such public amusements, with heavy penalties for the violation of the act and for officers who are derelict in its enforcement.

The committee appointed to inaugurate a movement in California to secure a similar law through the next legislature consists of Dr. E. D. McCreary and Bishop Wm. M. Bell of Berkeley, Bishop W. H. Moreland of Sacramento, Dr. H. H. McQuilken of San Jose, and Dr. A. F. Thomson of Gilroy. This committee invited Dr. Tufts, on account of his experience and success in such work, to take full charge of the campaign in this state. In response to this call he is on the ground ready to cooperate with pastors and churches

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN AND THE JAPANESE PUPILS.

On the way to Tokyo, recently the Crown Prince of Korea stopped at the Kyoto Hotel in the city of Kyoto, Japan, and the pupils of the U-ye-ye-ma and Shin-mi-chi School of the city, formed themselves into a band of musicians and having taken a good position in front of the hotel, played splendidly in honor of the noted guest.

The Prince and some other foreigners came out on the porch to hear, among whom there was a gentleman from New York. This gentleman went to the office of the hotel and exchanged ten yen currency for copper coins; he then went up stairs and began to throw the money out to the boys, but they were amazed when they saw what had happened, and, having collected the coins, they brought them back to the gentleman, who said, "Why do you not keep them?" The boys all immediately replied," We are pupils of the Grammer School and we do not want money and there is no reason why we should accept it."

The gentleman was greatly moved by this dignified reply of the Japanese pupils and having apologized for his impoliteness, he invited them to the dining-room where he offered some refreshments.

THE REWARD IS IN THE DOING.

I have a friend who, for many years, was connected with the naval observatory in Washington. A couple of years ago, when he was retired, I said to him that I always looked upon an astronomer with a kind of awe,—he seemed to me to be so near to the Almighty, at His elbow seeing Him work, as it were, and my friend smiled.

"I have not looked through a telescope at a star in a dozen years," he said. "All the years I have been in the service, I have been carrying on certain calculations that were begun before I was a man, and that will go on years after I am dead. When they are finished at last, we shall know something worth knowing. Meanwhile, I and the rest of us have been but links in the long chain upon whose trusty work depends the final value of it all. That I have tried to do my part faithfully must be my reward."

What greater reward could any man ask than this,—to be a link, however humble, in the chain which links our world of men with God's Kingdom on high, and helps prepare this earth for His coming in His own good time?—Jacob Riis.

VICTOR GAS FURNACES

FOR HEATING AND VENTILATING.

Handsomest, Cleanest, Quickest System for Residences, Stores, Hotels, Theaters, Halls, Churches and Auditoriums of all kinds.

Handy, quick, economical, healthy, effective, clean, attractive; no coal, no ashes, no odor, no dust, no dirt, no danger, no waste, no worry, no work, no care.

Touch a Match—IT GOES. Turn a Valve—IT'S OUT.

Air is taken from outside the building and is driven to the rooms with a steady, mellow heat, just like that of a sunny, summer day. It is kept absolutely separate from the gases of combustion, so no odor is possible. A modern system of economical HEATING and VENTILATING. Send for information before deciding on any other.

NATIONAL FURNACE CO.

Manufacturers of **Victor Gas Furnaces**

117-119 California Street, San Francisco, Cal

Telephone Kearny 5874

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street, SAN FRANCISCO

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

A special class will be opened in January.

Address:

MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD

1374 Franklin Street, Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. LoS Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

1400-1450 Foruth St., Cor. Michigan,

FERRY'S SEEDS



For freshness, purity and reliability, Ferry's Seeds are in a class by themselves. Farmers have confidence in them because they know they can be relied upon. Don't experiment with cheap seeds—your surety lies in buying seeds sent out by a conscientious and trustworthy house.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1909 is FREE. Address

D M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI BERKELEY, CAL., FEBRUARY 6, 1908. No. 6

"WHATSOVER A MAN SOWETH."

Be what thou seemest, live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's step be thine.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound the conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

—Horatius Bonar.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

A WAYSIDE ALTAR.

"Here, by Life's Path, where toilers pass,
All stained and footsore, day by day,
Lord, grant me grace to build, I pray,
An altar in the wayside grass."

So wrote James Buckham on the opening page of a collection of inspiring poems written by him from time to time, and published two years ago by Jennings & Graham, in a handsome little volume entitled "A Wayside Altar."

All who seek that which is uplifting in literature will find on the pages of this volume much that will make for that which is highest and best in life. The author has, indeed, by it built an altar at which toilers stained and footsore will find comfort and solace.

This on "The Daily Task" is worthy a place in memory:

"I thank Thee, O Thou Love divine,
For this familiar task of mine,
This humble service which I pay
Out of my heart and strength each day.

Sometimes the toil may irksome seem;
Sometimes, perchance, I pause to dream
Of grander work—yet not for long,
'My task for me' is still my song.

Long since I learned that wholesome truth—
The heritage of age to youth—
That calm content and patient strife
Bring surest inward peace to life.

To do what God appoints; to bend
All soul, all strength, to that one end;
To bear in love our burden's stress—
Ah! this is life's true happiness!"

And this from "The Land of the Little Faces" will touch the chords of many a heart:

"I wonder, oh I wonder, where the little faces go,
That come, and smile, and stay awhile, and pass like flakes of snow—
The dear wee baby faces that the world has never known,
But mothers hide, so tender-eyed, deep in their hearts alone.

I love to think that somewhere, in the country we call heaven,
The land most fair of anywhere will unto them be given,
A land of little faces—very little, very fair—
And every one shall know her own and cleave unto it there."

Three stanzas on "Brotherhood" emphasize a truth at the front in the opening year of the twentieth century and destined to be more prominently at the front in the near future:—

"Mark well this fact—not often urged, indeed—
That one's own business, if he mind it best,
Concerns the common welfare, takes due heed
How self, the unit, stands toward all the rest.

A lean and narrow virtue must it be,
Content with 'meddle not!'—to go one's way,
A skulker, hemmed with selfish privacy,
Who lets one's brother suffer as he may.

To mind one's business, rather, as God minds—
That's the true way, the Christian way. God's Son
Full room within the common pathway finds
To walk his way, and yet not walk alone."

GOD'S LAW AS WELL AS THE LAW OF THE LAND.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court that the laws forbidding combinations in restraint of trade applies as well to combinations by workingmen as to those by capitalists will meet with wide approval. Of course there are not a few members of the labor unions who will rail against it; but we believe that it will meet at once with much approval on the part of the more thoughtful of our workingmen.

Men have a right to refuse individually or collectively to work on terms offered by employers of labor, but they have no right to combine and conspire to keep others from working, nor to prevent the sale of articles not made or handled as they may desire.

This is the law of the land today; it must remain the law or we shall have no land worth living in.

We say it must remain the law—and this for the reason that it is God's law.

A PLAN FOR THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Concerning this plan the Boston Transcript says: "The scheme of withdrawing children from the public schools one afternoon each week and giving them religious instruction in the churches is meeting with more public support than even the friends of the movement anticipated. It is a plan which was first suggested by a prominent Lutheran divine of New York City, Rev. Dr. George U. Wanner, and it has been taken up by leaders in Episcopal, Presbyterian and other bodies, not only in New York, but in many parts of the country. During the past two or three months official bodies meeting in regular session have indorsed it.

"It is not intended to abolish the public school, so to speak, for one afternoon in each week. It is simply intended that parents who desire to do so may, upon written request, withdraw their children for the one afternoon without detriment to their standing in the school, and send them instead to receive such religious instruction as the parents and their pastors approve. The difficulties surrounding the plan are many, but the

situation is held by Christian leaders to be a desperate one.

"Superintendents of public schools in states and cities have been conferred with, and without exception they think the plan a feasible one. They recognize, it is said, the need of the movement, if the morals of youth are to be taken care of, and the inadequacy of secular education to insure honest and upright men and women. Roman Catholic and Jewish leaders do not wish to appear to stand behind the movement, and yet in large numbers they are individually indorsing it. Roman Catholic priests favor parochial schools, but realize that there are many children whom they cannot reach with such schools.

"The chief drawback is said to be the unpreparedness of the churches to undertake the instruction. Buildings are not available, save in a few instances in large cities, and ministers already have all they can do. Furthermore, it is pointed out that ministers are not all trained for school work, even if they had the time for it. The plan is going, therefore, to require salaried instructors, and that necessitates financial readjustment of church support. It has been the expectation of those who proposed the plan that five years, perhaps more, would be required to get the scheme into public notice. It has come thus far with much less effort than had been expected, and long before the men who start it are able to take care of it."

SELF-SUPPORT; HOW ONE CHURCH DID IT.

By W. S. Holt, Field Secretary, Pacific Coast District.

Five years ago there came into one of our Western towns an energetic Eastern minister. He was looking for work. He wanted to help push forward the Master's kingdom. He was directed to a part of one of our growing cities, in which, at that time, there was no church work done. It seemed to him to be an opportunity to do something if he could get at it at once. The Home Board took care of him and set him at work.

Fortunately he was able to get into the town on the "ground floor," for there was nothing in that part of the town except the ground. There was no church building, but there was plenty of room for one. With Presbyterian perseverance he went to work. On the 25th day of January, 1903, the church was organized, and all that it had was a great future; but that future was as certain as the promises of God. The minister and people were courageous. They put up a church edifice. They gathered an excellent Sunday-school. They started the young people. They organized a missionary society and went to work for everything that they could do. The aim set before them was to become a self-reliant, independent, aggressive church in their community. They made good progress, advancing in their own self-support and making offerings to the Board of Home Missions, on which they lived up to the past year, when their pastor felt that the time had come to take one great advance step, and take care of themselves.

For this past year they were dependent upon the Board to the amount of $300. Self-support meant then relieving the Board of this amount of money, and taking care of it themselves. How should they do it? This church adopted the following steps, and success was assured.

First, the General Assembly called upon the churches this year for an advance of twenty per cent over last year's offerings. This Home Mission church said an advance of twenty per cent is not a reasonable advance in our church. We can do better than that, and they proceeded to do better, as the first step toward self-support by more than doubling their offering to the Board of Home Missions.

Then they said, We must make a special effort to accomplish the rest. So the second step was a conference with the men of the church. On a Saturday night the men met their pastor and a friend of the cause in a special conference in the church building. The whole subject of their relation to the Board, their relation to the community, their relation to the kingdom of God, was discussed. The spirit shown was an admirable spirit. The men said, "We **ought** to take care of ourselves." The men said, We **are able** to take care of ourselves." The men said, "We **will** take care of ourselves," and then proceeded to plan to do it. In this plan the budget for the ensuing year, beginning the 1st of April, was spread out upon the blackboard. The first item in that budget was the pastor's salary, and the amount specified. Said one of the men, "Is that what we are paying our pastor? Why, that is a shame. I move that we raise the pastor's salary $200;" and then they discussed it. The pastor said, "Brethren, you are very kind. I appreciate your courtesy very much, but do not do that yet. Let us get our church off the Board first, and become independent before we talk of raising the salary." "No," said the men "that is not fair. We have no right to expect you to live in this vicinity on what you are now receiving. You need the advance, and we want you to have it." Thereupon they voted unanimously to recommend to the trustees to add $200 to the salary of the pastor. Then they took up each item of the budget. There was the fuel. There was the bill for electric lights. There was the assessment for the improvement of the street on both sides of their lot, and then there was the choir, for singing is an important item in worship, as they well knew. Each one of these items was scanned carefully and discussed, and approved by the men who were present. Then they said, "We will tackle this job tomorrow, and on the subscription plan will undertake to meet our entire budget," which, including the self-support, would be an advance of something like $700 over the current year.

On Sunday morning a special sermon was preached bearing on the great work of home missions. After the sermon the budget was taken up, and a careful statement was made to the congregation. The pledge cards were circulated, and the people asked to subscribe in weekly payments what they would give toward meeting the budget. In fifteen minutes the work was done, and the congregation left the church a trifle later than usual, with the consciousness that they had made a manly, Christian, becoming effort, and next year will relieve the Board of all responisbility for their support, and will start out a self-reliant, independent, aggressive force in their community. "Go thou and do likewise." The church is the Fourth Church of Spokane, Wash. The pastor is Rev. S. M. Ware, D.D.

Throw wide thy lattice, still they soul,
  And Christ shall speak to thee;
And down the beams of light shall glide
  Angels of ministry.

And thy poor room, and thy mean heart
  A temple-shrine shall be;
Wherein the blessed Holy Ghost
  Shall dwell, content, with thee.

—Helen M. Gifford.

THE NORTH BEACH DISTRICT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A recent number of The Pacific Churchman contained an article of considerable interest concerning the North Beach district, written by the Rev. W. M. Bours, the rector of St. Peter's Parish, an Episcopal church working there. We make here a condensation of that article, so that our readers may become better informed as to that part of San Francisco in which there is great need for Christian work.

The district is most hilly. A large valley extends through it from southeast to northwest. Just east of the hills which bound it on the east, the elevation drops abruptly to a plain which skirts the coast from the east end of Washington street to the north end of Kearny street, and to the north end of Larkin street. The valley at both ends joins the coast plain.

The views of the bay, islands and Coast Range from almost any part of the North Beach district, especially from the hills, is grand; the fortifications and the shipping may be clearly seen. This fine panorama, framed, as it were, by some of the windows in nearly every house in the district, makes it attractive for residences.

The hills are mostly residential. Montgomery avenue—typical of the retail business thoroughfares, extends along the valley. The Italian banks are located at or near its southeast end. Practically the entire coast line is available for dockage. That enhances the value of this plain for such typical business establishments as California Fruit Canners' Association; Sweet, Davenport Lumber Co.; The North Point Warehouse Co.; Vulcan Iron Works.

An important factor in the business life of North Beach is the 'Belt Railroad,' operated in the coast plain by the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. The Southern Pacific, Northwestern Pacific, Santa Fe, and North Shore Railroad companies ferry their freight cars from points across the bay to connect with this line.

Abundant fishing in the bay and Sacramento river, also outside the Golden Gate, together with the fine landing facilities at North Beach, adds to the commercial attractions of the district.

"The following agencies, beside the occupation possible at North Beach, give to the district a residential value:

The Italian banks have fostered the disposition of the Italians to save their earnings and acquire real estate for the establishment of homes.

Street car accommodations make North Beach a convenient home place for persons working as far south in the city as the Union Iron Works.

That phase of the religious complexion which appears in the results of a canvass, may be represented as follows: Roman Catholics, 65.64 per cent; Protestants, 13 per cent; attached to no church, 1.65 per cent; Jews, .39 per cent; agnostic, .18 per cent; undetermined, 19.14 per cent.

Sharp contrasts may be noted in the way the people are living. Some of their houses are well kept and adorned, others are neglected and barren. In one extreme case there seemed to be no clear line of demarcation between the barnyard and the parlor. In many quarters conditions conducive to wholesome privacy in domestic life are wholly lacking.

Now and then one comes upon an abode in a flower garden, where roominess and beauty combine to make the place homelike. Again families are found huddled in shanties built closely together to the rear of other buildings, and, where in case of fire, the inhabitants would be in danger of perishing.

A rather unusual case was that of a family consisting of man, wife, grown-up boy and girl, and one other child, beside a poor, deformed infant, existing in an exaggerated doll-house. The baby survived less than five months. The funeral service was held at home! One of four rooms, that constituted the accommodations, and in which the little body lay, was almost filled by a small table used as the bier. The officient, in standing by the body, left no place in the room for anyone else, and, when he stood erect, the ceiling-joists grazed his head. The place was exceedingly hot and uncomfortable. If one would wax sentimental, it might be said the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were superfluous there, for a family to remain in such quarters seemed itself a very committal!

In view of the fact that the normal development of man's social nature is so dependent upon the operation in his favor of laws fundamental to his general well-being, notice of the following conditions is appended:

The entrances to some places where human beings abide are through hallways that, even in the daytime, are as dark as midnight. Occasionally, foul air caps the climax of unsanitary conditions noted.

Washington square is being remade into a public park, and so in its partial conteraction of the effect on character of an ugliness prevailing in the distirct—especially during its reconstruction period—because of the exposure of the rear arrangements of so many buildings, will again be one of the redeeming municipal features of North Beach. This park will also afford some relief for that congestion which practically compels children to play on the streets. Devoid as they are of trees and of other beautiful things—with little, alas, to tempt the butterfly, and the honey-bee—there is nothing about the streets of North Beach to awaken the tuneful lyre. Save for the names of some of them, they are barren of music. One, by far too short, is called "Good Children's Place." The legend is, according to a little girl, the children who live there are good and go to church.

The population is decidedly cosmopolitan,though predominantly Latin. A great many are unable to speak the English language, and have to use their children as interpreters. The heterogeneity of the dis trict causes a state of affairs that may be termed municipal indigestion. The hopefulness of the situation, however, lies in the education of the children that is being steadily promoted.

Some baptised persons pretend to belong to no church. A little brotherliness may be all that is needed to occasion the element of Divine life, received in baptism, so to become an influence in their life as to direct them into effective church membership.

The formal acknowledgment of Christ on the part of some seems but a matter to put off until "a convenient season." Who can tell whether or not even one conversation with such may so arouse their better nature as to hasten the day when it can again be said "there is joy in heaven?"

A middle-aged man, who had never been able to discover any evidence of God's existence, was interviewed. He was not willing to go so far as to say "I think there is no God," but "I do not know that there is a God." He accepted a prayer book, and was

patient enough to listen to argument, and did admit the reasonableness of the proposition that to believe one must begin by believing, as to read, one must begin by learning the alphabet.

From time to time, in the course of a conversation, there are evoked wholesome stirrings of heart in confessions of duties neglected and in expressions of thankfulness for mercies received.

Declarations of loyalty to the religious systems to which some owe the stability of their character are not infrequently heard. Such motions in Christian hearts surely have the force of a spiritual awakening. One good woman remarked that she would not change from Roman Catholicism, though no attempt had been made to get her to do so. A staunch Presbyterian was found enthusiastic over the life and teachings of her minister.

There are those who have fallen away from the church, and who have no idea of ever renewing their church interests. To be tactfully persistent with such tends toward the removal of misunderstanding or prejudice on their part, and the stirring up in them of a better will.

Two men, well along in years, were found in a small and miserably furnished tent, where they had spent the winter. The tent was old and leaky. One of the occupants complained of rheumatism contracted from sleeping on a damp bed. When asked about work, they replied that there is plenty of work, but little or none for men of their age. They gladly accepted a prayer book. One of them saw the writer, at his departure, to the tent door with a show of gentility that made the act, amid their poor surroundings, pathetic.

A woman was visited who confessed she had not entered a church for twenty years, and had not during that time offered a prayer, save one at the time of the great earthquake. That even such sporadic petitions bring help to the soul was evidenced by her volunteering the opinion that such an experience as hers shows cowardice.

Meeting an hospitable old Irish woman at her lowly home, a few words of sympathy caused to be revealed what made her abode a home indeed—a heart brimming with love for a husband and a son, both taken in God's providence.

In a quaint little house, built, like so many others at North Beach, as if the front door were placed in the rear, but with garden patch, and cat, pigeons and parrot to make the place domestic, lives an elderly woman, who, when visited, talked of troubles numerous and varied, amid the parrot's incongruous laughter.

To afford a little surcease for a soul with full many a burden, to make an argument for a little more contentment, and, in support of the fact that the world is not altogether unbrotherly, is surely worth the ringing of an hundred doorbells!

The baptism of an infant was precipitated by a visit. The father is Roman Catholic, the mother Protestant. The latter was desirous of having the baby baptized, but did not know to whom to apply for administration of the rite. Upon the appearance of the writer, they decided to have the baptism then and there, which was accordingly performed.

There are many evidences of a wholesome state of personal religion, and of fealty to various Christian organizations.

Some persons are so evasive in their answers that the closest questioning fails to bring out anything definite in regard to their religious interests.

Happily, one rarely hears the laugh of the scoffer. Occasionally stolid indifference to religion is encountered, sometimes, indeed, open hostility. The attitude of some toward the church is curiously negative, their idea in relation to church attendance being that it does one no harm. Some do not go to church, because they claim to be "thinkers;" others, because they evidently are thoughtless; still others because they find no time.

There are those whose sense of vocation seems weak, for after being aroused to a consideration of Christian duty they quickly relapse into a state of indifference.

Great extremes may be noted in instances of persons shifting from Trinitarianism to Unitarianism, from Roman Catholicism to anything under the sun. One young person confessed to a dabbling in Buddhism. What might be termed shiftings in Catholicism were observed in instances of Anglicans changing in one case to the Roman Church, in another to the Greek Church.

Some emphasize the duty toward our neighbor entirely out of proportion to our duty toward God; they strive to fulfill the law by doing good to their brother, whom they have seen, while their God, whom they have not seen, is to them a negligible being. Others land where a neglected or a perverted power to believe ultimately leads them, into infidelity; instead of becoming steadfast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free by attuning the subjective faith to the objective standard of spiritual truth, viz., the gospel of Jesus Christ, epitomized in the Apostles' Creed. Some seem devoid of any sense of proportion in religious matters. By such persons the church is not given a position even co-ordinate with that of the shop A certain person expressed the opinion that one ought to attend services on Decoration day, but declared that on Christmas day the dinner had to be given the precedence.

Marriages of persons widely differing in religion are found, sometimes, to result in total neglect on both sides of church duties. The inconsistent lives of professing Christians are found to be great stumbling-blocks.

To some, church interests are matters to be avoided as hindrances to the business they are pursuing. By others, organized Christianity seems a subject wholly misunderstood. Such is the misunderstanding of those who suppose a merely human society, as, for example, a lodge, is for them a good enough church. A pronounced case of individualism sometimes adds to the variegation of an afternoon's experience.

The grave responsibility of parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," was brought out incidentally in a conversation with a young woman who is an uncompromising agnostic. While not reproaching her parents, she seemed to think that had they conserved her religious interests when she was a child she might now be differently minded. She, her parents and grand-parents are unbaptized. The same is true of her husband and his parents.

A man and wife, both baptized and confirmed in the Church of England, had resided in San Francisco seven years without making themselves known to the church, and unvisited, during that time, by any of the clergy. A few months ago a friend of theirs died, and they were desirous of having a clergyman conduct the

burial service, but did not, strange to relate, in a city of a dozen parishes, and about twenty Episcopal clergymen, beside many others ever willing to serve the people, know how to procure the services of a minister of the gospel; so the friend was buried with such prayers as they themselves could offer. Surely the sheep should not be suffered to go so far astray! And surely, too, there is a point at which the responsibility of people to conserve their own spiritual welfare may reasonably be presumed to begin!

A diminutive stir in the Italian quarter was occasioned by questions asked about church affiliations, so soon as the interrogator was discovered to be a Protestant. At first there was a characteristic pretense of not understanding the questions asked. Then a counsel of war was held by the parties involved—a young girl and her father. As the writer started to go into their apartment house the girl shouted at him: "My father says it's none of your business." When she was assured that there was no intention "to kill the Catholics"—the notes made of the visit being regarded with suspicion—and that the writer was merely a friend in quest of data in respect to religious matters, a pleasant smile replaced an ugly frown on her face, and she became communicative and accommodating enough to act as interpreter for one of her neighbors.

The domicile of a lady of numerous summers was invaded. Upon learning the visitor's errand she would have none of it. Her own religious proclivities were pointedly set forth; besides, she averred that she was born in the Emerald Isle, forgetting, however, to mention whether that event took place before or since St. Patrick had driven out the snakes. With enthusiasm peculiar to the blood, she jabbed the disturber of her peace with the question, "Do you expect to go to heaven?" "Yes, I hope so," was the counter-thrust. The interview was ended with a few commonplace remarks, after the visitor's tainted calling card had been spurned.

"THE BOOK OF PROGRESS."

W. N. Burr, Tulare.

I shall not soon forget one pleasant Monday morning in October of last year, when I met with an assembly of ministers in their regular Monday meeting. The paper that was read that morning greatly interested me. It was on "Preaching the Word," and was an able plea for more expository preaching. The brother who wrote that paper gave us some right searching things to think about, as he pictured the common ignorance of Biblical characters and events. To illustrate this point he told us of a Bible class teacher who once, in his hearing, asked his class: "Of what nationality was Paul?" Various answers were given. Some said Paul was a Jew, others that he was a Roman.

"He was neither Jew nor Roman," corrected the teacher; "Paul was a **Sanhedrim!**"

I well remember attending, one evening some years ago, a meeting of a literary circle made up of some of the most intelligent people of the place in which I was then living. A number of them knew other books well. I remember one rather elderly woman whom I had known somewhat for a few months, and who had impressed me as a woman of rather more natural inclination towards the intellectual life than the majority of the people, who yet surprised me that night by her readiness in recalling events in history, and passages in the best literature, and by her apparent originality. She seemed to have almost anything that came up at her tongue's end, and she had thoughts of her own, too, on a wide reach of subjects. By and by, in the reading of the evening, we came to a paragraph that was filled with references to various Biblical characters and events. The discussion of that paragraph was painful. Some one read it, and then there was silence. A number of persons began to whisper to each other—whether about the weather or something else, I do not know. Finally the good lady whom I was beginning to look upon as almost an encyclopedia in human form looked up, with a weak, helpless sort of smile on her face, and said:

"Well, that paragraph seems to be about all Bible; I guess we'll have to refer **that** to the minister!"

I went from that literary circle that night with some such thought as this burning in my brain: Why is it that people who are trained to study and have the study habit; who read, and who think, and who are on familiar ground with secular history and literature, and who delight to come together and discuss the best authors, and who can do it intelligently except when they are brought face to face with a reference to something in the Bible—why is it that so many well-informed people in everything else will not e ven take the trouble to inform themselves concerning the references to Biblical characters and events that are found in the essays, and noble poems, and thoughtful books that they dig into in their literary circles? Evidently some little preparation had been made for the discussion at the "Circle" meeting to which I have referred, of a certain portion of the book that was being read. But not one member of that "Circle;" about twenty-five of the leading "intellectual people" of the town knew or had taken the trouble to look up in the Bible, what the author of their book was writing about when he put into one paragraph several allusions to Biblical characters and events. They had evidently, in their preparation for that evening's work, skipped that paragraph, as some people skip the descriptive parts of a story because they want to get on with the story.

I most heartily agree with the brother who read the paper at the Ministers' Meeting, that the pulpit must do its part toward a more general knowledge of the Bible by feeding the people with "expository preaching." I recall just here a strong word that comes from the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Says Dr. Hillis:

"If for one day in each week, through a period of five years, all the children and youth, all parents and patriots could be induced to **study** and go out to **obey** the principles laid down in the Bible, to nourish reason and imagination and memory and judgment upon its sublime truths, all danger of anarchy and revolution, all fear of the bloody street and the trampled cornfields would pass away. The jails would be closed. The saloons would be crowded more than they now are. The colleges would be filled. A new glory would fall upon the library and the forum. A new era would dawn for music and poetry. Architecture would tax itself for glorious temples. Art would enter upon a new epoch, and liberty would find a new meaning. All society would enter upon a great forward movement. For God's book of morals and mercy for the individual is his book of progress for society and civilization."

A YAWNING GAP.

J. E. Walker.

Where? Between the needs of the foreign field and the supply of these needs. Yet there is no gap between these needs and the **ability** of the home churches to supply them. It is purely a gap between profession and performance, between creed and conduct.

I am stirred up by a letter asking me if a certain worker in the foreign field, "a man of finer fiber than many," has not endangered his health trying to do the work of three. He left a nice parish in New England and a large circle of warm and congenial friends to go into the interior of Southern China, where there are no carriage roads, and he can't even use a bicycle nor have a score of other things which had been the common comforts of his life. Has he not, then, the right to expect that such things as can be supplied to him in the fellowship of the gospel will be abundantly his, and especially all the funds needful for the efficient prosecution of his work. But instead of this, one of his heavy burdens is this yawning gap between need and supply. Three men would find enough to do, and their lives would amount to much more than they could at home. Yet there are none too many good pastors at home, and they are none too well paid. If there were three where now there is one, it would cost three times as much to support them. Yet, again, the average foreign missionary could command a larger salary at home than he receives abroad; and yet again an English daily published in Shanghai once made the remark that 'there were only two classes of foreigners in China who work for no more than they would receive at home, and these were **soldiers** and **missionaries.'**

However, in the way of meeting present needs a lot of good work can be gotten out of the Chinese themselves. Picked men among them are sometimes substituted for missionaries, with a fair degree of success and a great saving in money. But each substitute adds to the spiritual burden on the heart of the lone missionary; and they cannot furnish him the society and fellowship he would find in other missionaries. Much money, also, can be gotten out of the Chinese. But they have more time, strength and talent than money.

A missionary thus situated ought to be relieved of all financial worry, and just a few hundred dollars more would do this. But the Board cannot give more than the churches supply, and what it is now receiving is already pledged up to the last dollar. The missionary sees the work for which he has surrendered so much halting and hindered just for the lack of a slight increase in funds; and what will he do about it? He has an assured salary, measurably well adjusted to his own personal needs. Which shall he do now—scrimp his life work or scrimp himself? You've put him in a tight place.

There is now in China a great demand for Western education, and there are magnificent opportunities for Christian educators, and for Christian institutions of learning. The Chinese government can hire Western teachers at salaries twice or thrice as big as the missionary receives; or it can pick up cheap adventurers. But the fundamental need of all classes, high and low, is moral and spiritual regeneration; and this only Christian institutions can convey to them. Their sages have given them plenty of good maxims, but these are all impotent through sin. Joshua and David could save the sons of Israel from foreign enemies, but could not save them from their own sins; and when at last Messiah came, he was Jesus, the Savior from sin. In China we have seen His power to save on a small scale and in individual cases. The Chinese have a saying, "Where consumption and leprosy are cured, gamblers and rakes will be reformed." Christ, the living Savior, is doing the latter, and Christian physicians are beginning to do the former.

About a year ago I stood on the roof of our Boys' Boarding School in Shaowu, looking after a leak, and there was borne to my ears from a distant garden loud, angry tones. I could not understand what was said, but I could distinguish now and then the word for **mother,** coupled with the foulest word that mouth can utter. It was a combination of words that I never heard in America and never dreamed of till I heard it in China. But there it is universally current. As I stood on that roof I recalled a song I used to sing in my youth, entitled "Mother, Home and Heaven." Oh the terrible, the infinite contrast! But under me in that boarding school were two score youth whose lips I felt sure were purged from all such foulness; for just a few weeks before we had had a powerful and sweeping revival under the auspices of a Christian Endeavor Society and a College Y. M. C. A. and Christian Chinese teachers.

When a Chinese begins to turn toward Christ, one of the first things is the cleansing of his mouth from foul speech. Once we were warned to beware of a certain professed convert because he had been overheard to use that foul phrase in scolding his little daughter. In a few months his life was found to justify the warning.

Foul speech, foul deeds and gambling and opium are universally condemned by the Chinese conscience, and yet are current throughout the whole empire; but they are everywhere rigorously excluded by the Chinese churches of Christ. And where converted youths are predominant in our Christian schools and colleges these things are thoroughly excluded from them. There is now a great and pressing need for educators who are men of decided piety and unequivocally loyal to Christ; men through whom the Holy Spirit will work the new birth in the hearts of the pupil.

Some fifty odd years ago a Home Missionary pastor here at Forest Grove said: "To give a young man an education without Christian principle is only to make him a clever devil." China and India can both furnish abundant confirmation of this; but they can also furnish splendid examples of what education with Christian principle can do.

Forest Grove, Ore., January 30, 1908.

HOW CLARA ILLUSTRATED A POEM.

Little Clara was told by her teacher to make,
Like the rest of the class, a fit illustration
To go with a poem. "Which one shall I take?"
Asked Clara, poor child, in some perturbation.

"The Old Oaken Bucket," the teacher replied.
"I'll try," was the answer; and here's what she drew:
A circle, three buckets, and off at one side
Some dots loosely scattered, a dozen or two.

"This circle?" asked teacher. "The well," she said, vexed.

"But why have three buckets? Come Clara, please tell."
"One's the old oaken bucket; the mossy one next;
The third the iron-bound one that hung in the well."

"Of course," said the teacher; "but what are these dots?
I really don't see just what they have to do
With the poem." "Why, don't you?" said Clara. Those spots,
Why, they're 'the loved spots that my infancy knew.'"

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Presbyterian Church at Tucson, Arizona, has decided to erect a new building at a cost of $25,000.

The readers of the Pacific Presbyterian will be interested to know that for the present the headquarters of the Field Secretary for the Pacific Coast District are located at Portland, Oregon. The Secretary, Rev. W. S. Holt, has opened an office at Rooms 415-17 Worcester Block, Portland, where all communications should be addressed.

A press dispatch from Seattle on January the 28th was as follows: "Dying from alcoholism, his mind nearly gone, W. J. Thompson, D.D., LL. D., at one time one of the most renowned of Scotland's preachers, is dying a charity patient at the Wayside Hospital. In the pockets of his tattered garments are letters from men well known in religious circles and from men high up in the literary world. Several years ago Thompson deserted Scotland and the Presbytery for Newfoundland and the Episcopal Church. He then went to British Columbia and from there to Oakland, Cal., where he preached as a Methodist. Later he came here and has been arrested several times for drunkenness. It is doubtful if he leaves the hospital alive."

The San Jose Herald of recent date says: "The handsome edifice on North Third street, being erected by the First Presbyterian Church, is rapidly nearing completion and promises to be not only one of the largest but most artistic church buildings in the city. The asbestos slate roof attracts much favorable comment, it being the only roof of the kind so far laid in San Jose, and possesses not only the lasting qualities of a slate roof, but the fire-resisting qualities of asbestos. The exterior and interior plastering will be finished this week, and after the painting and tinting is done it will then be ready for the furnishings. The pews have already been shipped, and the pipe organ is expected early in March. The contract for the art glass has been let to the Judson Art Glass Works, and it is expected that all the windows will be completed so that the congregation will be able to occupy its new home by April 1st."

In a recent number of The Missionary Substitute the Rev. Dwight L. Potter sounds the call for foreign missions as follows: "Los Angeles Presbytery has seventy churches with 12,000 members. Splendid work along mission study lines and for women's and young people's societies has been done. That Southern California Presbyterians are liberal is proven by the fact that the Presbytery gave over $500,000, or $43.50 per capita last year for the Kingdom. They kept $42 of this $43.50 at home, sent $1.50 per capita abroad, thus estimating America to be twenty-eight times as needy as all the rest of the world. In view of the fact that 900,000,000 non-Christians are entirely dependent on this Presbytery for the gospel, it is to be hoped that this year may show more than $18,000 for foreign missions from a people able to give $500,000 for work in America. Not less here, but more there. The sum of $60,000 per year would put this splendid Presbytery on the Omaha basis."

The superintendent of the Baptist home missionary work in California says in The Standard, a Baptist paper published in Chicago: "It takes a good man to be a spiritual leader in this country. He has to contend with all the isms that were ever heard of, and then some more. Any man who can succeed in California as a preacher will succeed anywhere in the world." Of San Francisco he writes: "This metropolis of the Pacific coast in many respects typifies the life of the state. It is the most cosmopolitan city in the country, in proportion to its population. Seventy-three distinct nationalities are represented within its city limits. New York City with ten times the population can only exceed that number by one." Concerning California Baptists it is said: "While we have no conspicuously wealthy members and the majority of our churches is small numerically, they know how to work and give for the cause of Christ. There are two conventions in California, one cultivating the southern portion of the state, which is separated from us by the Tehachapi range of mountains. Each convention has about 12,000 Baptists, and during the past year each expended within its territory for missions and church edifice work about $30,000. When it is stated that the largest individual contribution in our convention field was $50 and that less than fifty individuals gave $25 or more each, it will be seen that the number of contributors was relatively large. This shows a general interest in the work. Thirty-four of our churches gave for the general missionary fund alone an average of $1 per member or more each."

Among the Churches.

Palo Alto.—The pastor announced on a recent Sunday that friends of the church have agreed to donate a fine pipe organ.

Tropico.—The coming of the Rev. A. W. McConnell from Iowa to take charge of the work at Tropico will be delayed because of a fall which resulted in some broken bones in the arm and shoulder.

Los Angeles.—The new Presbyterian Church on Dayton avenue has a membership of 56 and a Sunday-school of 80 members. The Rev. C. R. Shields is in charge.

Oakland.—Franklin N. Hart, father of Rev. O. E. Hart, pastor of the Centennial Presbyterian Church, passed away January the 30th. Death was due to heart failure. He was aged 83 years. Mr. Hart was an early settler in California. He served throughout the civil war in Company K, Seventy-third Indiana Volunteer Infantry. He was a native of Northern Vermont.

ON THE MISSION FIELD.

By Nomad.

Sunday, January 12th, Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D. Synodical Superintendent Home Missions, organized a Presbyterian Church in Searchlight, Nevada, with seventeen members and three elders.

Sunday, January 19th, Dr. Noble organized St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Strathmore, with ten members. Calvin M. Buck, formerly of Haywards, was elected and installed elder, and Patrick Henry of Texas was ordained and installed elder. Rev. Edward E. Giffen, pastor of Lindsay church, who preaches alternate Sunday afternoons at Strathmore, and in charge of this promising field in the heart of the orange belt, assisted Dr. Noble in the above exercises.

Sunday, January 26th, Dr. Noble delivered two high-grade sermons in office building of Irrigated Farms Co., Kerman, and prepared the way for organization of a Home Mission church and minister. Fresno County Irrigated Farms Company has promised eligible lots for a church edifice, on Madera avenue. This enterprising company has already disposed of ten thousand acres of the old California Bank Tract of 26,000 acres. Two colonies are established in the center of this fertile and well-watered plain, and families have recently come from Dakota, Montana, Kansas, Colorado, Oregon and Southern California. Nine dollars per ton spot cash is paid for "loose" alfalfa at Kerman Alfalfa mill. Less than a year ago ranchmen were glad to haul their hay to Fresno and get $4 to $5 per ton.

Kerman Inn cannot accommodate visitors. A $20,000 concrete building for stores and apartments for small families is in course of construction, also fifteen modern cottages, which have been rented before foundations have been prepared. Verily "there is something doing in Kerman by the San Joaquin.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND HOME MISSIONS.

The last General Assembly adopted a recommendation calling upon the Sunday-schools to make the Sabbath nearest Washington's Birthday Home Mission day. In the list of special days as prepared for the Presbyterian Handbook, February 16th, is put down as the rallying day for Sunday-schools for Home Missions. In strict conformity to the recommendation of the Assembly, February 23rd would be the proper day, but the main thing involved in the recommendation of the Assembly is that the Sunday-schools of the country share in the work of Home Missions by taking an offering in February for the general work of the Board.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the Sunday-schools of the Pacific Coast district made offerings as follows last year:

In the Synod of Washington, 25 schools gave $158.48; Oregon, 17 schools gave $86.69; California, 68 schools gave $541.32.

The largest offerings were as follows: From Puget Sound Presbytery, 7 schools, $68.21; Portland Presbytery, 6 schools, $28.13; Los Angeles Presbytery, 22 schools, $248.98.

It is hoped that the attention of Sunday-school superintendents will be drawn to the pressing needs of Home Missions this current year. As is well known, the Home Board appropriated $100,000 in excess of its ordinarily anticipated income, to meet the needs this year. Those needs occur in part out of the reunion with the Cumberland Church, and in part out of the call for the office of pastor-at-large in many presbyteries. The General Assembly authorized the Board to respond to these calls, and the Board sets the needs before the Church, that they may be met as nearly as possible.

So many of the Sunday-schools of the Pacific Coast district are the outgrowth of Home Mission work, that it is impossible for them not to be interested in this great cause. All that is needed is to give the children a chance, and they will bring in an offering. For this reason we desire to impress it upon the minds of the Sunday-school superintendents throughout the Coast district that the opportunity to help Home Missions this year is at hand. May there be more schools interested this year than ever before, and if possible larger amounts contributed to the treasury.

W. S. HOLT,
Field Secretary Pacific Coast District.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The inauguration of Professors Moore and Paterson on Thursday of last week brought together a large number of the friends of the seminary. Many came from Berkeley and other cities about the bay. Among them were many ministers, including pastors from San Jose, Palo Alto and Red Bluff. Rev. Geo. G. Eldredge, president of the Board of Directors, presided. Rev. H. H. McQuilken of San Jose read the Scriptures and Rev. Prof. Charles S. Nash, D.D., of the Pacific Theological Seminary, offered prayer. After the professors had assented to the constitutional questions Rev. Jas. M. Wilson, D.D., pastor of Westminster Church, Seattle, Wash., gave a very vigorous charge. The keynote of his address was "Contend for the Faith." Prof. Paterson gave his inaugural address. It was a clear scholarly historical address on the subject, "The Climax of the Papacy under Bonifice VIII." Rev. E. E Baker, D.D., offered the installation prayer. The Seminary Quartet sang two beautiful selections. The congregation sang as a closing hymn,

"O Master let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free,"

and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. J. Fisher, D.D., moderator of the Synod of California. After the exercises were concluded the ladies of the faculty served tea in the parlor of Montgomery Hall. While some had to hasten away to catch trains, a good number remained and enjoyed the social hour.

Rev. H. Jacobs, '01, is doing a good work in his two churches in Nebraska, Millerboro and Willowdale. The churches are thirteen miles apart, and his entire parish is twenty-eight miles long. He rode 2,000 miles in his buggy last year doing pastoral work in this large field. During the past year both churches have been put in good repair and improvements made. Fifty-two members have been received, two-thirds of them on confession of faith. He began evangelistic services January 26th, which he hopes will bring many more into the church.

The February number of the Assembly Herald is of special interest to San Anselmo people. In the Foreign

Mission section it has an interesting article by Rev. George D. Byers, '06, on "The Land South of the Sea," which gives us the meaning of the name Hainan, China, where he is laboring as a missionary. Farther on in the Home Mission section is a very readable article on "Some Results Among the Umatillas," by Rev. James M. Cornelison, '99, our missionary pastor among the Umatilla Indians in Eastern Oregon. No one can read that article and believe that all good Indians are dead Indians. The same number gives us also a fine picture of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelison and their two children. On another page is a picture of Rev. Eduard J. Conner and his family. He has recently been ordained and is Mr. Cornelison's assistant among the Umatillas. He is a fine seciment of a Christian Indian. He took a special course in the seminary, which was cut short by the death of a step-daughter.

Communion was administered in the San Anselmo church last Sabbath. Three new members were received, one of them on confession of faith.

Mr. Alexander Bonick went to Coste Madera last Sabbath to assist Rev. Dr. McDonald in communion services, as that church had no elder present.

Rev. Andrew B. Meldrum, D.D., '84, pastor of the Old Stone Church, Cleveland, Ohio, who has for a number of years conducted the Friday union services in that city for the study of the Sunday-school lesson, has had to discontinue this work on account of other pressing duties. His services have been so acceptable that it is hoped he will later be able to resume them.

The Edwards Club, which is composed of the various theological faculties about the bay, and which has been in existence for some years, has heretofore appointed a chairman at each meeting. At its meeting held this week it was voted to have a president, who should be elected for a term of one year. Dr. Landon was elected as first president of the club.

A REMINISCENCE AND ITS MORAL.

Fifty-four years ago there sat on the Supreme Bench of this state as its Chief Justice a man named Murray. He was said to be a brilliant speaker and learned in the law. But he was self-indulgent to the degree of shameful dissipation, and a jolly good fellow among men of that sort. One day, two of his boon companions were arrested for some criminal action (I do not remember what); but they were no sooner in jail than they sent word to him, and by a writ of habeas corpus he set them free. Inquired of for the grounds of his action, he replied: "They are friends of mine; you don't think I am going to let them stay in jail, do you?" I relate the incident, of course, upon newspaper testimony, but have no reason to doubt that it is true. It illustrates the way in which things were moving at that time in the courts of San Francisco, and, perhaps, throughout California.

At length this debauchery of the form of law reached the point where the safest thing a criminal could do, if he had money or "a pull," was to surrender himself to the authorities, pass through the form of a trial, secure acquittal and thus be free.

There was in those days in San Francisco a banker of somewhat limited means, but of superb integrity, named James King, Discovering for himself that his depositors were not quite safe, he sold his business to a larger bank, and became one of its employees. Not long after there fell upon the young metropolis a financial disaster the equal of which in proportion to the size and resources of the community, was probably never equalled anywhere. Every bank in the city closed its doors, though some found it safe to open again in two or three days. The bank in which this gentleman was employed was thrown into hopeless bankruptcy, and Mr. King looked elsewhere for some honorable work. He started an evening paper and called it The Bulletin. It had but four pages and and these ridiculously small; but from its first issue right on its editorials were such that the question each evening all over the city was, "What does King say today?" It grew, of course, in size, in resources, and in power. There was in it the ring of the man's well-known integrity and righteous audacity. He unveiled a condition of things in the courts and in both municipal and state legislation which people had seen before, but only indistinctly, and with a sense of utter helplessness.

In those days I was pioneering in the mining regions and came to Downieville, the county seat of Sierra county, then the busiest mining county, and Downieville the busiest mining town in the whole state. For ten years afterward it was my home, but at this time I was simply exploring. I intended to remain over Sunday, but did not expect to be called to such a service as was thrust upon me. For on Friday a prominent miner, highly respected, was shot down in the principal business establishment of the village, which then was, of course, a gambling palace. The murdered man was not a gambler, and was in the place, I suppose, to meet some one whom he thought he might find there. The murderer, aided by the gambling fraternity, escaped arrest for a number of years, and when at last he was brought to trial a different sentiment, to some extent, prevailed. Perhaps he would have ventured upon escape through trial and acquittal, but we had on the bench of our district Niles Searls, afterward Chief Justice of the state, a man of stern and absolutely incorruptible integrity.

I was requested to conduct the funeral service of the victim. There were no relatives within reach, and it became a community funeral, conducted in the street in front of the saloon in which the murder was committed. I was moved to raise the question, "Who are responsible for such a crime as this?" And I answered it, not only counting in those who sold the liquor that made the murderer to be beside himself, but also any judges—if such there had been—who so charged a jury as to shield from due punishment a criminal, and any jurors who had rendered a verdict which cleared the guilty. I went on to argue that law-abiding and peaceable citizens were entitled to the protection of the law, through its forms if possible, but in spite of them if necessary, and they must and would get that protection.

The address created more of a sensation than the young speaker expected. I was immediately dubbed by the county "boss" and his followers, "the mob-law minister," and several months afterwards I was told that he declared that if I "got off any more of such stuff at the evening service, he would shoot me on the spot." I do not know whether this statement was true, but I know that he was there and on a front seat, and not there, I fear,, because he wished to worship God. The sensation arose, not from any special force in the address, but because there was a magazine of

smothered anger in the community, and a match was sufficient to make it explode, and the evildoers who assumed to run the county machine, could not but feel this.

Little did I dream that what I had stated theoretically would soon be wrought out in actual and awful fact. The evil powers behind the thrones in the metropolis were in far more danger from the pointed and powerful editorials in the Bulletin,—read as they were by almost the entire community—than were the minor bosses of our little county from that funeral address, and Jas. King of William was shot dead in the open street by a man "with a pull," such as secured almost to guarantee him an acquittal. Out of this sprang up a revolutionary movement on the part of the best citizens of San Francisco, which, taking the administration of law into its own hands, acting with moderation and wisdom, giving to the criminals arraigned before it all necessary opportunities for defense, hung two murderers and banished a little army of scoundrels, and finally installed in this city what was, with probable truth declared to be the cleanest, most loyal and efficient, just and economical,—in one word, the **best** municipal administration enjoyed by any city of America. There have been few if any grander, more brave, astute and successful movements for the overthrow of entrenched wrong and the victory of righteousness, than the Vigilance Committee of 1856.

A recent decision of our San Francisco Court of Appeals, construing the letter of the law in such a way as to kill the spirit of it, surrendering us to the cruel mercies of the bribers and the bribed, giving free scope and assured immunity to officials using official power to protect men in vicious and unlawful deeds. This decision, if sustained by the Supreme Court (as I cannot believe that it will be), would soon bring our city and our whole state again to the point where forbearance would cease to be a virtue, and where, if peaceful methods could not bring life and force and due effect into our laws, the hard, sad, costly and dangerous expedient of 1856 would be resorted to again.

—W. C. P.

CONTRAST.

One sang of sorrow, one without a care;
And many said, with pitying eyes and dim,
"How deeply hast thou suffered, friend!" nor knew
It was their grief which found a voice in him.

Years passed, and all the anguish of his songs
Became his own, yet caroled he of bliss;
Men said, "How gay, how joyful, is thy soul!"
He made reply, "I sing of what I miss."

—Ethel Coleman in the February Century.

THE REVOLT IN FRANKLIN FLAT.

Juliet paced anxiously between the cook stove in her tiny kitchen and the parlor bay window. The clock ticked away with an annoyingly business-like air, as it marked off the passing moments.

Half after six, and no John! The muffins were growing cold, and the steak was broiled to a turn. "I wouldn't say a word," she burst forth, rebelliously, "if he had to come from town on a car, and was liable to be delayed, but it is just so twice every day. The office business is systematized perfectly, and we are only two blocks distant. It is downright selfish in John, to say nothing of the dreadful waste of nervous energy and good food."

At ten minutes past seven a key grated in the lock, and handsome, debonair John Holworthy came in, with an accompanying rush of cold air.

"Hello, girlie; kept you waiting, did I? Sorry, but I met Sanborn out here at the corner, and we stopped to talk. A fellow with his own way to make in the world has to be civil to every one. A man can't be eternally thinking of his meal time and his eating."

Juliet choked back the tears. "A woman has to be always thinking of meals," she answered, a trifle coldly. "You know that I delight in preparing dainty dishes to please you, and in making our nest the homiest place in the world, but it is discouraging to plan pleasant surprises, and have the labor of love and materials wasted or past their best."

John looked at her in astonishment. In their eleven months of married life she had seldom protested when he was late, and then only in the gentlest way, that he had always silenced with a kiss.

He felt not a little injured at her most unexpected attitude. It was a disagreeable showing which he had not looked for in Juliet. In aggrieved silence he sat down to the attractive little dinner table with its snowy linen, glittering silver, and savory dishes.

The little woman at the head of the table looked back over the months of growing indifference to her convenience, and the injustice of it made her cheeks burn. It was an uncomfortable meal for both, and directly it was over John took his pipe and paper and retired to the seclusion of the Den.

When the tiny kitchen was in perfect order, beans put to soak, and bread set for the Saturday baking, Juliet Holworthy found herself strangely weary and her head throbbing uncomfortably. She went into the little parlor and looked at the long undisturbed pile of music; next, the cover of her desk was lifted and a pile of unanswered letters confronted her, and several half-finished manuscripts stared reproachfully upward—"pot-boilers," she gaily called them, when a stray check gladdened the day's mail. Next she visited her sewing basket and smiled almost cynically at the heap of unfinished work which bore silent witness to good intentions which had not yet borne fruit in finished work.

She had tried so hard to keep all her work abreast, but the meals dragged so unnecessarily, and the whole household system was so thoroughly disarranged in consequence, that everything else was as good as crowded out.

Without a glance toward the Den or its misused occupant, she went into the little bedroom that she had planned with such loving thought, and hurriedly retired to nurse her aching head and outraged feelings. Before long she found herself walking heavily along an exceedingly dusty road, beside which bloomed most beautiful flowers. She gazed at them longingly, but without avail; she was helplessly chained to the wheel of an immense gilded chariot. From every spoke rattled and jangled countless frying-pans, broilers, toasting forks, brooms, dusters, fantastic jelly molds and innumerable other kitchen contrivances. Music and the sounds of gaiety were to be heard on all sides, but if she essayed to move a step from the wheel, an angry discord arose among the utensils. The driver peered over the chariot side. She started. It was John.

All the next day she went about her duties soberly, with the disturbing dream in mind. The evening meal was in course of preparation, when the mistress of Franklin Flat burst into a sudden peal of laughter.

"Bear witness, O ye companions of the wheel!" she cried, enthusiastically, flourishing the bread knife, "that we—you and I—are to deliberately set to work to break our Johnny of his dreadfully annoying habit of being always late. Bless us! it will take heroic measures, but 'with all his faults we love him still.'"

When the deeply offending John came in at 6:30, he found his wife leisurely embroidering a strawberry centerpiece. There was no steaming hot dinner ready to be hurried upon the table. He sat down a trifle uneasily, and looked anxiously at the clock.

"Dinner will be ready by and by," she assured him with a guileless smile. I was busy and it got late all at once. It is a nuisance for a woman always to have her eye on either the clock or the refrigerator."

"Yes, but," he explained, a bit awkwardly, "I have tickets for the concert you have wanted to hear so badly. Can't we just take a bite and run along?"

For a moment Juliet wavered. Those tickets were distinctly a peace-offering—a bribe, for he had not been on time, even tonight. She fancied that the teakettle gave a derisive hiss. With a sudden hardening of her naturally tender heart she arose and set about an apparent hurrying of things; but dinner had to be eaten, the dishes washed, and an appropriate toilet made. For some reason the brisk little woman did not make the time she usually did. They were precisely an hour late.

The next morning there was no wife pointing out the time and urging breakfast. John hurried into the office fifteen minutes behind time, to be reprimanded for having lost an important sale.

It took several verbal declarations on the part of Juliet every day to keep up her behind-time schedule, for she was the soul of system and promptness. She assured herself that she had put her hand to the plow, and there should be no turning back.

Just one week had flitted past. It had been a miserable week for both. John had hurried off two mornings without time for even a cup of coffee, and two more he had been late. The luncheons had been a rub and a go, and the dinners had come almost any time He had attended a banquet and arrived in time to be served with dessert with the rest.

"What do you call this?" inquired John, looking up from a deliciously appetizing dish, which he was attacking at just eight o'clock in the evening.

"The revolt in Franklin Flat," returned Juliet, without the ghost of a smile, but with a ripple of laughter in her voice.

"Will the insurrection be called off, if the chief offender promises an entire reformation?" he queried, laughingly.

"Are you in earnest, John?" Juliet asked with an earnestness that brought back the whole miserable week through which he had just lived. "I am willing to go back on regular schedule time, if you are, but I am **not** going alone."

The man arose from the table. It was only a step to the other side.

"Juliet," he said, drawing her to him, "you have given me a lesson that only a brave and tactful woman could have given. Procrastination has been my besetting sin. Somehow I never realized the value of time, and not until you started in to discipline me did I realize what a behind-time habit I had acquired, and how fearfully aggravating it could be. Call off your revolt, girlie! If a man with no excuse cannot be on time, he doesn't deserve to have a regular time for anything."

Juliet smiled happily through a mist. "It takes a brave man to acknowledge a fault," she murmured, "and a strong man to correct it."—Emma Gary Wallace, in Zion's Herald.

Young People.

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

Helen stood on the doorstep with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we will go tomorrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is this errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa, but—oh, no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my orange that I saved from my desert, to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not, but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy! Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into this buggy and I will drive you to Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very pleased as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.—Domestic Journal.

THE AFFECTION OF ANIMALS.

Do animals have lasting affections? Some say not. They ascribe the apparent love of dumb brutes for their masters to selfishness, pure and simple—a selfishness which prompts them to fawn upon the dispenser of bounties in order to gain more bounties. Their are, however, enough instances of deep, unsefilsh affection on their part to prove the absurdity of this position. Here is a case in point:

Caesar, a noble black saddle horse ridden daily by

a young lad, was sold because of the financial reverses of the family and taken into the country. Three summers later his former master chanced to attend a rural fair, and while sauntering through the grounds heard a loud whinnying. It was so insistent that he looked about to determine the cause, and found, to his great surprise and delight, Caesar tied to a nearby post. The horse evinced every symptom of joy, rubbing his nose against his old friend, neighing, lifting his foot to shake hands (as he had been taught in former years), and, in short, doing everything in his power to express his happiness. The young man stayed by his side, talking to him and caressing him, until his owner returned, when he proceeded to make arrangements to have the use of him a certain portion of each day during his stay in the vicinity. They had many a trot and gallop, and at the close of the summer he bade good-bye to his pet with tears in his eyes. For weeks after that Caesar would prick up his ears expectantly at the time of the accustomed ride, and whinny if anyone entered the barn. Finally, however, he seemed to give up all hope. He lost his spirit, refused to eat, and in a short time died, although the veterinary surgeon summoned declared that he was perfectly sound, without any ailment whatever.

DETERMINED TO SUCCEED.

About twenty-five years ago a gentleman officially connected with a prominent institution of learning in this state was passing the college building on his way from the town to his home. He noticed a fifteen-year-old boy sitting on the steps in front of the building. Something about the youth attracted his attention and roused his sympathy; he drew near, asked the boy who he was, where he came from and what he was doing there. The replies to these and other questions elicited the fact that the boy came from a distant country, having heard that poor boys were given an opportunity to acquire an education by their own efforts, and, not having means to pay his railroad fare, he had walked over two hundred miles from his home to the school. A home and employment were found for the boy, he proved an apt and diligent student, graduated with high honor, and immediately found employment in the government surveys. The boy had two or three brothers, who, learning of his success as a student, followed him on foot, studied and worked as hard as he did, and are now all honorably employed at high salaries as surveyors and engineers.

A few days ago the management of the Washburn observatory, connected with the University of Wisconsin, and the director of the Yerkes observatory of the University of Chicago both extended a cordial invitation to a poor Wisconsin boy to use their instruments and receive gratis the best instruction that the astronomical faculty could furnish. The reason for the invitation was found in the fact that the boy had displayed a taste for astronomy, and to gratify it he made for himself a rude telescope, with which he nightly searched the heavens, and within a year discovered two comets which had escaped the notice of the men of science.

In these incidents there is a lesson for every poor boy in this broad land. In each case there was the desire for attainment and the effort, energetic and determined, to put the desire into execution. One was willing to walk, enduring the privations of the journey, and to work during five or six long years, in order to realize the desired object. The other was ready to work. Groping as he did, almost in the darkness, with no more than an elementary knowledge, a mere smattering of the elements of mechanics, he nevertheless succeeded.

The common idea that the world maintains a chilling attitude towards talent and recognizes it only when compelled to do so is dissipated by such incidents as these. When a boy or man is heard complaining of non-recognition of his talent, the existence of the talent itself may be called in question. Whenever there is real ability, backed by determination and perseverence, recognition will come. Men are ever ready to assist those who show a willingness to help themselves. It is a fact that President Andrew Johnson could not read until his oldest child had begun lessons in the first reader at the neighborhood school. Johnson was a tailor, a man of native ability, but in his youth lacking facilities. The child came to him for assistance in pronouncing difficult words, and, ashamed to confess his inability to give it, he determined to lear, and that he did so to some purpose was proved by his subsequent history. The men who succeed do not usually begin as late as did Johnson. They generally commence in boyhood, but early boyhood is not too soon, nor is manhood too late for him who will.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

JIM JONES.

Jim Jones gets up at half-past four in rain or shine or cold,
And leaves the papers at the doors. He's only twelve years old,
But my! he's big, and makes me wish I had some work like his.
He says to me, "Poor kid; of course you'd like my job.
If you could hear the things I hear, and see the things I see
When I get up at half-past four, you'd wish that you was me!"
He squints his eyes. "Why, Chub," he says, "I own the whole long street!
And if you knew the things I know you'd say they're hard to beat."
"O, Jim," I say, "please tell me now what all these things can be."
"Not yet," says Jim; "you're lots too young. Wait till you're big like me."
"But, Jim, it must be awful cold in winter when it's dark."
"Oh, sure," he says, "so fine and cold it's just a perfect lark.
Of course I never dare to laugh for fear my face will crack;
Nor I can't frown, for it might freeze and turn an awful black.
So I just wear a half-way grin, and if my face should freeze,
I'd be all right to look at with a cheerful smile to please.
You poor young kid," he says real sad, "I'm sorry as can be
Your pa won't let you go to work and see the things I see.
I cross my heart they're true," he says, each time I talk with him.
Oh, dear! why can't I get up, too, at half-past four, like Jim?
—Louise Ayres Garnet, in Woman's Home Companion.

Let our lives be pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.

SAVED TO SERVE.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving—
All its wealth is living gain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner
Scattered fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Safe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan:
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well felt empty?
None but God the void can fill.
Nothing but the ceaseless Fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined its strength sinks low.
It can only live in loving,
And in serving love will grow.

—Selected.

A PURPOSEFUL LIFE.

One of the results of grace in the heart is an earnest desire to serve to the furtherance of the gospel on its Divine mission. It is one of the fruits of the Spirit to create holy ambition in the life of every believer. The Christian is lead to cast his eyes beyond his own little personal interests and lawful aspirations, to the needs of others and their claims upon him. That life which is busied only on selfish personal ends, however comprehensive, industrious and successful it may be, cannot be regarded as a purposeful career. A life worthy of true manhood and of manliness itself must go beyond the largest bounds of mere self, and unselfishly seek the good of others with the earnestness and perseverance essential to achievement.

The typical Christian life has largeness, fullness, and goes out toward others in sympathy and with ready, willing hand, able to do something. It is well to cherish and express good desires, but desires, however commendable, are a poor answer to duty and necessity, unless they be faithfully executed.

We need eyes to see opportunity, ears to hear calls to duty, and a willingness to follow the leadings of the Spirit.

There is a countless number of our fellow-beings who are going through life aimlessly in respect to temporal things. They are without force and are poor specimens of humanity. They are constantly a disappointment to themselves and to others. They are a menace to best results wherever they are employed. The same is true of many professed Christians. They have not a well-defined purpose for any kind of religious activity. They are only "camp-followers." They have eyes, but they see not; they have ears but they hear not. Their lives are empty.

How different from those who are studying to make themselves useful by devoting time, energy and means, not to get gain to themselves, not to provide for a life of ease and luxury in later years, but to do good in every passing day, not waiting for better opportunities, but making the most of the present.

A purposeful life does not necessarily engage itself in broad, comprehensive schemes, but gathers up the little things, utilizes the fragments, and so works out a useful career and reaches a worthy goal.—Evangelical Messenger.

LOVE AND OLD AGE.

We forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no apologies and knows no reason why the old-time caress and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart, and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a prattling child. Let's love them more than by mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reveries, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—
There, like that;
I want a little petting
At life's setting,
For 'tis harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting:
For I'm old, alone, and tired
And my long life's work is done."

—G. L. D., in Homiletic Review.

PROTECTIVE SILENCE.

"He well understood," says the biographer of a man in public life, "the protective power of silence." That sentence is very suggestive when one comes to consider it.

Hasty, ill-advised, thoughtless speech opens many doors to unfriendly attacks, and to trouble of various kinds. Into most lives, whether public or not, there come happenings and complications that are unwelcome, and concerning which the outside world, larger or smaller, is sure to wonder and comment. Some sorrowful cloud may fall upon the family through the wrongdoing of one connected with it, some keen humiliation come through the folly, if not the sin, of one nearly allied to it, and human tongues will not fail to busy themselves with such occurrences. Weak natures, suffering under the sting of this knowledge, rush into endless explanations to whoever will listen. They are feverishly anxious to palliate and set right, but they are seldom successful even in the smallest degree. What has been done has been done; surrounding humanity is entitled to its opinion of the case, and will have it; it has a right to express its views, and will doubtless claim the right. Far more effectual than any word defense is the "protective power of silence"—a quiet, dignified, absolute silence that few have the temerity to assault either with questions or unwelcome pity. There are cups of grief that can be shared with God alone; there are mistakes and hurts that he only can understand; and toward all the world outside there is no wiser, more healing course than silence.—Great Thoughts.

THE POWER OF THE PULPIT FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"We talk about the power of the press and the power of the politician and the power of money, and the power of the saloon. But the greatest power in the world today is a live, fearless pulpit that is consecrated to God and ready, if the need arises, to resist unto blood, striving against sin. Again and again in the history of this country and of others we have seen one brave man almost single handed, putting the federate forces of a whole city to flight. You have the power and you have the opportunity. Your pulpit is your throne. One hundred times a year you have an audience. And if you do not have, as much as any other reason it is because the present ethical awakening has no place in your pulpit. You will have the audience when you wake up. It will make a sensation no doubt. You will be accused, by those who never come to hear you preach, of being sensational. Let that disturb you only after you can find the man in history who accomplished any lasting good and whose name did not perish with his generation, who did not create a sensation."—The Associated Prohibition Press.

GOD'S CARE.

Not a brooklet floweth
Onward to the sea,
Not a sunbeam gloweth
On its bosom free,
Not a seed unfoldeth
To the glorious air,
But our Father holdeth
It within his care.

Not a floweret fadeth,
Not a star grows dim,
Not a cloud o'ershadeth,
But 'tis marked by him.
Dream not that thy gladness
God doth fail to see;
Think not in thy sadness
He forgetteth thee.

Not a tie is broken,
Not a hope laid low,
Not a farewell spoken,
But our God doth know.
Every hair is numbered,
Every tear is weighed
In the changeless balance
Wisest Love has made.

Power eternal resteth
In his changeless hand;
Love immortal hasteth
Swift at his command,
Faith can firmly trust him
In the darkest hour,
For the keys she holdeth
To his love and power.

—Selected.

A TINY MISSIONARY.

"Gertrude, could you spare a dolly for the missionary-box?" asked mamma. "The ladies have a small corner not filled and we want to send it today. The minister has a little girl three years old who has never had a doll in her life, so I think you ought to let her have one of your children. Which shall it be?"

"Why mamma, I don't see how I could give up any of my dolls," said Gertrude. "I love every one of them. I might send Polly, since she has lost her wig, but that is the only one. I'll tie her hood on and maybe the little girl will think all dolls are like that if she has never had one. The others are too nice to go to that cold country papa was telling about."

Some one was speaking to mamma from the kitchen, so she did not hear what Gertrude said. The ladies met that afternoon to pack the last things and send the box away, so when they were in the sitting-room mamma called to Gertrude and Guy to bring their things for the children. Everything but the one corner of the big box was filled and the dray had been engaged for four o'clock.

"You are not going to give your very best books and ball, are you, Guy?" said Gertrude, as her little brother brought his nicest things for the missionary box. "Don't you know that isn't the way to do? Why, mamma and the other ladies gave their very oldest things, and I'm going to send Polly because she's lost her wig. Folks only put in the missionary-box what they don't want themselves."

"I'm going to give these," said Guy, sturdily. "If they only get old things in the boxes, they can have a little s'prise party with my good books. I guess the baby will like the ball if he can't read."

"I am afraid Guy is right," said one of the ladies, with very red cheeks, while Guy's mamma fell on her knees beside the box and took out a very shabby old dress.

"Let's follow Guy's example and send something very nice this time," said another lady. "In an hour we can get lots of things together and I'm going to try."

Guy did not know what it was all about, but the ladies all hurried away and came back in a short time with nice new clothes for the missionary and his family, some lovely shoes for the baby, pretty handkerchiefs, and even some candy and popcorn.

"Isn't it going to be a missionary-box, mamma?" asked Gertrude, with wide-open eyes. "I thought you never sent nice things to the poor people in the West."

"We are going to this time," said mamma, crowding the nice clothes into the vacant space. "Do you want to send Polly?"

"Not if you are going to take out all the old things like that. I'll send Josephine, for she is the very best child I have. Do you know, mamma, I'm glad not to lose Polly, for all she has no wig? I'm glad those poor people are going to get some nice presents, aren't you?"

And all the ladies kissed Guy and said he was a dear little missionary himself for giving his pretty things first.

—Cumberland Presbyterian.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men,
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won,
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

—R. H. Stoddard.

WHAT TO TELL.

Tell me all the good you can about the people that you know. Tell me only the good about the people of whom you speak. Tell me the things which will make me think well of people and of life. Tell me the things which will make my sun shine, my heart glad, and my soul to rejoice. Tell me the things which will straighten up my thinking and give me the principles of work and of play and of thought. Tell me the things which will make me ashamed of compromise and pretense. Tell me the things which will make it easier for me to believe in the religion of Jesus Christ as a working theory of life. Tell me the things which will harden into a steady conviction my belief into the Christianity of the Son of God. Tell me the things which will fortify my faith, in man, in God, and in heaven. Tell me the things which make you cheerless and needy, and I will tell you of the Man who understands and who says sweetly, seriously and savingly to you: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Edward F. Reimer.

Your winter trip

made comfortable

by the

Sunset Route

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars—Dining service the best—Parlor observation car—Library—Cafe—Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans with New Orleans-New York Steamship Co.'s steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket Offices:

884 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.

Fourteenth and Franklin Sts. Oakland, Cal.

THREE FAMOUS SPEECHES.

When he was twenty-five years old Lincoln thought he would run for the Legislature and he addressed a cross-roads meeting thus: "Gentlemen, fellow citizens: I presume you know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by some friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics can be briefly stated. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. If elected I shall be thankful. If not it will be all the same."

Nominated for a second term he was congratulated and complimented by the Union League of Philadelphia, and when assured that he was the man to save the nation he said: "I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in this country; but I am reminded in this connection of the story of an old Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, who remarked to a companion that it is not best to swap horses when crossing a stream."

At Gettysburg he said: "We here highly resolved, that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from this earth."—Choice Selections for Children.

HER ONE REGRET.

Some years ago there passed away one of those lovely souls whom we call "saints on earth." Her whole life had been one inspiration and help to all around her, and her end was not less triumphant. One by one her friends were summoned to her bedside to receive her farewell blessing, and each felt, as she left her, that she had been on hallowed ground. One day her niece, who cared for her, said, "O aunt, what a wonderful thing it is that you can look back over your long life and find that there is absolutely nothing you have ever done that could cause you regret!" The feeble old lady smiled a little sadly, and said:

"But there are things I regret."

"You, aunt!" cried her niece incredulous. "What could you find to regret?"

"I regret," she replied, "the good times I might have had and did not!"

There is a deep lesson in this. The conscientious housewife is apt to be a Martha, "cumbered with much serving," and in her absorption in her daily routine she lets the opportunities for change and recreation slip by her. This is wrong to her household as well as to herself. She owes her family the cheering atmosphere that can only come from a happy, well-balanced nature. To keep at her best the home-maker must have an outside stimulus. So begin this domestic year with the resolution that you will not let imaginary obstacles stand in the way of your enjoyment.—Harper's Bazar.

Read your Bibles. Fill your whole souls with the thought of Christ; make Him not only a Redeemer, but a Brother; not only a Saviour, but a Friend.—Canon Farrar.

VICTOR GAS FURNACES

FOR HEATING AND VENTILATING.

Handsomest, Cleanest, Quickest System for Residences, Stores, Hotels, Theaters, Halls, Churches and Auditoriums of all kinds.

Handy, quick, economical, healthy, effective, clean, attractive; no coal, no ashes, no odor, no dust, no dirt, no danger, no waste, no worry, no work, no care.

Touch a Match—IT GOES. Turn a Valve—IT'S OUT.

Air is taken from outside the building and is driven to the rooms with a steady, mellow heat, just like that of a sunny, summer day. It is kept absolutely separate from the gases of combustion, so no odor is possible. A modern system of economical HEATING and VENTILATING. Send for information before deciding on any other.

NATIONAL FURNACE CO.

Manufacturers of **Victor Gas Furnaces**

117-119 California Street, San Francisco, Cal

Telephone Kearny 5874

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

I saw a beautiful vase, and asked its story. Once it was a lump of common clay lying in the darkness. Then it was rudely dug out and crushed and ground in the mill, and then put upon the wheel and shaped, then polished and tinted and put into the furnace and burned. At last, after many processes, it stood upon the table, a gem of graceful beauty. In some way analagous to this every noble character is formed. Common clay at first, it passes through a thousand processes and experiences, many of them hard and painful, until at length it is presented before God faultless in its beauty, bearing the features of Christ Himself. Spiritual beauty never can be reached without cost. The blessing is always hidden away in the burden, and can be gotten only by lifting the burden. Self must die if the good in us is to live and shine out in radiance. Michael Angelo used to say, as the chippings flew thick from the marble on the floor of his studio, "While the marble wastes, the image grows." There must be a wasting of self, a chipping away continually of things that are dear to nature, if the things that are true and just and honorable and pure and lovely are to come out in the life. The marble must waste while the image grows.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. LoS Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

1400-1450 Foruth St., Cor. Michigan.

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street, SAN FRANCISCO

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:

MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.



Ferry's Seeds are the best known and the most reliable seeds grown. Every package has behind it the reputation of a house whose business standards are the highest in the trade.

Ferry's 1908 Seed Annual will be mailed FREE to all applicants. It contains colored plates, many engravings, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting over 1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Invaluable to all. Send for it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

FEB 13 1908

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI BERKELEY, CAL., FEBRUARY 13, 1908. No. 7

HYMN FOR RESTLESS HEARTS.

O restless heart, be still;
Thy weary longing cease!
Surrender to His will,
Who gives His loved ones peace;

Who calms the stormy waves
Of sorrow's surging sea,
From awful shipwreck saves
Storm-tossed humanity.

O love Divine, inspire
An answering love in me,
One single great desire
To lose myself in Thee.

—C. A. Stout.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

In his new book, "The Fortunes of the Republic," the Rev. Dr. Hillis pleads for one or two churches in each town, instead of a half dozen or more. And he would dispense with 160 of the 169 denominations in the United States.

Rhode Island has a larger Roman Catholic population than it has of all other religious bodies combined; the figures being 243,936 and 236,146 respectively. How is this for the state the foundations of which were laid by Roger Williams?

"How to Get and Keep a Job" is the title of a new book. It will prove an exceedingly timely and valuable book if it meets by its suggestions the needs of the several hundred thousand men out of employment just now in our country.

The editor of the Western Christian Advocate, who was on the coast recently, writes: "The Pacific coast is great, and San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle are amazing cities, but the old Buckeye state and 'Zinzinnati' are good enough for us!"

The Rev. H. N. Bevier, one of the Presbyterian pastors in San Francisco, writes to The Interior, of Chicago, concerning the Rev. William Rader's transfer from Congregationalism to Presbyterianism: "Mr. Rader's examination before presbytery was interesting and showed that a Congregationalist can stand the fire of as cosmopolitan a presbytery as San Francisco and be cordially welcomed. There is complete harmony all around in regard to the arrangement, and Mr. Rader can congratulate himself on succeeding to one of the most important churches and one of the finest opportunities in the gift of the denomination." Our readers will be glad to learn that in Calvary Church Mr. Rader is now having large congregations, the auditorium being nearly filled every Sunday evening. Installation services will be arranged for this week to take place probably in the afternoon of the 23rd.

Gifts for Y. M. C. A. building and endowments on the Pacific coast during 1907 were: From W. S. Ladd estate, Portland, $50,000; D. R. Jenkins, educational endowment, Spokane, $50,000; F. D. Black, Seattle, $12,500; H. C. Campbell, Portland, $10,000; F. B Pratt, Portland, $10,0000; T. B. Wilcox, Portland, $10,000; C. F. Swigert, Portland, $10,000; J. M. Coleman estate, Seattle, $10,000; "A Friend," Pasadena, $10,000; a legacy, Boise, Idaho, $10,000. In the following named places city builings were completed: Seattle, at a cost of $300,000; Spokane, $176,000; Walla Walla, $85,000; Ruston, Wash., $6,000. City buildings under way or assured: San Francisco, $750,000; Los Angeles, $650,000; North Yakima, $70,000; Phoenix, Arizona, $75,000. At Portland $350,000 has been pledged for a new building soon to be erected; at Tacoma, $150,000; at San Jose, $13,000. Railroad buildings are under way or assured at Salt Lake City and at Pocatello, to cost $25,000 and $35,000 respectively. At Corvallis, Oregon, the seat of the agricultural college, a student building is being built at a cost of $16,000. At Berkeley a lot worth $20,000 has been donated.

Last week for the first time in the history of our country all the repair shops of a great railroad system were idle. On February 3 the shops of the New York Central system, employing more than 15,000 men and having a weekly pay roll of $200,000, were ordered closed for a week at least. These shops are located at Albany, Depew, Oswego, Durham and Corning, New York; Springfield and Boston, Mass.; Elkhart, Indiana; Jackson, Mich.; Collingwood, Ohio, and Avis, Pa. The roads of this system are New York Central, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Nickel Plate, Boston and Albany, Lake Erie and Western, West Shore, Rutland, Big Four, Pittsburg and Lake Erie, Three I's, Indiana Southern. This system alone now has 50,000 idle freight cars and 450 idle locomotives. Last year it had a shortage of at least 20,000 cars.

At this time, when an effort is being made to work up an interest in a Sunday Rest Law in California, the following concerning the same in Canada will be of value: "The triennial report of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada tells of substantial progress along a good many lines. The alliance has 673 branches in all the provinces, 350 of which are in Ontario, with 40,000 members against 25,000 at the last convention three years ago. The secretaries have been aided by the pulpit and the press in the education of public opinion, in which they have been busily engaged. One of the immediate results of the going into operation of the Lord's Day Act in March, 1907, was that of 150,000 Canadian workmen who were formerly deprived of their weekly rest day, 75,000 have been restored to the privilege. When the law is more completely put into force this number will be increased to 100,000; and the privilege of a rest during the week will be secured for those who will still have to work on Sunday. A heavy blow has been dealt by the act to the sale and circulation of sensational American Sunday newspapers. The alliance is now seeking the removal of a clause from the act requiring the official sanction of the attorney-general of any province before action can be taken for infringement of the law. By reason of this clause the act is still inoperative in British Columbia."

A correspondent of The Standard, a Baptist paper published in Chicago, writes as follows concerning Evangelist Sunday: "This man is not a Baptist, but a Presbyterian. For several years there have been many questions asked me concerning this evangelist, who is doing so much work in Illinois. During a month that

I have been at home Mr. Sunday has been preaching in Bloomington, and I have had a good opportunity to learn something of him. It may not be out of place to give a few items concerning him in this article. The tabernacle seats 5,500 people and 1,000 more can easily stand in the vacant places. There are times when it is not more than half large enough to accommodate the people who want to hear him. The night that he preached two and one-half hours on popular amusements the papers reported that 7,000 people crowded into the tabernacle and 6,000 were turned away. Sometimes more than 2,000 people will sit in the tabernacle from four o'clock in the afternoon until 7:30 p. m. in order to have a good seat when he preaches. I went to the men's meeting last Sunday evening and could not get in. About 7,000 people were there and many going away. On Monday night he preached to women only, and the tabernacle was crowded and packed and at least 1,000 women turned away. The court house in Bloomington and the city hall in Normal are filled with men each day at 11:30 a. m., to hear the gospel preached. The educated and illiterate, the capitalist and wage-earner, seem to be equally interested in his sermons. He seems to have no theory of inspiration, but believes every syllable of the Bible to be the word of God and therefore inerrant. He presents no particular theory of the atonement, but preaches with tremendous power that the blood of Jesus Christ can save a sinner. He perhaps has no equal in describing the hideousness of sin, and he has wonderful skill in pointing the worst of sinners to the crucified Christ for salvation. He does not try to explain the mystery of the trinity nor of the divinity of Christ, but preaches both with all the power he has. He denounces in the strongest terms the theory of the universal fatherhood, and claims that no one is a child of God except those who have been born of the Spirit. At this writing about 2,300 persons have made a profession, and these seem to be only the first fruits of a more plentiful harvest."

HOW THE HOME MISSION CHURCH CAN HELP ITSELF.

W. S. Holt, Field Secretary.

The time for preparation for next year is close at hand. Already the Board of Home Missions is calling for the estimated help each church will need. Can the dependent church do anything to help itself? This question does not mean that nothing is done. It only means to ask whether anything more or better can be done.

The following suggestions have in them the promise of usefulness if adopted and then carried out. The first thing that seems wise to do is to stand face to face with the needs of the church. Sometimes, we are told, when the call for an estimate of the help needed is made by the Home Mission committee, the answer comes back immediately, "The same as last year." There is an appearance that the answer has been made out of hand. But the conditions require that a careful answer shall be made, and this can be done only when the needs have been carefully considered. Would it not be a good plan, then, to let the whole church face the problem? How would it do for the officers of the church to get together and prepare a careful budget for the coming year? Let the budget include:

1. The salary. Not the salary which comes from the church, but the whole salary, as it is intended to be.
2. Fuel.
3. Lights.
4. Janitor service, if this must be paid for.
5. Improvements of any sort that may be needed during the year, so far as they can be estimated.
6. Taxes, where church property is taxed.
7. Music.

Under these heads are found all the necessary expenses of the average dependent church.

The simple presentation of such a budget is a move toward business methods in caring for it. In some cases it may lead to a needed increase of the minister's salary. When it is remembered that the Home Missionary does not get, in general, as much salary as is paid to motor men on the street cars, and often not as much as must be paid a day laborer on the streets of the town, it may set some one to thinking that the church is underestimating the service of its minister, and ought, in fairness, to add to the salary. Then, the budget having passed the scrutiny of the officers, why should not the church be called together to consider it and how to meet it?

A large part of the battle is to know how much fighting must be done. The same is true in meeting expenses. When an individual knows about what his expenses will be he is on the way to determining what income he must earn, or try to earn, to be solvent. Solvency is as desirable in a church as in a person.

The discussion of the budget in an open meeting, with the reasons for each item given by the officers who have planned it, may lead to helpful suggestions as to how to reduce it, or change it in some particulars.

The next question is to meet the budget agreed upon by the church. The responsibility for this rests upon the whole church, not upon a committee.

Would it be wise to have a blackboard and mark out the budget, after it is decided upon, in squares, for weekly payment, each square to stand for, say ten cents, so as to permit every one to have a share in meeting it? Then call for subscriptions. Let each one say, if willing, I will take, say, ten shares. This means that the one taking ten squares will pay one dollar each week for the support of the church, as shown in the budget. From one-half a square up can be taken, thus making it possible for the children to have a share in the support of the church. It is wise to get the children interested in this way. The Ladies' Aid Society, or the Y. P. S. C. E. or any other society, can have as many squares as it desires. Then, of course, a personal visit must be given to those who are allied with the church, but who were unable to attend the meeting. In this way the whole church is met with a business proposition in caring for itself. It will be found that some such plan as this, modified to meet special conditions, will enable the church to do more for itself than had seemed possible at a guess, and the Home Mission Committee will get an estimate, based on an effort, not on a guess.

This plan has been tried with success.

The Palo Alto Times, in its announcement of the meeting of the San Francisco Presbytery at Menlo Park this week, remarks: "The last time presbytery was held there was twenty years ago. It was attended by Mrs. Leland Stanford. She drove the visiting clergymen to the Stanford farm and the site of the university. Work on the buildings had not yet begun."

BERKELEY LOSES AND ALBANY WINS.

Last Sunday morning the Rev. Dr. W. H. Hopkins of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley led his people up to the presentation of his resignation by saying in substance, with reference to the memorial unanimously adopted recently by the congregation: That expression was all that any man could ever hope to receive. I wish, if not for your sakes, yet more for my own, that the answer might be as your message desires. But it has become more clear to me day by day that I ought to go. So far as I can see now the right leads me away. That this is easy for me to say none will think. Indeed it is harder for me to say, I am of opinion, than for any one to hear. I feel that we leave more that ministers to delight and inspiration in one's work than we shall gain. Then came the reading of the written resignation, which he desires to take effect the last of March, from which we quote:

"These four years are too few; too much work is left unfinished; your friendship and patience have been so rich; your unanimous plea that I remain is among the most treasured words I shall ever read; and our regret in going is more keen and deep than I would dare trust myself to tell. Nevertheless the light that dawns after this too prolonged deliberation, and after the earnest prayers in which you have joined me, directs me to the Eastward path. The physical condition of our household through the last two years—of which I may not here speak in detail; the impressiveness of the Eastern call, beginning strangely, once declined, and now, eight months after, insistent again; and my own conviction that another, strong where I may be weak, could now take the work of this distinguished church and carry it on more adequately—these three considerations combine to light my path.

"I thank God that He drew us together, that together we have labored in the field of his Son, that no breath of misunderstanding or suspicion will remain, and that out of these years there shall remain, also, a harvest gathered unto life eternal."

All our readers know, doubtless, that it is to the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, New York, that Dr. Hopkins is to go. This will be his second Presbyterian pastorate. Starting in the ministry of the Congregational Church, he went later to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Jacksonville, Florida; then to the Congregational Church at Poughkeepsie, New York; and from that field to the one in Berkeley.

Without exception the people of the church in Berkeley will echo the words of Dr. Hopkins, "Thank God that he drew us together!" In every way his ministry has been choice, and from him all have received more than they have given. Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins will have a large place alway in the hearts of the people of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley.

HELPFULNESS.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. H. Hopkins, D.D.

John 5:7: The sick man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another steppeth down before me.

In the story of this man's sickness and cure there is a line that tells of an angel troubling the water,—the gases bubbled up so. But the line must be ruled out. The old manuscripts, our real authorities, are against it. It was put in, doubtless, far far back, by some one superstitious or poetical or both, who believed that if moving waters had healing in them an angel must be near. But the great trouble was that there was no angel near, nor one at all angelic, until Jesus came along with a heart that felt and a hand that helped. For if the line that tells of an angel's presence must be left out, the line that tells of the lack of angels stays in: "The sick man answered him, Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another steppeth down before me."

The case was a serious one. An infirmity that burdens a man for thirty-eight long years, and for a good deal of the time, quite possibly, stretches him out and holds him fast, is an infirmity of first rank. It was so serious, moreover, as to have reduced the man's hope to the minimum. He has nothing to say. Christ is not given to speaking first; if a man wants anything let him ask. Yet here Christ begins the conversation and for the reason, I presume, that he knows that otherwise the bed-ridden man will not speak at all. For he gives no sign that he wishes anything or expects anything, except the considerable sign that he lies there near the pool out of which many invalids before him have gained help. In the shade of the porch he reclines, emaciated and pale, with wide eyes that are dull and dumb. It has been like this so long, so long! If, then, words are to be spoken, Christ must begin. "Wouldst thou be made whole?" Would he! Why that has been his long time wish, his great wish, almost his only wish. Because of it he is here by the sheep-gate waiting for the troubling of the waters,—for some angel! But there is no one to help him down into the pool; always some one to crowd in ahead of him and hinder him from going down; no one to supplemsnt his own little strength, many a one to oppose it.

The whole story throws a searchlight on our very common word, helpfulness.

There is revealed, first, the need of it right at hand There is always some one at your elbow waiting for a lift. Turn around and you may find one whom you are not only not helping, but one whose way by your own indifference or eager selfishness you are blocking And he may have been a long time in this case. That thirty-eight year infirmity is not exaggerated or exceptional. Infirmities are often rich in the grace of perseverance. Life itself for numberless men and women is a long wait and weakness, a climbing, under the heaviest burdens, some mountain of sand. And these men and women are more often silent than voluble. In the first month of an infirmity a man may cry out, but long before thirty-eight years have come and gone he has become silent. After an earthquake or in a time of financial panic the bread-line may be long and unblushing, as it has a right to be. But some people who are always hungry for bread say nothing of it. They divide their crust and are dumb under the long, long pain. And they offer us one of our great problems in charity, which is to find out where they are who suffer most and say least.

Those who need helpfulness are then numerous enough, and sick enough and near enough. We see all that anew in the light of this New Testament story. We see, also, that the best helpfulness is not always found. There is a good kind and a better kind, and we thank God for them and for their rather large supply, but we are poorer than we ought to be in the best kind. The good kind and the better are bubbling springs—health resorts with as many as five porches, some of

them—dispensaries, hospitals, orphanages—a multitude of organizations, crowds of committees. But the best kind is the more personal, of which there is not a sufficient supply. That is, with pools and porches enough, we too often either crowd in ahead of the helpless or at least fail to help him down to the edge of the healing waters. There were, without doubt, many who had recommended to this very man this very pool, and not a few who were ready to say, "We gave money for the building of those porches ourselves." Still the man had his infirmity, or the infirmity had the man. He needed a human hand upon his shoulder, or under it, and the sound of the very simple, primer sentence, **"Let me help you."** The priest and the Levite, of another New Testament page, may have shouted across the street, "Oil and wine and bandages are what you need, and the inn is only a little way beyond and a charity committee is having a dinner there just now." But that cross-the-street advice is like porches and pool; what is needed also, not instead of, but in addition to, is some one on the same side of the street who will make haste and draw near and stoop down and lift up the man with his infirmity. The best help is the personal. It was you, let us imagine (though it was not you, but another), who said to your little boy that he could play in the front yard, but that he was not to go outside the gate. And he tried very hard to be happy with mumblety-peg all alone. But there were voices. He went to the picket gate and looked through it and over it. The boys were there. They called, but he shook his head and went back to his mumblety-peg alone. The voices grew louder and jollier. He went to the gate and looked through and looked over. They called, but he shook his head and went back to his mumblety-peg alone,—a game which takes two to play it anyway. But over the fence there was the shout of a new game. He ran to the gate and looked through and over. "Oh, come on," they called; and he lifted the latch and ran like a deer. When it grew dark and he came home dirty and tired you punished him. And then you showed him your superiority by saying, "My boy, I sat by the window here and saw you run three times to that gate and at last go through." "Did you, really, mother, see me do that?" "I surely did." "Well, mother, why didn't you tap on the window and help a fellow out?" You might have said, perhaps you did say, "Don't you remember what I told you? Don't you remember the ten commandments and the Sunday-school and the church?"—in other words, "there were porches and pools"—and that would have been well said. Yet fine as it would have sounded you would have confessed to yourself your failure that you had not tapped on the window and helped a fellow out. A tap on the window of a disreputable street is often a vicious thing. But along our good streets, in our market-places, under the shadow of our universities, entering our churches are many who may need the soup of the soup kitchen, the bread of the bread line, but who need ever so much more a tap on the window from some one who has a warm, red heart to help a fellow out. For the best helpfulness is personal.

It is wholly clear that down there by Bethesda Christ gave that kind. He did not express admiration for the porches nor recommend the pool. He gave himself—yes, **Himself.** For if personal help be of the best kind there is the best kind of personal help, and it was that which Christ gave to the man infirm for thirty-eight years. It would seem, after this man's plea of his long and severe weakness, coupled with the complaint that always men selfishly crowded in ahead of him, that the greatest aid that Christ could have given would have been that of putting His arm around the man and steadying him to the pool. But that was not the best aid. The best was not the arm put around but the heart put in. That is personal helpfulness of the highest quality, and that Christ gave. If to the beggar at your door you can give both a breakfast and a cup of courage, well and good. But if, by any chance you can give only one, do not give the breakfast and send the man away hopeless and sour in his spirit; withold the breakfast and send him away with the joy and courage of your own heart poured into his. It is reported that a thin little fellow stood on London Bridge, with a tincup hung about his neck and a fiddle at his cheek, but even the ha'pennies came slowly. But a stranger stopped. "May I see your violin?" He took it. It nestled under his cheek as though it had been often there. He drew the bow across it so wonderfully that the boy's eyes and mouth opened wide People walked slowly, stopped, turned back and drew from their pockets shillings and crowns till the little tincup ran over. That was personal helpfulness, but not of the finest kind. If the master of the violin had said: "I have a spare hour twice a week; come to me my lad, and I will teach you how to play, so that you will be a beggar no more, but a workman, at least, and perhaps an artist," he would have shown forth the fullest splendor of helpfulness.

It was this that was forever shining from Christ in his dealings with men and women in need. It was; it is. Today weak men are made strong through Christ living within them. And so it shall be tomorrow. That he will always cure a lame back by the aid of sulphur springs or without them is not to be said. Sometimes a lame back makes a strong soul. At any rate we talk too much about our lame backs, most of us. About the cheapest kind of faith is that which makes it its main business to drive out bandages, splints and crutches. This man, thirty-eight years bloodless and frail, did not, we believe, get all his muscle, nerve and blood back on the instant. He was not over-rugged as he walked away. Yet a new creature in body and soul he was, because to him had come the finest personal helpfulness, the helpfulness that, coming from within also works within—the helpfulness of the spirit, and therefore the power, of Christ. This is his method always. He lifts men up, here one, there twelve, later seventy, now seventy times seventy, lifts them up and sends them on strong enough to cast out devils, but strong not through purse or scrip or staff—strong through him dwelling in them!

We need not talk about it any more, but we may well take a final look at this man who for these weary years had been so incompetent and dismal—a little bitter withal against other men. He leaves us and moves off down the path and disappears. But he goes with a song; he carries away with him the very mat and skin on which he was lying; he gives no thought to porches or pool; he has no complaint against any other man because of his indifference or selfishness.

And we turn each to the other, content and glad, knowing that when Christ comes in with his great helpfulness for our infirmities, we are troubled no more about unimportant and secondary things; we master the very difficulties which before have mastered us, and we move out among men with a love that thinks

no evil of them; a love which, though it suffers, is still kind.

THE FLAW IN THE AXLE.

W. N. Burr, Tulare.

One morning recently the fog, that has so persistently hung about the San Joaquin valley for many weeks, suddenly caught the idea that it was being overworked; and it went and hid itself for a time, and gave the sunshine a chance.

A fairer morning never was seen. The sky was clear; the sun shone just warm enough to be welcome; the air was fresh and invigorating; the distant mountains stood clear to the view in all the soldier-like dignity and pride of their strength and their new white uniforms of snow; the valley was treating itself to a new spring carpet of green; and every man one met seemed to be feeling a joyous sense of life at its best.

The real estate man was in his element that morning. His fine automobile stood panting for a run out into the country, and the prospective purchaser was at hand ready to look at any piece of land the real estate man might be pleased to show him.

The minister was coming up the walk towards the postoffice.

"Come and take a spin with us out into the country—back in an hour," called the real estate man.

For a moment the mind of the minister entertained a conglomerate vision of errands here and errands there, this committee to be notified of a meeting and that committee to be appointed, this sick one to be visited and that sad one to be comforted, this church official to be congratulated for success in his undertakings and that other official to be kindly urged to put a little more business enterprise into his department, sermons to be outlined, Bible lessons to be studied, some little preparation to be made for the mid-week service, the obligations of the chairmanships of half a dozen committees to be met, a plan for better work among young people to be thought out, correspondence that should be attended to at once, home duties galore in the study and out in the yard and everywhere, that ought not to be put off any longer—the minister did not see how he could possibly spend a whole hour of his time just sitting in an automobile spinning over the country; but the temptation was great, and the hesitation was only momentary. A little later he was seated beside the prospective purchaser, the real estate man was their chauffeur, and they were flying along a splendid country road at a rate that would throw the poetry of an Irish jaunting-car or a Swiss diligence all into the shade.

They met many well-favored, healthy-looking people driving into town. Generally speaking, the horses did not appear to harbor any hard feelings towards the horseless carriage. Horses may have labor and capital problems of their own that we mortals know nothing about; there may be rebellious feelings in their breasts as they look forward to a possible day when capital will control the road and ride only in automobiles, and every horse of them will be out of a job. But most of the horses met that morning manifested little concern. Some of them looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. Whether these were simply attending to their own business, or were determined, in a spirit of lofty contempt, to pay no attention to the carriage that disclaims all need for horses, it were hard for mortal man to say with assurance. Some of the horses pricked up their ears a little, as if a bit surprised, but restrained by a sudden resolve not to let it be known. Others that have not yet given themselves much training in self-control were plainly nervous, and quite inclined to back away from the road-wagon that ignores horses. But a little kindly clucking from their drivers brought all such fear-smitten beasts to quietness.

Suddenly the automobile itself seemed stricken with fear. It veered to one side with a nervous lurch, and in spite of all efforts of its driver to make it keep the road it ran, uncontrolled, into the ditch, and stood there broken and helpless.

The real estate man, the prospective purchaser and the minister stepped out with some little haste, thanking their stars that they had not been dumped out in a manner unbecoming, and at once began investigations as to the cause of the casualty. One wheel lay under the machine, its axle broken, and a little closer scrutiny revealed a flaw in the axle where the break had occurred.

It is not known to the present recorder what were the first thoughts that flashed through the minds of the real estate man and the prospective purchaser, as that flaw was seen, but to the mind of the minister there came the picture in a poem written by Helen Hunt Jackson, read years ago and often thought of since, but the poem itself having place among things long sought but not found. The picture is that of a great iceberg majestically standing in strength invincible, apparently, when suddenly it falls apart and becomes but a wreck of its former self. And the secret of the sudden collapse was this: A pebble imbedded in the great mass of ice had worked about, aided by the motion of the ice, until it had made a cavity at the very heart of that iceberg and so weakened it that under a sudden unusual strain it broke to pieces. And from this Mrs. Jackson drew the picture of a life seemingly noble and true and strong that suddenly reveals a great weakness and goes down in shame, all caused by some secret sin held in the heart for years, unsuspected save by the man who indulges it.

The pebble in the iceberg, the flaw in the axle, the secret sin in the heart of a man—and collapse sooner or later is sure to come. A trusted bank cashier suddenly stands before the world an embezzler—the flaw in the axle tells that story. A trusted public official awakes some morning to find that his day of shame has dawned—the flaw in the axle tells that story. One who has been looked upon as a tower of strength among men of faith suddenly weakens and goes reeling into byways of unbelief—the flaw in the axle tells the secret of it. Some men who ought to be standing firmly on "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture" are moving towards their day of faith's collapse by indulging a little appetite for the destructive criticism of the Bible. The flaw in the axle will do its destructive work, sooner or later.

Sunday evening, February the 9th, the Rev. Professor Edward A. Wicher, D.D. began a series of sermons in Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, upon the general subject, "Christ in the Modern World." Topics as follows: Christ and the Family; Christ and the Nation; Christ and Property; The Kingdom of God.

Among the Churches.

Livermore.—The Rev. J. M. Quay has accepted the call to Livermore. He has been in charge of the work at Big Oak Flat, Jacksonville and Centerville. Mr. Quay's departure from his present field is much regretted by the people.

Santa Rosa.—The Chinese members of the Presbyterian Mission school entertained their teachers and invited friends Tuesday evening of last week, as is their annual custom at Chinese New Year. Elaborate refreshments were served to all present. The Mission is now 25 years old, the first work having been established in the old Presbyterian Church in 1873, when a Sunday-school was started. Later a night school was opened in a carpenter shop, which resulted in the construction of the present Mission home.

Concord.—Dr. H. C. Biddle, who has been serving this congregation as pastor in connection with his work as professor in the State University, has tendered his resignation, much to the regret of the congregation. Dr. Biddle, in consideration of increasing activities, asked to be released some four months ago, but at the earnest solicitation of the congregation has continued with them until the present time. In the four years during which he has served as pastor, the congregation has grown nearly fourfold in numbers, and a handsome church edifice, costing some $5,000, has been erected.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A card from the Rev. C. N. Queen of Fresno says: "Dr. Torrey is here. Great crowds. Conversions at both services today. An auspicious beginning. Hoping and expecting to see the salvation of God wrought in Fresno!"

The Fresno Republican of recent date says: "That burglars operating in this city recently have a weakness for religion is indicated by the fact that night before last the Y. M. C. A. building, the Y. W. C. A. building and the First Presbyterian Church were all entered by a robber or robbers, though the only place where the depredators made a haul of any account at all was at the first-named place, where about $10 was secured from the cash till. The police are working on the cases, but they are yet unsolved. In this connection it is recalled that a man named Ellis, recently captured by the police while breaking into the residence of the Rev. Charles N. Queen, had in his pocket a list of the pastors of the city, with their addresses, apparently with the intention of paying all a call."

The Pasadena News for February the 3d says: "The largest and most charmingly appointed church reception of the winter was held last evening at the new First Presbyterian Church, and was tendered by the members of the church in compliment to the pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Malcolm James McLeod, and the 108 new members of the church. The reception was held in the beautiful new chapel which was adorned with masses of feathery yellow acacia blossoms and many palms and all the side rooms were thrown open, making a very spacious and handsome reception room. Rev. and Mrs. McLeod received the members of the church and friends near the entrance and were assisted by Rev. and Mrs. T. Cumming Beattie, the assistant pastor and his wife. During the evening several hundred people gathered and the occasion was one of the pleasantest receptions ever held by this church. Cordiality and rejoicing over the beautiful new church home which has just been completed made an atmosphere of comradeship and union which was felt by every one present. It was really a house warming,—a gathering of all the members of the church in a social way for the first time since the new church was occupied."

Certain conservative people having criticised President John Willis Baer of Occidental College for taking part in the business men's revival campaign and preaching on the streets of Los Angeles, saying it was undignified, etc, Dr. Baer on the next occasion said: "I love my position as I love my life, because I understand the great privilege that I may have through it of touching and guiding the lives of young persons about me; but if I must make the choice between following my profession and preaching the gospel to the spiritually blind, I would cheerfully choose to carry the gospel message as I carry it today." In the course of his sermon that day President Baer said, in telling the story of the blind beggar, whose sight was restored in response to his cry that Christ would heal him: "To me the most terrible loss in the world would be that of my eyes. I believe this is true of every man before me, and you will all agree with me that no matter how unsatisfactory your circumstances, you have something for which to thank God, if you can see. Yet there are men, looking at me with two good material eyes, who are spiritually blind, and who are at a loss to know how they may receive their sight. You must go, like the blind beggar, to Jesus and ask that he will heal you."

MODERNISM AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

The recent encyclical from the Vatican, ostensibly from Pius the Tenth, has awakened a great deal of comment and controversy. It does not appear on the surface just why the Pope issued this document at this time. Some have thought that the chief dogma of Romanism was in danger from a growing liberalism within the Roman church. The thoughtful Catholic people, lay and clerical, seem to be thinking for themselves and more and more acting from a light within rather than from blind obedience to the authority of the hierarchy. It is just possible that the Vatican saw that this was an opportune time to restate the fundamental doctrines of Romanism and ostensibly win a great victory over unexhausted modern scepticism and secure the fruits of a victory already won by Protestant scholarship. Whatever may have been in the mind of the Vatican in projecting this controversy at this time, we can clearly see that the hierarchy aims to win a great victory for itself and get to the front in this long struggle against materialistic and philosophical rationalism.

It was doubtless expected that Protestantism would be compelled to array itself either with Modernism as defined by the hierarchy or come into the camp with Romanism. Modernism as defined by the astute controversialists of the hierarchy, and their name is legion, is only another name for scepticism. The term is used adroitly to bait a large Protestant contingency into a trap. The Vatican reasoned that Protestants would imagine that Rome was making an attack on scientific discoveries, on advanced scholarship,

or on the prominent features of modern life, and rush against Romanism and find later to their consternation and regret that Protestants by the Roman definition of Modernism were on the side of scepticism. Modernism which believes in an open Bible, a free will, the right to think, the supremacy of private judgment, the universality of the authority of Jesus Christ, personal redemption by personal faith in a personal Saviour, is the Modernism for which Protestantism stands. The hierarchy makes a feint of lining up against rationalism but its real aim is the absolute supremacy of Rome.

Another object of this attack on Modernism is to provoke a world-controversy in which all that is essential in the Christian system will be not only credited to Romanism but by subtlety will be made to promote and protect the particular dogmas of the church of Rome. Protestantism has been for years fighting rationalism while Romanism has been sulking in its tent. Now suddenly that destructive higher critics and various forms of rationalism have been discredited and weakened, the Vatican comes out full panoplied to fight a battle that has already been won. If Modernism can be defined as Rome defines it, as a powerful system of rationalism, denying the history of the Gospel, the reality of the Incarnation, changing the Christian concept of Christ to that of a common Jewish peasant; that there is no Christ of fact but one simply of blind subjective emotional faith, a sort of fideism repudiated a thousand years ago by all thoughtful scholars; that whatever there is of the supernatural it has no connection with the natural; that none-ingerence of the divine in the human sphere is the law of the world; if Modernism is that sort of a system destroying the foundations of Christianity, then we join with Pius the Tenth in denouncing it. We wish to remark in passing that the Vatican has been a long time finding out that such an enemy was at work at the foundations of the Chrisian Church.

What will be the outcome of this controversy if it carries as is intended by the Vatican? The real end is to establish the supremacy, the primacy of the Roman hierarchy. This is to be accomplished by showing up in the strongest light the foundation doctrines of the Christian system, concealing or partly concealing the dogma of the Sacraments and primary claim to spiritual supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church. In the last analysis Modernism will be made to stand for a sort of ecclesiastical democracy, denying the divine origin of the church and its sacraments, a sort of collectivity of individuals thinking and feeling alike but denying that Christ and his apostles founded any church. This extreme democracy by insinuation will be made to represent Protestantism under the guise of Modernism. This Modernism against which the encyclical has been issued, is to be robed in the colors of an arrogant rationalism and esoterically labeled Protestantism. The real intent of the encyclical is to discredit independent thinking and to establish the validity of the Roman Catholic claim that Jesus Christ authorized the vice-gerency of the Pope in the institution of the church and sanctification of the Sacraments. Modernism to the mind of the Vatican is essentially Protestantism but which is disguised and veiled before the world as a pompous, defiant, and gainsaying rationalism. The present stage of the controversy is confined to a restatement of fundamental doctrines of Christianity with a tendency toward the supremacy of the Roman Church.

Rome and all the world should know that Protestantism stands for all that is true in Romanism, that her differences with Rome are not in those great fundamental fact-truths of the Christian system but a difference as to the inferences from those great Gospel facts. Does Jesus Christ personally operate the system of redemption or has he committed it to the hierarchy? That is the essential difference between Romanism and Protestantism. The public is to be fooled with a red-flag of Modernism while the Vatican is finding the open space between the fifth and six rib of Protestantism.

"THE STRENGTH OF CLEANNESS."

Dr. Jordan addressed nearly a thousand young men at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall on Sunday afternoon, February 2nd, on "The strength of Being Clean." More and more the fine moral discriminations of Dr. Jordan appear. In this address he said many things of great value. He said among other things: "Vice destroys a man's capital in nerves, which means his power to do things. The injuries wrought by vice are on the nervous system. In vice men and women seek for something which does not exist. Men drink for a pleasure which does not exist. The desire to get something for nothing is a vice. Men who gamble seek something for nothing and they lose in the long run. You cannot get something for nothing and be happy. Real joy and happiness makes room for more, and real joy and happiness comes with good living and the doing of work." He says that you can always tell the moral character of a man by his ideals of woman. Among other strong, true things he says: "Death is a cleaner thing than life if one has lost his manhood, his good opinion of women and his faith and innocence of boyhood. The brain, and of course the human mind goes with it, is the finest bit of mechanism we have in all the world. The brain is made up of centers of energy called cells, and when you injure the brain the mind is affected. It has been said that a man's wisdom tells him what to do next. Virtue is in doing the thing we ought to do next. Religion furnishes the motive for doing what we should."

In regard to cards he says: "A great deal of the unhappiness in this world comes directly from idleness It is often asked is it wrong to play cards, dance or go to a theater. If the nervous system is being ruined do well to remember that they 'meet fools enough during the day without trying to round up the main herd at night.'" The recognition of God and religion is conspicuous in his address. "There is something divine about the brain," he says. "No chemist can make a brain cell, and if he could he couldn't put them together so that they would remember and appreciate the marvels of life. There is no place more stupid than a saloon. It takes a sober brain to appreciate philosophy, music, art, athletic pleasures and the highest things of life. One cigarette will unnerve the pitcher and lose the ball game. It is the virtuous men who are in demand. The sober man rarely neglects his duty. Drinks and tobacco ruin the nerves."

This address is most wholesome and president Jordan speaks from an extraordinary standpoint of long and careful observation. When one looks at the vices eating away the manhood, the young manhood, of our country such an address is specially welcome.

UPHEAVAL IN PORTUGAL.

It is not easy to give a fair account of the political situation in Portugal. The tragedy of January 31st by which the King and the Crown Prince were assassinated, is a world-wide sorrow. It may be true that Portugal is fermenting toward a republic and this assassination was deemed necessary to that end, if so, it was no less a blind

political mistake. It is never right to do wrong. With the stain of murder on its hands, no party can command the respect of mankind, and no government can succeed without the respect of mankind. The time has passed when murder and assassination can be made the corner-stones of new and enduring governments. At this time no adequate explanation of this dreadful deed has been made public. According to reports, three of the assassins were killed and three were captured. The rumor has it that hired anarchists from Spain did the awful deed. It seems to have been the work of anarchists but the end to be obtained is not clearly seen.

The Portugal government officials, if dispatches can be relied upon, have been a nest of sweltering vipers. Only a few weeks ago the most horrible and unspeakable crimes were committed by the so-called "Lords," but more correctly denominated miserable degenerates, against young men and young women captured and tortured to death in their club rooms simply to gratify their savage instincts. We have charity to hope that the King and Crown Prince knew nothing of these infamies. The laws of sin are not discriminative and it often, nearly always, happens that the innocent suffer with the guilty. Sin is all the more hideous because it is not only cruel but unjust. Sin would be a simple problem if only sinners suffered from sin.

This lesson comes out of this dreadful tragedy: Corrupt politics, heavy unjust burden of taxation, the living of an official class like parasites at the expense of other classes; unlimited power arbitrarily used, or tyrannically used, will ultimately break out in crime. We often recall the sentence we once heard from Bishop Fowler: "God only can save us from the assassin and from the tongue of slander." There is no protection yet discovered for these crimes. The Queen has acted bravely and nobly in this awful hour. She has the sympathy of the whole world.

JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.

One of the Episcopal ladies told the dioceasan convention a few days ago that Christians would lie, steal and slander quicker and neater than the smoothest pagan. We expect the press accidentally misrepresented this Episcopal head of the "Daughters of the King." It is easier to say harsh, stinging things than it is to prove them. The answer to all that class of misrepresentations is that such a statement illustrates that it is easy for people who mean well to grossly exaggerate the situation. Christian people do not lie, nor steal, nor slander except when as in this case they temporarily lost their moral poise and go headlong into absurdity. Almost anyone can be reckless and foolish without calling into requisition a large amount of gray matter, but to be wise, to tell the truth, to use language within the limits of discretion is another proposition. The Psalmist once lost his perspective and in his haste said all men were liars. He did not stick to that extravagant proposition. He probably was measuring other people by his own moral standard. The language of Christianity is something like this: "Charity suffereth long and is kind, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth," and "Judge not that ye be not judged for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." That is something also said about "motes" and "beams." Of course we have every reason to think this good Episcopalian woman has been misrepresented on the whole subject. It is not probable that anyone who knows the meaning of his words would make such an absurd statement.

CRITICISING THE JUDICIARY.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

The Argonaut has some very wholesome criticisms of the immunity policy of the San Francisco graft prosecution. In much that the Argonaut says we are in full accord. It must be remembered however that the prosecution faced a condition of things unknown in the history of political corruption. The City of San Francisco was not only in ruins but absolutely in the hands of the most unprincipled gang of criminals yet discovered. The difficulties of securing a grand jury, of obtaining an indictment, of forcing the matter to trial and securing conviction, were such as have rarely faced a prosecution. In spite of the fact that the immunity privileges seem to have been overdone and that aspect of the trial has caused public opinion to halt and wonder more than once, yet the prosecution, almost alone and single handed, has saved the city from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. Whatever stands to the credit of San Francisco beyond that of one year ago, is largely due to the prosecution. It is probable that the prosecution placed too much confidence in the moral character of those who agreed to give certain testimony.

The public has been in the dark concerning the whole immunity policy of the trial and in this respect the prosecution has been in a sense a disappointment to the public. With such light as we have been able to attain it has appeared to us that the price in immunity has been too great for the evidence obtained from these exculpated witnesses.

Concerning the decision of the Appellate Court, the Argonaut ought not to lose its usually clear and steady perspective. The criticism of the minister of the gospel does not imply an attack upon the foundations of Christianity by any means. To criticise in a fair and judicial way the decision of a court is to strengthen the court. In the very article mentioned the Argonaut indulges freely in criticism of Judge Dunne. It severely arraigns President Wheeler for saying that "there can not be any decision of a court that is right if the moral consideration is left out of account." For this utterance which is surely sound, the Argonaut declares that if President Wheeler meant to apply this remark to the Appellate Court he has spoken "inconsiderately," that the court was under no obligation "to wander into the uncharted field of moral consideration" a man of Dr. Wheeler's character and position ought not to permit himself to be so quoted as to array his name and authority on the side of those who would discredit the very foundations of organized society." We do not understand that president Wheeler has done more than announce a great underlying moral principle. If it applies to the Appellate Court, and it certainly does, why is it wrong for Dr. Wheeler to criticise the Superior Court.

The Argonaut complains that the "press and pulpit have swept far afield" to denounce the decision of the Appellate Court. After telling us that the Appellate Court is made up of two wings of the Republican party and one from the democratic side of the house it adds: "this plain statement of facts shames the pulpit and the press." We may admit that the pulpit is not sufficiently versed in the technicalities of the law to pronounce upon the validity of the decision, but the Argonaut displays weakness when it declares that the pulpit has no right to discuss the decision from a moral point of view. This is not all. The lawyers are among the foremost in their denunciations of the decision. One of the leading attorneys of San Francisco is reported to have said: "If I did not know every

member of the Appellate Court which handed down this decision I would be unable to come to any other conclusion but that they had been reached by some outside influence." This is language of the close personal friend of that member of the Appellate Court who wrote the decision. This attorney also adds, "The very air seems to be full of revolutionary feeling. At the universities, clubs, in the trains, on the streets and in the home, I find no one (except the friends, connections and lawyers of the grafters) speaks with anything but emphatic protest against this decision so far as it relates to the validity of the indictment." This is not a minister but a member and practitioner of the San Francisco bar. In this personal letter to Justice Cooper who wrote the decision this same attorney concludes as follows: "I have cast no personal reflections upon yourself. The attack is upon the atmospheric environment of a statement which could lead a man of your integrity and intelligence to honestly believe that such a decision could be correct; and if the Supreme Court should unanimously hold the same that would, according to my view, only make the matter so much the worse." In this general adverse view the head of the legal department of the University of California is in full accord. We could cite many others. The Argonaut will not carry conviction to the public mind by an ad captandum criticism of the pulpit. The fact remains that the effect of this decision has been to cast a gloom over the entire State. There is nothing personal in the utterances of the pulpit. So far as we have seen, the pulpit has kept well within the bounds of respect for the Judiciary. It is utter folly for the Argonaut to attempt to close down and shut the pulpit out of discussing a matter of this knd. It affects the morals of the State and is entirely within the bounds of a moral question.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ROBBED AND LOOTED.

The University of Southern California opens its second semester with an increase in the college of Liberal Arts. The increase in the number of students has increased the expense. Every effort should be made to increase the educational collections. This institution has been robbed this year by the State of California to the extent of over $4,000. That this is an outrage no one can deny. It seems passing strange that officers and public agents appointed to promote and sustain educational and scientific learning should hold up the treasurer of the University of Southern California and go through his pockets and take fully $4,000 which has been given for a sacred public purpose. The State of California owes as much to the University of Southern California, as to any other institution in the state, and yet the state has robbed it of over $100,000 and damaged its endowments to the amount of nearly $500,000. This is and has been a monstrous injustice. There is no institution in Southern California to which that part of the state owes more in actual sound dollars than it owes to the University of Southern California, and yet Southern California has not made the slightest effort to protect the funds of this institution. When the Leland Stanford University was before the Legislature asking for the protection of its endowment, the whole northern end of the state came forward and sustained the efforts and the endowment is now free. We can see no form of injustice more palpable than the protection of the endowment of one institution and the robbing and looting of the endowment of a similiar institution. The students of the University go without examination to Harvard, Yale, John Hopkins, Stanford and all the rest. We cannot think California means to be so unjust.

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

Bishop Nichols asked the diocesan convention to reduce his salary from $6,000 to $5,000. The convention only laughed. It came at a time when the convention might well laugh. The convention opened with the communion service. Trinity Church was crowded with clerics and laity of the diocese. The clergymen entered the church, vested in white, with the vested mixed choir, and followed by Bishop Nichols, who was celebrant of the service. At the time of the offertory, when the collectors walked to the altar rail and laid the collection there, William H. Crocker and A. N. Drown walked behind them bearing deeds, Crocker having deeds from his family to the block bounded by California, Sacramento, Taylor and Jones streets, conveying the land to the church as a site for the new cathedral and church buildings, and Drown holding a deed of gift of $50,000 from a modest donor for the cathedral endownment. The Bishop gave thanks for the endowment and the munificent offering of the land. Six thousand dollars must have looked exceedingly small in comparison with this magnificent gift. The value of the land is not far from a million dollars.

BETTER THAN HIS CREED.

It may be said with due respect to all that the Protestant Episcopal Church is "growing in grace." The San Francisco diocesan convention recently passed boldly the following timid resolution on temperance. "Resolved, That this convention hereby expresses its sympathy with all lawful efforts for the wholesome control of the liquor traffic. and that this matter be referred to the committee on social service, with instructions to correspond with the church temperance society and report to the next convention." Bishop Nichols expressed a strong desire to see the liquor question under control. He does not believe in total abstinence though he himself is a total abstainer. We must say in this connection that the Bishop is better than his creed. He is abnormal on the right side of the question. The Protestant Episcopal Church is "trimming" and in the right direction. It will be on solid "dry" temperance ground in a short time. The resolution does not quite sound like a conference resolution on temperance but it "points" all right.

LOS ANGELES AGAINST THE RACES.

Los Angeles has decided in a most drastic and unequivocal manner that race gambling shall cease. The council has passed an ordinance and it is given out that the mayor will sign it which provides that it shall be unlawful to print, publish, distribute, circulate, sell or give away in the city any form chart, chart sheet, circular, list or publication of any kind giving or purporting to give any tip or advice as to the winner, or probable winner, or the result or probable result of any race. The penalty is a fine of not more than $500 or imprisonment for not more than six months in the City Jail or both. In view of the appalling condition of San Francisco in respect to race gambling it seems to us that such an ordinance would be a good thing for this city.

A SAD CASE—A SAD DEATH.

A son of a minister, brilliantly endowed, thoroughly, classically educated, the only son of his parents, highly esteemed by professors and students, successful in his profession, that is one side of the story. The other side is this: Naturally self-centered, a bit selfish, the devotional life secondary, then neglected, then abandoned, then cigars, then a little nip of wine, then college society lifted its brow, shrugged its shoulders and he felt the chill of social ostracism for the first time. The professors frowned and bit their lips in disappointment. The highest hopes of his friends were about to be canceled by the law of moral reaction. Graduation came, no honors, which a few years before had been universally conceded, were granted. He returned to California and for more than twenty-five years practiced law. Gradually the reactionary principle worked up through all higher principles of his mind and soul. The spirit of God was grieved. The liquor habit grew and his friends began to say "poor fellow! the end is not far away." The end came. One day he left home well supplied with liquor and with his face in the mud, his hands grasping the grass by the roadside, dead, cold and stiff he was found twelve miles from home and a thousand miles from where his heavenly Father wanted him to be. This is the sad fate of one of our early college friends. With his faults which were minor in those days he was almost universally esteemed. We were in a sense intimate friends in college. We always felt sorry for him when the vacation came and all the students went to their home and friends while this California boy had to remain. Once or twice we have met him in California. Liquor alienated him from all his former friends. At the time when life's great currents of energy should have been running deep and strong, when the fruit of his studies and experience should have been yielding the richest results in honor, in satisfaction, this brilliant student, this finely equipped gentleman, this young man to whom the professors took off their hats, died, like a beast in the road, "mired down" under a load he could no longer carry. How many college boys think they can stand in their own strength! How many young fellows think it no great sin to take the first glass of wine! The potential faculties of the young man assembled in brilliancy and in power seem so adequate, so strong that surely one cigar, one glass of wine, can not destroy and blight a whole life. The finer these powers of mind and of the personality the more delicately balanced they are. One drop of intoxicating wine will set all these natural endowments to warring against each other. The will becomes weak and tyrannical, the mind loses the power to distinguish moral qualities, the affections and impulses tainted with coarse animality, the personality becomes a center of riotous and uncontrollable waves of despair. If we could say a word over the dead body of our college friend we would like to say to students, "College boys, never touch a drop of intoxicating wine under any circumstances. The brighter your future, the more buoyant your spirit, the greater the derangement caused by one drink of intoxicating liquor. Touch not, taste not, handle not is the only safe rule."

A GOLDEN SECRET.

If ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished when you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word, "now."—Helpful Thoughts.

THE HOME

WHAT TO BE.

Be cheerful, optimistic,
  Be willing to forbear
With every kind of trouble
  And never to despair.

Be free from all suspicion,
  Seek no motive for the act,
Accept all things with kindness,
  Judiciousness and tact.

Be kind to every mortal,
  But yet select a few
To bear the name of friendship
  And tread the road with you.

And you will find that living
  Is not a dreary bore,
And life has many blessings
  You did not know before.

—Henry B. Morrill.

SENSITIVENESS ALIAS SELFISHNESS.

How often we hear the expression, "I am so sensitive," when, if the truth were told, it would be, "I am so selfish." By sensitiveness is usually meant more than usual refinement. This may be true if we substitute refinement of selfishness, or inordinate self-consciousness. More often it is the woman, still oftener the young girl, who prides herself on her sensitiveness. If it is the little child, the foolish mother speaks of this quality as something of which to be proud, and because of which to be proud, and because of which her child at home, in school, in society ought to receive special consideration. This is either given or not given as teacher or friends see fit. If it is given the child grows more selfish. Friends still politely call it sensitiveness as years are added to the young life. If mothers could but realize what obstacles to success and happiness they are themselves placing before their children, they would help their children to be sensible and unselfish, the two qualities which will, if planted early and closely to the sensitive plant, choke out the weed, for it is a weed.

While selfishness is at the root of sensitiveness self-consciousness is often the immediate cause. The one who most fully forgets self is least likely to see reasons to be sensitive. It is really an inordinate appreciation of self which makes one live in the look-out tower and invite the shafts of the enemy and bare his bosom to the smiter. If a woman busies herself in home, church or philanthropic work, if a man, when not occupied with business duties, interests himself in his own children and becomes absorbed in some recreative study, there will be little time to give thought to

unpleasant criticisms, still less for the imaginary slights of neighbors and friends. The real gentleman and lady are unconscious of self, and hence perfectly at ease. The true man and woman are unselfishly desirous to be helpful to others. Not that they may receive their own with usury, but because the heart of the giver is overflowing with a wealth of blessed helpfulness which must find objects and places for its expression and overflow.

The so-called sensitive woman unites with the church, either taking upon herself the duties of membership for the first time or coming from a sister church. Usually such an one is pleased with the immediate welcome accorded to her. In a general way she is invited to the meetings of the church. Very soon some members of the various women's societies ask her to join them. Perhaps she comes once or twice and is cordially welcomed. Only a few of the busy workers find time to call upon her. She is sensitive, thinks she is not properly looked after, ceases to put herself in the way of the working women, making no place for herself in the church work, remains at home and is soon really and truly forgotten.

Whose fault is it? No doubt partially that of the older members, but more truly her own. She was given an opportunity to become acquainted with her sisters in the church and to make herself a power, if not an aggressive element, in church work. But, as she says, she was too sensitive to push herself where she was not wanted. Most likely her sensitiveness was pure selfishness and an exaggerated estimate of her own value. She was wanted. There was a place waiting for her, as for any one who earnestly seeks after it, but busy women have no time to run after those who will not meet them half way. The woman who is so sensitive she needs coaxing is too sensitive for any use. She may as well step aside into her small corner to brood at her own sweet will over fancied slights, while the women who put themselves into the working circle widen and broaden their influence as the circle grows larger and larger, until the influence which they exert is truly marvelous.

One often hears women say, "I cannot become an officer in a society or a prominent member of a committee, I am so sensitive about what others say of me."

Which is the more important, the needed work or the possible criticism of the worker? Is it sensitiveness or a selfish putting of one's own ease and comfort paramount to the good which needs to be done? If in the judgment of wise women one is suited for a special work, why not accept the work, do one's best, and take no anxious thought of what "they say." Very likely mistakes will be made, criticisms be given, but why should you and I keep ourselves apart from the workers lest we be so unfortunate as to make mistakes or be misunderstood? After all, each one of us as individuals is of little consequence save to ourselves and immediate friends, and doubtless less is said of us than we in our egotism think.

I would not give the impression that I do not appreciate natural timidity and that sweetness and gentleness which are most beautiful in woman, that I do not believe in a refined sensitiveness, which is like the delicate coloring in spring blossoms. A ruthless gathering of these flowers by rude hands would be a symbol of the rough carelessness of some men and women in their contact with these frail blossoms of humanity. It is not of such I am writing. Not all sensitive natures are selfish. Moreover, there is a sensitiveness to the good, a sensitive shrinking from evil and a sensitive spiritual insight which cannot be over-estimated. One's nature cannot be too closely in touch with the thoughts of God as expressed in the natural world or unexpressed, but nevertheless understood by those who are sensitively alive to the forces of the spiritual world. Let us care less for what others think or say of us, be less self-conscious and more sensitive to divine influences, more ready to be used in God's way, not our way, in the service of humanity.—Alice H. Rich.

A HOUSEWIFE'S CREED.

An organization composed of college women who are members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, has been reflecting upon the following points: "What is my social ideal?" "What are my social possibilities?" "What is my social vocation?" They were asked if they were ready to accept the various clauses of the following creed:

I believe in the home and the family.

I believe in sane and rational daily housekeeping to which I am ready to give the necessary amount of time and energy.

I believe it is my duty to scrutinize my manner of living and to determine what useless financial burdens I am carrying.

I believe that the result of my home life should be the health and good temper of my family and the sense of living the life of the spirit as well as of the body.

I believe it is my duty to proportion my expenses to my income in such a way as to make a home of comfort and simplicity, without undue anxiety.

They are to discuss these questions and others at meetings soon to convene. Distinguished persons will address them, including the president and several professors of Harvard University and Presidents Hazzard of Wellesley, and Thomas of Bryn Mawr.

The creed is good, so far as it goes; but the intoxicating effect of fashion will keep many a woman from living up to it.—Christian Advocate.

Young People

DON'T GIVE UP.

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Tho' the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.

—Phoebe Cary.

HE DARED TO TELL THE TRUTH.

A boy once went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys—they

ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not hard, opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going on errands and helping around. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother.

"I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days when, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame for it or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't.

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid; Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out in the garden and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept downstairs and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, he said heartily:

"Sam, give me your hand; shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right: Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend. —Scotch Tract.

"ALL THE SAME TO GOD."

"Well, Matt," said Mrs. Flournoy, coming out on the balcony, "where's Flora? Didn't you bring my little girl back from her grandmother's?"

"Indade, no, mum," answered the coachman; "niver a word did I hear about little Missy."

"That is very strange," said the lady, looking vexed. "Did you give the grandmother my note, Matt?"

"Shure, mum, what should a foine leddy loike her be sayin' to Matt? 'Verra weel, Matt,' says she."

"How very strange!" exclaimed Flora's mother. "I never the grandmother to do such a thing before. Well, I suppose the darling is as safe there as she would be with me; but I am disappointed."

How surprised Mrs. Flournoy would have been if she had known that her dear little daughter was not more than fifty yards away from her at that minute!

The next morning, when the maid came into Mrs. Flournoy's room to open the shutters and fix her bath, she was carrying in her arms a rather chilly, shivery little girl, with her yellow curls tumbled over her face, and her frock rumpled into a thousand creases.

"Praise the Lord, Mis' Florney; the blessed lamb is safe!" she exclaimed the minute she opened the door.

"Flora—my precious—how did you get over from grandmother's so early?" asked the mother, sitting up in bed.

"It wasn't early; it was late," said the child, looking bewildered.

Don't you think that wee little maid, only six years old, had spent the night in the carriage, shut up in the carriage-house! This was the way it happened: As soon as grandmother read the note, saying Flora must come home, she put on the little girl's hat and coat, packed her bag, and sent Mary, her maid, out to put her in the carriage.

Matt had hitched up the horses and left them with grandma's coachman while he went to ask the gardener for some seed potatoes; and when Flora climbed into the carriage it came into her head to play a trick on Matt: "Don't you tell him I'm here, Mary," she said; "and don't you tell, Andy. When we get 'most home I'll jump out and say Boo! and won't Matt be s'prised?"—Selected.

THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.

Teach your children to understand the law of attraction. Let them know that if they form certain habits, and continue them until they become thoroughly fixed in their minds, they have through the power of thought become related to all people thinking and doing the things that have occupied their attention. For instance, if it has been your habit to find fault with people, to criticise, through this habit of criticism all the fault-finding people of the world have become related to you. If you are in the habit of thinking kindly and saying kind words, in a short time you will become mentally related to all kindly natured people in the world, and you will have the force of their kind, loving thoughts pouring in upon you, so that it will be easier for you to say a kind word than the reverse. By indulging in healthy thoughts you attract to yourself everything necessary to your well-being—happiness, health, strength and friends.—Ex.

AN OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within his head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!

When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star,
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,
So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

—Carolyn Wells in St. Nicholas.

MISS HARRIET'S CORNERS.

Round the restaurant table sat an agreeable little company, composed of some gentlemen, a lady and a girl with charming face and vivacious ways. Meal and conversation were proceeding pleasantly, until—the waiter upset a cup of chocolate in the girl's lap!

After an interval, during which chairs were thrust back, napkins flourished, and exclamations launched, the frightened waiter doing his best to repair damages, the flurry subsided somewhat, and the party reseated itself.

"My dear Harriet," cried the lady, ruefully, "your pretty suit is ruined!"

"Oh, there are more in the shops," was the gay rejoiner.

The waiter, having got a smile from the heroine of the accident went off in a dazed condition. The gentlemen were staring silently.

"Now look here, Miss Harriet," began the man with white hair, recovering first, "tell us how you did it!"

"Did what?" mischievously.

"Kept your equanimity, when most women would have—well, no matter! I was looking right at you when it happened, and the corners of your mouth went back instantly in a smile, and"—

"Oh, did you notice that!" asked the girl, suddenly interested. Then she checked herself, coloring. But the others scented a story and insisted, until Miss Harriet yielded, laughing.

"Well, since Mr. Pierce is so discerning—but, really, there's nothing to tell, you know. I had a new hat sent home once, the night before Easter. I was to sing in church, and that hat was the prettiest thing! Oh, don't be frightened"—she laughed merrily—"I won't describe it. In fact, I never got very familiar with it, anyhow; for when I left my room a moment, my puppy found it and had a personal interview with it. No, I didn't shake the puppy—he was a dear. I just dropped into a chair and contemplated the ruins.

"But presently I caught sight of my face in the dressing-table mirror, and—I forgot even the ruins! I was so shocked that I said right out, 'Is that you, Harriet Corey?' Why, it was the most woebegone, forbidding countenance— my mouth made a perfect U turned upside down. It came to me that that was how I probably looked whenever things went wrong.

"Well, I experimented immediately. I made the corners of my mouth move back and up, and I decided that a presentable face was better than an Easter hat. And I concluded right there that when things went wrong I'd at least see that the corners of my mouth stayed up. Really, you've no idea," she finished, ingenuously, "how it helps when horrid things happen. You can't feel cross and blue if you keep your corners right."

"It's better than controlling corners in wheat!" murmured Mr. Pierce.—Youth's Companion.

VALL'S MONKEY.

Vall always wanted a pet squirrel. One morning he hunted the woods far and near to find a tree with a den in it, where he could capture a young squirrel. One day he found such a tree. At least he thought he had. The next day, accompanied by three other boys, he came back prepared to cut it down. But in order to be sure that his prize was still in the tree, he climbed to the nest, and, thrusting a stick in the hole, he head a squeaking sound coming from within.

"I will just look in there," said he. So catching around the body of the tree—for there were no limbs to climb on— he raised himself till his eye was even with the hole, and there, almost against his face, something with eyes (seemingly) as big as his fist stared at him. "It's a monkey!" he cried, and letting go with both hands, he fell to the ground. They cut the tree, but the screech owl flew away.—Baltimore Methodist.

HOW RUTH FILLED HER CUP.

"Can I help, too, grandma?" asked Ruth, as she sat down in the old-fashioned kitchen. Grandma was making pudding for company and Hannah was stuffing a big fat goose. Aunt Katie and mamma were setting the long table, and everybody was busy.

"Yes, my dear; you can pick me a cup of raisins," said grandma.

Ruth went to work with a will, but somehow the cup didn't seem to get full. Grandma looked up just as Ruth put a raisin into her mouth, and then she discovered the reason.

"When you pick raisins, Ruth, you must always whistle," said grandma solemnly.

"Why, grandma" exclaimed Ruth. "mamma says it is not well bred for girls to whistle."

"If you whistle you can't eat my dear, and the cup, will get full quicker; but singing is every bit as good and I would like to hear you sing about little Jack Horner. And wasn't it queer? When Ruth began to sing, that cup was full in a jiffy.—Selected.

It is Secretary Taft's custom, when buying seats for public entertainments, to get two tickets, that he may have enough room. He wanted to go to a ball game once, and sent down a request for his customary two tickets. They were sent up to him; and when he reached the grand-stand later, he found that the seats were on opposite sides of the aisle.

TEMPERANCE ASSEMBLY.

We hope every man who has a grain of sympathy with the Temperance Cause will fix in his mind March 17-19, 1908. Why? Because on that date will be held an important temperance Assembly. The announcement is already out. The committee calls attention to a few things which should awaken the whole temperance sentiment of this part of the state. This is what the committe say and we simply say, Amen:

We take pleasure in announcing the TEMPERANCE ASSEMBLY which is to be held in San Francisco, March 17-19, 1908.

Judge Samuel R. Artman of Lebanon, Indiana, who rendered the now famous court decision concerning the Civil Law and Government and the Liquor Traffic, will be the guest of honor and chief speaker in the Assembly. Following the Assembly in San Francisco Judge Artman will fill twelve convention engagements in other cities in central California.

The end sought by the Assembly is that it shall be a VOICE to California —an APPEAL for nobler citizenship. It will have upon its programs and in its councils jurists, editors, educators, clergymen, labor leaders, merchants, manufacturers, politicians and others. The subject is worthy of and demands the best statesmanship of the hour.

The liquor traffic is now under the indictment that it is commercially a bad investment for society and a violator of the fundamental principle of civil law and government. The case is having and is to have a frank and just hearing in the great court of the people—the court of last resort.

Permit us to give you briefly the larger analysis of the subject:—

Our leading statisticians show in cold figures that the revenues derived from the liquor traffic are far less in amount than the cost to the Commonwealth of the pauperism and crime imposed upon it by the traffic.

Organized enterprise everywhere increasingly demands from its operatives abstinence from the use of intoxicants.

The public press is rapidly uniting for the great argument against commercial waste and civic negligence bred in and propagated from the public drinking place.

Labor is seeing that it cannot attain its best hopes with the burden of the dram-shop bound upon it.

The courts are interpreting anew the manual of civil law and life. They are declaring that the liquor traffic must cease under the law, for there are no rights apart from righteousness.

Temperance forces old and new are lining up in a new fellowship for industrial, commercial and civic defense against a common foe.

The liquor Press freely announces the doom of its own cause. It is wearing mourning over the tardiness, indifference, division and selfishness of the allies in the traffic.

Sobriety now has control of half the territory of the United States to the irreparable trade loss of the liquor traffic.

There is a marked shrinkage in the net income of the trade, especially in the manufacture. The cost of defense against its foes is increasing upon the trade each succeeding year. Under the remorseless reign of the common laws of trade capital invested in manufacture has begun to shift into other forms of investment.

At last the liquor men are pleading for mercy. Among themselves and before the public they plead for the moral improvement of the saloon. They plead that they are benefactors and supporters necessary to the state and the school. They coax and threaten in alternate breaths.

The national conscience is moving mightily. It is demanding the suppression of the saloon; it is illumnining every measure for a new commercial thrift and social purity.

The ASSEMBLY will VOICE to California the message of the above facts, and will make a just appeal to the citizen conscience using the truth and testimony afforded by the facts.

To all who seek the higher good of our great State we extend the invitation to attend the ASSEMBLY and participate freely in all of its councils, its conferences and its popular meetings.

COMMITTEE.

HE FIRST LOVED US.

Christ put on human helplessness,
Its painful, sinborn load of woe,
That He might save, lift up and bless.
And thus teach man God's love to know.

He took a body like our own
And lived a sinless life on earth
That He might for our sins atone
With offering of sufficient worth.

He hungered but would not command,
For His relief, supply of bread,
But for man's sake, took in His hand
A boy's plain lunch and thousands fed.

He for the fox provides a den,
And for the birds of air, a nest,
Yet, as the poorest among men,
Owned not a bed whereon to rest.

No crown upon His head was laid,
Nor royal robe did Him, adorn,
Save when in purple, foes arrayed
Our Lord, and crowned His brow with thorn.

By jealous enemies defamed,
Despised because of lowly birth
(Tho' by command of Angel, named
Jesus, before He came to Earth.)

Reject' by those whom He would bless,
Sold for some bits of silver ore,
Betrayed by sign of friendliness,
Denied by one who constance swore,

Tried and condemned by unjust plot,
The mob, a cross and death demands.
A coward ruler, daring not
Oppose them simply washed his hands.

Hung, with a thief on either side
His hands and feet with nails pierced through
He said, when mocked and crucified,
"Forgive, They know not what they do."

As, on the Savior's natal day
Darkness gave place to Heaven's light,
So, when the powers of evil sway
Mid-day is quickly turned to night,

As tho' from human eyes to hide
The agony in which He spent
Those last long hours before He died.
Then the earthquake and rocks were rent,

The temple's veil is torn apart
The Holiest is now in view,
And from the Savior's broken heart
A ransom flows for me and you.

His misery became our ease,
His poverty has been our gain,
His agony of soul, our peace,
That we might live, our Lord was slain.

Oh, may our lives a little show,
What tongue and pen can never tell
And human hearts but partly know,
The love of Him who loved so well.

—Mary S. Buffum.

A WOMAN'S ALPHABET.

I will be:
Amiable always.
Beautiful as possible.
Charitable to everybody.
Dutiful to myself.
Earnest in the right things.
Friendly in disposition.
Generous to all in need.
Hopeful in spite of everything.
Intelligent, but not pedantic.
Joyful as a bird.
Kind even in thought.
Long-suffering with the stupid.
Merry for the sake of others.
Necessary to a few.
Optimistic, though the skies fall.
Prudent in my pleasures.
Quixotic, rather than hard.
Ready to own up.
Self-respecting to the right limit.
True to my best.
Unselfish, short of martyrdom.
Valiant for the absent.
Willing to believe the best.
Exemplary in conduct.
Young and fresh in heart.
Zealous to make the best of life.

—Selected.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

At a protracted meeting in 1897, led by a fine evangelist, one evening the house was full, the sermon most excellent; singing was followed by a very stirring exhortation, but the congregation appeared wholly unmoved. The revivalist seemed quite discouraged. Finally, during the singing of another song, a little Christian girl, nine years old, passed from where she was sitting to the other side of the church, but her arms around a schoolmate and whispered in her ear; then the two, hand in hand, walked up the aisle and knelt at the altar. The audience was much moved. Christians spoke to their unconverted friends. Sinners came forward, and a great revival followed.

MRS. J. A. FOSTER.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.
—H. W. Longfellow.

EASILY TURNED.

A small boy was asked to take dinner at the home of a distinguished professor in Princeton. The lad's mother, in fear lest he should commit some breach of etiquette, gave him repeated directions as to what he should and should not do.

Upon his return from the great occasion, the mother's first question was, "Harold, did you get along at the table all right?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, well enough."

"You're sure you didn't do anything that was not perfectly polite and gentlemanly?"

"Why, no—nothing to speak of."

"Then something did happen. What was it?"

"But I fixed it all right, mamma."

"Tell me at once."

"Why, I got along pretty well until the meat came, but while I was trying to cut mine it slipped off onto the floor. But I made it all right."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I just said, sort of carelessly, 'That's always the way with tough meat.'"—Selected.

"TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL."

If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.
—Nixon Waterman.

"Tommy," said his mother, reprovingly, "what did I say I'd do to you if I ever caught you stealing jam again?" Tommy thoughtfully scratched his head with his sticky fingers. "Why, that's funny, ma, that you should forget it, too. Hanged if I can remember."

You can no more find a Christian without prayer than you can find a living man without a pulse. Prayer is a state rather than specific art. Benefit depends on continuity. One must have the aptitude.

Your winter trip

made comfortable
by the

Sunset Route

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars—Dining service the best—Parlor observation car—Library—Cafe—Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans with New Orleans-New York Steamship Co.'s steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket Offices:

884 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.
Fourteenth and Franklin Sts. Oakland, Cal.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.
Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE
DEALERS IN
PAPER
San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. LoS Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
1400-1450 Foruth St., Cor. Michigan,

Craig Desk Company
Full Assortment of
OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS
Lowest Prices.
46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

The Sower Has No Second Chance
Good sense says make the most of the first.
FERRY'S SEEDS
have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—merit tells.
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908
tells the whole Seed Story—sent FREE for the asking. Don't sow seeds till you get it.
D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

21 1908

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY 20, 1908. No. 8.

THE VICTORY.

To do the tasks of life, and be not lost;
To mingle, yet dwell apart;
To be by roughest seas how rudely tossed,
Yet bate no jot of heart;

To hold thy course among the heavenly stars,
Yet dwell upon the earth;
To stand behind Fate's firm-laid prison bars,
Yet win all Freedom's worth.

—Sydney Henry Morse.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

ROLLING ON!

The great temperance wave of recent years is rolling on!

In Ohio last week there was a big forward movement when the senate of that state passed the following measure:

"Whenever 35 per cent of the qualified electors of a county shall petition for it, a special election shall be ordered to be held in not less than twenty nor more than thirty days after the filing of the petition. The result is to be reported to the common pleas court, and the court record, if showing a majority cast against the sale, is to be prima facie evidence that the sale or giving away of intoxicants after thirty days following the election, is prohibited and unlawful under the provisions of the bill. Residence districts, villages or townships, now dry, cannot be made wet by a county election, but wet residence districts, villages or townships may be made dry by a county election."

There is no doubt that the lower branch of the legislature will pass the measure by a big majority, and county local option be a law in the great state of Ohio.

Under a county local option law it is possible to secure prohibition of the liquor traffic in many towns and cities in which this is not possible wen the vote is on the part of the municipality alone.

It is not surprising that the Religious Telescope, the organ of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, published at Dayton, Ohio, should say:

"The Ohio senate has crowned itself with imperishable glory. Its action, February 5, brought joy to the temperance hosts and dismay to the liquorites.

"Are we happy? Ask the schoolboy who on coming home in the evening, tired and hungry, is met at the door by his mother and given a piece of warm mince pie if he is happy! Ask the weary itinerant who on returning to his home after weeks of absence, is met at the door by his smiling wife and children, if he is happy! Ask the soldier who after long, weary marches and many hard-fought battles, hears the booming of cannon, the music of the bands and the huzzas of his comrades, assuring him that the war is over and he can now go home, if he is happy!

"Happy! happy! The word is far too weak to express the exuberance of our feelings.

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice! It is his doings and marvelous in our eyes. In the language of our good Governor Harris, when addressing the Methodist conference at Eaton last fall: 'The American saloon will soon be a thing of the past. He must be very blind who cannot see this. God speed the day! He has numbered rum's kingdom and finished it. Its cup of iniquity is full and the time of its judgment is at hand. Praise his name!"

Our exchanges tell us that this result was attained after one of the most bitterly contested efforts in the history of temperance warfare in that great commonwealth. It is said that some of the men who voted for the bill well knew that an affirmative meant their political suicide. Sixteen Republicans and eight Democrats voted for it; ten Democrats and three Republicans voted against it.

The Western Christian Advocate, of Cincinnati, remarks:

"There was, perhaps, never such a campaign of petitioning. Each senator was flooded with petitions, letters and telegrams, and when the vote was taken practically the sentiment of the voting population was expressed. When finally the liquor forces saw that the bill was bound to pass, they, as a last resort, attempted to weaken it by amendments—but against this the anti-saloon leaders stood immovable. Harmless amendments raising the per cent necessary to call a special local-option election from 25 to 35 per cent, and extending the time for the law to become effective from June to September of this year were carried. When a county votes against the saloon the action is effective for three years. It is conceded, even by the liquor element, that within a year nine-tenths of the state will be under prohibition rule, and only the larger cities will contain saloons. Verily, we are being led into a large place! The best informed and safest prophets predict that Ohio will step over and join the steadily growing list of prohibition states by the year 1910. It is difficult to be too sanguine on this subject in these opening years of the twentieth century."

Yes, the temperance wave is rolling on!

In this connection we note the recent order of the Pullman Car Company, doing away with the sale of intoxicants on all its cars in every state and territory of the United States.

That was significant action which the editors of the Democratic papers in Indiana took in their recent state convention. Their declaration was: "We would add to the present laws regulating the liquor traffic a local option law giving the people of each community an opportunity to express their sentiments regarding the sale of liquors in their midst, freed from the turmoil, annoyance and business disturbances in many instances attending the operations of the present remonstrance law."

Indiana now has a local option law. It can have a better one. The significant thing is that the Democratic editors should put themselves on record as they have.

The comment of the Indianapolis News, one of the leading evening dailies of the country, is: "The interesting thing is that both parties seem gradually to be coming to the conclusion that more votes can be gained by lining up with the people than by lining up with the liquor interests. Our friends, the editors, knowing as they do public opinion all over the state, must have been impressed with the strength of the feeling against the saloon—especially as a political factor. There can, of course, be no doubt that the people are very much in earnest. They will not intrust the government of the state to any political

party that is under suspicion of being controlled by the liquor interests, or even of being friendly to them. It is well that this should be clearly understood early in the campaign. Whatever is said on this subject must be said with the utmost clearness, so that the people shall know precisely what is intended.

"The ordinary political utterance will not do. What the people want is straight talk, and a declaration honestly in their favor or honestly against them. They are in no mood to be deceived or trifled with. We believe that the members of both political parties, and most of their leaders, are beginning to see that the old order cannot continue. To be sure there are men in both parties who yet think they can fight on both sides, and then sell out the people after the election. But the number of these is growing fewer every year. For the so-called temperance wave is not a mere wave, but a great, persistent movement by the people, the object of which is to get and to hold control of their own affairs, and to rule themselves free from the dictation of the brewers, the saloon men and their political tools and allies."

We are informed by committes having the matter in hand that a majority of the newspapers in California stand ready to co-operate in the movement against the saloon which it is expected will be inaugurated at the great convention to be held in San Francisco next month.

"Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow" was very appropriately sung by a thousand or more persons at Des Moines, Iowa, recently, when a federation was formed of all the temperance organizations and churches to secure constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic. All candidates for the legislature will be required to put themselves on record as to this question.

Let the good work go on until the iniquitous liquor traffic shall have been put down, and "Praise God from Whom all Blessing Flow" be sung not merely over movements inaugurated, but carried through to complete victory.

A NOTED SCIENTIST CONCERNING MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD.

A remarkable statement was made a few days ago before the English Psychical Research Society by Sir Oliver Lodge, a scientist of high standing, concerning the probability of communication with persons who have passed out of this earthly existence. We quote the only fragment of his remarks which has come to our notice:

"On the question of the life hereafter the excavators are engaged in boring a tunnel from the opposite ends. Amid the roar of the water and the other noises we are beginning to hear the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side."

Commenting on Sir Oliver's declaration, the Springfield Republican says:

"It is the most confident assertion that has yet been made as to the veritable conviction of the search, although much has been said to indicate that there are hopes of real fruition.

"It is too early to pronounce a judgment that will satisfy the laity, but the judgment of such men is to be respected. It is quite different from the records of the old spiritualistic seances, largely managed by emotional men and women, and with trickery and palpable delusion, marring all their testimony. It is difficult to establish anything in the seance for the spirit; for here comes in that pragmatism which we must thank William James for naming. We must be practical, and it is generally felt that the real stops where things cannot be set down with mathematical or physical or chemical formulas."

It is said further: "Among the men who have been met in these sittings in so characteristic ways that no doubt can be entertained of their identity are men of extraordinary quality—the late Richard Hodgson, F. W. H. Myers and Edmund Gurney, who have long been engaged in the examination of what they now call the automatism of the medium. Although the general conversation with these strong individualities had convinced those who had known them in this form of physical life that there was no room for doubt, they have lately been trying the device of 'cross correspondence,' that is, the reception of part of a message through one medium and part through another, the one-half being unintelligible without the other,—neither medium knowing what her own part of the message meant. This, Sir Oliver holds, is fair proof of the continued intellectual activity of that person."

The Boston Transcript states that the announcement by Sir Oliver Lodge has met with greedy acceptance on the part of some; utter incredulity on the part of others; while calm, critical, suspension of judgment is the attitude of those who think and who feel the influence of the time-spirit.

The Transcript continues:

"Nothing, perhaps, shows how far we have traveled from the intellectual standpoint of thirty years ago than the fact that a man in the foremost rank as a scientist can stand up today and proclaim not only the possibility but the actuality of a life beyond this bourne of time and place, without at the same time exciting the scornful derision of all the emancipated and enlightened. Were Huxley alive now, we can imagine with what savage irony and merciless dialectic he would cover with confusion and ridicule the thesis of his fellow-scientist! But matter is growing thinner every day, and the snug, compact, well-rounded world of the materialist is threatening to give way at not a few points to the encroachments of spirit. Some New York editors, indeed, complain that Sir Oliver Lodge is a physicist whose dicta on electricity, for example, are worthy of all men to receive, but whose excursions in the region of the metaphysical may be interesting, but by no means conclusive. Yet one would suppose that the qualities of caution, respect for facts, veracity of mind and power of constructive thought—qualities which the study of the exact sciences breed in the student—would be the surest guaranties of Sir Oliver's sanity in his handling of more elusive problems. If to this consideration we add this other that besides being a great scientist, using the word in the narrower sense, he is also a theologian of respectable attainments and by no means ignorant of abnormal psychology, we will probably conclude that it is the part of wisdom to hear patiently and to weigh carefully what such a man has got to say on any subject—terrestrial or super-terrestrial."

We have quoted at considerable length these comments on the part of two of the best daily papers in the country because we believe their attitude with respect to this matter to be eminently wise. We believe that the future will disclose marvelous things in the realms both of the physical and the psychical, and they who are wise will keep themselves in a receptive spirit and

attitude. There seems to be such a thing as telepathic communication between the living, and long distances apart; if such be a fact, why not between the living and the dead—between the living in this sphere and the living in some other sphere?

It is of interest to note that before his death the late F. W. H. Myers deposited with the English Psychical Research Society a sealed package containing certain messages, with instructions that the package should not be opened until a stated time had elapsed, it being his hope that before that time he might be able to give from the world into which he was about to enter messages identical with those in the sealed package. Naturally we are wondering, in our state of meager information, after reading of Sir Oliver Lodge's declaration, whether any such messages have come from Mr. Myers.

Let not our readers conclude that we believe in the possibility of such communication as is here considered. We long for it. We cannot get away from the thought that it would be advantageous in the development of mankind. Therefore, in view of these things and the profound conviction that the future will disclose things far more marvelous than ever the past has, we are in a waiting attitude.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is stated that nearly 1,000 students in the University of Michigan are paying their way by their own efforts.

William Jennings Bryan favors the admission of Roman Catholics to active membership in the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. of Pekin, China, has secured a lot in the center of the city and on one of the main streets. It will be a great center of influence.

Thirty different nationalities are represented in the classes for the study of English in the Young Men's Christian Association at Portland, Oregon.

The Religious Telescope, the organ of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, is making a vigorous effort to get its circulation up to 25,000. It is now 22,400. That is good for a church of 285,000 members!

Here is something that ought not to be: A United Brethren pastor at Denver, Colorado, writes: "We have an Italian population of about ten thousand, without a Protestant mission of any kind among them. They had a church-house that had an incumbrance of about $10,000, which they offered to the Methodist Episcopal members, providing they would send them a missionary. They refused. This is terrible to contemplate, but true. There is a district in Denver, along the railroad and the Platte river bottom, including this Italian settlement, where 20,000 people live, of all classes without one Protestant mission door open to them."

"King Solomon's Mines" have long been located in Africa, but not definitely. The Lutheran Observer says: "Dr. Karl Peters, the German explorer who has been active in extending German interests in the Dark Continent, in his description of the Zambezi territory in the southeast portion of the continent, declares that there are innumerable traces of early workings that convince him that it is the location of the Land of Ophir. Scores of forsaken mines and no less than 75,000 places where gold has been dug at depths of from thirty to forty feet, have been found. Ruins of town and villages, with remains of temples and palaces, great terraces and towers, apparently of Phoenician origin, as well as articles found in graves that indicate Baal worship, all point most strongly to the identity of the region with the Biblical Ophir. A further argument of greatest weight is that the Septuagint translates Ophir as Sofala, and the Arabs of the present day call the Zambezi district both Sofala and the land of Gold."

There are some excellent colleges on the Pacific coast. A writer in **The Westminster** gives this testimony for the small college: "A boy went from home to a small college. The day after his arrival, as he walked, lonesome and homesick down the village street, the college president stopped him with a cheerful 'How are you, Charles?' Speaking of it afterward, he said, 'That man could have had me body and soul for the asking. To remember me by name the day after my arrival, it was wonderful.' Wonderful, but possible in a small college. A member of the faculty of one of the big four colleges was in a publishing house recently, in New York City. A well-known business man entered, and after an introduction, said, 'I think my son is one of your classes.' 'Very likely he is,' he said, 'but you see our classes are so large that I do not know my students by name. They are only faces to me. These two incidents will serve to point a moral. Small colleges can do what the larger ones cannot. Personal acquaintance of teacher with pupil, the daily contact on terms of friendship with older and stronger men, makes for strong character and allows individual development." Fathers and mothers, remember our colleges—our small colleges!

The Philadelphia Press makes a strong plea for funds for the proposed international monument for John Calvin at Geneva, Switzerland, saying in that connection: "It is one of the mysteries of history and one of the paradoxes of human development that a Frenchman, with all a Frenchman's passion for system, for exact logic, for definite authority and for a code, decreed once for all, as opposed to the growth of a common law system, has more affected the theology and religious polity of the English-speaking race than any man of its own stock. John Calvin, through John Knox, decided Scotch theology and the religious conviction and organization of the Scotch. In England he did more than any other man to form the theology of dissent, and no other man has had more influence on Anglican theology, directly and indirectly. In this country he decided the religious creed and conviction of New England. Out of Presbyterianism, the direct product of Calvinism, there came the earliest example in this country of a federal system in full working operation, while the education, theology, and social organization of the Middle States were profoundly affected by the great Genevan." A leading Methodist paper, the Western Christian Advocate, remarks: "Calvin deserves this recognition. By asserting the absolute sovereignty of God, he loosened the autocratic control of despots over their subjects and made for human liberty and constitutional governments. Happily, too, the old bitter theological controversies between Calvinists and Arminians have died out so completely that today a Methodist paper has no hesitancy in heartily commending the project of a monument to a man whose system of Biblical interpretation our founders so vigorously antagonized. And time, which works wonders,

has so modified the expressions of present-day Calvinism that Calvin would scarcely recognize himself in them, and Presbyterianism and Methodism are so much in theological agreement that up in Canada there is a movement to amalgamate the two denominations into one body! 'It moves.'"

The Evangelical Association, the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and the Methodist Protestant Church of the Pacific Northwest are moving toward union. One of the ministers writes to the **Religiuos Telescope:** "Church union is not in the air. It has been there, and there too long. It is now in the minds and hearts of the people. Tuesday evening, January 21, the pastors and men representing seven local churches, held one of the most enjoyable and enthusiastic meetings which the writer has been privileged to attend. The meeting was called to consider the feasibility of the organic union of the Evangelical Association, United Evangelical Church, Methodist Protestant Church and the United Brethren Church. The pastors of seven local churches expressed themselves strongly in favor of the proposition. Representatives of five other local churches sent messages of approval. There would have been persons present from each of these churches but for the fact that revival services were in progress. Nearly fifty men were present as delegates, and not one expressed a sentiment against the proposed union, but applauded most heartily each speaker. After the close of the program, all retired to the church parlors, where the Men's Club of the First United Brethren Church served luncheon. Dr. E. C. Cline, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was present, and gave the movement his hearty Godspeed. The following resolution was then adopted: That the pastors and laymen representing the eleven local churches, gathered with the Men's Club of the First United Brethren Church, Tuesday night, January 21, express to our respective general conferences our earnest desire for the organic union of the Evangelical, United Evangelical, Methodist Protestant and United Brethren churches." It is stated further that a "committee has been appointed to arrange for union mission work. At our next annual conference, which will be held in Portland in June, the pastor of the Methodist Protestant church of Seattle will be invited to be present and address the conference, as doubtless representatives of the two branches of the Evangelical Church." The U. B. minister whom we have quoted says: "For the success of the moral and spiritual standards which as denominations we hold in common, it is imperative that we should unite, and that very soon. Especially is this true as regards our home missionary fields."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Rev. Dr. John M. Moore of the Southern Methodist Church writes in the Nashville Christian Advocate concerning a trip from Nashville to San Francisco.

Concerning the city by the Golden Gate he says:

"San Francisco will some day be a great city. Its population and that of its three neighbors, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, now reaches 500,000 to 700,0000 people. But this is really a heterogeneous mass. The spirit of the community is not healthful to the highest interests of society. The enterprise is very largely financial, and the thought of getting rich quick occupies the mind of a majority of those who come here. The growth is too much after the manner of the eucalyptus. But the importance of the port, the beauty of the surrounding country, the richness of the fruits will make San Francisco a center for increasing multitudes. The wreckage of the earthquake has been largely removed, and much of the city has been rebuilt. The financial flurry has made 20,000 idle men. The church is the most neglected institution in California of all those that make a great people. Greed and godliness are not companionable, and greed came first and has never retired. Many of the leading citizens left their religion east of the Rockies, or else they have grown up here from the stock of the early days, when religion was virtually unknown. But the people have no ear for barren creeds or doctrines of any sect or sects. They are open to the appeals of Christ's Christianity, but they will not try to pronounce the shibboleths of any denominationalism. Sectarianism or sectionalism has no attraction for a people of cosmopolitan sentiment. Churches South or churches North do not attract or repel in this section. Only the pure gospel, presented in an intelligent way and in harmony with the day of information and enlightenment, can reach such a people as this. The church of the great West will be free of all sentiments that make and maintain sects."

Dr. Moore remarks that he wishes he had time to tell of the many things seen by him in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, which, he says, "are in reality one city." Continuing: "I would like to tell of my visit to the University of California, with its ideal location and beautiful grounds. This great institution now has 2,662 students, of whom about 900 are young women. It upholds high educational ideals. It is a matter of sincere regret that of its large number of students only one hundred are members of the College Young Men's Christian Association and only thirty are in the Bible classes. The students have no religious services during the week or on Sunday. The institution has no chapel, yet it has a great Greek theater that is built of cement and will hold 10,000 people. It has just put $1,000,000 in a building for mechanical engineering, and will put another $1,000,000 in a library building. This great university of the coast, with its sister institution of Leland Stanford University, holds the future of a great commonwealth. Yet the world's greatest Teacher has been denied the forum. Surely the leaders of the West will not go on blindly and without a care for the highest interests of those who look to them for instruction."

As he surveys our Asiatic population, Dr. Moore says, with his own denomination in mind:

"California offers the church a fine opportunity for finding an open door into China and Japan. There are now 10,000 Japanese in California, and the number is increasing. The number of the Chinese is now decreasing. The work now done for these people at our doors is being supported by the Woman's Home Mission Society. That society has a way of finding out what ought to be done, and then finding a way to do it. The church will be wise in any efforts that it may make for the Christianization of the Japanese, Chinese and Koreans at our door."

Another recent visitor from the East was the Rev. Dr. Levi Gilbert, editor of the Central Christian Advocate, of Cincinnati. Writing concerning those who are trying to clean up the city, Dr. Gilbert says: "They will have work enough to do, for the city has been shamelessly immoral. The Independent speaks of it as a modern Sodom and Gomorrah. We stood on Van Ness avenue—a former residence street, now the prin-

cipal retail center—and saw the most flagrant and open vice we have ever seen in any American city."

The editor of the Advocate writes further, and pays high compliment to the pluck of the city sore stricken by the great calamity of April, 1906:

"On the second day we examined the ruined city more carefully. We had read of the calamity extensively; had seen scores of pictures; had heard descriptions from those who had gone through the fearful experience. But we were not prepared for the reality. As we stood there on Nob Hill, near the ruins of the Flood and Crocker homes (each costing some three-quarters of a million) and the Hopkins Art Gallery, and looked down over the site of the city where everything was wiped out as far as the eye could see—in front, on either hand, and back—the entire business portion of a great metropolis and the best residence section—the appalling extent of the calamity nearly overwhelmed us. We could hardly understand how any human beings could ever pluck up heart and determination to try to rebuild in the face of such widespread destruction as that. Man's spirit is certainly indomitable. But our friend said: 'You see streets now and trolley-cars and traffic, many temporarv structures, and a large number of high office buildings going up. You should have looked over this scene as I did a few days after the disaster. Then there were no streets visible—nothing but smoking ruins and piles of blackened brick and twisted iorn and steel!'"

We quote further, showing that the Ohio editor saw the city as it now is and promises to be:

"The city is certainly going to be rebuilt. Its reconstruction is going on even now with tremendous energy. We went to the top of the new Humboldt building, whence we could survey the wonderful activity on every hand. A large number of class A steel structures and many of re-enforced concrete—one ten stories high, the largest of its class in the world—are in process of construction. To stand on lower Market street and take in the work in progress is to have the impression of a contract taken to build a complete city in a month or two. The industry of the people is remarkable. Twenty months ago this same territory was swept almost as bare as the palm of the hand. It is now covered with buildings completed and in the way of completion. The big Palace hotel, in which we had stopped on a previous visit, was just finishing its piers, sunk down deep in the sand. It had taken a year or more to remove the debris!"

As the editor stood and surveyed the ruins of the big and pretentious city hall, the very seat of the old-time iniquitous graft, which, though not caught by the fire, looked as if the Almighty had taken it in his hand and had literally shaken it to pieces, these words of Joaquin Miller came to mind:

"And here throbbed San Francisco's heart
And here her madness held high mart—
Sold justice, sold black shame, sold hell.
And here, right here, God's high hand fell,
Fell hardest, hottest, first and worst—
Your huge high hall, the most accurst!"

A little boy wrote an essay on woman. "Woman is what men like to marry. Man is logical; woman is zoological. Both man and woman sprang from monkeys, but women sprang the farthest."

TROUBLE IN THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

According to Eastern papers there may be a trial for heresy ere long in the Dutch Reformed Church—now officially known as The Reformed Church in America. The Boston Transcript says:

"One of the younger ministers of this denomination, Rev. William H. Boocock of Bayonne, N. J., has made public announcement of the fact that he can no longer accept the dogmas of his church, believing that the Christian church is greatly retarded in its work because it continues to hold to teachings that were adapted to the conditions of a former age. Mr. Boocock declares that he will now proclaim the truth as he sees it, regardless of consequences. It is said that he has not denied any of the fundamental Christian truths, although he openly questions the accuracy of the Biblical narrative and declares that the church of the future must be built around the personality of a man, not around the statements to be found in a book.

"So far as has been made known, no steps have as yet been taken looking toward an ecclesiastical trial, but among Reformed Church leaders the opinion is held that a trial can hardly be avoided unless Mr. Boocock voluntarily leaves the denomination. Like the Presbyterian Church, which it resembles, both in doctrine and in government, the Reformed Church contains a large eleemnt that is conservative, holding tenaciously to the older standards of faith. It is said that many of the younger ministers have a tendency toward liberality, especially those in the churches of the East. This liberality, however, does not approach the extreme position taken by Rev. Mr. Boocock, and the result of a trial, if one has to be held, is deemed to be inevitable. It is alleged that some of his fellow ministers have suggested to Mr. Boocock that he leave the denomination and affiliate himself with some religious body with which he can find himself in sympathy, but he declares it to be his duty to remain in the Reformed Church, in order that he may bring to it a realization of its present duty.

"The Reformed Church system includes four governing bodies. First is the consistory, which has charge of the local church. Next is the classis, which, like the presbytery in the Presbyterian Church, is the district organization. Above the classis comes the particular synod. Should Rev. Mr. Boocock be called before the ecclesiastical court he must first answer to his classis, which is that of South Bergen. From that appeal may be taken to the particular synod of New Brunswick, and finally the case might be taken on appeal to the general synod. Reformed Church leaders are expressing the fervent hope that anything resembling a trial may be avoided, although the attitude of Mr. Boocock is such that they admit that the hope seems to have little foundation."

FOR THE GOOD OF HAWAII.

The February number of The Friend, of Honolulu, says that Governor Frear was welcomed home from his recent trip to the states and to the national capital with unusual warmth, and that a few days later, at the first public reception in his new residence, people thronged in large numbers to give their greeting to him and to Mrs. Frear. The Friend remarks further that Gov. Frear's "recent addresses have made it clear

that the best interests of Hawaii are his deliberate aim and that he grasps them with great distinctness." The article from which quotation is made continues:

"To save this Territory to a broad Americanism requires not that Asia be offset with Europe, not that we add to ignorant people from the alien Far East equally ignorant people from the alien Near East. What is needed here is that which keeps America true to its ideals in every great political crisis, namely, the farmer. Give us American farmers and we can assimilate any number o f laborers, whether they hail from the Azores, the Spanish Peninsula, China or Japan. So far as Hawaii is concerned there is no choice between Europe and Asia. Each section of our alien population has its ins and its outs. We welcome them all and are able to make of them all equally good citizens. Theoretically speaking, if there were any choice it might be held to be in favor of immigrants who are not able to vote during the first generation, because it gives time to train their native-born children to understand our institutions. But without a goodly proportion of American farming population our task in Hawaii is going to be immensely difficult. English 'as she is spoke' here is fearfully and wonderfully made. The best way to correct this jargon is to scatter all over the islands families who have inherited the mother tongue. Our transportation lines are awakening to the part they must play in this movement. The offer of the Pacific Mail Company to carry freight, the improved facilities afforded by the Matson Line for fresh fruit shipments and the awakening of the Hawaiian-American people to the share they may have is reassuring. If one of these lines should equip its steamers with proper banana-carrying space so that the fruit might be hung as is done for the West Indies trade, this industry, which promises so much for the small farmer, would offer large attractions. Meantime let such promoters as one widely advertised of late, who is said to contemplate emblazoning on his banner, 'Hawaii, the Pacific Monte Carlo, the Gambler's and Debauchee's Paradise,' get into the field and we may as well say goodbye to the American small farmer. In this day, when two-thirds of rural America are rum free and temperance towns are the ones that attract and hold new residents, our most drawing card would be the announcement, "A liquorless Eldorado.'"

THE INDIAN'S DAY.

By Aloha.

God is moving in his own mysterious way to stir the hearts of Californias in behalf of our red brethren, once owning this Paradise we now call ours.

Rev. George L. Spinning, a great friend of Theodore Roosevelt, a lifelong friend of the Indians, oft employed by the government on peculiar and special service for these wards of the nation, is ably seconding the efforts of the Northern California Indian Association. He is speaking in our best churches, and as he is a born orator, on fire with his subject, he attracts wide attention and leaves a wholesome impression based on incontrovertible facts. He speaks this week at Stanford, on special invitation of President Jordan.

Dr. A. L. Riggs of Santee Agency, of apostolic relation by his sainted father, the hero of early Minnesota missions, is with his wife at Claremont enjoying his first Califronia rest from lifelong service at the wonderful mission in Nebraska.

Friend A. K. Smiley of Redlands, whose famous Indian conference at Mohonk, New York, has attracted the attention of the humane world, is interested that our Western Indians should enjoy the same agencies which have won Eastern Indians such intelligent friendship. What wonder, then, that the great-hearted Frank Miller of the Mission Inn at Riverside should open his beautiful inn for such a conference on the last three days of April, this year of glad grace for the Indian.

If you want to know all about it send word to Dr. George L. Spinning, at 3454 Twenty-first street, San Francisco.

THE ANSWER OF DOUBT AND THE CHALLENGE OF FAITH.

A Sermon by the Rev. William Rader in Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco.

Text, John 1:46: "And Nathanael said unto him Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

Let us first be introduced to this man Philip. All we know of him is told us by John. He was a plain, devout man of a practical sensible mind. We read of his call and meet him again when Jesus was about to feed the multitude and asked where bread could be bought. Philip answered that there was no money with which to buy bread. He appears at a later time in Jerusalem. When certain Greeks would see Jesus Philip finds Andrew and the two take the Greeks to Jesus, who said, "The time is come when the Son of Man is to be glorified."

The last glimpse we have of Philip is in the upper room in Jerusalem, where as an intent listener to one of our Lord's great paschal discourses he interrupts him with a question and engages in conversation concerning the revelation of the Father. In the passage quoted as the text Philip talks briefly and to the point with Nathanael on Jesus as the Messiah. Nathanael gives his answer of doubt, tinged with prejudice, in the significant query, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" This mean little town had never produced a great soul or won respect by a great movement or institution, and is remembered chiefly because the inhabitants once attempted to kill Jesus by throwing him down a hill. Observe, however, that Nathanael's mind was prejudiced rather than skeptical. Prejudice is poisoned doubt. You may reason away a doubt, but prejudice is not easily influenced by argument, and Philip answered the whim of Nathanael by his pointed appeal to experience, "Come and see." Nathanael concluded that the origin of Jesus invalidated both his person and his message. He would deny that "great oaks from little acorns spring;" that the prairies of Illinois could fashion a Lincoln and give him to the nation as a man capable of being President of the United States. He would not believe that from the rocky fields of New England a Whittier or Emerson could spring and take their place in lasting literature. He could not understand how the little cabin of the Mayflower might be the birthplace of the constitutional liberties of a people, or how a Jesus might rise above and overcome the unfavorable forces of a humble environment.

Nazareth was in striking contrast to the academy in Athens, the schools of Hillel and Shammai in Jerusalem, and the university in Alexandria. It was incred-

ible to him that one should be strong enough to ascend the highest throne on earth from such an ordinary town in Gallilee.

Nathanael was ignorant of the fact that great men and measures have evolved from commonplace conditions. He had never seen the blood-red flower bloom on the eternal snows. He failed to grasp the power of those inscrutable agencies which produce a "Pilgrim's Progress" in the cell of Bedford jail, and led a group of path-finding fishermen from their nets along the shore, to the high places of the earth, symbolized by the stones in the Temple of Beauty. It is this answer of a passing prejudice, thus setting aside the person of Christ by an appeal to environment, and humble beginnings, that forced from the lips of the fluent but devout Philip the immortal challenge of faith, "Come and see."

What is involved in this challenge? It was not an argument. This is its power. He did not approach the prejudice of Nathanael by controversy. Had he controverted his derisive declaration uttered in fine scorn, Nathanael might have been lost to the apostolic circle. Controversy has driven many Nathanaels away from the church. It is ever true that

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Men are not won by burning them or arguing with them. Argument has its place in the economy of redemption, but it is easily abused and becomes a means by which men are alienated from the kingdom. It is not the highest means of persuasion, since it heats the mind, and the heated mind perverts the judgment. Philip was not the kind of a man who would argue such a proposition. There was but one thing for Nathanael to do, viz., "Come and see." This was a perfectly safe response. It involves a basic method of inquiry into the facts of religion, and puts the responsibility upon the investigator.

"Come and see." Do you have a question as to the flavor of the grape? Taste it. Do you entertain a prejudice as to the nature and grandeur of the sea? Come, stand upon the shore and see for yourself. Some things cannot be painted, or carved, or described in words. Do you doubt the power of electricity? Touch the current and feel the thrill. Do you wish to know the fierce power of fire? Thrust your hands into the red flames. Do you scorn the report that the Messias has spent his youth in Nazareth and that he was born in Bethlehem of Judea? "Come and see?" This was the impregnable position of Philip.

Nathanael accepted the challenge and did what every honest doubter will do—went to Jesus.

Whom did he find? First, he discovered to his satisfaction the Jesus of history. In this magnetic and magnificent man he found earth's greatest gentleman. He found a human being to whose physical beauty the artists have done scant justice. Jesus must have been fair to look upon. Physically he was the center of attraction. There he stood, the Christ of faith, robed in flesh, and submissive to the laws of the material world. And Nathanael marveled at his silent splendor; for was he not God in the flesh?

Second. He met the Christ of faith. It may not be an invidious comparison, for the sake of clearness, to think in this connection of Jesus as the Christ of history and of Christ as the Jesus of faith. The one describes the historic Messiah, the other the Messiah of faith. The one was limited to the organic laws of life, the other transcends the laws of the lower world and is unlimited, unchained, unearthly, divine, universal and transcendant—the Christ who is independent of Nazareth, the Lord of all. It was this being who was disclosed to the worshipful Nathanael as he stood transfixed in the consciousness that he had met the Christ who previously and before Philip brought them together had unlocked the noiseless portals of his soul, when he sat meditating under the fig tree. Jesus knew Philip long before Philip knew Jesus. Truth finds us before we find truth. Blessed are these fig-tree experiences which come when we sit alone and are susceptible to the holiest influences. "Before Philip called thee when thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee."

Observe the theological significance of this appeal. It is the logic of consciousness and involves the power of a spiritual experience, the uncaptured fortress of revealed religion. Christianity stands in indestructible security on what we experimentally know to be true. This is a far stronger defense than speculative doctrine or theological certainty. What we know to be true from experience counts for more in the evidences of Christianity than what we think or what we know others think they know. More and more am I personally convinced that feeling—the consciousness of truth working its way out in experience and demonstrating its moral value in conduct, is the logical basis of religion. When a man stands on that ground he stands on the rock. The interpretation of Jesus Christ through spiritual consciousness is the surest approach to the mighty mysteries of his sufferings and saving sacrifice. All the redemptive passions may be seen and felt in some limited degree in the life we live. The atonement, for example, is hard to understand when theories are considered. Attempts to explain the inexplicable are so futile; but we read of the gunner on one of our battleships plunging head first down a funnel of fire and smoke at a moment when something had to be done to keep the fire from the magazine, and thus save the ship and crew, we have some idea of vicarious sacrifice. When he achieves the work of salvation and is laid on the deck with the flesh falling from his bones, the very cross of Christ is made plain. The translation of the great passions of Christ into the practical terms of experience—this was the method of Philip, and it brought Nathanael to Jesus Christ, and what did he say? "Thou art the King of Israel." And he saith unto him, verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see the heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."

Beautiful was this confession and answer between Nathanael and his Lord. The words fell like drops of honey on the head of the new disciple who had met the Christ.

Christ is independent of time and space, of Bethlehem and Nazareth. When the soul sees him it is enough. The woman found him at the well, Nicodemus at night, Zaccheus on the tree, the fisherman by the sea, and this guileless Israelite now stands face to face with the Messiah, who is Jacob's ladder in the flesh, and the angels ascend and descend in demonstration of the truth that Jesus Christ is the Son of Man and the Son of God.

God gives us always strength and sense enough for what he wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing him if we are not happy ourselves.—Ruskin.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Among the Churches.

Alhambra.—The pastor of this church, the Rev. S. T. Montgomery, has been assisting the pastor at El Cajon in a series of special meetings.

Red Bluff.—The walls of the church auditorium have been covered with a beautiful panel design of pressed steel plates, and the arched ceiling with an elaborate floral design. Other rooms have been refinished in a similar manner.

National City.—Rev. D. M. Stuart, formerly of Glendale, Cal., has been installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church of National City. The services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Abernathy of El Cajon, Jordan of San Dieago and Montgomery of Los Angeles.

Pasadena.—The new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church was damaged by fire recently to the extent of $100 or $150. The fire was due to the fact that the tile bottom of the big open fireplace rests directly on the joists and the main damage was due to the burning away of a joist and injury done to the mantelpiece.

MILLS COLLEGE.

At the last communion service seven members were added to the college church, five of them on profession of faith. An excellent sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, on the subject of Jacob's Well. We find these wells all along our pathway, and they give us joy and refreshment, but for the deep needs of the soul we must have the water of life. The communion service was full of deep interest and very helpful.

During the past week Miss Davidson, the intercollegiate secretary of the Y. M. C. A., has been spending a few days with the students, holding meetings and giving helpful advice to the officers of the local society. The work of the religious organizations is progressing favorably.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

After the recent inauguration services Mr. Robert Dollar of San Rafael visited the library and expressed much gratification at the use to which his donation for the purchase of books had been put. He authorized further purchases at his expense. This is a great help to the Seminary, as its library funds are very limited. Dr. Wicher, who is the present librarian, is laboring for the library with his usual enthusiasm and is making it increasingly serviceable to the professors and students.

Rev. D. H. McCullagh, '98, superintendent of Home Missions in the Sacramento Presbytery, recently gave $10 for the purchase of books for Prof. Paterson's department. This gift, which is much appreciated, has already placed ten fine volumes in the historical department of the library. Prof. Paterson and Mr. McCullagh were classmates in the seminary.

The Wednesday evening service, February 5th, was the students' missionary service. Dr. Wicher gave a very interesting address on Christian work among English-speaking people in Oriental ports.

Dr. and Mrs. Moore left for the East on Monday of last week. Dr. Moore has gone at the request of the Assembly's committee on relief for San Francisco churches and institutions to assist in arousing interest and collecting funds. All the churches throughout the land are asked to make an offering on March 15th. At the request of the Faculty Profs. Paterson and Wicher will conduct the most of Dr. Moore's work in addition to their own during the few weeks he will be absent.

Last Sabbath evening a memorial service for the late Rev. W. H. Atkinson, who was for eight years pastor of the Congregational Church in San Rafael, was held in that church. At the request of the family Dr. Landon had charge of the services and made one of the addresses.

Rev. H. Senouye, '04, is working patiently and diligently in Morioka, Iwate, Japan. It is a poor town of about 32,000 people, and a difficult field for work. He has 60 members in his church and 50 baptized children They have a large Sunday-school with an attendance of from 150 to 180.

The Interior gave recently on its first page a fine picture of one of our directors and warmest friends, the Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., Field Secretary of Home Missions for the Pacific Coast.

An interesting service was held in Scott Hall on Tuesday, the 11th, at the hour of daily prayer. Dr. and Mrs. Wicher presented for baptism their baby boy, now four months old. His name is Herbert Woodmore. Dr. Landon, acting pastor of the church, officiated.

Rev. James H. Sharpe, '05, and his people have just completed extensive repairs on their church at Red Bluff. They held re-dedicatory exercises last Sabbath. Prof. Paterson spent the day with them and preached the sermon.

Prof. Paterson is to supply the pulpit of the First Church, San Francisco, during the absence of Rev. W. K. Guthrie, who has gone East to assist the Assembly's committee in raising the rehabilitation fund for San Francisco churches and institutions.

Dr. Day is supplying the San Rafael pulpit for several Sabbaths. Last Sabbath he moderated a meeting of the congregation at which the Rev. Lynn T. White, Church Extension missionary for San Francisco, was called to the pastorate.

A Pacific Coast Division of the Religious Education Association was organized at a meeting held in the Congregational Church of San Francisco last Friday. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler was elected president. Dr. Wicher was made chairman of the executive committee.

The San Francisco Chronicle had an excellent picture of Rev. Ng Poon Chew, '92, on the first page of last Monday's issue, together with a very good and full account of his stirring address, with its positive Christian note before the Y. M. C. A. the preceding day. He said, "China has tried Confucianism, Buddhism and other 'isms,' but has found them wanting. The only religion which China finds has stood the test is Christianity. No nation can be successful without religion, and when the gospel of Jesus Christ becomes enthroned in the empire, then war and the rumors of war will disappear from the Eastern sky, and the Chinese race will rise higher and shine brighter than ever."

Rev. Charles P. Hessel, '99, of Arcata, has his church well organized and is doing a fine work in the town as well as being the popular bishop of a large outlying region. He has issued a calendar for the year, giving the names of the various officers and organizations and other interesting facts about the services of the church.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Walter Hays of Palo Alto has gone East in the interests of the California rehabilitation fund. A determined effort is being made to bring the amount up to the $300,000, first designated by the General Assembly.

The Rev. Dr. James S. McDonald of Corte Madera is recovering from his recent illness. Sunday, February the 9th, he welcomed six persons into the fellowship of the church at Corte Madera, two on confession of faith. These two were baptized, and the ordinance of baptism was administered also to three children.

We are in receipt of a letter from the Rev. John W. Quay, from which the following quotation is made: "I was greatly surprised to see the statement in last week's paper in regard to the Livermore church. To my certain knowledge they have not called a pastor; and I have not accepted a call to any church, but am continuing my work in Tuolumne county."

Clean up! Clean up! The health boards are right in demanding a campaign against the rats. There is every reason for the belief that without it there would be an increase during the summer months of cases of bubonic pleague and a quarantine be declared against San Francisco and perhaps all the cities about the bay. However, there is no occasion for alarm. By proper effort the plague was stamped out of Manila, which has a tropical climate. It can be done here. Let every one do his part.

The Rev. F. N. Greeley, who is in Los Angeles for a time, writes in a letter to the editor of this paper: "A strong, vital, evangelistic atmosphere is pervading this city, and the union of the churches in what has been known as the "Business Men's Revival Meetings" seems to have been fruitful in results. Many of the most prominent pastors have spoken on the streets, in the parks, from the city hall steps, and wherever they could touch the crowd. Dana Bartlett is doing a most notable work among the suffering poor, commending to the Roman Catholic Mexicans the spirit of a Christly Protestantism that cares for the needy body while it makes its appeal to the soul. Work here seems well-organized, energetic, fruitful!"

The Pasadena Star of February the 10th says that the chimes in the First Presbyterian Church of that city were used the evening before for the first time in accompaniment with the new organ. The organ, it is stated, was donated to the church by A. H. Fleming and the chimes were the gift of Charles B. Scoville. We quote: "Together the main, echo and chimes cost upwards of $25,000. In the two organs there are 4,300 pipes, and both organs are connected electrically. The touch of a single key by the operator throws the echo organ onto the wind and it takes up the strain of the main organ without causing inconvenience upon the part of the musician. There are sixty-two speaking stops in the echo organ. The chimes are easily operated as is the echo organ and are played alternately with melody resounding from the pipes of either two organs. Some delicate effects can be produced by the musician, owing to the almost unlimited range offered in the assemblage of pipes all placed under one electric control."

Saturday of last week the Fresno Republican stated: "One week of the Torrey meetings have ended and there is much evidence that he is creating a profound impression upon the community. The tabernacle was crowded to the door and goodly numbers stood in the rear through the entire sermon last evening. A crowded house at night and ten or twelve hundred in the afternoon indicate the drawing power of this celebrated preacher. From present appearances the tabernacle will be far too small to hold the people who will come next week." The Republican for last Monday said: "Sunday was a great day for the Torrey meetings. Fresno has never seen anything like it. They came in crowds for the afternoon and evening meetings, filling the tabernacle to overflow. Many were turned away at three o'clock, but in the evening they were turned away by the hundreds. There was no available space left in the seating of the tabernacle, and as many as 300 must have stood during the service. Then, just outside of the 600 feet of glass front many were seen standing. They wanted to see what was going on if they could not hear." Concerning the evangelist the paper says: "Dr. Torrey keeps his hearers with him. They laugh at his wit and they cringe at his sarcasm; and they say 'amen' at his exhortations; but he never loses a man."

At the Wednesday evening meeting in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last week the Rev. Dr. Hopkins spoke more in detail concerning his contemplated departure to enter on the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, New York. In deference to his wishes his resignation was accepted. It was made evident that evening that Dr. Hopkins is firmly of opinion that some one better able than he to stand the strees and strain of such a work as devolves upon a minister in charge of the First Congregational of Berkeley will better serve the cause here than he could do by remaining. The Albany church is a smaller one, and conditions are more settled there. Speaking concerning the Berkeley church that evening Dr. Hopkins said: "It has been called a hard church. Well, every large or promising church is, in one way if not in another. I have not talked much about the difficulties of this church, for two reasons. First, I do not object to a hard job. Second, its inspirations, its hopes and its successes so overwhelm all its difficulties! No man can find anywhere a church of better people. In importance there are few that surpass it—in importance of opportunities, in importance of its present service. I wish that the church might feel this very much more than I think that it does. Here are strong men in the business world, as strong as any church has. Here is the strength that comes from a large university element. Here is the strength that comes from the entire faculty of our theological seminary. Here are men who serve the denomination in other very important ways. Its influence is felt throughout the state and beyond. Where will you find a church quite like it? I do not know of one East or West."

THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

H. Melville Tenney.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, organized in 1810, with its headquarters in the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., is the agency for the carrying on of the Foreign Missionary work of our denomination. It has twenty missions now in operation—three in India, the Marathi, the Madura, the Ceylon; four in Turkey, located in Eastern, Western Central, and European Turkey; three in Africa, one among the Zulus, one in West Central and one in East Central Africa; one in Micronesia (including the Caroline, Gilbert, Marshall and Mariana islands); four in China, the North China, Foochow, Shansi and South China Missions; one each in Spain, Mexico and Austria; one in Japan and one in the Philippines, located at Davao, Island of Mindanao. Connected with these twenty stations are 1,329 out-stations.

To do the work of these missions there are now 569 missionaries enrolled, to which number might be added 52 American assistants not under appointment. Under the missionaries, or in co-operation with them, are 4,135 native teachers and evangelists. The value of this army of consecrated, trained helpers, drawn from the converts of the missionaries, is incalculable. The Board stands pre-eminent among missionary societies for the large use it makes of native workers.

Next to its native agency the Board considers its educational work as its leading feature. In fact without its numerous educational institutions such an extensive use of the natives would be impossible. There are today 18 colleges and 1,450 schools of lower grade. The total enrollment of pupils is 65,152. Consider what it means to bring such a number of carefully selected young men and women under Christian educational influences, and to be sending out thousands of graduates every year to carry Christ to their own people!

The medical work alone would justify the expenditure of all the money contributed. There are today 70 hospitals and dispensaries under the Board, and last years there were treated over 300,000 cases. These medical missionaries deserve the highest praise, not only for their direct Christian influence and their gracious ministry of healing, but for their work in staying plagues, teaching sanitation and inculcating the laws of good health in the communities where they live.

Then there is the great industrial work. There were 13,000 boys and girls in these schools last year, learning such things as carpentry, masonry, blacksmithing, brickmaking, weaving, sewing and cooking. In many regions the entire standard of living is being raised through the industrial schools.

The literary and publishing work of the Board is extensive. Using 27 different languages, it prints millions of pages of books, papers, pamphlets, etc., for use in its schools, churches, hospitals and the homes of the people.

There are now 580 churches under the Board, enrolling 68,952 communicants. There were added last year 6,131 members. The adherents are reported as 132,417. There have been revivals in many fields and the evangelistic spirit is strong everywhere. It should be a cause for profound gratitude that every Lord's Day, when we are attending our home churches, the gospel is being preached by our representatives under the American Board in 1,943 places.

In such ways are Congregationalists endeavoring to evangelize the 75,000,000 of the earth's population assigned to us under the comity arrangement in force among the leading foreign missionary societies. The cost for the work last year, viz., $877,631.95, seems moderate when we consider the magnitude of the operations. We could name more than one university in in the United States whose annual budget is greater than that of the American Board. In this connection it should be kept in mind that the native churches, out of their poverty, contributed during last year the sum of $226,271. In two of our missions, Japan and Natal, the churches are self-supporting, and in all of our missions a large measure of self-support has been attained.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

General O. O. Howard, known and highly esteemed by the whole American people, has been made Lieutenant General by an act of congress. General Howard was for a good many years in San Francisco, and is held in grateful remembrance on the Pacific Coast. There was nothing of the inflexible military about him. He was simply and at all times a manly man, a Christian gentleman. He was retired in 1894. General Howard was born at Leeds, Maine, in 1830. He was graduated from Bowdoin College and West Point. He served in the Seminole campaign in Florida and was in many of the great battles of the civil war. His greatest work, perhaps, was done in command of the Freedmen's Bureau, 1865 to 1874. His friends rejoice in this recognition of his distinguished services to his country. The American people have already given him a title which will remain longer than any title the United States Senate can confer upon him. He will be known as the Christian Soldier. He has demonstrated beyond any other general of the civil war that a commander of men may be at all times a Christian gentleman. There is a warmth, a brotherliness, a habitual good humor about General Howard which make him irresistible. He has the gift of being sincere and knows how to manifest what he is. The nation is proud of him.

TEMPERANCE FORCES SHOULD UNITE.

The Christian Advocate, New York, says that "the present seems an opportune time for all persons opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors, without regard to differences of party lines, to combine to support whatever form of prohibition seems the most feasible in the towns, counties and states where they vote. At the present time the State of Maine is flooded from Massachusetts liquor dealers advertising their goods and soliciting orders by mail. The resulting patronage has been so great as to divert much Maine money from business channels of the state, and as far as it travels defeats the intent of the prohibitory law. Various branches of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Maine are making protests to Maine representatives in Congress, and asking for a Federal law that shall forbid sending liquor into a state where its law forbids its sale. It is possible for dealers in rum to defeat the laws against the sale of liquor. It may be that such a law as the one referred to may be adjudged unconstitutional. It would be well to ascertain this, and if there be a conflict of expert opinion, to secure the enactment of such a law and carry it to the highest authority." The chief characteristic of the liquor dealers is a determination to circumvent the law of the land. There is only one way and that is to keep right after them. This country belongs to God.

THE HOME

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.

They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

If they just went straight they might go far;
They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
And they want the strange and new.
—Robert W. Service, in The Spell of the Yukon.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

What influence does the Sunday newspaper exert upon American life and thought? For one thing it undoubtedly promotes the increasing secularization of Sunday. The natural man is inclined to sleep late on Sunday, and by the time that he has completed his toilet and his breakfast, the church bells are ringing Will he heed their call? Perhaps. But there on his doorstep lies the Sunday paper, with its flaunting comic supplement and its fifty to one hundred pages of miscellaneous material. It offers itself with jaunty assurance as a substitute for church-going. It prints a picture of the ideal American family—the father tilted back in his chair, reading the news or the stock-market report; the mother absorbed in the fashions and bargain sales; the older children busy with the fiction, society gossip, theatrical news, and answers to correspondents, and the little boy or girl revelling in the comic supplement, puzzle page, or "cut-out" inset from which, with the aid of a pair of scissors, can be evolved ingenious cardboard constructions, squads of soldiers, or hideous masks. The picture is not exaggerated. It might be reproduced photographically in hundreds of thousands of American homes. Its counterpart may be seen in remote villages as well as in the cities and larger towns. A family which has saturated itself with the Sunday newspaper is in no mood for church-going, nor for any serious occupation. It is fit for nothing but amusement or sheer idleness. In some sections of the country a baseball game offers itself for the afternoon, and the theater—possibly under the guise of a "sacred concert," out of deference to some obsolete statute—for the evening. Or, in sections where the restraints of law or decorum forbid such diversions, social visiting employs what energy remains. It is not surprising that religious conventions discuss the problem of the "evening service," and that many churches solve it by giving up the service altogether, and others by arranging special musical attractions and announcing sermons on topics calculated to pique curiosity. American preachers who are charged with sensationalism are not so blameworthy as they seem. They are engaged in a desperate competition. To a man who wants to preach to full seats the first essential is to catch his congregation. He cannot offer comic supplements or portraits of stage beauties, and he has no prize coupons to distribute, but he may do something by advertising sensational subjects. So the pulpit competes after its fashion with the Sunday newspaper by such topics as these: "The New Woman," "Popular Vices," "Missing His Chance," "Prize Winners," etc.

If the sensationalism of the American pulpit, especially in the cities, is deplored, it should be borne in mind that it has great provocation; and, moreover, that however grotesque the subject announced, the preacher, having got his congregation, does often contrive to convey to it wholesome and practical counsel on morals and even on religion. The beguiling title covers a serious and helpful purpose, and if some of the preacher's auditors have a vague sense that the sermon is not exactly what they expected, they may, nevertheless, get some good from it, in spite of themselves.—Frank Foxcroft, in Littell's Living Age.

LOVE AND JUDGMENT.

"I think Mrs. Hillis is the coldest mother I ever saw!" and there was considerable indignation in the way Mrs. Kerr expressed herself, and much more implied by the hugging and kissing she bestowed upon her two-year-old boy.

"Why, I have been of the opinion," Mrs. Ames replied, "that she was making an unusually lovely mother for one so young."

"And so she is, in many ways," the other admitted. "But when I was over there a few minutes ago, that dear little fellow of hers came to her side and reached up his arms to be taken. And what did she do? Just reached her head down coolly and kissed him, saying, 'Mamma cannot take you now. Run away and play with your blocks.' Why! I could no more have resisted those little arms than nothing in the world. That's why I caught Roger up and gave him such a hugging when I came in, and said what I did."

"Did Mrs. Hillis' baby seem satisfied with his treatment?" the visitor asked, with a good deal of interest.

"Yes, he seemed to be contented to go back to his play. He's a dear little fellow, anyway. I told her she need never expect to have another child as good as he is."

Meantime, Roger had been climbing all over his mother's lap and up on her shoulder. His hand was over her mouth half of the time trying to keep her from talking to her caller and attract attention to himself while he insistently asked for a cookie or piece of bread By the time Mrs. Ames arose to take leave, Mrs. Kerr was tired out and remarked:

"Dear me, I shall be glad when Roger is old enough to teach how to behave himself. I'm going to begin when he is three."

Fifteen months later Mrs. Ames was again calling on her friends. She had been enjoying a conversation with Mrs. Hillis for some ten minutes, when she heard the sound of small feet, and Roger, not quite three years old, came quietly into the room and sidled up to his mother.

"I fink it's 'portant," he said soberly, in a low tone.

His mother turned to see a finger held toward her from which the blood was trickling. Mrs. Ames saw the instant flush of anxiety as she caught the little hand in hers, but noticed that it was followed by an effort at self-control as she saw that the finger had merely been pricked by a splinter.

"Yes, dear, this is important," she replied, kissing the finger. Then she excused herself while looking up

a bandage for the wounded member. When it was wrapped up another kiss was bestowed and the little fellow went to his play.

"What did he mean by saying that it was important?" Mrs. Ames asked, curiously.

"Why, I teach him not to interrupt me when I have callers, unless it is for something important. You see, he understands. Of course, the scratch amounts to nothing, but it was really important to him."

Mrs. Ames next called on Mrs. Kerr. Roger was in the rear of the house when he heard the bell ring, and by the time the visitor was admitted he had raced through the rooms and reached the front hallway. As soon as his mother was seated he brought a broken wagon to her and demanded its repair. She interrupted the conversation to give him instructions in behavior and finally she got him to put away the toy. Then he insisted on being taken in her lap, and to keep him quiet so she could converse this was done. He sat still for a few seconds only, then put his hand over his mother's mouth so she would listen to what he had to say. Mrs. Kerr was mortified, excused herself to take him out of the room for correction, and apologized when she returned.

"I don't know what is the reason," she said, in perplexity, "but I seem to be making a failure with Roger. He is no trouble at all when we are alone, and is as mannerly as need be, but the moment I have a caller he just goes wild and acts as if I never tried to teach him anything. He is a little past three now, and certainly I have begun young enough. Don't you think so?"

"Well," Mrs. Ames replied, guardedly, "when a child as bright as Roger receives much attention as a baby, in the presence of visitors, he will continue to expect it. One's love must be tempered by judgment."—M. W. Foskay, in Western Christian Advocate.

PLAYING THE CRITIC.

"Oh, dear! I wish you weren't always seeing something about me to criticise," I heard a young lady say to her mother, a short time ago. The remark awakened a train of thought as to whether the generality of people are not more prone to blame than to praise. Good deportment in the young seems to be regarded as a matter of course, not worthy of special comment, while a slight lapse in conduct or manners is sure to receive a just amount of censure.

There is a homely old saying I remember to have heard my grandmother use, which ran thus: "When I did well, I heard it never; when I did ill, I hear it ever." If we stop to consider, there is a world of truth in this quaint proverb. We are, as a general thing, more ready to remark upon the faults of our friends than we are to discover their virtues, perhaps from the fact that the faults ae so glaringly apparent that the virtues remain concealed until we begin a systematic search for them.

But why should we deem it necessary to discuss the shortcomings of those we meet in our daily walks, when we might just as well pick out some bright little virtue which would more than atone for that which is amiss.

"Elizabeth has acquired such a habit of scowling lately that it is really spoiling her looks. She has fine eyes, but this ugly scowl greatly mars their beauty," a friend remarked recently, in speaking of her young daughter. "I am constantly reproving her, but it does no good whatever—the scowl remains."

"Do you ever tell her that she has fine eyes?" I asked.

"Tell her? No, indeed! I wouldn't tell her for the world! It might make her vain."

"You tell her of her faults—why not mention her good points as well? Perhaps the mere fact of knowing that other people think her eyes worth looking at might bring about the result you so much desire. If we have a good trait or feature, and are made aware that others have observed it, we are very apt to give it special attention."

"You have given me a hint which I shall endeavor to profit by," was the hearty response.

I happened to meet Elizabeth and her mother at a social gathering several weeks later, and as is natural after we have been made aware of any little peculiarity in a person, I somewhat closely scrutinized Elizabeth's face. "She certainly has beautiful eyes," I assured myself. But where was the frown? A smile must have chased it away.

Elizabeth's mother observed my scrutiny of her daughter's face, and laughingly remarked: "I followed your advice, and it is working wonders."

Try this method, mothers, teachers, friends, if only for the good it will bring into your own life, to find that for which we are looking, but it is pleasanter and more profitable to look for virtues, as in searching for them faults often escape our notice.—American Agri-

Young People

DOROTHY'S VALENTINE.

Wee Dorothy sits by the little stand,
With paper smooth and white,
A pencil held close in the chubby hand
Her eyes with smiles are bright.

She has drawn a tree, and painted green
The leaves of a vivid hue,
Her flowers are the brightest ever seen;
Their size is marvelous, too.

She wonders if papa will ever know
From whom the picture came,
For mamma says that it must go
Without the sender's name.

Her work, she thinks, is rather grand,
For a little girl, you see,
And secretly hopes he will understand—
"To papa dear, from me."

—Mattie I. Sherman.

AUNT PENELOPE'S CAKE.

Teddy was sitting on the back doorstep trying to make up his mind whether to play Daniel in the lions' den, with Bose for the lion, or Robinson Cruso, with Timmy Jones for his man Friday. He was wondering, too, if the days here at Aunt Penelope's were not at least twice as long as they were at home. What would he not give to see papa, mamma, Nell and Margie, to say nothing of Dick and Tom? The thought of them was too much for him; and though he would never have

owned it, his blue eyes completely overflowed.

"Hannah," said Aunt Penelope, coming into the kitchen, "you may stone some raisins and cut up some citron. I think I'll make some loaf cake this morning."

Teddy rubbed his eyes briskly with his jacket sleeve and listened eagerly.

"Mr. Kent is coming to tea. You may make custards and biscuits, and some time in the course of the day you may bring up that jar of strawberry preserves."

Teddy's face fairly shone. If he had a weakness, it was strawberry preserves and loaf cake. As for Hannah's custards, they were not to be equaled anywhere by anybody. It wasn't so bad having to stay at Aunt Penelope's, after all. At any rate, he would wait until tomorrow to see the folks at home.

"I declare!" said good Aunt Penelope an hour later, going into the pantry; "I never saw a handsomer loaf cake in my life, though I do say it, as shouldn't."

As for Teddy—why, having at length decided upon playing Daniel, was busily engaged digging a den—his mouth fairly watered at the delicious odor wafted out to him. "It'll be an awful long time till night," he sighed. "It 'most seems as though I couldn't wait."

"O Miss Penelope, do come **quick!**" cried Timmy Jones, rushing into the yard just then. "The baby's took with a fit, and mother's off washing!"

Miss Penelope left her cake by the open window, picked up her sunbonnet, and ran, calling to Hannah to follow.

For a few minutes Teddy continued his excavations. Presently, however, he paused. "I should like," he said to himself, "to know if that cake **looks** as good as it smells."

So accordingly he stood on tiptoe, turned the slats and peeped in. It certainly did look very delicious, though he could not really get a good view of it.

Somehow he had lost his interest in Daniel. "I'd like to see how it looks near to," he said, after another short pause, "and I'm very thirsty for some milk. I wish—I had a little piece—just a little, teenty-tonty piece, 'cause I'm homesick. There'll be plenty left, and maybe Aunt Penelope was going to give me a piece when Timmy came for her. She'll be real disappointed if I don't have it." He sighed, full of sympathy—for Aunt Penelope, of course.

"Why Hannah Jane Smith! did you you put away my cake?" asked Aunt Penelope.

"No, ma'am; I didn't touch it. Haven't even seen it since you took it out of the oven."

"But I left it by the window. I was just going to put it in the cake-box when Johnny came. Where can it be?"

"Tramps!" said Hannah in a horror-stricken tone. "It's a mercy we was not here, as they might have murdered us. And they've taken some milk, too," she added, spying the empty glass.

"Dinner's ready and on the table," said Hannah.

"Where's Teddy?" asked Aunt Penelope.

"I'm sure I've not set eyes on him since breakfast."

"Where can the child be?" said Aunt Penelope, now thoroughly alarmed.

They called and called; they hunted the house, barn and neighborhood all over; they looked down in the well and up on the barn ridgepole, and in every other imaginable and unimaginable place—but no Teddy was to be found.

"It will break his mother's heart," sighed Aunt Penelope.

Hannah was on her way up the garret for another search, when, noticing the storeroom door open, she stopped and looked in. There, in the farther corner on a pile of comfortables, was Teddy.

"You needn't bother 'bout me," he said briskly. "I was tired, and my head ached. You better go down and eat your dinner without waiting for me, 'cause I ain't a bit hungry."

"Miss White," called Hannah, "I've found him, and it's my belief he's going to be sick. He looks fevery, and says he don't want his dinner; and it's serious when boys of his age don't want that."

Aunt Penelope came up with all possible haste. "Dear, dear me! What can it be? I didn't know there was scarlet fever or anything about here except Baby Jones's fits, and those ain't catching."

"You needn't bother a bit a bout me," said Teddy very earnestly. "My mother doesn't when I'm sick; she just lets me 'cuperate, she says."

But Aunt Penelope preferred to know about it. "Teddy," she exclaimed as she took his rather grimy and very sticky hand to find his pulse, "Teddy, what have you been eating?"

Teddy looked up at the ceiling, down at his copper toes, over in the corner—everywhere but at Aunt Penelope.

"Teddy," she almost gasped, "**did** you eat my cake?"

"I—you said it was beautiful, and—I wanted to see—I fought—you know—you'd want me—to have some, 'cause I was so homesick—and I kept a-thinking—and—it went pretty fast before I knowed it," sobbed Teddy. "But I didn't eat it all," he added, taking from the depths of his pocket a very small, very crumpled piece of cake.

Aunt Penelope turned round and looked at Hannah, and Hannah looked speechlessly at Aunt Penelope.

"A loaf of cake! He'll die!" said Aunt Penelope.

They took him downstairs, soaked his feet in boiling water—as Teddy affirmed—gave him ipecac, castor oil, and tea of every kind in the house above while waiting for the doctor. But he did not die, though mamma said afterwards, laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks, that it was not Teddy's nor Aunt Penelope's fault. Teddy certainly did not "'cuperate" much from that sickness, and from that day to this Teddy has never once tasted a bit of loaf cake. Indeed, he objects to the very sight of it.—Frank E. Sweet.

DON'T GIVE UP.

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.

—Phoebe Cary.

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves on the marble real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought,
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought
Howe'er we fail in action.

—James Russell Lowell.

LIFE AT FAR RANGE.

I suppose that to all of us there comes at times the consciousness (and there is strange mingling of joy and sadness in it) the consciousness that our life cramps us—the feeling that there is in us something which is not finding adequate room and scope under the conditions of our existence—the sense of faculties that cannot get play—the dim, yet unmistakable apprehension of some greater possibilities in us that have not emerged, and are, as it were, choked back whenever they seek to make themselves felt. It is what Wordsworth meant when he said "we feel that we are greater than we know." In spite of all our absorption in the thing that is passing just now, notwithstanding the hold which the immediate and near incident of our experience gets upon us, although the joy and sorrow of the present hour so often fills up all the world for us—yet has not the heart of you sometimes risen up as though in rebellion against it all, and in the furthest depths of your soul has it not been as though some voice told you that you are too great to be pulled down into and drowned in these mad currents and whirlpools of circumstance? "There is something in me," our inmost consciousness runs, "there is something in me, after all, which these things cannot touch or ought not to touch. There is some great meaning in my life which these chances and changes would be powerless to obscure, if I could only get hold of it. There is some great destiny waiting for my life which must remain unaffected by these things—or rather, which must be helped on and helped out by these things; and I want to know what it is." And so often there are within us the stirrings, sometimes faint, sometimes stronger, sometimes overmastering, in the moments of the soul's keenest sensitiveness—the stirrings of a possible greatness for which we know we were made: we rise up from our concentration upon and our absorption in the nearest and immediate things, and look for some grander visions to dawn upon us: the new assurance comes that life means more than appears, is ringed round by vaster possibilities, turned to greater and grander ends, destined to more transcendent consummations, than we have ever understood. This joy has been given; but there is something stirring within us which makes us feel that it is after all a very little thing. This sorrow has decended; but there is something stirring within us that makes us feel that after all it ought not to count for very much. This and that and the other thing has always seemed to be against us; but in those hours of awakening and sensitiveness the heart passionately refuses to be borne down and crushed under, though the whole world should seem to declare war. "Spite of all these things that crowd round and beset me, I was made for something worthy"—so the inner voice protests.

And it is wrong to scorn this consciousness of possible greatness, or to dismiss it as an idle sentiment of no worth. It is, I am certain, the very call of God to us. He thus first makes us restless that He may afterwards lead us into the restfulness of a life which for ever beholds Him and looks upon His face. You will never know the sweet helpfulness of the promise that your eyes shall see the King in His beauty and behold the far stretching land, unless you have chafed against your imprisonment. And in that sense of unrest, of powers that find no scope, of being cramped—in that beating of futile wings against the cage-bars behind which we are restrained—God says to us, "You have been looking down always, seeing the nearest things only, taking no far views, living by no great thought and with no masterkey. Now look upward to me, and as you seek to behold the King, and as the vision of Him draws, and as you live in the downpouring of His glory upon you, that unrest will pass. For your restraint you will have uttermost freedom, and you will know the greatness which in hours of insight your spirit feebly gropes for now." Our sense of imprisonment and constraint is God's call to us to rise up and be free.—In "Meanings and Methods of Spiritual Life" by Henry W. Clark.

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

A little while ago I stood in a wonderful mine in Kimberly—a diamond mine. I was taken down 2,520 feet, and they gave me a pick, and I brought down some of that blue mold carrying the diamonds to my feet. Some of it crumbled, and I searched with the electric light, but I could see no diamond. Yet in that ground there are diamonds of countless value, and God put them there. Somebody was riding through your streets one day with Ruskin, and said: "What disgusting stuff this London mud is!" Ruskin said: "In that mud there are the sand and soot and water and lime out of which God makes opals and sapphires and diamonds." And if God can make opals and sapphires and diamonds out of London mud, he can make something out of the poor cripple who lives next door to you, if you will only help God to save him, and that is your business, and mine, now. Fasten your eyes on somebody. If he is crippled, you know not what is there. Give it a chance. Smile on it, love it, help it; it will surprise you.

It is by the wise use of time that we make ourselves competent for eternity. .....The vast gift of eternity has been laid in your hands and mine: an eternity not wholly to come, but one which is even now here. Shall we not use its hours aright?—Anna Robertson Brown, Ph.D.

STORY OF ST. VALENTINE.

Long ago there lived a priest by the name of St. Valentine. This good man was noted in all the country round for his kindness. He nursed the sick, comforted the sorrowing and was always ready to give help to anyone who was in need. Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food and clothes were never turned away. After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people he was very sad because he thought he could no longer be of any help to them. Then he remembered that he could write loving messages to the sick and sorrowing. Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words which were sure to come whenever sorrow or gladness entered their homes. Even the little children would say when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter today." But after a time no more letters were received, and soon the news went abroad that good old Valentine was dead. Then everyone said that such a kind man was good enought to be called a saint and from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

It was not long before people commenced to keep his birthday by sending loving messages to their friends. The notes and messages were called Valentines.

This all happened years ago, but good Saint Valentine is still remembered, for every year we keep his birthday on the 14th of February.—In Choice Selections for Children.

An Irishman on his way home late at night asked a pedestrian the time. The latter, thinking he was a dangerous tramp waiting for an opportunity to snatch his watch, swung his heavy stick and knocked the Irishman down. He remarked to the prostrate man, "It's 1 o'clock, and that's how I strike one." The poor Irishman scrambled to his feet and rubbed his smarting head, saying, "Bedad, it's a mighty foine thing Oi did n't ax you the toim an hour earl-

---

A transcendent faith, a cheerful trust, turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed even in the wilderness, and hear streams of gladness trickling among the rocks.

HONEST WORK.

For one to live up to his convictions is to awaken opposition, for you are sure to cross somebody's pass. The apostle well said, they who will live godly, righteous lives must suffer persecution. We see the truth of this statement every day. Those we expect better things of impugn our motives, misconstrue our actions, and misinterpret our words, as well as the spirit in which we perform our work. Owing to these things many are discouraged, and abandon their work for God and humanity as a hopeless task. Such persons are weak in faith. What they think to be insuperable, if challenged by a living and indomitable faith, would invariably yield, and victory would perch upon their banners. Of course, such persons counted the cost before they entered the arena; being nerved with a holy ambition to succeed, they claim the promises of God, and put on the armor with dauntless courage and are clothed upon with a giant's strength, and face their foes devoid of fear and ask no quarter. They attack and defy the combined powers of earth and hell, and by God's help they push the battle to the gate with a heroism which knows no defeat, saying: "If God is for us, he is more than all that can be against us." Conscious of their integrity, they dare to do right, though it may cost them no little sacrifice. The greater the struggle, the greater the triumph. No man who knows himself, however strong his arm or unflinching his courage, dares to go into the fight depending solely upon himself. God must be the strength of his heart; high and holy impulses must govern his actions, and humility must be the crowning virtue, the cardinal principle of his life. —Philadelphia Methodist.

A FUNNY DENTIST.

Gracie had a loose tooth. "That tooth must come out," said her mother.

"O no!" cried Gracie; "it'll hurt."

"Because pretty soon another little tooth will come pushing along behind it," went on mother, " and I want it to come straight and even. Let mother pull this one for you, dear."

"O no!" cried the little girl again; and she put her right hand tightly over her mouth and ran to play in the yard.

Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate open. He always had something in his pocket for Gracie. This time is was a big, sweet apple. "But you must ask your mother if you can eat it," said he.

Mother said, "Yes," and the little girl sat down by the window to eat her apple. It was a very sweet apple, and Gracie enjoyed it very much. All at once she gave a little cry: "Why—why—here's a bone in my apple, mamma, sure's you live!"

"O, I guess not," said her mother; "I guess it's a seed."

Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew;
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inward side.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Your winter trip

made comfortable

by the

Sunset Route

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars—Dining service the best—Parlor observation car—Library—Cafe—Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans with New Orleans-New York Steamship Co.'s steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket Offices:

884 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.

Fourteenth and Franklin Sts. Oakland, Cal.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:

MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

FERRY'S SEEDS



For freshness, purity and reliability, **Ferry's Seeds** are in a class by themselves. Farmers have confidence in them because they know they can be relied upon. Don't experiment with cheap seeds—your surety lies in buying seeds sent out by a conscientious and trustworthy house.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908 is FREE. Address

D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

University Library
30Jun05

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., FEBRUARY 27, 1908. No. 9

A BLESSING.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not unto craft and cunning,
Not unto human creeds,
Not to the one whose passion
Is for the world's renown,
Not in the form of fashion
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto to the kindly hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

—Mary Frances Tucker.

LIBRARY OF THE

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

CALIFORNIA'S INDIANS.

It is a story of shameful treatment of the Indians of California which the Rev. Dr. Spining is telling to California audiences these days, speaking sometimes several times a day, so deeply is he stirred by the wrongs of these red men who once had undisputed possession of our fertile sunlit valleys and hills. He told the story thrillingly to the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday, and as a consequence pulpits near and far will be opened up to him so that his eloquent plea for the suffering people may bear more fruitage. Dr. Spining has spent not a little time during his eventful life in investigations among the various Indian tribes of our country, as a representative both of the United States government and of missionary societies, and he states that he never came up against such an Indian problem as he has found in California, pushing his way far up into our mountain canyons and into every recess and corner into which these people have been driven. Since those early mission days when there were 210,000 Indians in California, it has been a relentless process of eviction until today there are left not more than 17,500, and this remnant largely are found in localities crossing which a jack-rabbit would need a knapsack and canteen and in which a goat would in despair butt its brains out on the rocks. Driven into the holes and corners of our great state the schools generally are closed against them; and they are largely without religious ministration and instruction. I never heard that story before were in substance the words which fell from their lips again and again as Dr. Spining searched them out in their far-away recesses, and told them as he studied their condition the story of the Christ. Won't you send some some one to tell us about it? was the plea. Seven times one man had his land taken from him by unscrupulous white men. Without schools, without churches, without physicians and hospitals, often hungry and cold, the mortality has been frightful, and today only fragments remain here and there over the state. They trusted us, they trusted our Government; and they have been deceived, says Dr. Spining. Agreements with them which they were led to believe would become the law of the land were filed away in old pigeon holes, never again to see the light of day, and lands that ought to be theirs today were stolen from them from time to time.

And now the plan is to gather up these neglected suffering people and scatter them here and there throughout the state on small tracts of ground put inalienably into their individual possession, and there to so train them that they shall gradually fit into our civilization as workers and so have some honorable and assured part in the future of the state.

Let the good work go on, so that it can no longer be said that "the Indians chance of heaven is less since the white came to the state;" nor said for long that the Indians chance on earth is not equal to the white man's chance.

FRESNO PROFOUNDLY STIRRED BY DR. TORREY-MEETINGS.

Unquestionably Dr. Torrey has made a profound impression upon all classes of people in Fresno. There may not be any large ingathering of converts, but righteouness will prevail more after his departure than it did before his coming. Sunday night there was a meeting for men, attended by something like 3,000 persons. In opening the meeting a Fresno pastor said:

"Some men are so built they can't stand to have their pet corns interfered with. They can't stand to have their pet sins disturbed. I want to submit to you the question, Is it doing the fair thing to have a man who has come to our city to do us good, to preach righteousness, to cleanse the morals of our city, is it doing right to talk against him because he hits us somewhere? Who of us have not been hit? I pity the community that wont stand for the gospel of Christ. I have been asked by some of my people to have the men express themselves on this question. I put to you the question, Is it fair? All of you who are ready to stand by Mr. Torrey in his effort to bring to this city and community a blessing, and to cleanse the community with the preaching of righteousness, stand on your feet." The Fresno Republican says in its report: "And 3,000 men went on their feet with amens and applause. The enthusiasm ran high, and the evidence was overwhelming that Dr. Torrey has the crowd with him."

When Dr. Torrey arose to give the sermon that night he remarked, Don't be too hard on the critics. They lend spice to the situation."

We are informed by Bishop Bell, who was present that evening, that about fifty men made confession of Christ at that time.

A remarkable scene during the course of the meetings was at the children's meeting last Friday afternoon.

After the sermon, which was especially for children, Dr. Torrey gave the invitation. A Fresno paper describes what followed:

"The entire platform had been reserved and as the children came forward, the girls were sent to his left and the boys to his right. At first few came. Gradually the number increased and soon they came so fast that the evangelist could hardly take them by the hand. They came from all parts of the house, and were of all sizes and ages. Three hundred and fifty names were taken and this is just the beginning. The work of every pastor in Fresno doubled yesterday afternoon. For this host of young people must be guided and developed in the Christian life. The effect on the churches and all the city is far reaching. Men and women who have been Christians of irreproachable lives testified that it was the most remarkable religious gathering they had ever witnessed. The ministers believe that every home in the city will now be moved as never before. One minister said, 'And a little child shall lead them.' "

That evening Dr. Torrey announced that 398 children had started in the Christian life, and his remark in connection was: "It lays a solemn responsibility upon the ministers, on Sunday-school teachers, and on fathers and mothers. I want you to encourage and help them."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

On the day of prayer for colleges Oberlin students and members of the faculty pledged $1,500 for the support of Mr. Paul Corbin of the Shansi Mission in China—Oberlin's missionary. Oberlin has eight or ten of its graduates in the Shansi station, and a new educational organization has recently been formed, to be known as the Shansi Memorial Association. Dr. Henry Churchill King is president of the new organization, and Dean E. I. Bosworth of the Theological Seminary is chairman of the executive committee. The association will organize in Shansi, and it is intended to open a college in one of these places as soon as it is practicable. The association will be represented in the field by Albert W. Staub of the college class of 1904, who graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1907, and the two Chinese students, C. H. Fay and H. H. Kung, who graduated from Oberlin College in 1906 and who studied as post-graduate students in Yale last year. The two last named are now in the field and Mr. Staub will go to China early in the summer. The two Chinese students, Messrs. Fay and Kung are the two brought over a few years ago by Miss Miner of the American Board, and who had such difficulty in getting admitted to the United States as to make their case forever famous in the history of Chinese Exclusion. It was months before they were allowed to depart from the coast; and when finally they inadvertently bought tickets East by way of the Canadian Pacific, and got on to British soil, they were kept several months from re-entering the United States. So fearfully and wonderfully made is our Chinese exclusion law! And yet there are Pacific coast people clamoring to have it more fearfully and more wonderfully made.

A United Brethren church of seventeen members was organized a few weeks ago in Stockton. The pastor of the new church writes to The Religious Telescope. "The outside world here is very indifferent to all religious attempts of any kind. Men are very wicked, and seem to be ruled almost entirely by the spirit of pleasure and greed. Everything is wide open on Sunday—saloons, theaters, clubs, many business places, and even some lodges hold Sunday sessions. A vast field indeed. The great need is almost appalling, but we believe preaching the pure and simple gospel to the common people will win here. It means a hard fight, but a great victory." Of an experience in fellowship the pastor writes: "The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, kindly asked us to join them in a two-weeks' revival meeting in their church, which we did, and which just closed. It resulted in only two conversions, but in the awakening and quickening of their church, and in the strengthening of our own little band for the work ahead. To show their appreciation of our work with them they planned a little surprise for us, and on last Thursday after the afternoon service, Pastor Wailes invited the writer to go with him to take some things to a 'poor woman who had a bad husband.' After loading his carriage with canned fruit and other such luxuries he stopped at 1310 East Channel street, much to the surprise of myself, who had been innocently sympathizing with the 'poor woman.' We greatly appreciated the gifts."

A correspondent writes from Rome under date of February the 8th: "Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, who has been here for more than two months and has now started on his return to his diocese, created a very favorable impression in Vatican circles, because of his earnest religious character. The pope himself recently spoke of him as a prelate who was entitled to higher honors, and there are many here who think that he may soon be made a cardinal. The diocese of San Francisco is second only to that of New York in importance, placed as it is on the western shores of the American continent. No matter how much opposition has recently been expressed to the plan of creating another American cardinal, it is the general impression here that the pope will soon decide to make more than one of them, and it is believed that Archbishops Riordan of San Francisco, Farley of New York, and O'Connell of Boston will be selected for the high honor. If this be true, and leading prelates say that it is, America instead of one will soon have three more cardinals in recognition of its progress in the Catholic faith. Some of the Vatican prelates are foremost in urging the election of several American cardinals at once. A consistory will be held in March, and from it something surprising may be expected. It is said to be positively certain that Pius X has changed his mind regarding the representation of the American Church in the Sacred College and has fully decided to increase the number of its members from the other side of the Atlantic. One factor in the situation is that no such trouble attends the selection of American cardinals as always attends the election of European prelates to the Sacred College. The several governments of Europe practically insist that their candidates shall be chosen, so it is always a troublesome matter for the church authorities to decide on new European cardinals. But in the case of America no such condition prevails. The United States Government has never asked any favors along this line, nor is it likely ever to do so. This is one reason, it is said, why the Vatican authorities are willing that America shall soon count several more members in the Sacred College."

General Diaz is spoken of by an English paper as "the most picturesque man in Mexico." The story of the General's career glitters with genuine and stirring romance. "Diaz was originally a common soldier; but men died quickly in Mexico during the revolutionary wars, and the cleverness, tact and courageousness of Diaz enabled him to become in turn captain, colonel, general, commander-in-chief, and lastly, president, in which position he wields a greater power over Mexico than the czar over Russia or the kaiser over Germany. But he is a wise ruler, and the many reforms he has brought about have transformed Mexico from a land of chaos into one of order and prosperity. When Diaz first came into power robbery and corruption were rife. In fact, bandits kept the country in terror, and the manner in which the president dealt with them shows his astuteness. He offered them amnesty and enrollment in a specially highly-paid cavalry corps—or that for every person robbed any bandit caught should be

shot at once. Amnesty was accepted. As an illustration, by the way, of the stirring times through which Diaz has passed, it may be mentioned that his record has been summed up as fifty engagements, twice seriously wounded and three times a prisoner."

THE CHURCH AND PHYSICAL HEALING.

A writer in the Boston Transcript considers this vital question in the following manner:

"The Emmanuel movement was bound to meet with opposition, and we need not be greatly disturbed by dispatches from Philadelphia or other places where Dr. Worcester or his associate, Dr. McComb, have been disseminating the doctrine that the modern church has a message and a ministry to victims of disease and mental disorders. The natural conservatism of those who are reputed to be the 'pillars' of churches, operates in many cases as a hindrance to immediate and wholesouled acceptance of the idea. It involves, if put into application, considerable reconstruction of the old-time forms of pastoral service, and a modification of the weekly program of services. There are those in every church who think a sufficient answer to every request a pastor or rector makes for freedom to initiate a new undertaking is to say, 'We never had anything like it in our church.' Moreover, many physicians are disposed as yet to look upon this movement somewhat coldly. A number of communities in the land are oversupplied with doctors, and if the churches generally should go into the healing business, with any degree of success, certain chronic cases of nervousness that have helped to furnish a livelihood to the medical profession might cease to serve in that capacity. Of course, the commercial spirit does not dominate any large proportion of the men who practice medicine; nor has the movement progressed sufficiently to reduce perceptibly the revenue of physicians. But that aspect of the matter would emerge here and there if the movement became general among the churches. At present most physicians are in a questioning mood and disposed to say that it will take five or ten years to demonstrate whether or not the method has come to stay and to be a makeweight in the treatment of disease. That is the true scientific spirit, and the groups of physicians to whom the projectors of the movement have spoken now and then are to be credited with a desire to give it candid consideration and every fair opportunity; while, as we know, in this city two or three physicians of eminence have heartily identified themselves with it. Of course physicians who are confessed materialists are not likely to see anything in the idea.

Progress of the Movement.

"Meanwhile, the classes and the private conferences go on at Emmanuel and the rectors are besieged with invitations to go hither and thither and explain their principles and method, while their mail is day by day burdened with correspondence to the same purport. Dr. Samuel McComb will soon issue a book entitled 'Religion and Medicine; the Moral Control of Nervous Disorders.' Reports begin to come in of similar work attempted on a modest scale and in a tentative fashion at other points. Rev. L. P. Powell, rector of St. John's Church, at Northampton, Mass., and the author of a recent valuable book subjecting Christian Science in all its aspects to a searching examination, has made considerable headway in his efforts to apply the Emmanuel idea. A score or two of individuals have received personal treatment at his hands in some such way as they are interviewed, and advised and sent more cheerfully along their way by the clergymen at Emmanuel. The Unitarian pastor at Waltham is also making an attempt in the same direction, and other ministers of various denominations here and there are reading eagerly whatever is written on the subject, and while not disposed, many of them, to enter the field of direct ministration, are asking themselves how, in their ordinary contact with individuals they may apply some of the ideas and principles of the movement.

The Element of Confession.

"One striking difference between this method and the old-time pastoral relation to individuals is that the clergyman adopting the Emmanuel idea receives his parishioners at his church edifice instead of going to them. Perhaps there is something in the churchly surroundings and the detachment from home cares that puts the patient in a more receptive and responsive mood; at any rate, these ministers have their office hours and their appointments just as physicians do, and in the ten, fifteen or twenty minute interviews, they study the individual case and seek to adapt their counsel to individual temperament and need. To my mind, one of the best features of the movement is that it invites and practically demands a frank and full confession of the burdens, doubts and fears resting upon the individual human spirit. It goes on the assumption that the minister is the proper person to whom one in trouble may confide his sorrows, and finds his confidence respected as the Roman Catholic priest guards the secrets entrusted to him. The very act of unburdening the soul has in itself a medicinal value; and the avoidance of glittering generalities on the part of the minister and his concrete, practicable suggestions, bring to the patient a realization of the fact that he must do something himself, and that religion plus medicine, when it is needed, will help him to do the specific thing.

Pastoral Visitations Still Desirable.

"After all, if all ministers were of the Dr. Lavendar type, it would not matter so much whether they went to see their people or their people came to see them—provided wherever or whenever they met a troubled, harrowed person that person was moved to open his or her heart to the spiritual adviser, and accept and claim from him all he had to give in the way of fatherly or fraternal advice. Probably that was the germinal idea of the pastoral call, as it used to be made and to which a spiritual significance invariably attached. The minister then went among his people, chiefly to find out the state of their souls, and not to exchange commonplaces about crops and the weather, or to pay a social call in the hope that those thus visited would return it by attending church the following Sunday. That kind of personal, definite, spiritual administration to men, women and children, has, I fancy, been replaced in many cases by a deal of perfunctory parish visitation, involving the ringing of numberless doorbells and the painstaking, methodical going about from street to street to cover the parish within six months or a year. Churches which hold their ministers down to this kind of visiting make a mistake. The minister ought to go where he is wanted and needed, because of special, physical and mental or spiritual maladies. His business is with the shut-in, the aged, the solitary, the despairing and the sinful, and not with the "ninety and nine" who need no attendance and who simply want the minister to call, so they can say to their neighbors

next door, 'Doctor So and So was here yesterday, and stayed three-quarters of an hour, and we had a lovely talk about all sorts of things, for he is a very interesting man and keeps up with the times.' A halt ought to be called on that form of ministerial servitude to existing conventions, and if the Emmanuel movement accomplishes nothing more than this, it will help make it clear that the best thing a minister can do for his people and for outsiders too, is to invite their confidences, extend to them his personal sympathy and bring home, especially to the sick of body and of spirit, the personal claims and gracious consolations of religion."

THE MESSAGE OF THE MODERN CHURCH.

A Sermon by Charles R. Brown.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, 'I will give it you.' Come thou with us and we will do thee good." (Num. 10:29.)

We are startled when we turn back and read what the Church of Christ has said at certain periods. It used to say, "Here is the truth, finished and complete—believe this or you will be damned." When men showed hesitation they were sometimes burned at the stake for their ungodly independence. It has said, "Within this fold is salvation, outside there is none—join or be lost." It has said, touching certain rites and ceremonies and sacraments, "These are the appointed channels through which divine grace flows and there are no others—use these or you will be without God's help."

How far away it all sounds! Yet there are churches in this land as in other lands, saying all these things today with the accent of conviction and with that spirit of intolerance which is like the north wind, dry, cold, harsh. Such a church is not a modern church, it matters not whether it lives in the twelfth century or the twentieth or the fortieth. By its fixed attitude of mind touching the truth, by that spirit of exclusiveness touching those who may be allowed to think of themselves as within the favor of God, by its sense of monopoly regarding the channels through which the water of life may flow, it makes itself a mediaeval church.

What does the modern church say? It says what the text says. Here was a group of people in process of bettering their condition and their characters to the end that they might the better serve the race. They were escaping from bondage. The flight from Egypt had not accomplished this; it had simply opened the way. Fetters of ignorance, of incapacity, of immorality still hung upon their lives. They were not free; they were in process of being freed.

They were undertaking, with the leadership of the Divine Spirit to give shape to certain laws and institutions, domestic, social, industrial, civic. They wished to give concrete expression to the higher quality of life they had caught from their companionship with the Divine Spirit.

They were intent also upon a better environment for their new life. It was a life which could not be successfully achieved in the valley of the Nile under the debasing influences of Egypt nor amid the arid sands and bitter waters of the wilderness. It must find that soil, that atmosphere, that benign sky essential to its complete unfolding, in some fair land of promise.

The Children of Israel then were in process of that sublime achievement. They had not already attained neither were they already made perfect in theory or in practice—forgetting the things behind and reaching for the things ahead, they were pressing towards the mark. And while they were caught in that process their word was, 'We are journeying to the place of which the Lord said, "I will give it you. Come thou with us and we will do thee good." This, I venture to say, is the real message of the modern church, by whatever name it may be called.

First, the church has entered upon a sublime quest—"we are journeying unto a place." We have not arrived; we trust we are faced right in our essential aspirations, but we are not there. If the chorister should ask us to sing the doxology over the fact that we had attained, it would stick in all our throats like Macbeth's "Amen!" If any man should begin to pray as the Pharisee did in the temple, "Lord I thank Thee that I am not as other men are. I fast twice in the week; I give a tenth of all that I possess; I am all right in every particular"—he would not be allowed to finish his prayer. Some man in the next pew would be sure to stop him. We hunger for a higher life—that is why we are here waiting to be fed. We thirst for the Living God—we are here making a corporate effort to realize that sublime fellowship. We say by our whole bearing to everyone who comes in sight, "We are journeying unto a place."

This is our word touching the whole body of religious truth. We have not attained; we have not reached the terminus as yet on any of the great trunk lines of religious inquiry. We are scattered along at various way stations, knowing in part, seeing spiritual realities through a glass darkly, determined by the use of the part we know to press forward until we shall see face to face.

Some things are known fully—the truths of exact mathematics, two and two make four; a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The truths of formal logic are thus known. The great moral imperatives—lying, stealing, murder and adultery are eternally wrong, while honesty, reverence, cleanliness and kindliness are forever right—are completely understood. But touching that great body of truth where the soul of man impinges on the realities of a world unseen, we are still on the march. In regard to the method and efficacy of prayer, in regard to the extent to which conscious co-operation between the finite spirit and the Infinite Spirit which is the ground of all existence may be carried, in regard to the degree to which unseen agents may be utilized for the increase and maintenance of physical health, the returns are not all in. The last word has not been and cannot be said. We are working out these problems, furnishing the raw material for increased knowledge by individual and corporate experience. This material is scrutinized and arranged by experts, to the end that we may reach a body of veritable and helpful truth. In this whole effort we look out and we look up, saying frankly: "We are journeying unto a place."

We hold the same position touching the pursuit of personal righteousness. We are feeling our way among those live wires from which the soul of man may receive moral dynamic enabling him to set his feet upon temptation and walk strongly, eyes front, in the path of duty. You have talked with men who have known the transforming power of divine grace as they know that fire burns. Some of them, sick unto death of their sinful selves, knelt down, haunted, perhaps, with an

appetite for liquor which was like a legion of devils within. They cast themselves in utter helpless abandon upon the mercy of God; they looked with a certain desperation of faith for whatever help might come from the Unseen; and they rose up to walk for years, not only in splendid sobriety, but untroubled by the evil appetite which hitherto had not left them for one waking hour. What did all that? I take a striking but not an uncommon experience—other men in similar fashion have won the mastery over other forms of evil. They too came off more than conquerors and their word was, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We haven't begun to exhaust that moral dynamic. We have not made the ventures, the daring appeals, nor cherished the high anticipations which the presence of such a force in the moral world warrants. We have not learned how to utilize it in our homes and schools as it blends its unspeakable energy with the tender energies of little children as they come to feel the stirrings of moral responsibility, as they come to know the bite and sting of temptation, as they feel and face the mysteries of sex, as they look out at last with unveiled eyes upon a world where the devil in many a form still goes about seeking to devour. Under the leadership of such wise men as President King of Oberlin and others, we are just learning how to utilize these mysterious aids—we are indeed journeying unto a place.

We hold the same attitude regarding our organized life. The world of business where you men struggled yesterday, where you will struggle tomorrow, is a world of give and take,—especially take. We do not expect that the atmosphere of it will be that of the kindergarten or the Sunday-school. Great sections of it will remain for years to come, a football field, and for grown men whose glory it is to be strong rather than comfortable, it is better so. But it ought to be a game where men play fair, where the rules express the sense of honor and wisdom, where a feeling of joy, as each man puts forth the best he has, is encouraged, not repressed. Great sections of the modern business world have not as yet been brought up to this high level.

As Christian men we do not accept this as final. The best that is in us is at war with many features of it. There is no man here with two eyes in his head, both in front, enabling him to look forward and not backward; there is no man here whose heart is warm enough to feel the touch of the Spirit of the age and the touch of the Spirit of the ages, who does not recognize the necessity for radical change in the world of industry. "We are journeying to a place," these men say. We cannot describe it in whole; we do not attempt to lay it out in metes and bounds; we have no roadmap showing us every turn we shall make in reaching it. But under the commanding influence of the Christian ideals in the Sermon on the Mount; under the wise tuition of that Divine Spirit which is not far from any man who is ready to act with it, by the re-enforcing aid of the One who is to be King in that kingdom, we are here to follow the best we see and thus make headway toward that land of promise. We are painfully conscious that we have not arrived in our knowledge of spiritual truth, in our attainment of personal righteousness or in the reorganization of society according to the method and spirit of the Christ, but we are journeying unto the place!

In the second place we have entered upon that quest in fulfillment of a Divine purpose—"The Lord hath said, 'I will give it you.'" The difference between Israel's undertaking and the scampering off into the desert of some slaves who desired to escape from the exacting demand of their master, lay just here. Israel had a sense of mission. It lay in her best traditions that God had said, "I will make thee a great nation; I will bless thee and make thee a blessing; and in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." There was a call from above, but underlying and sustaining every effort Israel put forth in accepting that summons, there was this fundamental assurance of divine help. The Lord had said, "I will give it you." They marched through the Red Sea and across the perilous desert. they stood trembling at the foot of Sinai and they made their approach to the green fields of the Jordan valley, in conscious fulfillment of a purpose conceived, cherished, urged by One mightier than they. It was this profound consciousness which lifted their expedition to the level of a moral enterprise.

"It is the will of God," the church says, touching its fundamental aims. The Lord has said, "I will give it you." We set out upon our quest for the truth and we hear a divine voice saying: "The Spirit of Truth shall lead you into all truth." We receive that divine confirmation of our attempt to know spiritual realities. We undertake the quest for personal righteousness with the same assurance sounding in our ears: "The Son of Man," the heir of every human value, the representative of all human capacity, the earnest and prophecy of all the possible content of that great word "man"—"the Son of Man is come to seek and to save, to find and to recover that which is lost." In the gift of His Son God has spoken to our highest moral aspiration, saying, "I will give it you." We set out with the same assurance touching the reorganization of social life. The Lord Himself placed upon our lips, even as the mother places pure words, true words, upon the lips of her child who is learning to talk, this noble prayer—"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The Lord would never place upon the lips of his aspiring children an impossible prayer. In the whole undertaking we make we are conscious that we face toward the fulfillment of a divine purpose—the Lord has said, "I will give it you."

It is that sense of inevitableness springing from the feeling of co-operation with a divine purpose which sends men out upon all the hard and significant journeys into the land of splendid fulfillment. We hear many criticisms of Calvinism—as a complete system of religious belief it is practically dead and gone. It had many unlovely and some irrational features. But that which gave it strength, that deep sense of the inevitableness attaching to the divine purposes because they were His, is forever alive. It made country after country—Holland, Scotland, England, New England—strong to endure, to fight, to achieve. It furnished blood and iron for the Saracen victories around the Mediterranean, for Mohammedanism is Calvinism with some of the Christian features left out and a few shrewdly calculated appeals to the oriental temperament inserted. It made those Arabs strong when other Orientals—Hindoos and Buddhists—were sitting down depressed in the face of the pain and want of the world and were allowing other races to overrun their lands. The Moslems shouting, "It is the will of God," went forth to carry the crescent to splendid victory.

Make the content of the Divine purpose clear and pure; let the Spirit that was in Christ become the su-

preme expression of the Divine purpose, and the more essential Calvinism the better! Let the church go out, not timid and apologetic as upon some slender errand of its own devising, but strong, serene, hopeful, as building its effort into those divine purposes which stretch across the ages, binding all history into an august spiritual enterprise and the voice of the church will be heard and will be heeded! We are journeying unto a place and the Lord hath said, "I will give it you."

Finally, the church invites all hands to undertake the same journey, promising a rewarding fellowship—"Come thou with us and we will do thee good." The word is larger than appears on the surface. It is not limited to the promise that the instruction of its teachers, the inspiration of its music, the joys of wholesome acquaintance in its membership, the opportunity for the investment of ability in useful service, will be of advantage to those who come. The assurance takes in the whole range of helps, seen and unseen, human and divine. We speak on behalf of the Father of men, in the name of the Son of Man, voicing the utterance of the Eternal Spirit, the Guide and Helper of men, pledging to those who come this total helpfulness. In your quest for truth, in your aspiration for a holy life and in the sublime attempt to make the organized life an expression of intelligent goodwill, this whole system of gracious energies stands ready to labor on your behalf.

I know the defects of the church, as I am sure no one outside of it as an enemy or as indifferent to it, can know them. I have lived in the church from childhood and for almost twenty years have served it as a minister of Christ. I know its many faults, and it is for us to remedy them as effectively as we may; but where in all this world, north, south, east, west, can you find another institution holding aloft so clearly, so steadily, by utterance and by activity, the highest ideals and laboring for their realization with as much honest zeal?

It has been said that the church people are cold Two weeks ago in Pittsburg the police raided a section of the tenderloin and seventy-six unhappy, immoral girls were taken to the prison. The Chief of Police, instead of fining them or imprisoning them for a few days and then turning them back to their evil life, appealed to the church people to offer them homes where each girl in honest fashion might earn her living and receive human sympathy in her achievement of a new life. The response was more than ample—two or three places were offered for every girl. Some of them refused to abandon the old life, but the door was standing open, and human hearts were there ready to aid in the work of recovery.

It has been said that the churches are indifferent to the needs of the working class. Four weeks ago today a band of unemployed men, under the leadership of one who is known in Boston as a demagogue, marched into Trinity Church on the Back Bay, a wealthy and aristocratic church, and interrupted the service, asking that the sermon be preached upon their needs and the offering devoted to their relief. The rector paused, listened politely to their statement, replied that the service for that day had already been arranged and the offering already pledged to another charity; but that if they would return on the following Sunday their request would be heeded. The men returned a week later to see if the minister would make good. He preached a helpful sermon on their behalf and the people placed more than a thousand dollars in the plates to be used on their behalf.

The church has a way of measuring up to the demand...It has a well-established habit of ministering to those necessities which are brought to its attention. Read the whole story, the bright pages as well as the dark ones, and you will rejoice that it has made such a splendid march in the way of fulfilling the ideals of its founder. It has not attained; it is not already made perfect, but forgetting and reaching, it presses toward the mark.

I cannot understand how any right-minded man or woman is content to stand entirely aloof from such a movement. I should think that everyone would be moved to fall in, keep step and march with the company who are thus faced. We are journeying unto a place! The Lord hath said, "I will give it you!" Come thou with us and we will do you good!

AFTER HEARING TORREY.

W. N. Burr.

To quote Henry Van Dyke: "Underneath all the diversities of individual life we may discern, not with the clearness of a portrait, but with the vague outlines of a composite photograph, the features of a **Zeitgeist**, a spirit of the time. Generations differ almost as much as the men who compose them. There is a personal equation in every age."

My mind ran to that paragraph in "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt" a few days ago, as I was skimming the week's papers. I was fresh from the Torrey meetings in Fresno. I had been listening to a man who questions nothing that he finds in the Bible, who reads it every day of his life in three languages, and who accepts it all as God's inerrant word to man. He believes in everlasting punishment "because the Bible says so." And while he does not say some things that Jonathan Edwards said; he comes so near to saying them sometimes that one feels that he and Jonathan Edwards might have lived and preached in the same generation. And the people flock in great crowds to hear him. It is true, in a general sense, as another has written: "Dr. Torrey keeps his hearers with him. They laugh at his wit and they cringe at his sarcasm; and they say 'Amen' to his exhortations; but he never loses a man."

"He is not sensational, but he preaches the old-fashioned gospel in the old-fashioned way," has been said of him; and this is true. And the men and women of this generation crowd into a great building that will hold more than three thousand people, to hear this man preach the old-fashioned gospel in the old-fashioned way!" They come twice a day, afternoon and evening, and the newspapers report that "**many** were turned away at 3 o'clock; but in the evening they were turned away by the **hundreds.** There was no available space left in the seating of the tabernacle, and as many as three hundred must have stood during the service. Then, just outside of the six hundred feet of glass front many were seen standing. They wanted to **see** what was going on, if they could not hear."

And yet it is "the old-fashioned gospel preached in the old-fashioned way" that the multitude gather to hear. And at the same time the papers that I have just been reading tell us, and do tell us almost every week, of men who are making "public announcement of the fact that they can no longer accept the dogmas of their church, believing that the Christian church is

greatly retarded in its work because it continues to hold to teachings that were adapted to the conditions of a former age. They openly question the accuracy of the Biblical narrative, and declare that the church of the future must be built around the personality of a man, not around the statements found in a book." From the inside and from the outside the church of today is being stoned for clinging to "the teachings of a former age," for not "catching the spirit of the time."

What spirit is "the spirit of the time?" Who can define the **Zeitgeist** of today in the religious world with any assurance of accuracy? A great many good people seem to be feeling after something new to preach, and some new way in which to preach it. But while they grope about, half blind, not quite sure what they want or where they are going to find it, preaching "glittering generalities" while they try to find firm ground for their feet to stand upon, Dr. Torrey goes about "preaching the old-fashioned gospel in the old-fashioned way," and there is not room enough for the people who come to hear him. Mr. Sunday preaches to thousands every day, and for want of room as many are turned away as hear him. "The educated and the illiterate, the capitalist and the wage-earner, seem to be equally interested in his sermons. He seems to have no theory of inspiration, but believes every syllable of the Bible to be the word of God, and therefore inerrant. He presents no particular theory of the atonement, but preaches with tremendous power that the blood of Jesus Christ can save a sinner. He denounces in the strongest terms the theory of the universal Fatherhood, and claims that no one is a child of God except those who have been born of the Spirit." And the crowds everywhere go to hear these men, Torrey and Sunday; and many believe. Through their old-fashioned preaching the Lord is adding to the church daily such as are being saved. Is the spirit of the time a spirit antagonistic to "old-fashioned preaching in the old-fashioned way."

When I look down into my own heart I cannot but say, "I like Dr. Torrey." I like to listen to a man who knows what he believes, and who receives the cannonading of his critics about as Gibralter receives peas. I like his loyalty to Jesus Christ, the Divine "Word made flesh" of John's gospel, with no flabby fussing over "the fourth gospel" as a fountain of philosophy rather than fact. I cannot rid myself of the conviction that Paul is the greatest preacher of truth the world has ever known save the Master himself, who "spake as never man spake;" and that the men whose preaching has in it most of the Pauline ring come nearer to truth than can any man, however brilliant he may be as a thinker, who would attempt to preach "any other gospel" to his fellows. I doubt if "the Christian church is greatly retarded in its work because it continues to hold to teachings that were adapted to the conditions of a former age," if the teachings of the Apostle Paul are considered as belonging in that category. There are some things that cannot be shaken, some teachings that belong to all generations, that never drop behind "the spirit of the time;" and there is the "feel" of these immutable teachings in the preaching of Torrey and Sunday that is often lacking in the preaching of the groper after some new thing.

At the same time, the Torrey preaching does not seem to cover the whole ground; or rather some notes are not sounded so clearly as they ought to be in the ears of this generation. In laying bare the heart of the whole matter, as he does, his preaching may possibly be considered as all inclusive; but one feels that something is lacking unless, while listening to Dr. Torrey, he can also sit at the feet of such a man as the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, and learn of him, as he declares "there is to be a new crusade undertaken for the recovery of wide areas of Holy Land which Christ has made forever sacred by His loving interest. These holy fields are not away yonder where the Syrian stars look down—they are underneath our feet in those quarters where stand the mill, the factory, and the tenement house. They are to be recovered from the hands of those Saracens who have seized them in selfishness, and who show more regard for brute force and money power than for these moral principles and spiritual values. They are to be captured from those infidels who, by careless indifference to the well-being of others, as well as by the open rejection of Christ's commands, are trampling upon His cross. They are to be retaken from those who, by their defiance of Christian ideas, which are the traditional and legitimate ideals of American life, are become the enemies of our peace. Here in all our large cities and towns, some of these Saracens are encamped; it is imperative that a twentieth-century crusade should go boldly out against them, and it is for the Christian pulpit to furnish its full quota of competent leadership for this impending conflict."

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A New Kind of Temperance Meeting.

It is called a temperance assembly. It does not nestle in a kitchen or beg a place in some humble vestry of an obscure church, though humble enough to confess that if the spirit of the mightiest be not with it failure is its sure result. San Francisco Christian Science Hall, Sacramento and Scott Sts., is the place. March 17-19, 1908, are the dates. The thought of it was born in the great harmony and helpfulness of the Mt. Hermon Temperance Conference last summer. There was the sound of a going in the tops of the redwoods and He who planted the redwoods put the thought of it in the hearts of men-loving men.

It is not a prohibition party convention. The W. C. T. U. pray for it and will be welcomed in its deliberations. It is not a union labor scheme, but no body of men are more interested in it than the army of toilers. No one church enterprises it. All churches of Christ co-operate. Is it not time when half of the territory of our country is free from the domination of the saloon that the other half should face the opportunity for deliverance? No such program has ever been before a temperance convention on our coast. Judge Samuel R. Artman of Indiana has thought it worth while to come to the city which is rising from the ashes of its purifying fires into the realm of moral aspiration and hope. Twelve cities of California are to hear from him on the hope of legal deliverance from the greatest of illegal tyrannies. The intellectual magnates of the San Francisco bar tender him a banquet at the St. Francis that they may hear from him in professional frankness and fellowship what the voice of Columbia's God has spoken to him. Catholics meet Protestants in behalf of a purer citizenship. Capital and labor combine against a crime producing and fos-

tering hot-headed strikes. The ranchman who suffers from reckless fruit pickers who leave their orchard tasks and vows will meet the widows and children whom the pitiless saloons rob of their fathers and supporters. Surely here is something of a new combine in which God seems to have a hand and a heart. Happy are the patriots and citizens who listen and believe "Vox populi, vox Dei."

The promoters are too busy to tease railroads for cheap transportation or hotel keepers for light meal charges. We seek those whose hearts burn on this great matter. We want railroad managers to testify why they want sober engineers and brakemen, and special invitation is given to prison and jail wardens to testify how rum is crowding our prisons. Agnews asylum would not need enlargement if the counsels of this assembly were followed. Give it your presence and your prayers, pastor. Bring a praying and paying delegate from every church and mission in the borders of the commonwealth. California can be delivered from its thralldom when the people will.

Come, friends, from Redlands, Riverside, Pasadena and Long Beach and tell us how your beautiful towns grow without the saloon. Come, editors, of the sunny south and witness to some of your timid brethren of the north that real estate moves up, not down, where citizens' homes are rid of saloon neighborhood.

The conferences of specialists, lawyers, editors, lecturers, employers and laborers will make such a basis of intelligent speech that "words that breathe and thoughts that burn" may be expected. Where President Jordan, Charles R. Brown, Dr. E. R. Dille, Bishop Hamilton, Father Terence Caraher, Bishop Bell, Judge W. H. Waste, Editor Martin of Stockton fame and fight combine to support the old man eloquent—Erwin S. Chapman—no man who loves cogent speech and wants to move with the wave of sane reform will stay away without excetional reason.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Albert W. Palmer.

Topic for March 1st, "How God Leads Men." Scripture Selection, Psalm 23.

One of the most beautiful and suggestive bits of writing on this great psalm is "The Song of our Syrian Guest" by Rev. William Allen Knight, a minister in Massachusetts. It is a little book that can be read in a few minutes and is obtainable at most book stores. The reading of it early in the meeting before the roll-call is suggested.

* * *

How does God lead men? The answer of the psalm is: Like a Shepherd. This answer had a greater depth of meaning for the Hebrews who were a shepherd people than it has for us in this industrial and commercial age. Even where some of us are familiar with sheep raising, as here in California, the conditions are quite different from those which form the background of this psalm. Dr. McLean has spoken frequently since his return from Palestine of the wonderful intimacy existing between the shepherd and his sheep. The flocks are small, and the shepherds know the sheep as individuals. They lead their flocks by going before them and uttering a musical call which the sheep know and follow. Even when two flocks meet and mingle they separate almost immediately, at the call of their shepherds, without the exchange of a single sheep. How does God lead men? By going on before and calling them!

* * *

(1) God does lead men. Did not the greatness of the religious message of the Hebrews lie in these two things: the character of the God they worshipped and their sense of his nearness and leadership? Our conception of God's character is even higher since Christ came, but has there not been in recent years an obscuring of the other thing—His nearness and leadership? The time is at hand for a new emphasis on the leadership of God. If what modern science is telling us about the universe has even a glimmer of truth in it, then how splendid is the leadership of God! If there is

"One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves"

then it is because God is leading. God did not make the world and set it spinning and go off and leave it. He is in the world—every upward striving toward the light in plant, in animal, in man, is because of His leadership. This mysterious universe is God's flock and He is leading it like a shepherd.

* * *

(2) God leads men by calling them. The sheep in Palestine have learned to know the shepherd's call—the trouble with us men is we have not. By the beauty of the hills these spring days, by the stars in the silence of the night, by the calm of the mist and the coolness of the rain, God is calling us. By the mystery of music, the beauty of art, the sacrament of human love, God is calling us. Even out of suffering and defeat He calls to us. By Jesus in Galilee and on the way to Calvary He calls to us, and by the still small voice within. Every noble, unselfish impulse is the voice of the Shepherd. Follow it and you are following God's leading.

* * *

(3) Where does God lead men? The psalm says in green pastures and beside still waters. In general that is true. To follow God's leading is to be in tune with the universe and to be in tune with the universe is to share in the joy of its harmonies. But let no man imagine all will be sunshine even though he be following the leadership of God. The psalm speaks also of a valley of the shadow, and therein it is true to life. Poverty, outward defeat, illness and death, come even to those who follow the voice of God. Jesus knew poverty, suffering, misunderstanding. Paul suffered from a thorn in the flesh. Neither Jesus nor Paul, nor the author of the psalm denied the presence of the valley of the shadow. But this is the power of religion—the power to conquer these things. Though the thorn is not taken away, Paul finds that "My grace is sufficient for thee." Out of the Garden of Gethsemane Christ came with radiant face. In the valley of the shadow still "Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." God is leading even there.

A Presbyterian pastor at Gibson City, Ill., says that a good business man told him that the money spent for Billy Sunday was the best money Gibson City ever spent. "One of the benevolent offerings taken in our church since the revival was five times larger than before, another was three times larger, and we are expecting another to be ten times as much."

Among the Churches.

Templeton.—The mortgage resting on the manse was lately "lifted" and publicly cremated at the last meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, the workers to whom is due the credit of this "consummation devoutly to be wished."

San Rafael.—By an almost unanimous vote of the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church in this city a call was extended to Rev. Lynn T, White of San Francisco. This church has been without a steady pastor for almost a year and in extending the call to Mr. White the members feel as though the right man for the place has been found.

Los Gatos.—Rev. F. L. Fraser, after a most successful pastorate of five years closed his work with the First Presbyterian Church of Los Gatos Sunday evening, February 23rd. Not only his own membership but the people of the town, regardless of Church affilliations, hold him in very high esteem, and regret his going away. The fellowship of the various churches has been marked since his coming, nor has his special work suffered, as during his five years pastorate about one hundred and forty have been added to the church with a net gain of about forty. The various auxiliaries of the church have made advance in membership and in money raised for benevolent work. The work among young people has been one of the marked features of Mr. Fraser's pastorate and the Y. P. S. C. E. is one of the strong organizations of the church. Mr. Fraser will leave with his family about the 1st of April, to take the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Blue Earth, Minnesota.

Red Bluff.—Sunday, February 16th, was a red letter day in the history of the local Presbyterian Church. After being under the hands of contractors for many weeks, the church was reopened. It has been entirely ceiled in steel. The walls are finished in panel effect and the ceiling in conventional design. A new carpet over the entire floor completes the repairs. The entire cost reaches nearly $1500. Rev. Chas. G. Patterson preached at both the morning and evening services. The morning subject, "The Beauty of the Lord" and the evening, "Caleb, A Faithful Man." were master addresses. The church was filled to the door at the morning meeting. Prof. Paterson was with us a week during the Thanksgiving season and gave the community an uplift for good. At the services above, the child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kintgen and the "son of the manse," Malcolm M. Sharpe were baptised. Communion will be celebrated on the first sabbath of March. The pastor has been doing valiant service as county probation officer, and has caused many transgressors to know that he will enforce the law as far as it is within his province to do. The Sunday School is in a flourishing condition. Over fifty new books have been added to the library. The young ladies of the church are organizing a Westminster Guild. The Woman's Missionary Society is doing a noble work. It will furnish a bed in the San Francisco hospital The Ladies' Aid Society has been an active factor in the improvements on the church. May God bless the future work of the First Church.

SYNOD OF OREGON.

Correspondent, W. S. Holt, Field Secretary Pacific Coast District.

Portland.—Rev. Ben Stles Ely, Jr. D.D., the efficient pastor of Calvary Church, has been invited to visit Rockford, Illinois. The First Church Rockford was his charge when he was called to the Portland pastorate. A new Church edifice, begun while Dr. Ely was pastor, has been completed and paid for and is ready for dedication. The Church has sent for Dr. Ely and family to come back and dedicate the Church. They will leave for the East next week, and will use the opportunity to visit some old friends. On Sabbath, February 16th, Dr. Ely preached a strong sermon on the Observance of the Sabbath. He opened the sermon in a startling announcement. The text was "The Fourth Commandment." The Dr. began "This is a threadbare text. It is out of date. It is a has been, SO SOME PEOPLE SAY." Then he proceeded to an examination of what God says about it. The Sabbath was honored by God in Creation, in Providence, in Legislation, in Retribution for its violation, in Promise. He also discussed the need of the Sabbath from the human side. It was a fine presentation of the subject.

Portland, Mizpah.—Rev. Jerome R. McGlade, D.D., has announced his proposed resignation to take effect about May 1st. Dr. McGlade found Miszpah a dependent Home Mission Church in a poor building. Under his care it has come to self-support, and has erected a fine modern new edifice well adapted to its work and needs. It is not the time to say more, except that Dr. and Mrs. McGlade have made a host of friends in Oregon. It is understood that they will make the tour of Europe after he is released from the pastorate and before accepting any other work.

Ashland.—Rev. D. E. Potter representing the Board of Foreign Missions, and Miss Julia Frazer for the Woman's Board of Home Missions held a Missionary Institute with our church last week. It was the first in a series of Institutes planned for Oregon. The work done as a help to those attended in the line of Mission Study and interests.

Medford.—According to the plans made for Missionary Institutes Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Field Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and Miss Julia Frazer, who represents the Woman's Board of Home Missions, held an Institute with this Church early in February. Miss Frazer also visited Central Point where she found a Missionary Society, although we have no Church organization there. The Presbyterian women are at work for Missions and received the encouragement which Miss Frazer always gives.

Roseburg.—On Thursday and Friday, February 13th and 14th, Revs. Dwight E. Potter, of the Board of Foreign Missions, W. S. Holt of the Board of Home Missions, Miss Julia Frazer of the Woman's Board, and Rev. Mr. Bible, a returned Foreign Missionary from Hangchow, China, held a valuable Missionary Institute with us. We had Mission Study classes, Conferences, and helpful addresses—specially interesting was the address of Mr. Bible on the changes in progress in China. We expect that a Mission Study Class will be organized by Mrs. Roberts, an efficient teacher and leader, as one result of the Institute. An offering of ten dollars was taken at the final meeting. There is living at Roseburg a veteran Presbyterian Minister who is in a sad condition. Father Branch is about 83 years old. He has suffered from an attack of senile gangrene, and has had both legs amputated below the knee. He has passed through the operations well and is in fair health, but the legs are not in condition to enable him ever to have artificial limbs.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Viscount Peter Ktenas, Greek Consul in San Francisco, was a recent visitor at the Seminary. He read to one of the

classes from the Epistle to the Hebrews as modern Greeks read it. He and Dr. Wicher have become warm friends as Dr. Wicher can converse with him in Modern Greek. He is exerting a great influence for good among the Greeks of San Francisco.

Rev. W. E. Parker, Jr., '05, pastor fo Ollivet Church, San Francisco, was operated upon for appendicitis last week in one of the city hospitals. The last reports of his condition was favorable.

Dr. Landon supplied the pulpit in Palo Alto last Sabbath. The pastor, Rev. Walter Hays, has gone east to assist the Assembly Committee in raising the Reconstruction Fund. He is visiting the churches of Kansas City. St. Louis and that general region. The new church in Palo Alto is one of the finest and best equipped in Northern California. It is much larger than the old building and yet the morning congregation already comfortably fills the auditorium.

Rev. Lynn T. White, of San Francisco, pastor elect of the San Rafael Church, preached at San Anselmo last Sabbath.

MARCH FIFTEENTH.

The General Assembly's Committee, which was appointed to complete the raising of $300,000 for the reconstruction of the churches and institutions in San Francisco and vicinity, have asked all the churches in all parts of the country for an offering on the above date, or as soon thereafter as possible. It is hoped that all of the California Churches will remember the day and make as generous an offering as possible. Interest here will deepen interest in the East. We much do our part of we expect to make an effort to raise in California $25,000 of the $175,000 needed. Will it be done? Rev. J. S. Thomas has been in the East all winter, addressing Synods, Presbyteries and Churches, distributing literature, and in every possible way arousing interest and enthusiasm. Rev. Dr. Moore, Rev. Dr. Dinsmore, Rev. W. K. Guthrie and Rev. Walter Hayes has recently gone to assist in this work. Their work should be supplemented by earnest efforts on the Coast. Many of our churches and institutions are laboring under heavy debts caused by the great disaster. The assistance is greatly needed. The time to give it is at hand. All offerings should be sent to Rev. W. H. Roberts, D.D., Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PROBLEM OF HOME MISSIONS.

James Byers, Goldfield, Nevada.

In a leaflet recently issued by the Board of Home Missions there is revealed a condition of apathy toward Home Mission enterprise by the church at large which is indeed worthy of our most earnest consideration.

Ninety-one resbyteries cited as "Missionary" accepted cepted from the church at large through the Home Board an aggregate of $370,562.43 for the support of their churches but, when these Presbyteries had distributed their benevolences for the year it was discovered that they had contributed only to the Home Board a total of $49,245.44, while the Foreign Board was made the favored recipient of $82,348.80.

Just why these churches whose very existence is conditioned upon the gifts of the Home Board, should so discriminate against the source from whence cometh their aid, is not easy to perceive. True the Macednian cry is heard loudly calling from afar, in tones of intense earnestness and anxiety, and to its urgent appeal we must cheerfully respond, that Christ's Kingdom may be established in the uttermost parts of the earth. But at the same time, we must not forget in our interest for the welfare of others that there is a duty which we owe to ourselves. The call of the homeland must forever claim our most solicitious attention. Let us, therefore, deal fairly with these two great arms of the church's Missionary enterprise. If there are reasons why even the "Missionary" Churches fail to do their duty to the Home Board, these reasons should be sought out and the cause of offense removed.

We are told that " in every part of the church the real needs of the Home Mission enterprise are being blurred and obliterated by a confusion of issues, that the supporting sections of the church are growing lukewarm upon the whole enterprise because the needs of certain sections of the field do not appeal to them as real." Such a statement as this, coming as it does, from the Board deserves more than a passing notice.

This lukewarm condition of the church towards missionary enterprise is due largely to the feeling that much of the church's money is not as wisely and judiciously expended as it should be. There is no valid reason for the church supporting four or five travelling missionaries to take care of a few out of the way places in each presbytery. Are not the local pastors together with the Sunday-school missionary and synodical superintendents or pastor at large, sufficient to minister to the needs of any presbytery? I affirm that they are thoroughly competent and capable of so doing.

The Sabbath-school missionary is in the truest sense of the term the pioneer of the church. He it is who extends her borders,—visits the out of the way places and gathers together the children of these neglected communities and organizes a Sunday-school, thus laying the foundation for a church.

Following him comes the synodical superintendent who visits the same field and meets the same people, and if the way be clear and conditions warrant, proceeds to organize a church and to make the necessary preparations for the ministrations of a pastor. Is it, then, the part of wisdom for the presbytery to ask, and the Board to grant, in the face of a depleted treasury the luxury of both pastor at large and synodical superintendent and a high salaried field secretary with all expenses paid to take care of a work which is already amply provided for?

The result of this multiplying of officers is not a "confusion of issues" only, but also a confusion as to spheres of work and duties of each; an added and unwarranted burden on the Home Board; a reckless and lavish expenditure of the Lord's money. Just now urgent and pathetic appeals are being sent out to the churches for a greater increase in their gifts to Home Missions. But what pastor, I ask, has the temerity to lay the facts before his people with any hope of success? Would it increase their offerings were he to tell them of our Field Secretaries touring the land, being entirely dependent upon the benevolences of the church for the maintenance of their exalted positions to the tune of from $20,000 to $25,000 per year? Our synodical superintendents, synodical Sabbath-school superintendents, Sabbath-school missionaries and pastors at large, must all be provided for out of the benevolences of the church.

And should inquiry be made as to their duties and spheres of effort on behalf of Home Evangelism, the reply would be, that the Sunday-school missionary is the pioneer who establishes Sunday-schools in neglected and out of the way places in the presbytery. The pastor-at-large visits the

same territory and looks the fields over. The synodical superintendent traverses the same territory and reports progress. The field secretary is supposed by many to cover the same ground, and keep an official eye on the work of travelling missionaries who have preceded him. It is doubtful, however, if his duties have as yet been defined. The church at least, has not been advised in this matter, beyond the simple statement that his salary and expenses are being paid out of the benevolences of the church.

Is it any wonder then that "the real needs of the Home Mission enterprise are being blurred and obliterated," and that, "the supporting sections of the church are growing lukewarm upon the whole enterprise?"

And not until these expensive and unprofitable supernumeraries are dispensed with, and a return effected to the simplicity and efficiency of Presbyterian methods of procedure will this "lukewarm condition" of the church be dispelled; and "the blurred and obliterated needs of the Home Mission enterprise" rescued from this blighting obfuscation which is retarding the triumphant progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

A meeting of the ministers of Los Angeles was held last week to consider the problems of the unemployed in that city. The Independent says that it was ascertained in the addresses that were made that:

(1) There are many men in the bread line who are there only through dire necessity and who will be absent immediately when work shows up.

(2) Men with families are always given the preference when supplies are given out and single men are cared for almost entirely by the Salvation Army.

(3) The care of foreigners has almost wholly fallen to Bethlehem and Dr. Bartlett. Among these are Slavonians, Greeks, Italians, Spanish, Syrians, Japanese. There are few or no beggars in this crowd of seekers after bread.

(4) The spirit of "helping each other" has been shown among these different colonies of foreigners in a remarkable degree. As long as any in the colony has money the others share with him or them. Some touching scenes have been witnessed which help men to believe that the spirit of sacrifice and surrender of good for others is not yet extinct.

(5) Men are willing to work at half wages on jobs that are provided by good hearted citizens; there is no insistence on full wages and regular hours. The unions have made no trouble where men have accepted other than regular prices; there has been a disposition to help the men to get money enough to buy bread and pay rent as long as this condition lasts.

(6) Fathers have come saying, for the first time in their lives their children have come to them crying for bread and they had none to give them. The meeting decided to make a special appeal from all the pulpits last Sunday for aid for the institutions so nobly grappling with the problems. It was decided also to assist men to get into such country places as could furnish some employment for them.

Professor Bissell of Pomona College has been giving some lectures on Hypnotism to the class in psychology. Student Life says concerning the second lecture: "After speaking at length of the possibilities open to hypnotism along medical and educational lines, Prof. Bissell gave some practical demonstrations, with the help of several young men, showing the remarkable results that may be obtained by the use of hypnotism."

Young People

MASTER OF HIMSELF.

"You will look out for everything while I am gone, Tom. I will leave the farm in your care. And, say, Tom, I wouldn't let any of the boys touch the engine if I were you. You will be sure to remember that won't you?"

Father had started away after saying what he did at first about leaving things in the care of his oldest boy. Then, calling the engine to mind, he turned and came back, speaking in a low tone of voice, so that no one might hear except Tom.

"I'll look out for everything, father," came back the answer in Tom's good ringing voice. It meant so much that father should trust him that way. How could a boy be untrue to such a trust! Tom wondered if ever a boy had so good a father. Not many did, surely. "I don't know as any of the boys will come here, anyway, before you get back. If there should, I'll be sure to know all that goes on 'round the farm."

The engine was a new one, just purchased for the farm work, a beautiful traction, that had cost a good round sum of money. They had been sacrificing for a long time to buy it. They believed if they once learned how to master it, it would save a great deal of hard work about the place. And Tom felt very proud to think that some day he was to have the privilege of learning all about its mechanism and serving as its engineer.

"We'll make the wood fly when we come to use the engine for sawing!" he said enthusiastically the first day after the engine had been brought to the farm.

"And threshing and all that sort of work we'll do with our own power."

So they spent some time planning the work that Tom should do after he had become the master of the engine.

And father went away feeling sure that Tom would do as he had said and guard the place, and especially the engine, with all his might. Tom never had been untrue to what he said he would do. Father did not believe he ever would.

A number of young men of the neighborhood did make Tom a visit that very day, although he had not expected that they would. Almost the first thing they wanted to see was the engine. Boys never fail to love machinery. Anything that will go, without being compelled to go is particularly a great object of admiration and curiosity to them, as every lad knows.

Tom felt some pride in showing the neighbor boys the new engine. He did not think there would be anything wrong in showing the visitors all about it. For an hour they studied the wonderful thing. There was little about it they did not inquire into. Tom had already learned the use of a great many of the parts and it was not long before the other young men thought they knew fully as much about the engine as did Tom.

Other points about the farm buildings were visited and then they all returned to the engine. That was the center of attraction, after all. Their thoughts kept coming back to it.

At length, Dick Tarbell, after a critical tour of observation round and round the engine, said:

"Say, boys, let's make a fire under the boiler and see if we could run the machine a little ways! I be-

lieve I could manage it all right. You could, anyway, Tom."

"No, sir!" came from the lips of Tom, so promptly that Dick turned and looked at him in surprise.

"Well, you needn't take a fellow's head off!" he responded. "I can hear all right without being shouted at as if I were a mile away!"

"Excuse me, Dick," Tom said more quietly, realizing that in his earnestness he might have been a trifle impolite. "Father left things in my care, boys, and, of course, we couldn't think of doing a thing like that. You wouldn't expect it, Dick, if you knew that father cautioned me particularly about the engine. You know, we don't want anything to happen to it. It cost us a lot of money, and if anything should come to it, I never could look father in the face again!"

Something like a sneer came over the face of Dick. It stung Tom to the heart and the hot blood sprang to his forehead.

"You're awful choice of your old engine, seems to me!" Dick burst out. "I wouldn't do it any hurt. You know that. But come on, boys. Let's go home. We'll leave Tom to play with his big teakettle himself!"

Not a word came from Tom's lips in reply to this sharp remark, though he felt more than ever like giving Dick back as good as sent. The visitors walked out of the yard and Tom went to the house.

That night the moon shone quite brightly for a couple of hours after Tom went to bed. From his window he could see all over the yards. The last thing before he went to bed, he took a look about to know if everything were all right.

It did not seem to him that he had been asleep at all when something aroused him. The sound came from the barnyard. He turned over and listened. The noise was not repeated and he dropped back to his pillow, and this time he fell asleep.

It was not long before he was again startled from his slumbers, however. And this time there was no mistake about it. There surely was a noise in the yard. A sound like the puffing of an engine came to his ears.

Jumping from his bed with a bound, he sprang to the window and looked out. The moonlight flooded the farm so that he could see everything that was going on.

With a thrill of alarm he saw that the traction engine was moving out of the yard and across the road. Someone had built a fire under the boiler and was tampering with the beautiful machine.

Just as quickly as he could, Tom pulled on his trousers, and without waiting to put on a hat or coat, rushed out of the house and down the lane toward the engine, which was now pushing along at full speed down the road. By the light of the moon he saw that it was Dick Tarbell who stood on the footboard steering the engine. Two or three other young men of the neighborhood were walking along by the side of the engine.

Tom wondered what he should do now. If he tried to force the neighbor boys to stop, there might be trouble. It was a time for manly action, however, and Tom could not wait long to think what he had better do. He ran with all his might toward the engine, and as he he ran he asked God to guide him and tell him what to do.

Before he could reach the engine the answer came in a way he had not dreamed of.

Just across the road from the barn was a deep embankment. A board fence had been built there to protect the passage way from danger to teams on the road

Tom's heart almost stood still as he saw that the engine was making its way straight for this steep bank. The moonlight resting on the face of the young man whose hands were on the wheel steering the engine showed that it was as pale as death. Dick was struggling to bring the engine back into the road. It was plainly to be seen that it had gotten beyond his control and he was trembling for the result.

"Come up here, boys, quick! Quick!" he cried. "I can't manage it and it's going over the bank!"

Lake a flash Tom leaped to the footboard and pushed Dick to one side as if he had been a leaf.

"Look out, Dick!" he called out. "Maybe I can save it!"

Swiftly he whirled the wheel that shut off the steam and tugged at the steering apparatus. Already the wheels on the right side of the engine had begun to go down the bank. Another moment and the splendid thing would tumble into ruin.

Just in time to prevent such a disaster the steam stopped pushing the piston in the cylinder. The power gone, Tom's strong hand on the steering wheel brought the engine to a standstill on the brink of the steep decline.

The cheeks of all the young men were whiter than the moonlight as they pressed about their neighbor comrade.

Dick sank weakly against the side of the engine and his voice had a distant and faraway tone as he said:

"Tom, that's the luckiest thing you ever did! I don't see how you happened to come out just as you did, but I'm glad you did! What can I do to make it right with you?"

And he put out his hand toward Tom. Tom for a moment made no move to take it. How could he do that? His very soul was full of passion which he could scarcely keep down. He felt as if he must tell Dick what he thought of him for his wretched piece of business. The hot blood was in his face. His hand was clenched as if for a blow.

Then came into his heart this thought:

"I asked God to help me. He did it. Would he want me to do or say one word to make it worse for Dick? He has no help at home. His father is gone. His mother loves him and wants him to do the best he can. I must not make it harder for them!"

Tom had conquered himself. He reached out and took the hand.

"I didn't think you would do it, Dick! I didn't think it! But if you'll promise that when father comes home you'll tell him all about it and make it right with him it will be all right with me. Will you do it?"

"I surely will, Tom; and I'll do more. I'll tell him that this has been a lesson to me! I never will try such a thing again! It is good of you to let me off as easy as that! I thank you, Tom, from the bottom of my heart!"

And that is what came of Tom's mastery of himself.—Edgar L. Vincent, in Onward.

Find your purpose and fling your life out to it, and the loftier your purpose is the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—Phillips Brooks.

LIQUOR DEALERS ON THE RUN.

(From the California Christian Advocate)

The liquor dealers are putting forth every effort to turn the tide, the rising tide of public opinion that threatens to overwhelm them. Ohio has just passed the local option bill and the Cincinnati brewery stocks went down despite the most heroic efforts to prevent it. The January dividends have not been paid and apparently could not be paid. The only reason assigned for the sudden drop in the brewery stocks is the rise in temperance sentiment. When temperance sentiment subsides, then liquor stock will inevitably rise. The liquor forces in Chicago are just now crowing over a petition of 160,000 names required to submit to vote the question of Sunday closing next April. The petition when folded up made a package six feet and eight inches high. It is certainly bulky if not weighty. A great Sunday demonstration was recently held and speeches were made in German, in Italian, in Bohemian and a few words spoken in broken English. The saloon question is paramount in Chicago. The forces are lining up in good shape and the battle will be fierce. The question is a vital one. One man characterizes the liquor organization as a whisky and beer revolution. These men are organizing and parading the streets of Chicago in order to break down the laws of commonwealth. The good government leagues are busy and every inch of "dry" territory will be stoutly contested. About 1,200 towns in the state of Illinois will take part in a local option liquor fight. It has been estimated by the Anti-saloon leaders that fully 90 per cent of the townships over the state will exclude the saloon. The question is not worked up in a hot-house fashion, but the roots of the problem are deep in the public mind. Every part of the state is in a temperance, or better say, a liquor ferment. The liquor dealers are unable to break up the Anti-Saloon organization. It now looks like Ohio, Indiana and Illinois would go "dry." The agitation is itself a tremendous gain to public sentiment.

NEGRO IN AMERICA.

Governor Hughes of New York in a recent speech in Tuskegee spoke out plainly on the Negro problem. He says that we cannot afford to lose sight of our fundamental objects, the objects of every good citizen, the objects alike of enlightened self-interest, of patriotism, of broad philanthropy. They are, first, that every man shall be provided with opportunity and stimulus to make the most of himself. Further, that every one shall take such wholesome interest in the welfare of his fellows that usefulness and service shall be the standards of our activities, without which talent and skill are inevitably prostituted to ignoble and corrupt purposes. And still further, that our laws and our administration of laws shall provide equality of civil rights. He also goes on to say that economic considerations are well enough but this country is more than a wealth-producing machine. "The people of this country are more than parts of a mechanism designed to produce products for exchange. This is a country of free men, with the aspirations and the dignity of manhood, and nothing in the long run will be accomplished to add to the permanent wealth and prosperity of the Nation save as we make possible that wholesome self-respect and sense of personal honor which underlies all our institutions and our prosperity." It will be found in the long run that all this tirade against the political rights of the Negro will have to be undone. There are certain great fundamental laws of righteousness which the Tillmans, The Vardamans and all the rest cannot reverse. The blackman is in this country not on his own initiative but here to stay. We can see no solution to this problem but to go straight ahead and fit him by Christian education for the highest functions of civil life. The attempt to beat him down and force him into idleness and crime is reactionary and can never be the policy of a Christian nation.

SOWING GOOD SEED.

We are proud of our country. A few days ago Congress passed unanimously a joint resolution reducing the bond of China from $24,440,788 to $11,655,492 cutting China's debt for the Boxer trouble into half the original amount. It is only occasionally that a nation rises to the full meaning of these universal principles of righteousness. We remember well how Secretary of State, John Hay, earnestly entreated the powers to cut down their claims. The United States did cut down her own estimates as low as the joint powers would permit at the time of settlement. This is an example of true and genuine magnanimity which will challenge the attention of the whole world. It will elevate national politics and international politics to another and a higher plane. Senator Lodge said "Technically and legally we are entitled to every dollar of the bond." That is true in the sense in which Senator Lodge used the sentence, but under the greater law of nations the United States is not entitled to one cent beyond the actual cost of sending the fleet and the troops to China to restore order. Secretary Hay, nor President McKinley nor Roosevelt believes in the doctrine of the European nations, of fines and reprisal money. This act of kindness toward China is as good seed sown in good soil and will bring a hundred fold in this age and multiplied blessings in the years to come. China is and will continue to be a great people. If $11,655,492 is the cost to the United States of the Boxer uprising, it is only common honesty, uncommon we fear, to say so and cancel the excessive bonds. If the angels rejoice over one sinner that repents, what is the state of affairs when a great nation repents and forgives over $12,000,000 of bonds? The heart of America is right. This nation can take no part in oppression or injustice of any kind. There is unmistakably a mysterious movement of the good Spirit upon the inner life of the country.

Recent suggestive statistics for Pomona College are: "The enrollment for the present school year of 1907-8 is 444, with 287 in college classes. Of these, 123 men and 164 women are members of churches, in 16 denominations, while 41 men and 32 women have made some other profession as Christians. Ninety-one of the students are in full membership in the Claremont church, and 97 are affiliated members, still retaining their connection with their home churches. In the Christian associations 81 men and 147 women are active members, 30 men and 38 women are associate members; and there are also 39 honorary members in the Y. W. C. A. There are 07 men in Bible study classes, 45 in mission study classes, 12 in the Student Volunteer Band. At the recent Pacific Grove Y. M. C. A. conference 12 delegates were in attendance, and there is an average attendance of 84 at the weekly men's meeting on Tuesday. There are 12 Bible classes among the young women with a membership of 143; also 8 mission study classes with 93 members. Aside from these a fair number of students are in the Claremont Sunday-school as teachers or scholars."

ON BEING IN A HURRY.

The one thing hateful in this world is being in a hurry. Disappointment chills, and despondency deadens; pain and fatigue and failure are not easy to support; but at least these human vicissitudes leave the mind in possession of itself, to grapple with the problem. Whereas hurry confounds, undoes, sweeps the reason from its seat. It is a wretched thing.

As a matter of fact, there is no hurry and never has been since the world began. We have imagined it wholly. Denizens of eternity, with life upon life before us, why should we have conceived the idea that we must distract ourselves? It might be such a comfort to us, this heritage of eternity which we can in no wise escape; the wonder is that we do not live in it frankly and at our ease. But no; we have spurred our heels with time, we have goaded our lives with hours. Hurry and rush or the day will fade and the two dozen tasks be unperformed.

Well, and what then? Where did you get this other idea, curious to consider, that we must always be doing something? As if, in the first nature of things, action were any better than rest; as if every other living creature, except restless man, in this excellent universe, were not idle a great deal of the time. Look at the woodchuck, philosopher, at the mouth of his hole. And yet he probably does not know even where his dinner is coming from! There is much in the Bible on this point, if we followed that book more closely.

What is living, after all? What does it amount to? If we asked this question of ourselves thoughtfully every morning, we should probably often sit down and fold our hands quietly while the strenuous deed on which we had counted went by us on blessed idle wings so glad, poor deed to be unconstrained, so thankful to be left free.

Living is not this piecemeal performance, this confusion of feverish fragments. Beautiful, unbroken, endlessly one, it goes on serenely from life to life as deep and untroubled as is the Source from which it welled once for all. We can trouble its surface but never its heart; that is beyond us, thank God! Ourselves, our real selves, are not to be fooled by all our hubbub and hurry; they run and hide, never fear! Underneath the tumult they take their ways tranquilly to their destined goals; shall we balk them of their birthright? They find us vastly amusing no doubt and laugh at us a good deal. But when we are still they come back to us grandly, happily enough, and we know that now this is life.

The enterprising person who starts out not to be in a hurry in this day and generation must make up his mind to fight—which sounds paradoxical at the outset. The tendency is insidious in every modern life. Before we know it, in spite of ourselves, our resolute feet have broken loose, we are running, propelled by an impulse within, a general call without. It seems our unhappy destiny, our temporal destiny, that is, if the use of the term be correct. A hundred times we pull ourselves up—"Here, hold now, steady, steady!" and a hundred times we are off again, swept by resistless haste. Bewildered, exhausted, we come to the day's merciful end, which fortunately still continues to exist; and looking back realize sadly, though all confusedly, that we have rushed blindly through the doors, seeing nothing, feeling nothing, accomplishing nothing really, a mere chip on the stream of modern circumstances. That is a dignified way to live! So then we begin all over again.

Patience it takes, and indignation, resolution not a little; also that indispensable quality of these latter days, humor. We must be content to be left behind. A natural pang or two assails us at the thought of losing touch with the day, which is, after all, our day. But even that loss is not so great as it seems.

The people, the customs to which we fall back are not strange, after all, but familiar. They speak the language of our thoughts, they are moved by our desires. The further we fall back, the more we wonder to find ourselves so at home. Don Quixote rides by and is our brother, Hamlet voices our perplexities, Juliet sings our love. There is no strangeness anywhere, no alien check and coldness. Gradually we awake to the fact that nowhere along this great common road, or in the byways which still keep close, can the traveler lose his way. All the people are one heart, be they clad in doublet and hose, wear they brass basins on their heads, carry they golf-sticks. This is a great discovery; it settles our case at once. Assured that, pace we never so slowly, we cannot escape companionship, nor can we, moreover, fail to arrive; we take up our pilgrim staff cheerfully and move on our tranquil way.—Zephine Humphrey, in the Congregationalist.

THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON.

Perhaps there is not a boy in the United States who has not heard the story of that other boy who lived more than a hundred years ago, the one, I mean, who owned a little hatchet and went here and there trying its bright, keen blade on everything he met, and then said those words that will never be forgotten, "I cannot tell a lie."

Not every one, though, knows the other good and pleasant things that are told of the great General Washington, when he was young. He was true, brave, and noble, and was a leader and ruler even then.

He was fond of fun, though—real, pure fun. No shout or laugh was merrier than his on the play-ground. One of his favorite amusements was to arrange his playmates in companies, pretending they were soldiers and he was their leader, marching and countermarching them, the whole ending up in a great battle, of course always coming off victorious, and so these play battle were pictures of what was really to happen in the years that lay before him.

This boy, whose laugh was the merriest, who could out-wrestle and outrun his mates, carried his whole soul into the schoolroom as well. Perhaps this was one reason of his after greatness; he could not be half-hearted in anything he undertook. "This one thing I do," seemed to be his motto during school hours.

He had great taste for mathematics, and was soon beyond simple arithmetic, studying geometry, trigonometry and surveying. He spent much of his time surveying the lots around the schoolhouse.

He used to make little books of foolscap paper, and copy different things in them. Among them were copies of forms used by men in transacting business; bonds, notes, etc. Extracts from poems he wrote here, too; but the most remarkable for a boy to copy was some rules of conduct. Here are some of them:

"Gaze not on the marks and blemishes of another, and ask not how they came.

"When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously and in reverence.

"Honor and obey your parents, although they be poor.

"Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

The love, obedience, and honor he gave his mother was something wonderful. When he was made President he went to bid his aged mother good-by. The thought that he might never see her again made him very sad, and the grand general leaned his head on his mother's shoulder and wept.

"God, my son," she said, "and may Heaven and your mother's blessing be with you always."

It was not strange that a boyhood like his should ripen into a man that a nation loved and honored, and that when he went to take his place in the President's office, the whole country with one voice shouted, "Long live Washington!" Nor that they poured out from mountains and valleys to welcome him as he passed along, strewing flowers before him and singing,

Strew your hero's way with flowers.

—Marcia MacDonald.

In Choice Selections for Children.

We are not even in youth, to be content to pursue only those studies which are easy or which call for little effort at comprehension, but we are to give ourselves to difficult things. This with slight encouragement is natural to the youthful mind, for every parent and every teacher has noticed the fondness of children for riddles, puzzles, and conundrums. The chrysalis gets strength in wing by reason of its struggle to burst its cocoon; the young eagle learns to fly by being ejected from the nest by the mother eagle. Young people should not only be trusted with serious problems of thought and study—great questions of religion, ethics, and social relations—but they should be constrained to these tasks. "While I was musing the fire burned out."—The Epworth Era.

A transcendent faith, a cheerful trust, turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed even in the wilderness, and hear streams of gladness trickling among the rocks.

WHO IS WATCHING THE BIRDS.

Are you? What birds have you seen near your home? Have you seen or heard a robin, a wren, a bluebird, a woodpecker (flicker), a blackbird, or a catbird? Have you heard or seen a bobolink or a crow or bobwhite or a cedar bird or a goldfinch of a hummingbird or an oriole or a song sparrow or a thrush or a scarlet tanager?

Those who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

Robin: "Quick! Quick! Do you think—what you do, do you think—what you do, do you think?"

Bluebird: "Purity! Purity! I—oh—purity." "Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it!"

Bobolink: "Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link-e."

Crow: "Caw-w!"

Cedar bird: "Tze! tze! tze!"

Bobwhite (quail): "Bob-bob-white!" "More—more—wet!"

Goldfinch (yellowbird): "Ker-chee-chee-chee, whew-e, whew-e."

Humming-bird: Mouselike squeak.

Oriole: "Will you? Will you really, really, truly?" Female answers, "I will."

Song sparrow: "Olit, olit, olit—chip, chip, chip, che-char-che-wiss, wiss, wiss!"

Thrust: "Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up."

Blue jay: "Jay, jay, jay. Whee-dle, whee-dle!"

Scarlet tanager: "Chip-chirr!" "Pshaw! Wait-wait-wait for me wait!"

Blackbird: "Kong-quer ree" or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee."—Children's Magazine.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A lady while busy here and there with her work missed her baby-boy, two years old. The home was on the side of the mountain, the father was absent and no neighbors lived near. After long and diligent search and much calling, she looked with fear and trembling in a little creek near, but no child was there: finally when almost frantic with terror, she started for sympathy and assistance, to the dog which was so far away beneath a large tree that he did not hear her cries to him. On arriving there she found the precious little one, fatigued with the journey over rough ground, sound asleep, under the watchful care of that faithful animal, who would not leave his little charge even at the call of an indulgent mistress.

Mrs. Foster.

A Kansas butcher was somewhat surprised a few days ago to receive the following note of instruction from a customer: "Dear Sur,—Please do not send me any more meete yet; I have butchered miself."

"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the second class in grammer. "Things that grow on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.

Your winter trip

made comfortable

by the

Sunset Route

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars—Dining service the best—Parlor observation car—Library—Cafe—Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans with New Orleans-New York Steamship Co.'s steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket Offices:

884 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.

Fourteenth and Franklin Sts. Oakland, Cal.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:

MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.



Ferry's Seeds
are the best known and
the most reliable seeds grown.
Every package has behind it the reputation of a house whose business standards are the highest in the trade.

Ferry's 1908 Seed Annual will be mailed FREE to all applicants. It contains colored plates, many engravings, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting over 1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Invaluable to all. Send for it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

1908

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., MARCH 5, 1908. No. 10

A LOWLY HEART.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best,
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts:
Thou makest there thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

—Lyra Catholica.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

THE CALL OF THE SALOON FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

Posters are being posted up in different parts of the state and in other states by the allied saloon interests of the country with the hope of rallying to the support of the liquor traffic a larger number of allies. The liquor interests have realized for some time that a temperance wave of great magnitude was sweeping over the country, and they have proposed such regulation of the iniquitous traffic as they would not have considered for a moment a few years ago. Their propositions not meeting with favor, they are now, in their desperation, endeavoring to enlist against the temperance movement every industry and trade connected therewith either directly or indirectly in an economic way.

We quote from the posters on which the country people of California are looking now as they journey to the towns and cities:

"Do you know that the brewers, malters, and distillers of the United States used in their products during the past year farm products to the value of upwards of one hundred million dollars, including corn, barley, rye, oats, hay and other grains of various kinds? If the markets for the barley fields of California, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Missouri were destroyed, these states will offer great competition to the farmer who raises wheat and oats. If the farmers of Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, and the other rye producing states can find no buyers for corn it will mean additional competition for you.

"Farmers and workingmen, can you allow the prohibition fanatics to destroy the market for your grain and labor.

"Brewers and distillers furnish the livelihood for upwards of two and one half millions of people, and they buy annually in lumber, cooperage, building supplies, engines, boilers, glass and other manufactured goods having a value of $150,000,000, and they pay in license, revenue and other state, county and city taxes, one third of all taxes paid in the United States.

"Farmers! do you intend to permit these crafty fanatics to rob you of the market for your grain and load you up with additional taxes which you cannot afford to pay.

"Every farmer, every workingman, and every manufacturer in the United States should now assert his rights and use every effort to suppress this growing evil of prohibition and hypocritical humbug, which if allowed to prevail will create a financial crisis such as the world has never seen."

Circulars are being sent out to manufacturers and others. One by a Chicago firm reads in part as follows:

"The manufacturers and dealers of this country must of necessity now take some cognizance of the fact that the business of a large majority is being put into jeopardy by the wave of so-called reform sweeping the United States under the title of 'prohibition.'

"The general public seems to be of the opinion that this is a question concerning the saloonkeepers and brewers only. That is an entirely erroneous idea, as the allied trades and manufacturers represent many times the capital of the brewers and malsters, and a majority are depending on the industries which prohibition enactments aim to kill.

"In equipment and supplies of all kinds, ranging from the most expensive machinery to the general incidentals manufactured by trades such as yours, the brewers and distillers buy annually not less than $150-000,000 per year.

"This means that if our market is destroyed, you are likewise affected.

"We herewith enclose a schedule showing losses which all lines of trade will suffer, not only in loss of business but in increased taxes which will necessarily follow.

"At the present session of Congress numerous prohibition bills are to be introduced. One of these by Representative Sims, of Tennessee prohibits the manufacture or sale of liquor in the District of Columbia, and several others bearing on the interstate commerce law as to carrying spirit or malt liquors of any kind into prohibition states. These bills should be voted down, and every manufacturer should at once address a letter to his congressman and United States senator.

"We are free to admit that by reason of prohibition enactments in various parts of the country, nearly 600 skilled mechanics who were employed nine to twelve hours per day in our Chicago factory last year at this time, are now walking the streets of Chicago in search of work. The remaining force is working seven hours per day. That means that the livelihood of at least three or four thousand women and children has been jeopardized in our plant alone.

"Our purchases of manufacturing material, including your particular line, have fallen off fifty to seventy-five per cent, and the loss, therefore, is distributed among a great many manufacturers in almost every conceivable line throughout the United States."

This particular circular concludes:

"The continued growth of prohibition and the destruction of the brewing and distilling industries will result in the allied trades in all lines of manufacture being made to suffer great losses through the destroyed market for their product.

"The unemployed of all the large cities of the United States just at the present time number many thousands who are clamoring for food and shelter. The prohibition movement, if allowed to expand, will certainly aggravate these conditions by adding many thousands to the number of unemployed and overloading the taxpayer by compelling him to shoulder expenses now borne by the industries that certain fanatics are attempting to put out of business. It will put in jeopardy the livelihood of upwards of four million people and precipitate the greatest financial crisis this country has ever known."

We have no space at this time to show how specious all this reasoning is. Reasoning, sensible people are not going to be alarmed. The temperance forces are ready for the guage of battle.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Boston must have beans, and the shortage in the California crop and shipments is being made up by a large consignment from Marseilles.

The American Peace Society has sent to Congress a remonstrance against the increase of the navy. It bears the signatures of 132 ministers of Boston and vicinity, among them, it is said, some of the most prominent.

Next year will be the centennial anniversary of the birth of Abraham Liucoln. The Lincoln Centenary Association has been organized in Chicago and will celebrate the anniversary next year in such a manner as to command world-wide attention. The plan is to raise one million dollars and invest a large part of it in a permanent memorial building.

Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, has left Boston for Washington, where he is to make his home with his daughter, who is the wife of Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Reber. The general's son, Lieutenant Sherman Miles, lives in Washington, and that is another reason for his removal from Boston, where he has been a familiar figure about the hotels and clubs for some time. General Miles was living in Boston at the time he entered the army in 1861, and he returned there to live when he was named for inspector general of the Massachusetts militia.

The proposition to retain control of the disposition of the $14,000,000 of relinquished Chinese indemnity and have it used in the erection of American colleges in China and in bringing Chinese students to the United States to complete their education has been brought to the attention of President Roosevelt and the State Department by William T. Ellis, the noted newspaper correspondent, who has recently returned from the Orient. The plan, however, is not original with Mr. Ellis, but has been considered as an excellent idea for some time by the State Department. A Washington dispatch says concerning this: "How any such plan can be worked out, especially in view of the action already taken, which commits the executive branch of the Government to its offer to relinquish to China the surplus indemnity, is the puzzling question. The Senate has practically given its consent to the President's offer, and the matter is now pending in the House Committee on Foreign Affairs."

Announcement is made at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that the Hawaiian Lumber Company, the temporary office of which is in Chicago, is having manufactured in Milwaukee machinery for a large lumber mill to be erected on the island of Ila, within sight of Mt. Mauna Loa. The mill will turn out railroad ties from the Hawaiian timber, known as ohea. Experiments conducted at Washington by Chief Forester Pinchet have shown ohea to be thirty-five points harder than the best American white oak, which is the standard tie timber. The Hawaiian company has the timber rights of the entire island of Ila, which is about 80 by 140 miles in size. The mill will have a capacity of about 3000 ties daily and the company has a contract with one of the trunk lines of this country to furnish 40,000 ties per month for five years. When the supply of ohea is exhausted the mill will be converted into a mahogany mill. Mahogany grows on all of the Hawaiian islands, while ohea is largely confined to Ila.

In a recent address on the Problem of the Unemployed, Mr. Winston Churchill of England said: "The greatest problem of the British Empire lies here at home. . . . Civilization, which has brought, and science which gives, many fair things to a large proportion of the population, has given nothing to the poorest and weakest among us. The condition of these is much worse from the point of view of the degree of human misery than the condition of the savages of the countries I have recently visited, or of the fierce, barbarous peoples of times long past. How can we talk of the virtue of thrift to a man who does not know whether he will get his next meal by a job at the docks or by pawning some pieces of furniture from his home? What is the use of teaching Imperialism—a very good thing in itself—to the man whose whole life is demoralized by the vicious and cursed element of casual labor which presses upon him from day to day. If I interpret the feeling of the working classes, the cry is a great cry of complaint against insecurity to the lower ranks."

Cardinal Gibbons made recently the following declaration as to his attitude toward the liquor traffic: "I believe that the right of the people to determine by the operation of local-option law whether saloons shall or shall not be closed within their respective communities is in harmony with the American principle of self-government. While I do not wish to be understood as having in any degree changed my opinion that it is neither feasible nor wise, under present conditions, to attempt prohibition throughout the whole extent of a large city like Baltimore, yet if the people of a ward of the city, especially in a residential section, or of a rural county desire to vote out saloons, they should have the opportunity of so doing, and I heartily approve the present movement in Maryland to secure a local-option law which will give them that right. Where the people do not attempt to close their saloons, or decide by vote to retain them, I am, as previously stated, in favor of high license and rigid restrictions, but not as a substitute for, nor in opposition to, local-option as above defined."

Harriet G. Hosmer who died recently was one of America's foremost sculptors. She studied in Rome in 1852-53 under John Gibson. In the summer of 1851 she began her first original work, a bust of "Hesper." In 1855 Miss Hosmer produced an original statue of "Puck," which proved so popular that she received orders for many copies. While in Gibson's studio she modeled her original heads, "Daphne" and "Medusa," executed for Samuel Appleton of Boston; "Beatrice Cenci," in the public library at St. Louis; and in 1855 her first full-size figure, "Oenone." Her spirited statue of "Puck" brought among many others, orders for copies from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Hamilton. Miss Hosmer's most ambitious work was her colossal statue of "Zenobia in Chains," completed in 1859, and now in the British Museum. Her bronze statue of Thomas H. Benton is in Lafayette Park, St. Louis. The "Sleeping Faun," exhibited in Paris in 1867, is one of her best works. It has a companion piece, known as the "Waking Faun." The fountain in Central Park, New York City, and the heroic statue of "Queen Isabella of Castile," unveiled in San Francisco in 1894, are by Miss Hosmer, as are also the "Queen of Naples" and the Heroine of Gaeta." Among her other works are the "Triton and Mermaid Fountain," executed for Lady Ashburton, and the "Siren Fountain," for Lady Marion Alford. Miss Hosmer's art, like that of her master, had a classic tendency.

THE WORK IN JAPAN.

By Dr. J. D. Davis, Kyoto.

Japan not Yet Evangelized.

Japan is not yet evangelized. The leaders of the nation have come powerfully, although unconsciously, under the influence of Christianity, but the masses of the people are as yet only touched in spots. There is, on an average, only about one adult Protestant Christian to each thousand of the population. These more than fifty thousand Christians are not evenly distributed over the country. The great majority of them are found in ten or twelve of the forty-six perfectures of the empire.

It is safe to say that thirty millions of the people in Japan have never heard of Christianity only in the most general way. There are large districts which are as untouched as they were thirty years ago. Many of the perfectures which have been entered have only been touched on the edges, as it were.

The rich agricultural perfecture of Niigata, with an area equal to that of the state of Connecticut, and a population of nearly two millions, has only two missionary families in it, one of them still grappling with the language, and it has only ten or twelve Japanese workers, all told. There are many cities and towns in this province which have never been entered by a Christian worker. The Shiga perfecture, in the fertile Lake Biva basin, east of Kyoto, with a population of nearly one million, scattered in more than twelve hundred towns and villages, has not a single foreign missionary in it and only seven or eight Japanese workers. Other perfectures are less touched than the two just mentioned. There are many places in Japan which would gladly welcome foreign or Japanese workers if they could be sent.

A Readiness to Hear and Receive the Message.

There is everywhere a readiness to hear and receive the message. The nation was sobered by the great war with Russia. The work of the Y. M. C. A. in Manchuria made an impression favorable to Christianity upon half a million soldiers who have returned to their homes. The Emperor's gifts to this work and to other Christian institutions, have made a powerful impression upon the people. The great Student Conference in Tokyo, where delegates from twenty-five different countries met, and the evangelistic campaign which followed, have powerfully commended Christianity to the intelligent thinking class in Japan. The work of the self-supporting churches, the influence of the Y. M. C. A.'s, and of their workers and teachers in the government schools, and the enthusiastic reception everywhere given to General Booth, in addition to the waves of influence above mentioned, have made the people more ready to listen to Christianity than ever before. Young men from interior towns and villages have become Christians in many of the schools, and the way is open for work to be begun in their country homes. The leaders of the nation and thoughtful men everywhere are feeling the need of a new moral basis, and many of them are looking to Christianity to furnish that basis. The nation is ready to be evangelized as never before.

At the same time Japan has become the leader of the Orient. **"But whither?"** Korea, Manchuria and China are being powerfully influenced by Japan, both directly and indirectly. The whole situation calls for a vigorous forward movement.

"JESUS ONLY."

A Sermon by C. N. Queen of Fresno.

The mountain top vision had faded. The entrancing glory of that scene when the Lord was transfigured before Peter, James and John, had disappeared. Moses and Elijah could no more be seen, and the face of Christ, shining as the sun, his garments incomparably white, was lost to view. In some indescribable manner this picture dissolvevd itself into a cloud hovering over them. They heard out of the cloud a Voice saying, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." And the three men began to look about, and "they saw no one any more, save Jesus only with themselves."

Mountain-top experiences are worth while. Sometimes it pleases our Lord to take us with him into the higher altitudes of privilege, unfolding to us something of his glory. He leads us apart, fortifying us with visions of his righteousness and revelations of his will, and blessings of his grace. With these three favored disciples we are led to exclaim, "It is good for us to be here." And we carry the mountain-top experience with us, treasuring its blessing.

The investment of human life is under the cloud. The overshadowing cloud is a symbol of God's presence. Happy is the man if the cloud is a bright one! Whether bright or dark greater is the profit if one is able to look about him and see Jesus! Many, when they are brought under the cloud, begin to tremble and fear; they become anxious; sometimes they grow angered; sometimes thy harden their hearts; sometimes they loose their care for God and righteousness and, plunging ahead, never once turn themselves about. The disciples have given us a good example; for under the cloud, afraid, and on their faces, trembling and anxious, they loked about to see God, and they saw no one save Jesus only.

Living in the lower altitudes of life, and in these times of gospel privilege and evangelism, with the bright cloud of God's mercy and grace over us, it seems to me I have been hearing these few days the voice of God speaking down into my heart, "This is my beloved Son: hear ye him." And with many others I have trembled, and been on my face in the dust. I have looked around and, brethren, there was Jesus! Jesus only! Jesus only!

It is a year and a half since I came into this city by divine appointment. It was to what seemed to me to be a circumscribed mission, and which some of my friends said was a hopeless one. But I came and Jesus came with me. In the busy activities I have lost sight of him more than once. Then somehow God would speak, and I would look around, and there stood Jesus! Often I have lost him to view; but he has never lost me to view! I have ben trying to see Jesus only. And this I know, that when he is obscured, and the light has grown dim in the cloud, and darkness hovers, he yet knoweth the way that I take.

There are a great many sweet and attractive names. Character endears to us the names of many. Then there are words of sweet meaning. Around them entwine the immortelles of tenderness and sympathy and love. Think of the words wife, or husband, or father and mother, brother and sister, son and daughter, home and heaven! All are full of deep meaning, fragrant with love, and prophetic of God. But no name measures up to the name of Jesus! And no word measures up to the word Christ!

The Christian whose life is hid with Christ in God says, "Jeus only for me, in me and with me." For him there is none other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby he finds salvation. In him there is none other; but he shouts, "Christ in me the hope of glory." With him there is none other equally near, and equally dear. Jesus only! He consecrates his whole being to God. He turns to Christ as supreme Lord and Saviour. He thinks through the whole proposition that he may define its meaning if he can; and when he has done so, he formulates his conclusions.

(1). First of all he determines that Christ living is his example. In a simple way he begins by becoming a follower of the Lord Jesus. This discipleship continues until he learns the wisdom of the will of God manifest in Christ, and then he seeks to do that will. Sometimes it becomes a hard lesson to learn. But finally he gains the victory, and his life is one of submission to the teaching of the Lord. Throughout discipleship he learns the lesson of sympathy, of tenderness, of compassion. Continuing in the footsteps of his Lord he gains knowledge of a life of service and self-sacrifice. Jesus comes before him as an

example, and he wants to be something like his Master. He studies the mind of his Lord that he may know his thinking; he studies his conduct that he may understand how Jesus adjusts himself to human relations so as to meet human needs. Looking upon Christ as a man, he can find no better, and he determines to become like the very best man of whom he can know anything. So he says, "As for me I shall henceforth have no other after whom to pattern my life; it shall be Jesus only."

(2)—But he does not tarry long here if a student and sincere; he makes the discovery soon that he has needs which are not met in following Jesus merely as one might follow any great teacher. He has heart needs crying out, and will not be comforted with simply an example. And that soul cry takes hope in an observation he makes in a study of prophecies concerning the tragedy of Calvary. He is attracted to the suffering and dying One on the Cross. He remembers that he has been taking that man as his example; but his pattern, whom he has admired, after whom he has been trying to fashion himself, went to Calvary voluntarily. He studies the whole event. He goes to the upper room and remains until after that marvelous prayer found in the 17th chapter of the Gospel by John; then he goes to Gethsemane; then to the judgment hall, and then to Calvary!

Looking upon the dying man he reaches another conclusion: This man is fulfilling prophecy; he is meeting the requirements of Isaiah 53. Studiously he lingers about the Cross, and when the tragedy is ended asks himself: "Wherefore the death of this man? He is guilty of no crime. He has only taught righteousness, he loved mercy; he walked humbly; the common people listened to him with rapt attention; he healed the sick; he fed the hungry, he wronged no man. Wherefore this death?" Light breaks in, and he thinks it out: All we like sheep have gone astray; but he strayed not. We have turned every one to his own way; but he turned to us and has been bearing our grief, carrying our sorrow, healing our sins and instructing us in righteousness. Why was he wounded? It was for our transgressions. Why was he bruised? It was because of our sins. And then he thought, "We must be a very wicked people to put such an one to death." Then came another question: "Can a good man die in vain?" He thinks further and this is his conclusion: "A good man cannot be put to shame after this manner without good coming from it; but what is the good?" And the words of Isaiah come to his heart, "With his stripes we are healed." "I see it now," he says; "I see it now. He is the long expected Redeemer." He begins now to see the suffering Christ in his agony because of sin; in his stripes because of our iniquities; in his death that helpless humanity might have life. At last he cries:. "He died for me! He died for me!" And bowing himself he also becomes obedient unto death in Jesus Christ by crucifying the flesh with the lusts thereof. Christ becomes fuller of meaning to him. It is now Jesus only, his Redeemer.

(3)—It is not enough to see the Christ this way. He thinks yet further. If Jesus became his Redeemer, and shed his blood for the remission of his sins, then he comes to another conclusion and it is that he must lay hold of God and appropriate the blood of Jesus, or else his own personal sins will not be covered. The crucified Christ buried becomes to him a figure of his sins covered; but he must lay hold of the Christ who shed his blood. In doing so there comes to him a joy and a happiness which make him look away from whatever his mind and heart may hitherto have centered upon. He now sees Jesus who took his infirmities, "Who his own self bare our sins in his body on the tree, that we, having died unto sin, might live unto righteousness; by whose stripes we are healed." (1 Pet. 2:24.) "For ye were gone astray like sheep; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." It is one thing to admire the living Christ and regard him as the Redeemer of souls, and quite another to receive that Redeemer, appropriate his atoning sacrifice, and realize that his atonement is sufficient to cover all one's sins. When such a realization ascends the throne of one's own consciousness, how glorious is the hour! It is Jesus only!

(4)—Further inquiry and study lead to an understanding of his justification. The living Christ, who died on Calvary for his sins, and went to the grave with the load of his ins, came again from the grave, his Justifier. Continually there is a clearing up of the whole scheme in his mind, taking knowledge of Jesus that he is very God; and as God he pardons of sin, admits to sonship, bestows eternal life, and gives his Holy Spirit upon him.

(5)—But he draws still nearer to the Christ. Christ who was his living example, who after became his Redeemer and was accepted as his bearer, who pardoned all his guilt and justified him, now becomes a living person in him, sanctifying his life. He looks to the Christ now as a plant looks to the sun. Christ is his light, giving life and color, giving him verdure and strength. Christ is his truth and he receives him as the verity of the Almighty. Christ is his way and he walks with him. His life is being changed. The transforming power of the Christ evidences itself in his character. No more has Satan power over him. He may be tempted, but the temptation will be nothing but what he by the grace of God can bear. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it." (1 Cor. 10:13.) Here he rests confidently. He is not afraid to trust, for he has seen the lives of many changed into beauty and glory and usefulness. He believes that this Christ is able to transform his life. Not only believes it but comes to know it by experience. He looks back now; sees that he was in the gutter yesterday, or that he was enswathed by gambling, or was the victim of lust, or an unbeliever; or that he was a heathen; but now he sees himself already at a distance from the wilderness of sin, out of bondage, returned to an inheritance in righteousness. Christ is in him the hope of glory. It is true that Satan contests this possession, but Christ in him is greater than Satan trying by every cunning and art to get into him. And as this fortification of his soul grows upon his consciousness, nearer and nearer he draws unto the Bishop of his soul. From a full throat he sings, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee."

(6)—The Christian's life grows. It grows in consciousness, in its breadth, and depth, and height of meaning. And he comes to see Jesus in his enthroned sphere as his Priest. More,—as his High Priest. He gains an understanding that his approach to the Father must be in the name of another. Jesus has become the everlasting Other through whom he comes to God. "No man cometh unto the Father" but by Jesus the Christ of God. So he learns how to come, and to keep coming unto the Father. It is through Jesus Christ. This lends charm and blessing. He knows when he comes in the name of the Christ that God hears. So to him Jesus becomes the only one. Jesus only!

(7)—One step after another he has taken now. He began with Jesus as his example; then he saw Jesus on the cross, and so he took Jesus as his Redeemer; and then he observed him to descend into the grave, and he says, "As he is covered in the grave, my sins are all covered in the blood of the Christ;" but as Christ came form the grave alive, he sees the whole scheme of salvation vindicated and he takes another step receiving Christ as his justifier; and then he, walking out with him and many others on Olivet, beholds his Lord taken up into heaven, and he gains the vision of the priestly service of the Christ and cries, "Jesus is my High Priest;" and after this the words of the angels who spoke to the disciples of his Lord on Olivet, just after the glorious ascension and enthronement, sink deeply into his mind and heart: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven? This Jesus who was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven." Now he begins to sing the coming of his Lord. Christ coming is his hope. While he works, he daily waits. While he mingles among his fellows that he may save some, his heart keeps its eye on Jesus, expecting him any moment to leave his throne with the Father, and come to receive his Father's children. In it all he is joyful and happy. Jesus only!

THE WISE USE OF TIME.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for March 8th.)

By Albert W. Palmer.

The topics for the 8th, 15 and 22nd of March deal with the wise use of time, money and influence. These three topics are really three subdivisions of a larger problem which we might call "the wise use of power," for a man's time, money or influence are simply three different forms of his power to get things done. Other

forms of power which readily occur to us are genius, educational advantages and physical strength. The root question underlying our topics for the next three weeks is then: "The wise use of power."

It is always a great help to carry every moral and religious question back to Jesus and ask what He has to teach about it. What is the wise use of power? It is a striking fact that Jesus faced this question at the very outset of His ministry. Prof. Benjamin W. Bacon of Yale calls the story of the temptation a fragment from the autobiography of Jesus. Who else could have told the story of those days of trial in the wilderness except Jesus himself? Here, it would seem, we have Jesus' account of how he faced and answered the question of the right use of power, just as he himself told it to the disciples.

What was the temptation Jesus met? First, it was a temptation to use his Messianic power for his own material advantage—"Command that these stones become bread;" second, to use his Messianic power to work a spectacular miracle and win applause—"Cast thyself down from a pinnacle of the temple;" third, to use His power for the creation of a material earthly kingdom.

The result of the temptation was that Jesus came to his work clearly determined to use his power for spiritual, not material purposes; for helpful, not spectacular miracles; for an invisible, not an earthly kingdom.

Apply these principles to our own use of the smaller measure of power given into our keeping. Apply them especially to this particular form of power which we call time. How shall we use our time? (1) Fundamentally for spiritual rather than material purposes, i. e., for the development of character, of an appreciation of the beautiful, of a sense of fellowship with God. The man in the parable who pulled down his barns and built greater had not spent his time wisely. God required of him that night his soul, and, with all his cultivation of his land, he had never taken time to cultivate his soul.

(2) Use our time for purposes of helpfulness. We cannot work the miracles of Jesus, but we can use the powers we have according to the spirit in which Jesus used his powers. How did Jesus spend his time?

(3) Use our time in ways that do not retard, but rather help the coming of the kingdom for which Jesus labored and died.

May I stop just here to interject a plea for some wasted time? The best way to use time, sometimes, is to waste it! A wise man cultivates a sense of humor. A healthy-minded man loves the out-of-doors and "the open road." The hour of pure, unrestrained nonsense, the evening of clean amusement, the long afternoon's aimless tramp across the hills—these represent a wise use of time; they are the oil which keeps the machinery from squeaking.

In a little park near the Oakland High School is a great granite block erected as a memorial to our loved California poet, Edward Rowland Sill. On one side of the stone are these great words of the poet on "Life," or, if you please, on the wise use of time:

"Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon and night,—Forenoon and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered and thy crown is won."

Among the Churches.

California.

Pasadena.—On Sunday, February 23, $16,000 was pledged in the First Presbyterian Church toward the indebtedness of $81,000 on the new building.

Fillmore.—Mrs. C. W. Scott, wife of the pastor of the church at Fillmore, entered into the life beyond from her home in Fillmore on Sunday, February 23.

Palo Alto.—A contract has been entered into with the W. W. Kimball Company of Chicago for a $4,000 pipe organ for the Presbyterian Church, to be ready for use about the 1st of October.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached his farewell sermon as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church the last Sunday in February. In the course of his sermon Dr. Talmage said that his Los Angeles pastorate had been the happiest in his ministerial life. It is his intention to spend at least a year abroad before taking up pastoral work again.

San Francisco.—The Rev. William Rader was installed as pastor of Calvary Church last Sunday. The sermon was given by the Rev. E. K. Strong of Trinity Church, the charge to the pastor by the Rev. D. A. Mobley of Westminster Church, the charge to the congregation by Professor Wicher of San Francisco Theological Seminary. Dr. Hemphill, the pastor emeritus, was to have given the charge to the congregation, but was kept away by illness. Mr. Rader is having large congregations to which to preach the gospel, and is preaching it in such a manner as widens his influence constantly.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. A. M. Prewitt of Westminster has accepted the call from the new Calvary Presbyterian Church in this city. A Westminster correspondent of the Santa Anna Register writes under date of February 21: "Rev. A. M. Prewitt, the very popular pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Westminster, greatly surprised his friends last week by accepting the pastorate of the new Calvary Presbyterian Church, which has just been completed at the corner of Thirty-seventh and Naomi streets, Los Angeles, and which came to him unsolicited and was at first declined. The final judgment in its favor was because of the necessity to make a home for the two children, who are in the beginning of their course in Occidental College. The new church is meeting a long-felt need in a thickly settled neighborhood, and this is an opportunity to be coveted by any capable man. It will be about the middle of March before all the details of the change will be settled, and a long time longer before genuine regrets at the going of the family have ceased."

San Francisco, Mizpah.—A red-letter day in the history of the church was the twenty-fourth anniversary services of the Band of Hope, also marking the re-establishing of the juvenile temperance work. It was held on the last Sabbath of January. The band is now affiliated with the Loyal Temperance Legion, W. C. T. U. Addresses were made by Mrs. Bradley,

San Francisco County president, and Miss A. E. Chase, San Francisco County secretary of the W. C. T. U. Miss Nettie Johnson, the twentieth past recorder of the band, was presented with a silver medal Nine children took the pledge. A most important feature was the passing of a resolution at the request of the pastor, that the church shall become self-supporting, beginning with next April. This has not been done, however, other than by great sacrifice. Last Sabbath the Lord's Supper was observed and two more members of the Sabbath-school, also a young married woman were received into church membership. There never has been felt deeper spiritual interest in the church than at present. Indeed, the outlook for Mizpah is very encouraging.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. John Willis Baer, president of Occidental College, visited the Seminary on Tuesday, February 25th, and at 11 o'clock gave the students one of his strong addresses. Rarely does one meet with a more helpful chapter in any volume on Practical Theology than was this stirring address. Dr. Baer was the guest of Mr. A. W. Foster during his stay in San Rafael.

A dinner was given in the Sunday-school room on the evening of February 25th to a company of men from the town of San Anselmo. The ladies provided the dinner, and there were fifty-five men present to enjoy it. Dr. Landon presided. Prof. Paterson asked the blessing and Dr. Day made one of the after-dinner addresses. The Seminary quartette came in and sang two very enjoyable selections. The object of the gathering was to discuss moral and civic questions of present interest. After dinner more than two hours were spent in the profitable discussion of such questions as "The Advantages of a Town Without a Saloon," "A Community's Duty Toward Its Children," "The Beautifying of Our Town," etc."

Dr. Moore's last letter was from Philadelphia, on the eve of his dearture for Princeton, Washington, Baltimore and Wilmington. He reports a responsive sympathetic hearing and a definite improvement in the financial conditions in the East. It is probable that the Assembly's effort will not be completed on March 15th, and that Dr. Moore and his colaborers will be detained in the East somewhat longer than they expected.

Last Sundav was observed in the San Anselmo church as "Parents' Sundav," as a preparation for Decision Day in the Sunday-school, which will be observed next Sunday. Dr. Landon preached on "The Future of the Children," from Luke 1:66: "What manner of child shall this be?"

Opening services were held in the new church in the Bush tract on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Dr. Landon presided and conducted the devotional services. A quartette from the choir of the San Anselmo church sang. The sermon was preached by Mr. Paul R. Dickie, the student missionary who has been in charge of the work. Mr. Dickie deserves great credit for what he has accomplished. With the assistance of his brother, who is an architect and builder, and some help from his fellow-students he has erected a church building that is a model of neatness and cheapness. The entire building, including painting, interior finish and pulpit-desk, cost only $525. Mr. Dickie announced that $490 of this was already raised and that he expected the remainder within twenty-four hours. The church will seat comfortably seventy-five people. The people of this new tract, which is about a mile and a half to the northwest of the San Anselmo church, are delighted with the new church and have contributed generously towards its erection. As Mr Dickie graduates in April, and has accepted a call to Ukiah, the work here will be assumed by Mr. Alexander Hood of the Junior class. Regular services will be begun next Sunday, Sunday-school services being held at 10 and church worship at 11. It is hoped that a church can soon be organized. For the present it will continue as a mission of the San Anselmo church.

Mr. William Kerr, the eldest son of Rev. John H. Kerr, D. D. of New York has been accepted by the Foreign Board, and will be sent either to China or Korea. Many will remember Dr. Kerr as professor of New Testament Interpretation for seven years.

The March number of The Assembly Herald has a picture of the Corisco Presbytery, West Africa. Among the many colored men are seated two white missionaries. Both of their faces are very familiar to San Anselmo folk, as they received a part of their ministerial education here.

THE MINISTERIAL UNION.

The Presbyterian Ministerial Union of San Francisco and vicinity met Monday, March 2, at Westminster Church. Dr. E. A. Sturge led the devotional service, choosing for his theme the measurements of the love of God in Christ Jesus. Dr. Sturge said that Paul's expression to the Ephesians, "The height and depth" of love was the same to him until he climbed to Glacier Point in Yosemite. He saw, and even felt, the difference as he looked down into the awful depth of the canyon. Some day, when we look down from the battlements of heaven we will see how far down the manger of Bethlehem is and can better understand the depth of Christ's love by measuring it from that height.

Rev. Theodore F. Burnham gave us a "Conview of the Aims and Work of the Christian Alliance." This Alliance teaches a fourfold gospel—redemption, sanctification, healing and the second physical coming of Jesus. Sanctification is held by them to be an art instead of a progressive work, as most Christians believe. The second coming of Jesus is thought to be near at hand. Their missionaries are given short courses of training that they may hasten to the uttermost parts of the earth to give witness to the cardinal facts of Christianity in order to fulfill the condition necessary to the second advent. The greater portion of Dr. Burnham's paper was devoted to the practice of healing by the Alliance. That many cures have been performed was conceded, but that the healing is miraculous was denied. Cures like those reported by the Alliance are reported by various other agencies. Earthquakes and explosions have awakened dead limbs and given legs to the lame that had not walked for years. The habit of turning casually to the Scriptures and taking as a divine message what the eye happens to rest upon was condemned, and reference was made to Archbishop Williams of the Roman Catholic Church of Rhode Island, who, to show the folly of threading isolated passages of Scripture,

threaded a couple himself: "Judas went out and hanged himself;" "Go thou and do likewise."

The Christian Alliance was founded some twenty-five years ago by Dr. A. B. Simpson, who left a $5,000 pulpit in New York City and went into a hall. The work has been greatly prospered, and hundreds of missionaries attest the faith and zeal of this leader and his followers.

On Monday, March 9th, the Presbyterian ministers will meet in union with Catholics and Protestants at Wesley M. E. Church, to discuss phases of the temperance question.

President Faunce of Brown University will give the Earle lectures at Pacific Theological Seminary this year, also the "Charter Day Address" at the University of California. Before coming West he will give the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale on "The Educational Aim of the Ministry."

An interdenominational meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held next Monday at 10:30 a. m., in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, Hayes and Buchanan streets, San Francisco, "to give moral emphasis to the present temperance issues and to prepare for the great temperance assembly which is to meet in San Francisco March 17-19. The Rev. Drs. Dille and Rader and Fathers Caraher and O'Ryan will speak on The Relation of the Saloon to Commercial and Economic Progress.

THE HOME

TWO ROADS.

Between the cradle and the tomb,
  Two roadways lead along.
Oft side by side they seem to glide—
  The Right Road, and the Wrong.

Each by-path winding in and out,
  However wide it strays,
Leads forth or back from one main track
  There are but those two ways.

No guide post points the way to go,
  But deep within each soul
A knowledge dwells—a sense that tells
  The Right Road to the goal.

It may seem desolate at first
  But when the day slants west,
The Road of Right floods full of light,
  The highway of the blest.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE FATHER AS A CHUM.

Plato once made the crusty and calloused remark that a boy is of all wild beasts the most difficult to manage. There is something of truth in the remark, for a boy comes to be to you what you think he is, and if you think him a wild beast he will more than likely develop beastly characteristics, and be most difficult to manage. If, on the other hand, he seems to you to be a glorious fellow, with a strong, rich, human nature, the difficulty of managing him will likely be lost in the sweet and sacred privileges of loving him; for boys were made to be loved, not managed, and the secret of rearing boys is disclosed when one perceives that a boy can be loved into a noble manhood, but that he cannot be lashed or lectured into it. Love never faileth—not even with boys; in fact, love may be often seen at its best by watching the working of its restraint, inspiration and endeavor in the pulsing heart of a "regular boy."

The reason why many a father loses his boy is because he has never found him. Nothing can find a boy but love. A good example of itself never found a boy, nor has parental authority ever subdued a boisterous nature. The father who said, "I will conquer that boy whatever it costs him," never succeeded; the father who declared, "I will conquer that boy whatever it costs me," never failed. All good things are expensive. Sympathy has its cost before it has its worth. A father always pays a large price in the coin of sacrificial and sympathetic love who secures a clear and unclouded title to the confidence and intimacy of his son.

The overworking of negations destroys the choice friendship between many a father and his boy. The boy cannot live on it; to use his own phrase, he "can't stand it." "Don't," "I forbid you," "I am surprised at you," "Such conduct will ruin you," "You must never forget that you are a great expense to me for support, clothing and education," "You must not spend so much money"—how familiar this category is to many a boy who has a good home, but who, to the parental surprise does not like to stay there. Is it said that such remarks are the proof of interest in the boy; the answer is, the interest is cheap. Suppose a father lets love have its way. He tells his boy that he considers himself mightily blessed in having such a boy to support, clothe and educate; he declares his delight at seeing this and that sign of manliness, and gives a cordial permission to spend a modest sum of money. How long will it be before the bounding nature of the boy will recognize the appreciative spirit of the father and will begin to respond to it? The basis of a real friendship is thus securely laid, the growth of which is the increasing satisfaction of both.

Any father who is forever locking horns with his son will find that appreciation will speedily end a strife which disparagement both stimulates and embitters; for appreciation is love expending itself, and love never faileth. A boy craves appreciation from his father, and it is through this appreciative spirit that a father gets his great chances. Love is not blind; it can see faults. It is not weak; it can command respect. It does not lack authority; it can compel obedience. Love declares itself, and as it is welcomed finds its opportunity.

Certainly it is necessary to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and teaching," a boy, but when this is the corollary of a proposition of appreciation it takes hold and grips, for what a boy truly loves he prizes, and what he prizes he strives to be worthy of.

A father should occasionally make his boy his guest and, with scrupulous regard, honor him to his friends, being careful to meet every requirement of courtesy; take him to dinner, permitting him to vise the bill of fare; enjoy a ride, with his own son for whip; indulge a day's fishing, being sure not to scrimp the boy's share of the live bait and particular not to jump his claim to an equal portion of the best the

lunch box affords. It is a poor time for self-seeking or for petty economy when his boy is his guest. It is the father's great opportunity, when in generous fashion he is entertaining his son, to enlist his sympathies and sacrifices in doing for others, since lessons of charity are best taught in presence of a generous heart. The Pharisaic father who compelled his boy to put into the contribution box the pennies he had painstakingly saved to delight his adolescent soul with the glories of the circus, did not patent that day an available process of making princes of benevolence. There was a strange lack of appreciation in the father and a lack not half so strange in the boy.

Parental authority established or maintained on any other principle than that of love is spurious, hollow and heathen. The one thing it cannot do is to control the child. That was a wise and model father who, when wishing to correct his boy, used to say, "I will see you in the sitting-room after dinner," and who as well received and honored a similar summons for himself from his boys when they for any reason felt aggrieved. He recognized the authority of love, not only in his relations to his children, but in his children's relation to him, and that sitting-room came to be the trysting place of deep affections and the exchange of precious confidences.

To take a boy out into life, introducing him to its nobility, opportunity, sacrifice, disclosing to him your most attractive ideals, and shaping his aspirations, opening his eyes, harnessing his will and mellowing his heart, keeping him clean, wholesome, sane, untainted with the twentieth century scurvy of pessimism—this surely is a mighty privilege and a radiant opportunity. For the sake of it one may well give his best, and confess himself a sinner before God if he permits the crowding cares of life to seduce him to offering his second best. It is a great sin to be a poor father. But earth has no nobler joy than that which comes when a father's heart casts anchor in the soul of his boy.

There is always, as the sailors say, something to warp to. No matter for the trials, he "cleaves ever to the sunnier side of doubt;" no matter for discouragements, he "hears the lark within the songless egg;" he is not dismayed by occasional eruptions of boyishness, for through the telescope of his love he sees the coming man. He has learned to appreciate his own, to believe in his own, to be close friends with his own, to expect with confidence noble manhood from his own Love never faileth, and a father who, believing this, is willing to assume the expenses of love, will save to himself the heart, and to the world the nobler life, even of his most "active boy."—Nehemiah Boynton.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHILDREN.

Mr. E. S. Martin says some pointed things about children in his essay on "The Mind of a Child," in Harper's Magazine, for which Elizabeth Shippen Green has painted some of her loveliest child pictures. These are a few of Mr. Martin's remarks:

"The littler they are, the better, because farther removed from the world that is ours, and deeper placed in their own world. A good baby radiates peace. Every one who is rightly constituted smiles at the sight of it.

"They are busy, they are cheerful; as a rule, they seem to be kind to one another. They are not bored, and unless the weather is insufferable or they are sick, they are not depressed.

"What philosophers! What heroes! Is it strange that the attitude of an unperverted child should be the Christian idea?

"The great merit of children as companions lies in the breadth of their tolerations. They are easy to please, agreeable to most propositions, and not very critical.

"They do not 'know better;' that is one of their delightfullest traits. . . . Children will trust you, and that is one of the most gratifying compliments possible.

"In the company of children you have relief in considering what will pay. The things that they do,(and prefer to do, do not pay, as a rule, except in the doing of them.

"Wise elders who are qualified to train the mind of a child are pretty scarce. The next best thing is the elder who is wise enough to respect the child's mind and give it a chance to develop in a sympathetic atmosphere by its own natural process."

A PRAYER APPROPRIATE TO THE DAY.

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in the path. Give me a few friends who love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk down the valley of silence
  Down the dim, noiseless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
  Around me, save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
  As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
  Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
  That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
  Where I found but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
  I craved what the world never gave,
And I said, "In the world each ideal,
  That shines like a star on Life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shore of the real,
  And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
  And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,

But caught a mere glimpse of the blue,
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,
And I heard a voice call me; since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the divine,
And I fell at the feet of the holy,
And above me a voice said, "Be mine,"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May,
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley—
Too lofty for language to reach.
And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah, me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can hardly be heard,
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed with care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there,
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer,

A. J. Ryan.

Young People

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"O-h-h—o-h-h—o-h-h!" Three or four boys spoke at once as they gathered about Philip Merle's desk.

On the desk lay Philip's large drawing for the exhibition—a white goat standing erect and alert on a projecting crag near the top of a mountain, the whole clearly outlined against a softly bright sky. It was an ambitious attempt for an academy boy, but Mr. Austin, the drawing-master, had suggested and encouraged the undertaking, watching, as had the boys, its progress to near its completion, and sharing Philip's joyous hope of the prize he was trying to win.

And now!

"What's up?" asked a boy, coming to the group.

"Phil's picture—look! All those big blots and spatters, and a river of ink right across it."

"What happened?"

"Oh, Rob knocked over an ink bottle."

Rob Stellens—"Rob the Careless," his mates called him—stood a little apart, with a face full of remorse. He and Philip were chums. Philip did not join in the talk. He was thinking of his father and mother, many miles away. As if in answer to his thought, one of the boys exclaimed:

"Say, Phil, your mother'll be disappointed, won't she?"

At this, Rob rushed from the room.

"I shouldn't wonder," said a young tutor, who had joined the lads, "if this helps to cure Rob of his heedlessness."

And still Philip was silent. The very power of speech seemed gone from him. The picture represented such long and faithful work.

Mr. Austin left his desk and came down the aisle With a hand resting sympathetically on Philip's shoulder, he stood looking at the ruined drawing. Suddenly his face brightened.

"Merle!" he exclaimed, "I have an idea!"

Ten minutes later Phil was racing down the hill behind the academy. He was in search of Rob, and easily guessed where to find him. There was a spot a little way up the brook where a big boulder, a clump of bushes and a willow, close to the water's edge, enclosed a nook which the two boys called their den.

"Rob! Rob!" shouted Phil, swinging himself around the willow "Mr. Austin's thought of something great! Don't lie like that—sit up and listen—there, so! Do you know the ink did not go on the figure of the goat at all?"

"Well," replied Rob, moodily, "what if it didn't? It's all across the picture in a stream an inch wide or more."

"Yes, but it curves, and there's very little on the mountain, just at the corner, where it can be shaded off; and not the least speck on the goat, and Mr. Austin's idea is that I make a background of jet black!"

"Humph! 'Twon't be as pretty as the sky."

"Well, may be not as pretty, but Mr. Austin says it will be unusual and striking. And the judges—those artists, you know, that are coming from the city—are not to be told anything about it to arouse their sympathy. The picture is to be judged on its merits, just as it would have been before."

"It'll be lots of work, and there's only a few days."

"But the teachers are going to let me have all the time they can from the other lessons, and I can work in play hours, too. Oh, say! the small boys are going to have a race on the campus at five; let's go and see it. Come on!"

Phil worked faithfully at the task that seemed so dreary, bracing himself to be cheery over it, though at times there would come a lump in his throat as he patiently blacked out the sky he had worked so hard to make beautiful. Then all at once he became intensely interested in what he was doing, and worked on with a sense of glad triumph as the change grew under his hand, until at length the finished picture was before him, every outline of the shaggy white figure and the rough rock, clear and startling against its jet-black background.

Not until early in the morning of the eventful day was the last touch given. Mr. Austin was even then in the art room arranging the work of the pupils for the exhibition. That from the competing academy was already in place.

"Good!" cried Mr. Austin, looking at the picture as Phil brought it in, escorted by half a dozen of his classmates.

"Hurrah for Phil!" exclaimed an excited boy.

"Yes," said Mr. Austin, smiling, "you may well cheer, for whether Phil gains the prize or not, he has turned defeat into victory, and that is best of all."

But some hours later in the day, in the large assembly room, there was a round of applause for Philip Merle, in which the whole school—the two schools, indeed—joined, and which Phil heard with shining face.

For after all—yes, after all—Phil had won the prize. —Sophie T. Newman, in Zion's Herald.

THE SEA GULLS.

The Scilly Isles lie southwest of England, not far from the English channel. The coast is very dangerous. The island ledges are granite. Rocks and shoals the deep channels of the coast and narrow seas, combine to break the regular swell of the Atlantic, and the currents are strong enough to push a large ship somewhat ahead, even when anchored.

At Christmas time, a few years ago, a great "liner" was fog-bound off these islands.

The dense fog wrapped the ship about like a wet, gray blanket. Nothing could be seen even dimly. The great engines moved very slowly, while the steam whistle was constantly blown; but ere long they stopped, and the vessel was only lifted by the swell.

If she could have remained still, her peril would have been far less; but, debarred from every point of sight, every sea-mark, the resistless force of the current was bearing her every moment near the granite ledges of the Scilly Isles. No one knew this at the time, but the captain was well aware that they were in imminent danger. To try to go on meant almost certain collision with some other vessel or striking upon unseen rock. The only possible chance of safety was in waiting for the fog to lift, though this might not happen for a week.

Hour after hour passed with no change. Food was provided as usual; but there was small relish for it, either among passengers or crew. The captain's face grew more and more clouded, and he consulted oftener with the first mate. The fog whistle and the sound of bells were heard every now and then from some other vessel miles away. There was no wind, only utter stillness, cold and darkness.

The night was closing in when suddenly the silence was broken by a chorus of shouts, laughter and screaming, mingled with the rushing and beating of sea gulls' wings. It was a message, as well understood as the bell of the lighthouse.

But, after the ship had passed the danger line the fog lifted for a moment, leaving the cliffs in sight, and proving that in a few minutes more she would have been dashed against them.

"The birds saved the ship," said the crew, "nothing else."

Shooting a sea gull on the Scilly Isles or in their vicinity is positively forbidden at any time of the year. In consequence they are very tame. They sit on the roofs like sparrows, and have no fear of man. All the outlying rocks are the homes of gulls; and when a ship approaches, they seem to think it is a new island, and fly to it, calling their companions. The very presence of the gulls indicates, without a chance of mistake, the near neighborhood of the shore and of rocks. The cry is as sure a warning as bell or beacon.

This is a legion of unpaid watchers keeping guard on the farthest crags, ready to bear their warning to ships lying in the most dangerous position known at sea—a fog on a coast beset with tides and currents. All along the shore from Land's End to Poole Harbor these watching birds are on the crags of the perilous coast. They warn and save whole fleets of fishing-boats, as they pass the near rocks and cliffs, coming homeward amid the heavy fogs.

The fishermen have passed the word from the Cornish covers to Plymouth, thence to Brixham, on to Sidmouth, and from Sidmouth to Bere, never to allow a gull to be shot.

"I reckon he is no friend to us who so kills a sea gull," said a fisherman out with the herring boats. "Ten times last winter they told us where we were as we were drifting in a fog as dark as pitch. Once I was not six boats' lengths from the picket rock when the gulls flew out and screamed and I was away in time to save my boat and the nets and fish. Only for the blessed birds I'd likely never have seen the two hills again."—Every Other Sunday.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE MASTIFF.

"What an idle vagabond you are!" said a surly mastiff to a squirrel that was frolicking about in the trees above him.

The squirrel threw a nut-shell at him.

"I've been watching you these two hours," said the mastiff again, "and you've done nothing but dance and swing and skip and whisk that tail of yours about all the time."

"What an idle dog you must be," said the squirrel, "to sit for two hours watching me play!"

"None of your pertness. I had done all my work before I came here."

"O, ho!" said the squirrel. "Well, my work's never done. I've business up in this tree that you know nothing about."

"Business, indeed! I know of no business that you have but kicking up your heels and eating nuts and pelting honest folks with the shells."

"Fie!" said the squirrel, "don't be ill-tempered," and he dropped another nut-shell at him. "Don't envy me my lot; for, although I rejoice in the happiness of it, I must remind you it isn't all joy. Summer doesn't last forever; and what becomes of me, think you, when the trees are bare and the wind howls through the forest and the fruits are gone Remember that then you have a warm hearth and a good meal to look forward to."

"You wouldn't change with me, however," said the mastiff.

"No, nor you with me, if you knew all," said the squirrel. "Be content, like me, to take together the rough and the smooth of your proper lot. When I'm starved with cold in the winter, I shall be glad to think of you by your pleasant fire. Can't you find it in your heart to be glad now of my sunshine? Our lots are more equal than they seem."—Early Days.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A neighbor whose farm adjoins ours, writes a correspondent of the "New England Homestead," owns a very large shepherd dog, noted throughout the neighborhood for his anything but friendly greeting of strangers and his entire devotion to his master's horses. He spends nearly all his time with them in stable and pasture.

One day last fall one of the teams had been turned out for exercise in a small field, close to the roadway

from our fields to the barns. Just beyond the road lay a bundle of cornstalks which had fallen from one of the loads brought up the day before. The horses saw it and wanted it, as was evidenced by their longing glances and the stretching of their heads over the fence in a vain endeavor to reach it.

Prince, who had gone to the field to see his friends, stood watching them closely. Presently he trotted off down the field to where one of the fence-boards had become loose and dropped down at one end. Slipping through, he went back to the bundle of stalks, seized it, and dragging it along to the hole in the fence, pulled it through, having considerable trouble with it in so doing, and finally placed it before the horses, who at once began eating. Prince stood by, panting, wagging his bushy tail, and evidently highly pleased with the whole performance.

"If there wasn't thought and reasoning there, I don't know where you'd find it!" said one of our men, who had been an interested spectator.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

"The late Francis Thompson, the English poet," said a magazine editor, "had a great love of birds. He once told me a pretty story about a swallow."

"Catching, one day in the early autumn, a swallow that nested in his garden, he fastened to its wing a piece of oiled paper inscribed with the words:

" 'Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter!"

"The next spring the swallow returned to its nest at the usual time. Attached to its foot was another piece of oiled paper with the inscription:

" 'Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North."

DE PROFUNDIS.

(Psa. cxxx.)

Out of the deeps, O Lord, I cry to thee.
Lord, hear my voice,
And in thy mercy, Lord, accept my plea.

Lord, shouldst thou mark the fault of sinful man,
Who then could stand?
O, in thy mercy hide my sin with bleeding hand!

Still will I wait for thee, O Lord, my Lord.
My soul doth wait;
And though unworthy, I will trust thy word.

More than the watchmen through the gloom of night

THE RETURN OF MINISTER WU.

Wu Ting Fang, the well-known Chinese diplomat and former ambassador from China to the United States, arrived last Friday, February 28, by the steamer Siberia. Mr. Wu is well known and well liked in America. He is highly educated and understands the western world. He was tendered a banquet, and in his speech said some plain things. In an adroit way he located the frenzied anti-Chinese feeling and spoke on the question of educational changes in China. He went on to say: "Take the matter of education: A very great number of schools have been opened in my country based on modern lines. We have done away with the old theory of education. I do not mean that our schools now are perfect. There is plenty of room for improvement. But schools are being opened everywhere, and they are being conducted in the right direction. More than 15,000 Chinese students are now being educated in Japan. Many of these would be receiving their education in the United States except for certain conditions of which we know. I have always, to the extent of my power, encouraged the sending of Chinese students to the United States to receive here the education which I believe would be for their greatest ultimate benefit. But because of the conditions to which I have referred more have gone to Europe, especially to England, than have come here. Knowing as I do the disposition of your men high in public office I do not believe that any difficulties will be placed in the way of bona fide students from my country coming here in the future, and I look for a continually freer intercourse between the United States and China. I am the more convinced of this because of the fact that the two dozen Chinese students who accompanied me from China on my present trip were allowed free entry into this port, no objections whatever being made by the Government officials here. In conclusion I would say that I bear a message of peace and good will from my country to yours."

TEMPERANCE FIGHT.

The Local Option law in Illinois has held its ground against the combined attacks of the liquor forces up to the present time. The saloon men have now a test case before the Supreme Court of that state. The ranks of the liquor dealers are closing up and they are doing all they can to break down the local option law. If the anti-saloon forces continue to act together in this important crisis they will win out. Cool-headed leadership is indispensable. If the district and city attorneys can be trusted the Judges are not liable to invalidate the local option law. The fight is going merrily on. Keep it up! Agitation is what the community needs. We should never forget that the power behind the saloons is the Liquor Dealers' Association. The saloon is the method of distributing the products of that association. Nearly all the saloons are owned and directed by the Liquor Dealers' Association.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far, beneath the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest
There is a temple peaceful evermore.
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies hushed in stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

O rest of rest! O peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
Fullness of joy, forever and forever.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

FEAR AND FAITH.

A man stepped out of a crowded train on to a crowded platform when his day's work was done, and, as the lights were put out in the train and the empty carriages were hurried to their resting-place, he walked almost thoughtlessly through the well-lighted streets to greet the dear ones awaiting him at home. He had but little to say about himself and his journey, and nothing very wonderful seemed to have happened. He confessed that he had read the paper in the train, and he remembered and repeated some of the news. But he had not been in a fright about anything, not that he could remember; and why should he have been? He had traveled without Fear.

But beside him, trembling with terror, and marveling at his safety, stepped forth another man. He had traveled by the same train, but without Faith. At every moment he had been in an agony of fear. As the train dashed on, he saw a great river ahead. "Ah!" he cried, "we shall all be drowned." But there came a bridge underneath the train when it reached this spot (there had been no bridge beneath it before), and the river was passed in safety. Again he looked out and beheld a mountain lying across the line and the train dashing right into it. "Ah! we shall be crushed," he cried. But, when they came to the mountain, there was a hollow tunnel round the train, and the man marveled at such unlooked-for good fortune; and so by this happy chance the train escaped with a magnificent snort through the mountain! But next, and when now the dreadful darkness was wrapping around them, he heard a shriek whistle and another train dashed at full speed to meet them. "A collison, God help us!" he cried. But happily, just by a matter of a few feet, the trains steered clear of each other, yet he could have touched the other train with his hand. "That danger is over," he cried, and with shattered nerves fell back trembling in his seat. Suddenly a sound of grating and shivering beneath his feet and looking up he saw yet another train and another and another and many more, some going this way, some that, and a great flare of lights and crowds of people rushing up, and the trains seemed dashing into the people. "My God, my God, have mercy on us now!" he cried. But the porter only said "All change." And by some unaccountable miracle there was his wife wheeling his Bath chair to the carriage door, and his shattered nerves were carefully laid in it and reached home safe from everything but themselves. Slowly under a good doctor's care it dawned upon him that his fears had been his folly; that the engine had had its master, and the train its path, the right path for it and the wrong for any other—a path laid down with rails of iron, over rivers and through mountains.

So, my friends, in the journeys of the soul, let us not be afraid, though the track hurries us toward the raging torrent or into the darkness of the mountain's night. God lays down a path for the soul. Let conscience be heeded and God's signal-lights shall flash upon the soul to tell us when to pause and when to hasten. Around are countless others each on the lines of his own duty safe, and the guidance of the soul with each. —Wilfred Harris.

TAKING CARE OF HERSELF.

"Yes'm, she's pretty well, mother is," said the old man, pausing with his foot on the wagon wheel to answer an inquiry concerning his wife; "pretty well, if only 'twan't for worrying' about the children. 'Lizabeth's up to Conway this season, and mother's all the time afraid she'll be took sick away from home. Samuel's got a good place at Tanfield, and he's doin' well, too; but his boardin' place is across the river. Sometimes he goes by skiff, and mother, she can't get over the feelin' that he's likely to be drowned. The two younger boys is home yet, but she says she's anxious about the time when John'll be wantin' to strike out for himself, and she's always been afraid we'd never raise Car'line. No'm, ther's nothin' special the matter with any of 'em now, and the truck has done fine this year, Mother hain't had a touch of her rheumatism all summer, and she'd be pretty well off if 'twasn't for worryin.' Christian? Bless you, yes, this forty year! She ain't afraid but what the Lord will take care of her and all the rest of the world, but seems like she ain't got faith yet to b'lieve he's to be trusted with the children."—Wellspring.

WHAT IS GROUND-HOG DAY?

The origin of Ground-Hog Day is accounted for in **The Housekeeper** in the following way: February second, or Candlemas Day, was a favorite holiday, marked by public gaiety and ceremonies in Europe during the Middle Ages. It is still marked there by the closing of banks and offices, but not otherwise, outside of the reading in church services. In the Church Calendar it is known as the Feast of Purification of the Virgin, and was first instituted by Pope Sergius, about the year 684, A. D. The popular name of the day is derived from the early custom of lighting up the churches with candles and carrying these in procession on this festival.

As to the weather superstition that gives to Candlemas the name of "ground-hog day," that is a world-wide fable. In Germany it is the badger that breaks his winter nap on this day to essay the thankless task of weather prophecy; in France and Switzerland it is the marmot, in England the hedgehog. Observation shows that none of these small animals do thus observe the date fixed, also that the weather on this date does not accurately foretell that of the following two months, as is supposed. But it is a general truth that in temperate latitudes, warm and sunny weather in the first half of February is apt to be followed by a change and a cool spring, and on this fact our ground-hog and badger stories are founded.

THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON.

Perhaps there is not a boy in the United States who has not heard the story of that other boy who lived more than a hundred years ago, the one, I mean, who owned a little hatchet and went here and there trying its bright, keen blade on everything he met, and then said those words that will never be forgotten, "I cannot tell a lie."

Not every one, though, knows the other good and pleasant things that are told of the great General Washington, when he was young. He was true, brave, and noble, and was a leader and ruler even then.

He was fond of fun, though—real, pure fun. No shout or laugh was merrier than his on the play-ground. One of his favorite amusements was to arrange his playmates in companies, pretending they were soldiers and he was their leader, marching and countermarching them, the whole ending up in a great battle, of course always coming off victorious, and so these play battle were pictures of what was really to happen in the years that lay before him.

This boy, whose laugh was the merriest, who could out-wrestle and outrun his mates, carried his whole soul into the schoolroom as well. Perhaps this was one reason of his after greatness; he could not be half-hearted in anything he undertook. "This one thing I do," seemed to be his motto during school hours.

He had great taste for mathematics, and was soon beyond simple arithmetic, studying geometry, trigonometry and surveying. He spent much of his time surveying the lots around the schoolhouse.

He used to make little books of foolscap paper, and copy different things in them. Among them were copies of forms used by men in transacting business; bonds, notes, etc. Extracts from poems he wrote here, too; but the most remarkable for a boy to copy was some rules of conduct. Here are some of them:

"Gaze not on the marks and blemishes of another, and ask not how they came.

"When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously and in reverence.

"Honor and obey your parents, although they be poor.

"Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

The love, obedience, and honor he gave his mother was something wonderful. When he was made President he went to bid his aged mother good-by. The thought that he might never see her again made him very sad, and the grand general leaned his head on his mother's shoulder and wept.

"God, my son," she said, "and may Heaven and your mother's blessing be with you always."

PERFECTLY EVIDENT.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, " that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."—The Catholic News.

THE TREND OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN JAPAN.

Rev. David S. Spencer.

It is of importance that friends of Missions in Japan should watch the trend of religious thought among the leaders of thought in this Empire at the present time. As an extreme case let me quote from publications now appearing in this country, some expressions which have come from those who are regarded as leaders of the people. In a review of the religious press, a prominent writer makes the following statement:—

"As a whole the educated world in Japan is opposed to all forms of alleged supernaturalism, whether Buddhism, or Christianity. It follows that the leaders of thought of this country saw grave objections to the acceptance of the creed preached by ministers of our home churches, and in their writing boldly assert belief that the doctrine of orthodox Christianity could not only do no good here, but would work harm."

Professor Okakura says:—"We do not see any convincing reason why morality should be based upon the teaching of a special denomination, in the face of the fact that we can be upright and brave without the help of a god or deity at its other end." Prince Ito says:—"I regard religion itself as quite unnecessary for a Nation's life. Science is far above superstition: what is religion, Buddhism, or Christianity, but superstition, and therefore, a possible source of weakness to a Nation? I do not regret the tendency to free thought and Atheism, which is almost universal in Japan, because I do not regard it as a source of danger to the community."

Dr. Kato, a prominent professor in the Imperial University, has issued a pamphlet which is very pronounced in its opposition to Christianity. He is opposed to religion, both Christianity and Buddhism, on the ground that it encourages superstition, which is the greatest of all obstacles to the progress of knowledge. The Immaculate Conception of Christ, His alleged resurrection and the miracles attributed to Him are of course all the inventions of superstitious minds according to Dr. Kato. The many stories relating to the birth and life of Shaka Muni, which attributed to him supernatural power are equally false and foolish. The circulation and a subsequent belief in these Christian and Buddhist stories in an unscientific age was unavoidable, but in these enlightened days it is the duty of all earnest minded, educated men to unequivocally oppose all propagation of falsehood under the guise of truth. It is a public calamity, that not only ignorant peasants and artisans, should in Europe and America, believe in the stories circulated by Christian teachers, but that even educated men should, in a good many cases, have neglected to test their trustworthiness. .....Dr. Kato is of the opinion that Christian and Buddhist teaching has in the past ages done more harm than good, since this teaching has proved a constant hinderance to the spread of scientific knowledge. He argues that the Cosmopolitan character of Christianity and Buddhism render them dangerous to the state. In each country the State must be supreme; to allow the existence of authority that on occasions may over-ride that of the state, as actually took place in Europe, when the Papal Power was at its height, is to expose a State to serious peril * * * Dr. Kato argues that the Christian assumption of superiority to other creeds and the refusal of Christians to modify their teachings at all in deference to national belief and sentiment, constitutes a real danger to states. According to Christianity there is only one true God. All men have sinned against Him, and can only be saved by believing that Christ has atoned for their sins. There is no salvation for any body who rejects unproved allegations of Christian ministers. No body is allowed to pick and choose. The whole creed of Christendom must be accepted by those who wish to be called Christians. No compromise of any kind is permitted. Therefore, it follows that Christianity can never be assimilated by the Japanese State."

One of Dr. Kato's chief objections to Christianity is the fact that it places God on a higher throne than the Emperor and his ancestors. This, thinks Dr. Kato, the Japanese cannot tolerate. The spread of Christianity in Japan, is, to his thought, the spread of superstitution, and this no educated man should regard with complacency.

As a contrast to the above, Dr. T. Inoue, a prominent educator, in addressing a large meeting of the Directors of the Middle Schools of the Country, recently made the following statement: "Formerly Christianity in this Country was not in agreement with the State, but such is no longer the case." Here is a prominent man undergoing modification of view, with regard to the Christian religion as related to the people in this country. The transition taking place in Japan forms an exceedingly interesting study. Step by step the truth is gaining ground, but a greater battle is yet to be fought. The keenest minds must be convinced of the power of the truth. Correct logic must drive out false arguments, true philosophy the false, and the time shall come when this whole land will accept Jesus Christ; that may not be very near, but of its certain coming no Christian man can doubt.

Tokyo, Japan.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON GAMBLING.

"There is no moral difference between gambling at cards or in lotteries, or on the race-track and gambling in the stock market. One method is just as pernicious to the body politic as the other in kind, and in degree the evil worked is far greater. But it is a far more difficult subject with which to deal. The great bulk of business transacted on the exchanges is not only legitimate, but is necessary to the working of our modern industrial system, and extreme care would have to be taken not to interfere with this business in doing away with the 'bucket-shop' type of operation.

"We are no respecters of persons. If a labor union does wrong we oppose it as firmly as we oppose a corporation which does wrong; and we stand equally stoutly for the rights of the man of wealth and for the rights of the wage-worker. We seek to protect the property of every man who acts honestly, of every corporation that represents wealth honestly accumulated and honestly used. We seek to stop wrong-doing, and we desire to punish the wrong-doers only so far as is necessary to achieve this end.

"The keynote of all these attacks upon the effort to secure honesty in business and in politics is well expressed in brazen protests against any effort for the moral regeneration of the business world, on the ground that it is unnatural, unwarranted, and injurious, and that business panic is the necessary penalty for such effort to secure business honesty. The morality of such a plea is precisely as great as if made on behalf of the men caught in a gambling establishment when that gambling establishment is raided by the police.

"Just as the blackmailer and bribe-giver stand on the same evil eminence of infamy, so the man who makes an enormous fortune by corrupting the Legislature and municipalities and fleecing his stockholders and the public, stands on the same moral level with the creature who fattens on the blood-money of the gambling-house and the saloon. Moreover, in the last analysis, both kinds of corruption are far more intimately connected than would at first appear; the wrong-doing is at bottom the same.

"We do not subscribe to the cynical belief that dishonesty and unfair dealing are essential to business success, and are to be condoned when the success is moderate and applauded when the success is great.

"There is no nation so absolutely sure of ultimate success as ours. Of course, we shall succeed. Ours is a nation of masterful energy, with a continent for its domain, and it feels within its veins the thrill which comes to those who know that they possess the future. We are not cast down by the fear of failure. We are upheld by the confident hope of ultimate triumph. The wrongs that exist are to be corrected; but they in no way justify doubt as to the final outcome, doubt as to the great material prosperity of the future, or of the lofty spiritual life which is to be built upon that prosperity as a foundation. No misdeeds done in the present must be permitted to shroud from our eyes the glorious future of the nation; but because of this very fact it behooves us never to swerve from our resolute purpose to cut out wrong-doing and uphold what is right.

"I do not for a moment believe that the actions of this administration have brought on business distress; so far as this is due to local and not world-wide causes, and to the actions of any particular individuals, it is due to the speculative folly and fragrant dishonesty of a few men of great wealth, who seek to shield themselves from the effects of their own wrong-doing by ascribing its results to the actions of those who have sought to put a stop to the

wrong-doing. But if it were true that to cut out the rottenness from the body politic meant a momentary check to an unhealthy seeming prosperity, I should not for one moment hesitate to put the knife to the corruption. On behalf of all our people, on behalf no less of the honest man of means than of the honest man who earns each day's livelihood by that day's sweat of his brow, it is necessary to insist upon honesty in business and politics alike, in all walks of life, in big things and in little things, upon just and fair dealings as between man and man.

"In the work we of this generation are in there is, thanks be to the Almighty, no danger of bloodshed and no use for the sword; but there is grave need of those stern qualities shown alike by the men of the North and the men of the South in the dark days when each valiantly battled for the right as it was given each to see the right. Their spirit should be our spirit, as we strive to bring nearer the day when greed and trickery and cunning shall be trampled under feet by those who fight for the righteousness that exalteth a nation.—From his Latest Message to Congress.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—HIS HUMANNESS.

The Rev. Frank G. Browne, D.D.

The American heart cherishes the memory of Abraham Lincoln with mingled love and reverence. There is not another name in our history that inspires the depth and intensity of affection as does that of this wise, patient, heroic, suffering servant of humanity. When he died the world knelt in sorrow at his bier. On announcement of the dreadful tragedy, Alexander of Russia exclaimed: "Good God, can it be so? He was the noblest man alive." Secretary Stanton, the central figure in the group of sorrowing statesmen that surrounded the couch of the martyred President, voiced the verdict of all history when amid the stifled sobs of that illustrious company, he said: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Others there are in American annals who have surpassed him in not unimportant regards. Of physical comeliness he was destitute. To ancestral renown he could lay no claim. For the advantages of the great schools he had longed with pathetic and quenchless desire, but hard and bitter necessity doomed him to the rank of the uncouth graduate of "brush college." But if a man's quality is to be estimated by the magnitude of the deeds he has wrought and the value of the services he has rendered his country, then Abraham Lincoln, like the original Hebrew patriarch whose name he bore, like Moses an earlier but no greater emancipator, like Cromwell, the uncrowned but mightiest of British princes, like Washington the founder of the Republic, then Lincoln the defender and preserver of the Republic, must be accorded first rank among the immortals of all history.

The study of his career impresses one at once with the humanness of his character. The warmth and ardor and breadth and strength of his nature give resistless force and charm to his personality. We love him for the simplicity and artlessness of his spirit, his reckless and captivating indifference to the small conventionalities of society, for the sage sayings that fell from his lips, the quaint stories he was wont to relate, his human sympathy, his exhaustless kindness mercifulness. Who tires of the study of his face? If anybody had ever told him that he was handsome, he would have greeted the compliment as a huge joke. That rugged, kindly face was the map of his whole soul. His homely features were irradiated by the light of noble qualities of head and heart in comparison with which mere comeliness is dull and commonplace. If humanity should march through a vast gallery of art filled with images of the celebrities of all the ages, it would pass by indifferently hundreds of courtly figures—an Absalom, a Chesterfield, an Oscar Wilde—to gaze upon the rugged but genial and soulful features of Lincoln, son of toil, son of sorrow, friend and benefactor of the oppressed, whose human love and sympathies were broad and deep as the seas that lave the shores of the land he loved and served so well.

His humanness makes him a very real character to the younger generation whose knowledge and impression of him must be derived solely from historical sources. Lapse of time can not chill the warm touch of his kindness. When we read of his interest in little children, his sympathy for the poor and unfortunate, his droll stories and illustrations, his epigrammatic speeches, his plain habits and manners, his keen apprehension and relish of the humor in human life, his quick and tender response to all its pathos and tragedy, we realize that here is a man indeed; not the semblance or shadow of humanity, but a man of flesh and blood, whose pulses throbbed with human emotions, in whose nature sympathy was the strongest element, who ministered to the suffering and helpless because, as he said, "It took a pain out of his own heart," whose great hands lifted tirelessly at human burdens and smote relentlessly human shackles, and whose patient feet trod the winepress alone.

We are free to confess that from an historical standpoint Lincoln is to us a more real, tangible, and human-like personality than Washington. It may be that our imagination is at fault, or possibly the historians have put Washington on too lofty a pedestal. The common portraiture of his character has always given us the impression that he was a man apart from his fellows, cold and distant and statuesque. When a small boy, we used to study his portraits, the conventional wig, the stately immobile countenance, and strain our unfolding imagination in the almost futile effort to form some distinct impression of his personality. One wonders if he ever laid aside the stern demeanor in which the artists and historians have depicted him. Or, if he ever spun a good yarn around the camp-fire, or if in cabinet meeting he ever resorted to a funny story or illustration to keep Hamilton and Jefferson from springing at each other's thoats, why haven't his biographers told us?

Not one quaint quality in Lincoln's character would we ignore, not one homely feature would we erase. He is the more real to us and he will be to future generations for these things that make him at once the most interesting and picturesque, the most human-like, and, therefore, the most lovable character in American history.—Western Christian Advocate.

THE DAILY CALLER.

"You've got a mighty nice mother," said a mail carrier, meeting on the lawn the young son of a house where he had just left the daily packet of letters and papers.

"Of course that's my opinion," acquiesced the tall boy comfortably, and then bethought himself to ask curiously "What makes you think so?"

"O, she always has a 'Good morning' or a pleasant word of some kind if she catches a glimpse of me. Lots of folks treat the postman as if he were a post sure enough and deaf and dumb as one and the rest (and the shoulders under the heavy bag shrugged a little). O, you ought to hear the rating I get for tracking up clean steps and leaving muddy footprints on porches! A carrier has such a good chance to pick his way in muddy weather, you know, and so much time to stop and clean his feet at every door."

The last words came as the gray uniform reached the sidewalk and vanished around the corner on its beat, and the incident was but one of those little wayside sermons that come to us continually if we will but hear them. How many people supposed that the postman cared for a cheery word? How often do we remember that the milkman, the errand boy, the host of daily hurried callers at our door are not machines, but fellow-mortals, and entitled to a kindly word or expression of interest as they come and go? It is so easy to fret at the marring footsteps and forget the man traveling wearily through the mud and rain!—Epworth Herald.

In a certain school district one of the trustees was extremely nervous on the subject of fire, and when he visited a school with the examining inspectors he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building caught fire. Knowing this little peculiarity the master had coached his pupils as to the answer which they should give. When the visitor called, however, he simply said to them: "You boys and girls have listened so attentively to your master's remarks that I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

To the consternation of the master a hundred voices shouted in unison: "Form a line and march downstairs."—Exchange.

UNANSWERED PRAYER.

An unanswered prayer is no proof of an unhearing God. There may be reason in the great purposes of our Heavenly Father when a petition may fail of a direct answer. The creature may err, not understanding the will of God, but the Creator cannot err. As many a child of God has looked back over his life he has seen where the goodness and benign wisdom of God has been manifested in withholding the things asked for. But if the direct answer to the petition has been withheld, we believe in some way there will come a blessing because of it, and that no earnest, faithful prayer is ever lost to the suppliant. It may be not my way, it may not be thy way, but yet in His own way the answer will come. It may be years in coming; it may come in some unexpected way, through some channnel we never dreamed of, and which at the time of the prayer we knew nothing of, but it will come to us with blessing. Indeed we in our obtuseness may be living in the very atmosphere of answered prayer and not be aware of it. If the answer does not come in the way we look for it, let us look around and see if the flower that we longed for is not blooming elsewhere, or if our life at some angle does not touch God more intimately than ever before. We may look for the answer in a tally-ho, but it may come in the form of some poor beggar on the street.—Selected.

A FALSE REPORT.

A tramp called at the house of a gentleman and said:

"I've walked many miles to see you, sir, because people told me that you was very kind to poor chaps like me."

"Oh, they said so, did they?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I came."

"And are you going back the same way?"

"Yes sir."

"Then, in that case, will you be good enough to contradict this rumor?"

SUNSHINE.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
And lay it safe away,
Hammer the cork in good and tight,
Keep for a rainy day.
For clouds will come and showers fall,
And earth and sky look sad,
Then fling the cherry rays about
And make the old world glad.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
Sweet temper lay away;
Carry through life a smiling face,
And let your heart be gay.
There's sorrow plenty in the world,
And strife, and bitter pain,
So line the clouds with golden beams,
And sing a glad refrain.

—Lizzie DeArmond.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

When you hear of good in people—tell it,
When you hear a tale of evil—quell it.
Let the goodness have the light,
Put the evil out of sight.
Make the world we live in bright—
Live to make the big world bright.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. —Selected.

Your winter trip

made comfortable

by the

Sunset Route

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars—Dining service the best—Parlor observation car—Library—Cafe—Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans with New Orleans-New York Steamship Co.'s steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket Offices:

884 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.

Fourteenth and Franklin Sts. Oakland, Cal.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:

MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street, SAN FRANCISCO

The Sower Has No Second Chance

Good sense says make the most of the first.

FERRY'S SEEDS

have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—merit tells.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908

tells the whole Seed Story—sent FREE for the asking. Use Ferry seeds till you get it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

University Library
30jun05

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., MARCH 12, 1908. No. 11

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day;
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evils that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And the brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the night's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

—Charles Mackay.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

The editor of The Advance says that "the most painful thing about California is to leave it." He came, he saw, and was conquered. That is somewhat different from **Veni, Vidi, Vici.**

The temperance assembly in San Francisco next week promises to be the initial point of a movement through which great good will come to California. We suggest to our readers hereabouts that they attend as many of the meetings as possible and so get the inspiration of the occasion.

We are pleased in that it is possible for us to announce that we can give our readers for several weeks articles by the Rev. Charles R. Brown under the caption of "Pulpit Paragraphs." The first appears this week.

The organization of an electric railway company, with part of its plan a proposed tunnel to Yerba Buena, the island midway in San Francisco bay from the Oakland side, foreshadows the approach of a day when there will be a tunnel from shore to shore and the cities around the bay consolidated into a Greater San Francisco. The general welfare demands it, and it will come, for all right things must sometime come.

It is gratifying to see many of our Roman Catholic brethren taking a firm stand against the liquor traffic. In a recent sermon, Father Connoly of St Paul's Church, San Francisco, advocated "a license so high that no Catholic will ever be able to engage in the business." Concerning the movement for a license of $1000 in San Francisco, he said to his people: concerning the saloon: "We as citizens should join with other earnest people, be they Catholics or Protestants, in fighting against its evil influence. There is no other city in the United States where the sale of drink is so unrestricted. I have seen the effects of liquor until I am ready to say to every one of you to use all the influence you have to increase the license until not a Catholic remains in the business." The Monitor, a Catholic paper published in San Francisco, and of large circulation among the people of that faith, has come to be outspoken against the saloon. The Council of Baltimore suggested recently to Roman Catholics in the saloon business that they "choose, if possible, some more honorable way of making a living." Truly, "Our God is marching on!"

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

By Charles R. Brown.

Ten Men.

The Lord made known the fact to Abraham that Sodom had become so nasty he would destroy it. Abraham pleaded that the righteous ought not to be destroyed with the guilty, and the Lord promised him that if even ten righteous men were found in the place, he would not destroy it for their sakes.

Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom! Ten righteous men, alert, fearless, aggressive, will save any city. Suppose the ten were placed like this: A Mayor who was not afraid, who did not always have an eye to the main chance for political preferment, but was intent on intelligently and courageously serving the interests of the community, leaving his political future to the gratitude of the people.

A Chief of Police who was no mere soft lump of flesh covered with brass buttons, but a man bent on making himself a terror to evil-doers; a man with the conviction that laws are made not to express ineffective moral yearnings, but to be strictly enforced, a man whose whole administration of his responsible office brought consternation to the law-breaking rum-seller, the brothel-keeper, the gambler and the whole unclean horde.

A Police Court Judge who had caught the spirit of Judge Lindsay of Denver, whose work is known everywhere, or the spirit of Judge Cleland of Chicago, who with his wise probation methods found that out of a thousand and seven cases brought before him only seventy-seven men thus dealt with failed to make response in terms of honest effort for a sober, useful life.

A President of the City Council, who in his appointment of committees and in the exercise of his whole power of leadership made it clear beyond a peradventure by his sound sense and his just purpose, that the welfare of the people and not his own political advancement, was what he had at heart.

A real Physician, not a politician, at the head of the Board of Health, a man not made of absorbent cotton, but compounded of that scientific knowledge and fearless honesty which would bear the test of chemical analysis, intent upon ferreting out and removing those evils which make against the city's health. These would serve as the first five of the ten ment entrusted with the salvation of a city.

Then for the other five: A High School Principal who conceived of education not as the imparting of information, but the maturing of personality and the shaping of character for noble service; a man of whom this might be said, as it was said of one schoolmaster: "Did you ever go to school to the old man?" one merchant asked of another, as a certain experienced teacher passed. "Yes." "What did you learn?" "I learned to be a man." Any school where a boy learns to be a man is a school indeed.

An Editor of a daily paper, able to make it clean, reliable, independent, fearless, carrying it on not as an advertising enterprise run in the interests of the counting-room, but putting into it the best of himself and making it an expression of the spirit of real journalism—such a paper as Oakland had in the "En-

quirer" when Frank A. Leach was manager and A. B. Nye was editor.

A Capitalist, upright in his private life, large-minded in his attitude toward industrial problems, with a genuine consideration for the human values at stake in the world of business, thus setting a noble example to all the men in the community who have the money and the capacity requisite for the control of large enterprises.

A man at the head of the Central Labor Council, himself possessed of wisdom, patience, integrity, and able to impart great stores of those useful qualities to the various labor unions affiliated with his organization.

A Pastor of a church, not content to merely keep the wheels of a certain ecclesiastical machine going but intent on making himself the servant of the people and the prophet of righteousness, speaking steadily words of insight, of hope and of help, to the soul of the community.

Ten such men in any city—Oakland, San Francisco, Chicago, Sodom—would save it from the wrath of God and from the evil designs of wicked men. Let any city put its ten best men, picked, trained, efficient, in those positions of influence and the people will rally to them, making sure the victory for righteousness.

AS TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

W. N. Burr.

There is an impression abroad among the sons of men that the weakest, most jellyfish-like institution under the sun is the Sunday-school. Sometimes when men want a synonym for "boyish" or "inefficient" they use the term "Sunday-schooly," and they seem to think that term fits exactly. It would seem that even inside the church there is some considerable stir made over "the weak points in the Sunday-school system." In an article in one of the magazines recently we are told that "Not long ago a Lutheran clergyman went so far as to declare, in some remarks before the New York Board of Education, that he regarded the Sunday-school as 'the greatest foe religion has to contend with.'" An English clergyman, in a recent contribution to "The Nineteenth Century," in which he severely criticizes existing methods of instruction in the Sunday-school, "feels that the evils inherent in the Sunday-school system are so deep-seated that they cannot be cured." He proposes to abolish the Sunday-school. "Sunday," he argues, "is a day that seems to have been ordained for worship and rest, not for instruction. And if one-twentieth part of the energy now put into Sunday-schools were put into the organization of children's services, there would probably be a wider and more satisfactory appreciation of worship than is now the case."

Well—the Sunday-school has its weak points. So has everything else in this world. As a brother beloved not far away has said concerning the quest for religious truth: "We have not attained; we have not reached the terminus as yet on any of the great trunk lines of religious inquiry. We are scattered along at various way stations, knowing in part, seeing spiritual realities through a glass darkly, determined by the use of the part we know to press forward until we shall see face to face."

The Kingdom of God as conceived by Jesus Christ is absolutely free from "weak points;" but no organization of men and women, no church, no "Brotherhood," no school, has yet attained unto perfection. We must admit that the Sunday-school has "weak points" in its "system." But he is a poor spiritual osteopath who will declare that the Sunday-school has no backbone at all, just because he finds some "weak points in its spinal column. The Sunday-school was never more efficient, more up-to-date in its ideals and methods, than it is today. And it is on the march, facing towards the promised land of Greater Efficiency.

It is to be regretted that any clergyman of any church should be so blind to the strong points in the Sunday-school system as to be ready to declare that "the Sunday-school is the greatest foe religion has to contend with." Over against that thoughtless remark I want to set the following, which appeared as an editorial in the Los Angeles Times a few days ago. This editorial is headed "Sunday-Schools Good Still."

"Monday morning is the day of the week when the police courts are filled with the largest number of "drunks" and petty offenders. Did you ever find one of these who said he had spent even a part of the Sunday in church?

"The chain gang is a large body. Go out where they are working and at lunch hour make a count of how many of them were regular church-goers in the years of their criminal practices, or for some years before. You may find one here and there, but what proportion will they bear to the total number?

"A gang of boys just in their teens has been arrested at Hollywood for burglary. How many of them belong to families in which Sunday-schools are sneered at?

"The Sunday-school will be preferred to the loafers' corner by parents who have the welfare of their children at heart, for some time to come.

"For many ages the church will hold a higher place of esteem than the saloon in the minds of men and women who wish to live clean, peaceable lives."

A SAN FRANCISCO CITY MISSION.

S. C. Patterson.

(Early last Saturday morning, a day or two after Mr. Patterson had written the article under this caption, the building in which Mr. Westenberg had been conducting this commendable work was destroyed by fire. Not a few believe that it was of incendiary origin. But nothing daunted, this consecrated man is carrying on the work again only a few doors from his old location. We do not know the exact number, but believe it to be in the 500 block.—Editor.)

Recently I went down to visit the Whosoever-Will Mission on Pacific street. It is situated in the worst section of the district set apart by the police commissioners for the nourishment of vice, and the catering to sensuality. The mission is the creation of Mr. J. C. Westenberg, and is under his management. He is a remarkable man. Before the disaster in 1906 he had a mission in this same district, well equipped and effective. In the catastrophe he lost everything, and in company with many others fled to Oakland, where he stayed for nearly a year, not idle; for he soon had a flourishing mission. His heart was in San Francisco; therefore, as soon as conditions permitted, he returned and began work near his former location, for the conditions which demanded it were returning. His faith is remarkable. He came without money, rented a room and began his work. Now, in less than a year, he has a plant which, while not complete and fully equipped,

yet is a marvel. He rents a large hall, formerly a dance hall and saloon, at $150 per month. Also two basements, one at $25, the other at $30. These he puts to unique use, permitting the unfortunates who are houseless to sleep in them. To these places he has given the expressive name of "free flops." Here nightly from one to two hundred unfortunates are permitted to get under cover and sleep. No beds, no covering, just the floor and a platform around the room raised about four feet from the floor. But even this is better than the open air and a rainy sky. In addition he conducts two ten-cent lodging houses for men, the proceeds going to support the mission. The cost of conducting this work averages about $800 per month. This is raised largely by personal effort and faith.

Pacific street for two blocks beginning with Kearney is pandemonium. Saloons, dance halls and concert places abound. The air is split with discordant music. The sidewalks, which are narrow and broken, are crowded with men, mostly young, though occasionally a gray head is seen, pitiful in its degredation. Flashily dressed women, loud talking and bold, press through the throng of men, receiving smilingly coarse remarks. The whole atmosphere is tainted so that it is unpleasant to the nostrils. In the midst of this is the Whosoever-Will Mission.

The night I went to visit it followed a wet and cold day, hence the night was unwholesome and squalor accentuated. In the midst of the discordant dance music could be heard another note which evolved itself into a gospel hymn, accompanied by an organ. A crowded sidewalk indicated the mission which was occupied by about 250 men sitting on chairs and many standing in the rear. The room was warm and the unfortunates who had seats were sitting so as to show their weariness; here and there were some asleep; probably they had walked the streets all day.

The service began. Songs were called for and sung with heartiness. Mrs. Westenberg played a small organ effectively; she was assisted by a piano and mandolin. A season of prayer was enthusiastically entered into, and the outpouring of words for God's help and expressions of thanks for blessings was inspiring. Testimonies were in order. Man after man arose and told what God had done for him. Clean, bright-eyed, enthusiastic were the speakers, and the genuineness of some of the words was borne into the heart by their fervor. The superintendent read a Scripture lesson and commented in such a way as to drive the thought of the destructiveness of sin home to the hearts of the listeners. The devil is a fact; hell is a place, and eternal damnation is a fiat of God. It is effective. The superintendent called for me, telling the men that I am a minister. They are interested, and I fancied they queried, "What will this sky-pilot have to say?" I wished I had not been called, but seeing I was I threw myself into it, and for a half-hour expressed myself more plainly than I have done since I was last there. How one's theoretical theology disappears when he faces a congregation that is frankly wicked and miserable, which misery is the result of sin openly acknowledged. When I quit talking the superintendent called for men to raise their hands who desired the prayers of the Christians, fifteen hands were raised. Then he said, "Who will come forward to this rail and pray for himself?" Twelve responded. A most interesting half-hour followed; men confessed their sins and prayed for forgiveness. They arose to their feet and testified. What testimonies were given! One man, about 35, told his story; a German, well educated, speaking six languages. He had been a Christian. Three years ago he fell away from grace; lost his wife and children, his position as bookkeeper in a Tacoma firm; began to drink, drifted from one place to another, sinking lower and lower, becoming an anarchist. He wandered into the mission, and there heard God speak to him through the speaker of the evening, and putting his hand in mine, said: "I am going to be a better man with the help of God." The superintendent shouted "Glory!" Others gave their experience and pledged themselves. One gave to Mrs. Westenberg a sack of tobacco and an old pipe.

At 11 o'clock the helpers passed around the hall with cups, and every man received a cupful of hot coffee which they eagerly swallowed. Then those who had no place to sleep were invited to use the "free flop," and over one hundred and fifty accepted it.

With deep thought I took the late car for home and pondered upon the evening's experience. The work of such a man is splendid. He stands in the midst of destructive forces and points men to the love of God. He is an effective witness to the Savior's love for the unfortunate. I was gratified that it was being done and sorry that I could have such a small part in it. Last year the church I serve received but one person on confession of faith. O Lord, why is it? Mr. Westenberg should have the hearty support of every Christian in this city, for he is a voice for God in a wilderness of sin. I shall increase my efforts in my own field, enthused by what I saw and the evidence that the grace of God is sufficient.

JOHN R. MOTT TO VISIT THE COAST.

Mr. John R. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, will visit California next week, giving four days, March 17--20 inclusive, to the University of California and adjacent institutions, the next two days to Stanford University, and two days to Los Angeles and vicinity. He is making an extremely hurried visit, and will be hard put to it to fulfill the engagements which await him. Mr. Mott is regarded as one of the leading spirits in the whole student religious movement, and his presence in California is eagerly looked forward to by the various special Christian interests on the coast. He is expected to address the University students at Berkeley, to confer with the leaders of the local Young Men's Christian Associations and kindred leagues, and in particular to give a series of four lectures before the combined theological seminary faculties and student bodies of the bay region, together with interested ministers and laymen. The subjects which will be presented are:

(1) Why More Young Men of Ability Are Needed for the Christian Ministry at the Present Time.
(2) Factors and Influences Which Militate Against Securing More Young Men of Ability for the Christian Ministry.
(3) Direct Causes Influencing Strong Young Men to Enter the Christian Ministry.
(4) Indirect Causes Influencing Strong Young Men to Enter the Christian Ministry.

At Mr. Mott's suggestion, the seminary faculties have set aside the 17th and 18th for these lectures,

two being delivered each day; the precise hours will be announced later in the daily press.

Regular lecture courses will be adjusted to allow of full attendance of the students at Mr. Mott's meetings.

New strength will be added to the Christian forces of the state through Mr. Mott's visit.

E. T. EARL LECTURES.

Of Pacific Theological Seminary.

The annual course of six lectures on the E. T. Earl Lectureship foundation of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, will be delivered during the period of two weeks, from Tuesday, March 24, to Tuesday, April 7; the latter date being commencement day at the seminary, the last Earl lecture will form an interesting feature of the customary exercises. Specific details as to dates, place, etc., will be given later. The following schedule of dates will, however, probably be followed: Evenings of March 24, 26, 30 and 31, April 3; and morning of April 7. The general theme of the lectures is, "Problems in Moral and Religious Education," and the topics to be presented are:

1. The Attitude of the Ministry toward New Truth.
2. The Contribution of the School to Church and State.
3. Gains and Losses in Modern Education.
4. Modern Uses of Ancient Scripture.
5. The Humanizing of Study.
6. The Need of Ethical Leadership.

The intention of this lectureship foundation is to provide eminent speakers upon themes calculated to promote Christian thought, in the most widely accepted sense; this gives an extensive range for choice of subject. The seminary has certainly fulfilled the intention of the founder in the courses already offered. Professor Henry Van Dyke of Princeton gave the course in 1905, being preceded and followed by other men of national reputation. The lectures are designedly popular in their nature, and the public is cordially welcomed; no charge is made for admission.

As mentioned in last week's Pacific the lecturer this year will be President William Herbert Perry Faunce, D. D., of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island; of which institution both President Faunce and President Wheeler of the University of California are graduates. President Wheeler has secured Dr. Faunce for the Charter Day address at the University, Monday, March 23; and the presence of this popular speaker on the coast will be the occasion of several other public addresses and a number of social gatherings.

Dr. Faunce has been president of Brown University since June, 1899. Graduating from Brown in 1880, and from Newton Theological Seminary in 1884, he took the pastorate of the State Street Baptist Church, Springfield, Mass., which he held for five years. In 1889 he undertook the leadership of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, resigning it, after ten years' service, to assume his present position. Dr. Faunce is well known as a contributor to religious and other periodicals, and ranks very high as a public speaker. As a pastor he attracted a large "outside" hearing to his services. He has lectured at several of the more important universities of the East and Middle West, and is this month to give the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale, immediately prior to his coming to Berkeley. The officers of the seminary anticipate that this year's course will be one of the finest which they have ever offered to the community around the bay.

Among the Churches.

Tropico.—The Rev. A. W. McConnell has entered on the work at Tropico.

Elsimore.—The church at Elsimore has sold for $900 the cottage recently purchased, and will build a new manse.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. L. E. Dorris of Bethany Church has accepted a call to the church at Tonopah, Nevada.

San Francisco.—Howard Presbyterian Church was burglarized recently, and articles to the value of $30 or more were carried away.

Los Angeles.—President Baer of Occidental College has gone East to preside over the missionary convention in Pittsburg, March 10th, and to attend other important gatherings.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. William A. Hunter of Spokane, Washington is supplying the First Presbyterian Church pulpit for two Sundays. He is talked of as the successor of Dr. Talmage.

El Centre.—The Rev. S. I. Ward, who has been acting as supply for some time, has been called to the pastorate, and arrangements for his installation will be made at the April meeting of presbytery.

Oakland.—The Welsh Presbyterian Church has asked the permission of court to sell its property on Harrison street, near Thirteenth, for $31,000. A new location will be secured, a better building be erected, and considerable money be left for other purposes.

Oakland.—The First Presbyterian Church property on the corner of Fourteenth and Franklin streets may be sold in a few days for $400,000. An offer of $300,000 was refused. A Los Angeles company desires to buy the lot, which is 206 by 150 feet in size, and to erect thereon a great auditorium and office building. The Rev. Dr. Baker has gone East, intending to be absent several weeks.

Pope Valley.—The Pope Valley correspondent of the St. Helena Star writes: "The Rev. Mr. Spencer, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, has been with us now for about six weeks and is getting everything in connection with the church well organized. Choir practice is now in progress and teachers' meetings have also been arranged. The latter will no doubt be of untold help. Mr. Spencer is an enthusiastic worker and the valley is surely very fortunate in securing such an able minister."

Sacramento, Westminster.—Westminster Church had the pleasure of receiving nine persons into the church on Sunday last, March 8th, four of whom were on profession of faith, all men and women. This

church has not passed but one communion season since present pastorate began without receiving some, all the way from three to fifteen at a time; on two occasions some have been received between times There has been no special work, but simply the result of steady and earnest work of pastor and people. The congregations were very large morning and evening

MINISTERIAL UNION.

Ministers to the number of about one hundred and fifty, representing all denominations, met at the call of Dr. Hugh W. Gilchrist Monday, March 9, at Wesley M. E. Church, San Francisco, to hear four of the clergy on the economic aspect of the temperance question. H. J. McCoy of the Y. M. C. A. presided, and L. J. Sawyer acted as secretary. Dr. E. R. Dille, the first speaker, regards the saloon question as first in importance of all the questions confronting this republic. He spoke of the onward sweep of the temperance wave which is advancing upon us with the velocity of a prairie fire. He quoted Carrol D. Wright as saying that the saloon pays only six per cent of the burdens it imposes. The 2,400 saloons of San Francisco, placed side by side, make more than eleven miles of the glare of hell with the pick of the devil shining through.

Rev. Father Terence Caraher spoke of the trinity of hell—the dive, the dance-hall and the theater-saloon. In these places he said it was customary for enticing women to drug the drinks, then rob their victims, and in many cases kill them. He believed every business ought to pay its own expenses. This the saloon failed to do. They ought to be closed and hermetically sealed. If this can't be done, let them be taxed to the limit, and don't be particular about fixing the figures. Father Caraher's closing words were: "We must kill or cripple this ferocious monster."

Dr. Wm. Rader spoke of the moral suasion efforts introduced by Father Mathews and further extended by Henry Ward Beecher, John B. Gough, St. John. Francis Murphy and Miss Frances E. Willard. This moral agitation while good was not permanently effective. Men will not suppress the liquor traffic until they are made to see the financial loss it entails. It costs us over two billions to run the liquor business, while only one-eighth of that sum is returned in fines and licenses. So it is the almighty dollar that is furnishing oil for the fire of our righteous indignation Dollars are the dynamite that will eventually blow the saloon to "smithereens."

Father Philip O'Ryan said that he had labored with the late Bishop Montgomery in getting Catholic boys to join the League of the Cross, which means total abstinence from all liquor from ten or twelve years of age till twenty-one. Many more than 14,000 have been enrolled in this city. In speaking of taking away the rights of the saloon men, Father O'Ryan said the saloon men have no rights except what are given them.

On Monday, March 16th, the Presbyterian Ministerial Union will meet at Westminster Church in San Francisco. Rev. Richmond Logan will read a paper on "The Pilgrim Fathers—Their Influence upon the Religious, Political and Social Life of the Nation."

Religion is a constant struggle toward God. The shrines along the road mark the success of the struggle.

A WORD TO EVERY FRIEND OF THE PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN.

The New Postal Rule.

The authorities at Washington make it necessary for us to ask that all persons owing subscription to The Pacific Presbyterian for one year or more remit before April 1st. After that date it will be necessary for us to take from the list the names of all who are owing for that length of time or put a one-cent stamp on each paper sent to persons that long in arrears.

Examine Your Label.

The little slip of paper pasted on the copy of the paper going to each subscriber, or on the wrapper thereon, bears date showing the time to which subscription is paid.

Every person whose date is back of April 1st, 1907, should remit at once.

And all should watch their labels and see to it that subscription is not any time due for more than one year.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL ENTERPRISE.

An educational enterprise which is full of promise has been inaugurated at Paradise, a town in Paradise valley, about twenty miles from Oroville, in which Mr. C. S. Compton, a son of the Rev. A. J. Compton, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Elsinore, is interested. In company with several others Mr. Compton appeared recently before the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, and presented the project in such a manner as to win unanimous endorsement of the movement. The paper read by him at that time is given in this issue of the Pacific Presbyterian We understand that the aim will be to make the Polytechnic Institute an undenominational affair. Among the persons approving the movement is President McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary.

Resolutions as follows were adopted at the meeting at which this new enterprise was presented:

Whereas, We have listened to a comprehensive statement concerning the property and the plans of the Paradise Polytechnic Institute, together with a conservative estimate of the essential features in its present situation and so far as they can be forecast in its future development; be it

Resolved, That we place on record our conviction in the following particulars:

First. That such a school as is proposed, for the practical training of captains of industry under Christian influences, is greatly needed.

Second. That the location at Paradise is in all respects fortunate for the purpose, adjacent as it is to the great forests, mines, water power and an exceedingly rich agricultural and horticultural section.

Third. That the school has found in Mr. Compton one whose thorough training, conspicuous success in practical affairs, and whose sterling Christian character, coupled with his lofty idealism, admirably fit him to bring the school to the largest success.

Be it resolved further, That we recommend to the Congregational churches of Northern California:

First. That the pulpits be open to Mr. Compton or any other authorized representative of the school that our congregations may become thoroughly informed concerning the enterprise.

THE PROPOSED POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

(The following admirable presentation of the movement for this Institute was made by Mr. C. S. Compton at a meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. It had great weight with all who heard it. Its publication was requested unanimously, so that through it there might come to others also the impression that the movement is one that should be encouraged and fostered.—Editor.)

My training has been that of a man of action and not of words; of the formation of materials into utilities, and not in scholastic developments. For this reason I am not prepared to address this gathering in a didactical way on educational matters; for the men before me, in this respect, are wiser and more experienced than I. Nevertheless, I am the representative of an idea worthy of your earnest consideration—an idea, not new to you, yet immatured; one that will work out its own destiny if properly fostered and directed; an idea that has been presented to you informally, but of which we now desire your authoritative approval.

In my nomadic life as a civil engineer I have been brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and especially with those who are carrying on the industrial work of the world. Among this vast army of men, perfecting the highways of the world's traffic, who are tearing down the walls of sectionalism and bigotry and making possible the universal brotherhood of man,—Among this vast army that has come under my observation I have found few who are Christians. These men who are performing the constructive work for the world's material advancement are the implements God is using to remove the misunderstandings of sectional differences. The more limited our horizon the more set is the feeling that all outside of our immediate observation are barbarians. So these men are powerful factors in the removal of bigotry; but a negative condition is not what is needed. It is not enough to eliminate that which is harmful; we must substitute that which is beneficial. The man with the evil spirit cast out was afterwards in a worse condition than formerly; for, with his house swept and garnished, the evil spirit retruned with seven others, for there was no one to oppose them. Man's plan for righteousness is to cast out the evil spirit and clean up the house. God's plan is to fill the house with spirits of usefulness and power, working for righteousness, making it impossible for the others to enter. We find God's plan successful, while man's plan always fails by stopping short of the essential force that makes the reformation perfect. The obvious question that arises is: Are not the educational methods, carried out under the auspices of the churches, too narrow in their scope? Have we comprehended the situation as it really exists, and are we winning the men of the world to a realization that they are not being trained up to their full efficiency? In Swedenborg it required the mystic, the vision of other and greater things, to round out the life of the engineer. We must be taught to understand that to tear down our barns and build greater, so as to say to ourselves: "Eat, drink and take thine ease," is not the fulfillment of our destiny; but while we realize that these things are necessary, we must seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness.

Young men with Christian training and a general education are discouraged when they first face the exactions of the work set before them, to find themselves far outclassed by men, who are trained in the school of hard knocks and daily experiences, who sneer at their faith.

Are the churches in their educational training securing the full efficiency of their working forces, or is a great percentage going to waste? Why should we not educate our men of industry to uphold the hands of those who are disseminating the spiritual force that is to win the world to the Carpenter of Nazareth? Why should not the church train those who work as our Master worked—the Master Mechanic who should control all industrial activity and direct the laying of the foundation of each superstructure we are erecting for eternity?

The answer, to me, is as obvious as the question. We have not expanded as we could, and I deem that the time is ripe for the church to reach out and take possession of her own by entering into the field of all activities. When Christian young men and women with practical business, scientific training, are turned out of our schools, outclassing the man who sneers, with skilled and perfectly trained intellects, working along the lines of least resistance, then will the church have power.

It is a prevailing opinion among those who are ignorant of the facts, that successful men with scientific attainments cannot be Christians. This conclusion is reached from the fact that the majority of them are not, especially among those who come in contact with the activities of everyday life. This is an immense handicap to the advancement of our cause, for the masses unconsciously look to the materially successful man for their standard in ethics. It can be readily seen that if we turn out men with a purpose in life that recognizes that they are building for here and hereafter, with their capabilities trained to handle successfully the tasks set before them, that we will have established an incipient standard that will generate power in a geometrical progression, and as the individual factors increase the power becomes unlimited in its results.

If the generals of this industrial army are Christians the army will soon be what their leaders make them.

Corruption in high places turns the masses to infidelity, but righteousness turns them to God. Why not then educate the young men and women who are to beocme the leaders of our industrial development—men and women who will command respect because they are capable of producing results that can be capitalized and are, therefore, efficacious?

Most theoretical men with unlimited capital can erect a durable structure, but it requires the skilled engineer with limited capital to produce permanent results that will pay. Most schools of technology are restricted in their usefulness because their instructors are recruited from their own graduates or from graduates of other schools, whose sole qualification is that they have distinguished themselves by application to their course of study. These men are without practical knowledge and are generally ignorant of the fact that formulated knowledge is mostly empirical in its application to industrial forces.

This is the secret why so many men of little education, but a wealth of practical experience, outrank the college graduate, who at once concludes that his sphere of activity is on a plane above those who are operating around him, when as a matter of fact he is experiencing that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." He has constructed the body for his life's work, but into it has not yet been breathed the living soul, the vital principle, that gives it its ulitarian force which is the supreme good in the industral universe. The schools must recognize that as a rule the resultant of practical life comes from experimental knowledge first and is afterwards formulated.

"The boomerang is the product of an age-long empirical use of throwing weapons, and not the product of a mathematical law, laid under contribution in the perfecting of it." The telephone and phonograph are products similarly arrived at, in so far as the experimental idea is concerned; while the strength o f materials is empirical, in the application of strains to formulate the resulting stresses. In agricultural and horticultural engineering is the same shifting of conditions, as applicable to each other with the recording of the results. No man originates; he discovers! While this is a well-known fact, yet as a rule our schools turn out young men unaware of it, who are in a constant state of high tension in attempting to apply their knowledge and are surprised to learn that they need a transformer before they can get down to a working basis. Let us prepare for the day when the forces of the world, working out its commercial and industrial destiny, shall be dominated by Christian ethics.

I believe it is a Jesuitical saying: "Give me a child until he is twelve and you may take him afterwards." However that may be, the tendency of the times is to demand that the coming men of affairs shall have industrial training. Let us provide, therefore, that he shall gain it in surroundings where God is honored and the Lord served, so he may be fortified against the day of opposition when he learns that men honor one another for wrong-doing.

Nearly four years ago I moved my family to Paradise, and immediately became interested in Dr. Harwood's plans to establish an academy at that place. Upon further consideration we concluded to change it to a polytechnic institute. This was the embryonic stage that had its conception in the mind and heart of him, who through wearying opposition and cold indifference from those he would aid, remained steadfast, cheered with the vision of things to come. Praise is due to Dr. Harwood, who through his unselfish devotion to this work, has made it possible that we should assemble to consider its further advancement. Through days, months and years he has labored with practically no compensation, advancing money from his own

private, and I fear, meagre resources,, laboring on to redeem a community from ignorance of God's laws and man's resources, his only reward criticism and misjudgment. In spite of this he has never faltered, seeing clearly the wonderful possibilities capable of development through faith and perseverance. From Mt. Diablo to Shasta, and the summit of the Sierras to the Pacific, a mighty expanse of territory has been lying dormant and undeveloped, but is now rousing to a realization of its needs, and without a Christian school!

Shall we not train the men who are to construct its highways and railways, its bridges and buildings, its canals and power plants, confine its flood waters and develop its agricultural and horticultural possibilities, teaching the supremacy of man over nature, wherein God has given him control?

There is not the slightest doubt of the need of this school! There are few localities of the extent and population of the Sacramento valley that have not Christian schools of some sort. The field is broad and the soil virgin. As we sow today so shall we reap. Let us sow bountifully, putting our faith in the "Lord of the Harvest," and we shall reap beyond our greatest hopes.

The day is not far distant when thrift and progress shall fill this valley with myriads of homes, whose sons and daughters must be either for or against us. Let us today open the way that this development may be for God and righteousness and not for Mammon and selfishness.

Prior to the first of this year I have had many dreams of the growth of this institution and its final outcome, and they all pictured success and never failure. But it never occurred to me that I should ever be more than a secondary factor in producing this result. I considered that as Chief Engineer of what will probably become one of the world's great electric interurban systems I was nearing the zenith of my professional career, which, of course, was gratifying to my vanity and assuring to my financial necessities. At this time Dr. Baldwin startled me with the proposition that I resign from my present work and enter on the duties carrying out the new idea as president of this Polytechnic Institute. My first feeling was that it was preposterous to entertain such a proposition, with my large family to maintain, and having recently made some investments, that have left me indebted to the amount of several thousands of dollars, that would be a small matter to meet retaining my present income, but would be a slow, weary process if I gave it up. From this point of view it did not look encouraging. Then I considered that my training has been entirely foreign to the preconceived ideas of what is necessary to fit a man to be at the head of an institution of learning. There was but one thing that caused me to consider the proposition, and that was a statement of Dr. Baldwin's that if I refused he did not know where to turn for another. This statement was not conclusive to me, for my experience is too matured to be deceived into the feeling that God's only resources are tied up in me; but it did make me feel that possibly He was calling me to this work, and that I had better be sure of where I stood before coming to a decision.

I finally decided to place conditions in the way of my acceptance, and, if conceded, I would feel that my duty was clearly outlined. The conceding of these conditions would prove the faith of those who carry on the Lord's work, and I should then deem the call specific and would have no further hesitation, for while secondary to many in learning, I probably outrank them in executive and practical knowledge with which I can take the learning of others and whip it into a line of battle, where they might fail.

I have through personal determination and organization been accustomed to coerce men into producing results that were susceptible of capitalization. I feel that this same method that has taken raw recruits from the schools and trained them to produce these results will also take young men in their theoretical preparation and turn them out of this school far in advance of what has been accomplished heretofore.

We are still in the Middle Ages in educational matters. We load down our young men with a heavy weight of armor and tell them to go forth to the fray; to meet the men outside armed with repeating rifles. I feel that my training has been such as to enable me to arm our young men also with repeating rifles, so they will be equipped offensively as well as defensively.

I have been asked to state the motives that prompt me to resign from a lucrative position at a time when I am nearing the zenith of my professional career, when my income is and would be many times more than I can expect from this work. This is a difficult question to answer, for very few of us can analyze our own motives and be sure we are right, because self-deception is the most insidious form of error. Another thing that caused me to hesitate was the memory of that universal experience among Christians of mistaking our will for God's will.

But it began to appeal to me that in spite of the fact that there may seem to be a scrifice on my part, owing to financial and professional differences, in reality there is none. Years of scientific thought and work have not effaced that within that prompts "the search after the great, that is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood." However dormant it may be this spark is vital in every one. The heart swells to it at the most unexpected promptings, while our most intimate friends are ignorant of its existence. The material things of the world are the least, and who of us does not yearn for the greatest:

If it is within me, and my being were capable of the expansion, I had rather be Booker T. Washington, carrying out successfully an idea, dominating all factional sectional and racial differences, than to be chief engineer of the Panama Canal. But, above all, I "had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of God," if he calls me to the work. Do you call this sacrifice? Sacrifice of what?—The weights that hinder, that the soul may rise unfettered to do the bidding of its God.

Since my Christian experience began I have never cut out some desire of my own in response to an imperative call to duty but that with retrospective vision I have seen clearly that my reward was greater than if I had carried out my own wishes. In fact, I now consider this would be another promotion in my life's work.

Above all, I realize that "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south, but God is the Judge; He putteth down one and setteth up another." I consider this a work to exercise the genius of perseverance, strengthened with an unwavering faith, coupled with experience and understanding. Who could look for greater honor than to be given power and authority to develop Christian character, capable of directing the world's industrial work? This is not sacrifice, but reward.

We have now reached the period in the life of this undertaking when substantial results must materialize from our efforts. If this is a new birth, it must possess the three attributes of life—unity, continuity and adaptability. There must be an enthusiastic unanimity of purpose with its vivifying powers to give the essential force to all we may do.

If this is for the upbuilding of the Lord's kingdom, let us be unanimous in our support and put God to the test as he asks us to do. Let there be perseverance, that the continuity be unbroken, proving whether this idea be adapted to the growth of the Christian life—if the seed be sown in this ground, heretofore untilled.

The first thing to consider is, what stage have we reached in the life of this undertaking and into what has it developed?

Second. What is lacking and what are its further needs to put it into a condition, to give it the necessary power to utilize the present forces to carry out this idea?

Third. Have we the resources to supply what is needed, and if so, will we use them?

I should judge that an analytical tension at a time and occasion like this would not be conducive of the best practical results. Let the idea dominate and become coercive through comprehensive reaches. Then the lines of demarcation of its subdivisions will be laid down through the Board of Directors. Let this convention determine the forces from which the board will direct the resultant. Nevertheless, without going into an exhaustive consideration of the above questions, which at this time I am not prepared to give, I will suggest the answers briefly.

First. We have a building on which has been expended about six thousand dollars. A balance of about five hundred dollars is owing. One hundred dollars of this amount is promised from reliable sources, practically reducing the indebtedness to four hundred dollars, if we do not consider the amounts advanced and given by Brother Harwood. This latter must, of course, be taken into our accounts as soon as possible. We have a deed to twelve acres of land on which has been erected the present building. We have now three instructors, besides Dr. Harwood. The curriculum outlining their work is a combination of grammar

school, high school and what is called a business college. This has met all the requirements of the demands in the past. There are in attendance twenty-five scholars. The Institute is passing the period of childhood and is entering on that of adolescence, developing the nucleus for higher educational forms.

In answer to the second question the building is incomplete, the porches never having been built. The interior is still unfinished. It is heated by stoves, and the result is very unsatisfactory. Provision should be made for a heating plant. The present water supply is a well from which the water is carried by hand. The building should be plumbed and a pumping plant established. A laboratory is also needed. A boarding hall capable of accommodating about forty pupils should be erected at once. The gist of the whole thing is that it will require about eighteen or twenty thousand dollars for this work, about ten thousand dollars to complete and equip the building and the balance to erect and furnish the boarding hall.

These figures are of a very general nature, as I have not had the time to go over the details, but they are about what we should work to for the preparation for next year's opening in September.

I have been promised that the Institute will be supplied with all engineering instruments and equipments, together with all data of a practical nature from the Civil, Electrical and Mechanical departments of two railroad companies. The value of this acquisition alone will amount to thousands of dollars.

This is not a revolutionary idea, but a co-operative one of forces that have been working along diverging instead of converging lines. Consequently the curriculum must be along a different line from these heretofore preconceived. This is the most important consideration to be worked out by the board of directors and from the experience of men of wide educational knowledge, utilizing all that is best wherever it can be found. This requires immediate consideration, yet will take years to develop as we grow in wisdom and understanding. Fortunately, this is along the lines of our natural development; for it would be folly to attempt to attain our full stature at once and to now solicit students for the higher collegiate course. Still it must be in as far is possible thoroughly considered now, for the preparatory or foundation work must be planned to grow into that which is to come. We, of course, must have instructors. The buildings must be maintained and heated, so we must have a janitor and fuel, etc., etc., all of which will require money for current expenses. I would estimate these expenses for the coming year—1908-1909, at about six thousand dollars. This in an incipient way answers the second question as to what we are lacking and what I consider are our needs at this time to prepare for the real entering upon this work, which will properly commence one year from next September. It will require that time to mobilize our forces. We will then know what we want and will put implicit faith in the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive."

The third question is for you to answer.

There may be some hesitation in the minds of many, feeling that the time is not propitious in the life of this undertaking. Neglect now may stunt its growth. It is a child born unto us by the power of God, to stand for righteousness, and its growth must not be dwarfed by neglect.

Don't forget that no change has taken place in the physical conditions of the country. There is just as much money, or more, than there was a year ago. The crop prospects were never better, and "God is the same yesterday, today and forever." It is man alone who thinks that which does not exist, and as he is led so will he follow.

Let us then unanimously decide that the command, "Forward!" be given, and all opposition will give way to our advance.

I stand before you a plain man, limited in expression and faulty in utterance, but the spirit of the moment is upon me and I speak with prophetic authority that the seed sown today shall fructify and the harvest shall be power for the church and honor for God.

If I can put some touches of rosy sunshine into the life of any many or woman, then I feel that I have wrought with God.—George Macdonald.

A GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

One of the most vigorous and aggressive temperance meetings ever held in San Francisco was held last Monday morning at the lecture room of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. H. J. McCoy, the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, presided. There was on the platform Bishop Hamilton of San Francisco, Bishop Bell of the United Brethren, Bishop Walden of Cincinnati. The assembly was largely made up of ministers. The first speaker was Rev. E. R. Dille, D.D., of Central Church. We have heard him a good many times, but never did he more adequately represent the great temperance cause. The Rev. Father Carherer of the Roman Catholic Church was the next speaker. He was a regular storm center, a veritable cyclone, and literally swept the audience. He directed his attention to the dives, the dance halls and the theater-saloons in his part of the city. We wish the entire city government might have heard his arraignment of these dens of vice. He contended that something must be done to close up these places of infamy. The depression of economic values inevitably follows where the saloon prevails. His fine spirit and hearty fellowship made his address all the more effective. Dr. William Rader, the newly installed pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, made an excellent address. He is well known and highly esteemed in San Francisco. He emphasized the point that the saloons ought to pay the damage or close up. Rev. Father O'Ryan, at the head of the temperance movement among Catholic young men and boys, was next introduced and made a capital speech. His work is among the members of the "League of the Cross." He contended with much force and genuine, luminous eloquence that the saloon was tolerated because the people were too apathetic to close it out. They sold their birthright for sheer dollars and cents. It was a ringing address and was received with great satisfaction. It looks hopeful that all the temperance forces of Roman Catholic and Protestant are uniting for a great temperance struggle. Greeting from His Grace Archbishop Riordan was expressed by the chairman, Mr. McCoy, and the meeting closed with a glorious wave of enthusiasm. Mr. Gilchrist submitted the question of local township option and it was carried unanimously. The Great Temperance Assembly is on next week at the corner of Devisadero and Sacramento Sts., March 17 to 19. Judge Artman, the author of the famous decision that the liquor business is an outlaw and has no inherent rights that society is bound to respect, will be one of the chief speakers.

CLEVELAND'S AWFUL SORROW.

One of the saddest of all sad accidents was the burning last week of the school house in Cleveland, Ohio. One hundred and sixty-four children were burned or trampled to death in the attempt to escape. It seems almost an unspeakable pity that there should not be land enough in every city to educate the children on the ground floor. The idea of putting hundreds of children in floors one above another. The building is said to have been fire-proof and but for the failure of getting open the double doors all could have escaped. This sad accident should be notice to all school trustees to look into the situation and prepare for the worst at any moment. There should be abundance of doorway room. The fire-drill is of no avail when, as in this case, only one way out was possible and that was filled with smoke and flames. The fatality and horror were dreadful to contemplate.

THE HOME

A CHANGE OF THINKING.

Never mind a change of scene—
  Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
  What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
  Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
  Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
  Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
  Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
  Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gaily at your door—
  Surest cure for fretting.

Needn't fool yourself at all,
  For there's no denying
E'en above a prison wall
  Song birds are a-flying.
Wherefore hearken to the song,
  Never mind the prison,
And you'll find your soul ere long
  Unto freedom risen.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

THE DEAREST AGE.

"At what age do you think you have loved your son most dearly?" This question a friend asked me not long ago, and I was a little surprised to find I could not answer it; but, making some off-hand reply, I came home to think it out. The long, weary waiting is relieved by preparing for the arrival of the little stranger; then from the valley of the shadow of death comes the "Thank God" from the soul of a new mother; the thankful prayer that floats straight heavenward, a solemn acknowledgment of a dearly-bought gift. I shall never forget my first hours of motherhood—a strange, uplifted feeling as though I beheld a vision denied to others, and when my mother placed my wee son in my arms, a delighted sense of possession—completion—seemed fulfilled. A feeling of wild joy took possession of me, and I could not understand how the rest of the family could go quietly to bed as usual, telling me to "sleep and rest." Rest! with such a new-born treasure and his whole future to think out. Well, they might "rest," but as for me, I was too near heaven and was dazzled by its glorious light. Then followed the days when we were growing tenderly used to each other, slowly forging the links of the chain called eternity. The most perfect of earthly love, it asks little and gives all. Surely this period seemed dearest, when his very life depended on my nourishing it.

Then came those few first steps, guided by my hand, little fingers full of mischief, thinking everything was made to eat, thus causing endless anxieties for his mother; yet those first steps and first words, how dear they are! Then the first trousers, with their fine, big pockets, and the pride with which he dons them to show us he is a big boy now. Then the sacrifice of curls, which have been such a pleasant care and pride to the mother. They are put away in a box with other baby things, to be treasured, and perhaps a strav tear may fall on their golden glory, just a memory, you know; and the budding boy is dear to me, with his boyish aches and injuries, his raids on my cake box.

Then the awkward boy of twelve to seventeen, ill at ease, bashful, waking to all the mysteries of life; he must be answered truthfully, with the wish that he may see life in its purest and most natural way, developing his ideals, not crushing them, leading, yet following him through this difficult period. This, our last and greatest opportunity to prepare him for the world, wherein he must stand or fall according to the character which we have tried to develop and help him form It is a sweet, anxious time for mother and child. Oh, how dear he is!

Then comes love's awakening, and marriage. Mother has a welcome for the bride, and tries to be happy in his happiness; but that queer little pain way down in her heart will throb and ache for the little confidences and attentions that once were all hers. Still, it is right so; and his success in life, his children, his wife, are dearly loved, and he is so dear to me.

There will come a day when I am called to prepare for a long journey, and one that I must travel alone; I know my boy will come to say goodby, and for the moment he will seem all ages merged in one, and with his hand in mine I will lead on to prepare the way.—Jeannette Young, in Good Housekeeping.

In the Century Magazine for March, how to be happy and prosperous on a "One-Acre Ranch"—prosperous in the sense of a comfortable living and a growing bank account—the actual experience of one city man in the Northwest is told by W. H. Kirkbride. There have been vague reports of the interesting healing work being carried on in Emmanuel Church, Boston; here is a sane, authoritative presentation of just what this remarkable work stands for, claims and is accomplishing, by the associate director of the class for the moral treatment of nervous disorders in Emmanuel Church. Of scarcely less interest in this number are two biographical sketches: a record of the last work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens by his son, with illustrations of the sculptor's later important creations; and a second essay by Helen Keller, even more of a revelation than the first article of this wonderful girl's wonderful gifts and accomplishments.

Young People

THE WAY TO WIN.

If ye'r goin' in a race,
  W'y, go in to win;
If you lose, it's no disgrace,
  Er no partic'lar sin;
You jest do yer level best,
An' jest run yer mightiest,
An' you may outstrip the rest—
  Anyway, try hard to win!

If ye'r in a race
  Don't begin to brag;
Only find yer proper place
  An' 'nen don't lag;

If you brag yer wastin' breath
That you'll need fer runnin' with;
Let the others waste their breath—
Let the others lag!

If ye'r goin' in a race—
Stick right there;
If you kin, w'y, set the pace,
But do it fair;
If to win you have to cheat
Let the other feller beat;
Dishonest victory's defeat—
Run with care!

—D. E. Matson.

THE BAG-OF-BEANS TEST.

"Very well," remarked Mr. Henry Thurston, looking up from his desk, where he was just signing a check. "So they've passed the punctual and dishonesty tests! Now try them on the bag of beans. A fellow will never make a success in our business if he gets cross and shows temper over trifling mishaps and unavoidable accidents. And one is always meeting with just such annoyances in work of this kind. The one who proves himself good-natured at the bursting of the bag—if either does—may be told that he is engaged at seven dollars a week."

Mr. Thurston paused and took up his pen.

"Wait a minute," quickly, after a moment's reflection. "Be sure there's enough water on the counter to thoroughly wet the bottom of the bags. Then, too, try one of them this afternoon, and the other at the same time tomorrow. It might hardly be a fair test of their dispositions to make use of it on either of the two boys in the morning. One sort of feels better-natured then, you know, anyway!"

Mr. Nelson, head clerk in the big wholesale and retail establishment of Thurston & Lincoln, left the comfortably furnished office of the firm and went back to the busy delivery department.

There were three qualifications which the head of the establishment insisted that each employee of the company should possess and strictly live up to. These were honesty, punctuality and wholesome good nature. Boys had been known to lose their positions there, owing to their getting angry over mere trifles. Mr. Thurston felt that a boy's usefulness to the firm depended on an unruffled disposition quite as much as it did on punctuality and honesty!

The constant growth and enlargement of Thurston & Lincoln's business made it necessary, from time to time, to increase their working force accordingly. And it was the custom of the company to promote, at such times, the men and boys already in their employ, leaving to be filled by the new hands only the "bottom down" places, as the clerks characteristically called them.

One of the men had just now been sent out on the road as a traveling salesman—the firm did a large wholesale business—causing, after a re-arrangement of the force, a vacancy in the delivery department.

Harold Stephenson and his cousin, Willis Fuller, had both applied for the position, and they, of all the many applicants, had passed the punctuality and honesty tests; and now it lay between the two boys as to which one would be successful in obtaining the desired situation.

Thurston & Lincoln had the reputation of being the most desirable firm with which to hold a job, in the large and thriving village of Muncie.

"I s'pose it's selfish—I admit it—but I hope old man Thurston will give me the place," declared Harold Stephenson, with an air of careless disrespect. He was talking with Willis over their prospects, the evening before the first bag-of-beans test. "Of course I'd like for you to have it, too; but you wouldn't mind losing it as much as I would. This probation 'stunt' of his—I don't imagine Mr. Lincoln has anything to do with it—is a queer wrinkle! I call it a piece of downright foolishness; I don't know how you regard it."

"It gives them a chance to find out whether they want a fellow or not," replied Willis, considerately. "For my part, I think it's a pretty good scheme. Of course it keeps a fellow in suspense—and all that!"

"Which one of us do you s'pose will 'land' the job, anyhow? Give us your opinion," and Harold picked up a chip and began whittling aimlessly.

"I haven't the least idea—but **one** of us! And I'm rather proud that **we've** been singled out from all the fellows who've made application; there were twenty, at least, that applied for the place!"

"More'n that," exclaimed Harold.

"Not **very** many more! And if they give it to you, I stand a show of getting the next place when a vacancy occurs. I won't be disappointed, though; I don't very well see how I could if you get it."

"I've been trying hard enough," and Harold put up his jack-knife. "After I'm once sure of the job, you bet your life I won't be as painstaking over every little thing as I've been this week! It's just killing on a fellow to be so punctual, and all that kind of nonsense—a person couldn't stand it long!"

"He'd have to, while he worked for Thurston & Lincoln," remarked Willis quietly. "And it's no more'n right he should!"

"Well, **you** can if you get the place. You'd be a fool, though!"

The two boys, while closely related, were entirely different in disposition and temperament. Harold's character was well described by their Uncle Thomas as being one of "fits and starts." Willis, though not so smart in many ways, was a steady-going, earnest fellow, always "making good the responsibilities laid upon him.

Willis Fuller was sent out with one of the delivery wagons the next afternoon—the afternoon of the first bag-of-beans test, it being the purpose to have him absent from the store at the time of Harold's trial.

A four-quart bag of beans had been left on the counter in one end of the store, placed as though by accident in a small amount of water.

Harold was helping one of the clerks put up an order for the afternoon's delivery, where he was overseeing the loading of a wagon just about to start out. "I wish, Stephenson, you'd bring over here that bag of beans you'll find on the north counter."

"All right, sir!" and Harold left his work and hurried over for the beans. As he hastily caught up the bag the bottom suddenly came out, scattering its contents over the floor and under the near-by boxes and barrels.

"Confound the luck!" exclaimed Harold, his face flushing a deep red. "**Some** one's a precious, pretty fool, slopping water round in that way!" and he savagely kicked an unoffending peck measure that lay on

the floor beside him back under the counter.

"I've spilled them—**everywhere!**" he called angrily across the store to Mr. Nelson. "The team will have to go without them, or have another order put up. 'Twill take me till doomsday getting them all off the floor again!"

"I'm afraid **he** won't do," reflected the head clerk; and as he glanced over toward the other end of the room he saw Mr. Thurston silently standing in his office door.

Mr. Thurston, of course, made no comment, and after watching Harold for a moment, as he began angrily to gather up the beans, he quietly closed the door and went back to his desk.

"I'm glad it's going to be decided soon," remarked Harold, as the two boys were walking home from the store that evening. "Mr. Nelson says we'll know tomorrow, and if I'm not going to have the place, I don't want to be fooling away **my** time trying to please old man Thurston and his crowd! I saw him watching me while I was picking up a bag of beans I spilled today. I s'pose he wanted to see how fast I could work—but I didn't hurt myself. It doesn't pay!"

"He seems to me like a mighty fine person to work for; and Mr. Nelson's just a **peach** of a man!" exclaimed Willis enthusiastically. "It's queer you feel as you do. For my part, I don't wonder so many folks apply for the place when there's a vacancy there!"

"Oh, well, it's good enough, I suppose," returned Harold. "I kind of think they like me; they ought to —I've given them a square deal!"

It was in the middle of the afternoon the next day when Mr. Nelson asked Willis to carry the bag of beans he'd find on the cereal counter to Freeman Baker, who was just then checking off an order for a down-town restaurant. He hurriedly took up the bag, when out dropped the beans, falling in reckless confusion on the store floor.

"I'm afraid I've done it now, Mr. Nelson," called Willis quickly. "You'll think I'm a blunderer; but it won't take long to gather them up again. I might as well laugh as cry," cheerfully. "I'll have them off the floor in a little while, and I'll work all the harder afterwards."

"That's the kind of a fellow to have!" Mr. Thurston went back to his work in the office—Willis hadn't seen him standing in the partly open door.

"I don't understand why they gave **you** the place!" declared Harold gloomily, as Willis joined him that evening outside the store door. "I've actually **slaved** for a week for them; never tried harder in my life to please—and this is what I get for it!"

"I really expected they **would** give you the job," replied Willis generously. "And I don't see why they didn't!"

But Mr. Thurston did; and his reason was based on the result of his bag-of-beans test!—Alfred F. Caldwell.

MANILA'S DISGRACE.

The Evangelical Union in Manila has cabled Dr. Homer C. Stuntz that the public park, known as the "Wallace Field," was recently a scene of disgraceful cock-pit gambling, in which the government not only gave permission, but actually inaugurated and protected and shared in the profits of the nefarious scheme. This is strangely inconsistent when it is remembered that a little more than two years ago Governor H. C. Ide suppressed the cock-pit gambling carried on by the "Jockey Club" and other disreputable organizations. It is an unspeakable pity that the government of the United States should be compromised in this fashion. The idea of gambling, the low cock-pit sort, being carried on under the auspices of the government and the government being implicated further by sharing in the proceeds, is a miserable shame. There should be a thorough investigation of these charges and the guilty agents of the government should be, if found guilty, summarily dismissed. Every reform association in America should insist that the government shall vindicate itself in this matter. We have no doubt but that President Roosevelt will take up the case at once. We may pity and overlook many moral delinquencies in the native Filipino, but there is positively no excuse for the governor of the Philippines to appear at the side of the cock-pit annulling and defying the laws of God and man and dragging down the standard of decency to the level of such heathenism.

PROHIBITION PROMOTES FALSEHOOD.

When the liquor dealers were brought to the bar of public opinion and arraigned before the House Committee on Judiciary by the representatives of the churches, the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, they had nothing to say except that prohibition in Maine, in Kansas, and in the Dakotas had been a dismal failure and their only solicitude was for the welfare of the prohibition movement. It was not to promote the interests of the liquor business that kept them awake at night. They felt that it would be too bad to have the whole country go prohibition and thereby increase the sales of liquor enormously. While it is true that as the liquor trade recedes the shoe trade for women and children increases, as in Kansas City, Kansas, yet prohibition does not prohibit. Prohibition causes thousands of liquor dealers to make false statements. That is, prohibition compels liquor dealers to state falsely that prohibition does not prohibit. Any enactment which compels any considerable number of citizens to falsify is a bad law. Prohibition is therefore a bad law. Sunday laws are bad laws because people will break them. This is the same old excuse. It was known before the flood.

"FOR JESUS SAKE."

"For My sake" press with loving patience onward,
Although the race be hard, the battle long;
Within thy Father's house are any mansions,
There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

"For My sake," let the harsh word die unuttered
That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;
"For My sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling
Which rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

Three little words, but full of tenderest meaning;
Three little words the heart can scarcely hold;
Three little words, but on their import dwelling
What wealth of boundless love do they unfold!

"For My sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy;
On earth this was My work; I give it thee;
If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps,
Take up thy cross and meekly learn of Me.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If "for My sake" thou suffer pain or loss,
Bear on, faint heart, thy Master went before thee,
They only wear His crown who share His cross.

—Selected.

BOASTING OF RUIN.

W. D. Storey.

The liquor interests are spreading broadcast in circulars and advertisements a statement showing that immense sums of money are annually expended in the purchase of grain and other material entering into the manufacture of intoxicating beverages, and that several millions of laborers are directly or indirectly dependent upon that business for a living. On the face of it, the showing is startling and almost staggering. Its design is to show how much the nation is indebted to the men engaged in the liquor business, and doubtless some superficial thinkers, even among temperance men feel discouraged, as they stand in the presence of the huge mountain of statistics from whose summit the fat brewers and distillers are huskily crowing.

But, rightly considered, this triumphant showing is the most conclusive and terrific indictment of the liquor business that has been presented to the tribunal of public opinion in a long time. More than any other thing it should convince the public mind that that business is truly infernal, and should arouse the public conscience to determine upon its extirpation.

Let us see if this is not strictly true. All the leading writers upon the science of Political Economy, or, in other words, the science of national wealth, lay down, substantially, as one of the main foundations of their conclusions the proposition that consumption should be productive; that is, that the true value of any article produced, is to be tested by asking whether or not its consumption or use tends to increase the aggregate sum of the commonwealth. Let us rigidly apply this universally admitted principle to the subject under discussion. The product of all the vast machinery of men, money and material to which the liquor men point with pride, is simply the aggregate amount of intoxicating liquor which is made ready for the drinkers of it. Those drinkers are the consumers of the commodity produced by the liquor makers and brought to them by the liquor retailers. Is the consumption of this liquor a "productive consumption," as those words are used by political economists? Are the drinkers of that liquor rendered by it more able to contribute to the aggregate wealth of the nation, than they were before drinking it? Every candid man must answer these questions in the negative. He must go further, and declare that not only is the consumption of liquor non-productive of national wealth, but is in the highest degree destructive of that wealth. The well nigh universal testimony of the most eminent statesmen, jurists, sociologists, physicians and captains of industry, to say nothing in the moral and religious world, declares that the man who drinks intoxicating liquor is thereby in some degree incapacitated to produce wealth. He is less able to contribute to the common wealth of the nation than he was before he drank the liquor. I need not enlarge upon this proposition. It stands today as fully demonstrated in the minds of all candid thinkers, who have examined the subject, as is any axiom of science or common experience.

What does this mean? Why simply that the many millions of money and the multitudes of laborers engaged in the liquor business are producing an article that is inevitably decreasing the aggregate wealth of the country. Surely that is not a feat to boast about. The instigators of the circulars referred to are really brazenly boasting of the ruin they are bringing upon the country. The larger the figures are of which they boast, the more plainly does it appear that their authors are public enemies, considered from the standpoint of true political economy.

Some suggestions by way of illustration: If it were certain that all liquor produced would be destroyed by fire, or thrown into the sea, the liquor men themselves would claim that there was a vast loss of national assets, and that the business was unprofitable. But such destruction would be more profitable to the nation than is the present destruction, physical, mental and moral of its men and women who constitute the true wealth of a nation and are the real foundation of its permanent prosperity.

What would a farmer think of a neighbor who distilled half of the grain grown on his farm into whiskey, and destroyed half of his children with it? Would it be a good stroke of business? Apply the same reasoning to Uncle Sam and his national family. If, as contended for by the big brewers and distillers, it is good business for Uncle Sam to permit ten or a hundred millions worth of material to make into stuff that kills 100,000 of his boys and degrades and weakens 100,000 more of them, every year, why would it not be a better stroke of business for him to devote half of the grain grown on his big farm and half the aggregate value of the other constituents of whiskey raised by him, and employ half of all his laborers, in the work of corrupting, degrading and demoralizing the other half? How long would it take to make a nation prosperous at that rate?

To illustrate the difference between the destructive consumption above outlined, and the "productive consumption," commended by political economists, let us suppose that the money, men and material set forth in the liquor circular, were used in the production of denatured alcohol, of a market value equal to that of the alcohol before the devil was taken out of it. Such market value may be put at not less less than fourteen hundred millions of dollars, which is what it cost the drinkers of alcoholic beverages in this country last year for the product of the patriotic liquor barons. The imagination can with difficulty conceive of the multifarious benefits which would accrue to the great mass of the people if that vast sum were expended in the purchase and use of denatured alcohol. I need not specify the thousand useful purposes that it could be applied to, and in each of which its consumption would act as a producer and increaser of the nation's aggregate wealth, as well as the wealth of its individual owners and users.

In their self-glorifying and self-convicting circular the liquor barons pose as public benefactors, and boast of the vast sum contributed by them to run the business and support the government of the country. This is the essence of brazen assurance. They do not contribute one dollar for such purposes. Every cent of the private revenue gathered by them in their nation-destroying business and every cent extorted from them by the public revenue officials at the point of a threatened prosecution for failure to perform a duty which they often fradulently fail to fulfil, comes out of the pockets of the deluded dupes who drink the vile stuff that they so patriotically pour upon a long-suffering public. When we remember that the most of those dupes are comparatively poor men, the sublime insolence of these self-styled philanthropists stands out in all its unmitigated deformity.

The fraudulent circular should nerve every true American to redoubled efforts to rescue his flag from the befouling harpies who are trying to make the people believe that they are protecting it in the folds of their death-dealing wings.

My views of the economic waste involved in the liquor business are similar to those expressed by the founder of Stanford University in the following extract from his letter published by President David Starr Jordan:

"Now, in this institution I desire that the students shall be made to appreciate the evil consequences of intemperance and its economic consequences. There are probably in California today more adult males engaged in selling distilled liquors than in tilling the soil, and I am satisfied that, taking the country at large, what with the waste of time of the numbers of people engaged in the selling and the consequent waste by the consumers, there is a loss to the country in general fully equal to 25 per cent of the power of production."

RELATIONS BETWEEN JAPAN AND AMERICA.

The Rev. Mr. Loomis, the American Bible Society's Agent in Japan sends the following significant communication bearing on the relations between Japan and America.

The following resolutions have been signed by 110 of the most prominent male missionaries, representing more than twenty American Christian organizations and residing in all sections of this empire:

"While we, as missionaries, have nothing to do with questions of national economics and international politics, yet in matters affecting the mutual good will of nations, we, as messengers of God's universal Fatherhood are peculiarly interested, and, as Americans now residing in Japan, we feel bound to do all that is in our power to remove misunderstandings and suspicions which are tending to interrupt the long-standing friendship between this nation and our own.

"Hence, we, the undersigned, wish to bear testimony to the sobriety, sense of international justice, and freedom from aggressive designs exhibited by the great majority of the Japanese people, and to their faith in the traditional

justice and equity of the United States. Moreover, we desire to place on record our profound appreciation of the kind treatment which we experience at the hands of both government and people; our belief that the alleged 'belligerent attitude' of the Japanese does not represent the real sentiments of the nation; and our ardent hope that local and spasmodic misunderstandings may not be allowed to affect in the slightest degree the natural and historic friendship of the two neighbors on opposite sides of the Pacific.

"With entire confidence in the wisdom and justice of the Japanese and American governments in dealing with the causes of irritation between citizens of the two countries, we earnestly pray that their efforts to maintain peace and good will may be supported by all patriotic citizens and may be crowned with success."

THE SILENT LIFE.

For one, I know of nothing on earth so sweetly hallowed, so exquisitely sacred, as the silent life of a little child; nothing which so directly and without the medium of any consciously intellectual process assures us of the being of God by bringing upon the spirit the hush of His over-shadowing presence. It was for those silent beatitudes which come only in answer to prayer that those far-seeing mothers who brought their little ones to Jesus, came asking that He would "lay His hands on them and pray."

The record is not that Jesus loved and prayed for little children as a class, but that He took them in His arms, one by one, He blessed them. He was careful to individualize even little children; He said, "This little child." By so doing and saying He but repeated what was done and said, when His own mother having brought Him to the temple to do for Him after the manner of law, the devout Simeon took Him in his arms and said, "This child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel."

Nor of little children only is it true, this personalizing by prayer. This silent life, this deep, ineradicable consciousness of his affinity with the unseen Creator and the unending hereafter, is that which more than aught else individualizes each and every man both to himself and to God; which assures him that he is more than an inconsiderable fraction, more than an undistinguishable atom of some huge, agglutinated mass; that he is, instead, a distinct personal unit; a separate, whole, responsible member of the family and Kingdom of God; as surely, as completely so, as though he were the only child of the family, the sole subject of that divine Kingdom.

After the fight at Chattanooga those who were sent to bury the slain are said to have come upon a dead Union boy in a sitting posture—his back against a tree and in his lap a pocket-Bible lying open at the twenty-third Psalm. How, on the instant, does this one young man change for us the whole aspect of that battlefield! Before the battle we were thinking of the opposing armies only as two great wholes, as but two terribly destructive machines—the sole question at issue being which of the two were the more likely to out-match, out-fight, and out-destroy the other. But how completely is the whole struggling mass now resolved into distinct and rounded personalities; how flashed upon us the conviction that amid all the roar, confusion and carnage of battle, each soldier stands just as clearly apart to the All-seeing Eye as in the stillness and solitariness of the closet of secret prayer. How blessedly real it makes for us the fact of a close, personal relationship to Christ, and the possibility that this relationship may be for each and every soul a union of intimate confidence; of sweet and indissoluble affection. How it raises us above the dreary monotony of all commonest things, lifting each soul to the sacredness of individual fellowship with the one all-comforting Spirit. Instead of the noun of multitude, "mankind," so cheerless in its vagueness and generality, how it gives us, in its stead, the warm, loving personality, giving us to Christ by our names and giving Christ by all His appropriate names to us; inviting us whenever we will to turn away from all the neglects, injustices, envies and cruelties of the world, and with the upward glance of the loving child's confidence to say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me by the still waters. He restoreth my soul. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The Bible is, in this respect, just such a book as we might expect it to be, if it be indeed a message from God to us His children.—Through the Sieve by Addison Ballard.

GRANDMA'S NEW GAME.

"Grandma, will you give Archie a lunch pretty soon? He wouldn't eat a crumb at breakfast," said mamma.

"Yes," grandma answered, "I'll attend to him."

After a while she went out into the back kitchen where she found him rigging his boat.

"Come and get a lunch, Archie," she called.

The boy looked up and answered, "Can't, grandma; this ship has to sail for Cuba tomorrow morning, and her rigging isn't in shape yet. Haven't time to eat, and don't want anything, anyway."

Grandma went away, but after a while she came to the door and looked in.

"I've thought of a nice game for you," she said.

"All right, I'll come," said Archie; and laying his boat aside, he came running to the door. "What is the game, grandma? No, I don't want anything to eat!" he exclaimed, as she came out of the pantry with a plate.

"Do you remember the poor man who came to the door the other day and asked for some breakfast?" she said.

"Oh, yes; and he sat down on the steps and ate it. Wasn't it queer?"

"How would you like to play you are a poor, hungry boy, and come begging for some food?"

"All right; shut the door, grandma."

Presently there came a knock on the door, and when it was opened a doleful voice said:

"Please, lady, I'm dreadful hungry. It's been most two weeks, I guess, since I had anything to eat."

"What would you like?" asked grandma, trying hard not to smile.

"Oh, anything that's handy. I like cream puffs best."

"I guess I'll fix a sandwich for you. Will you come in and eat it?"

"Why, no, grandma," cried Archie, forgetting himself; "don't you know they always eat it outdoors?" Then, remembering, he added, "Thank you, lady, my shoes are not clean. I'll eat it out here."

So he sat and kicked his heels against the steps and ate the sandwich to the very last crumb. Then grandma brought out a glass of milk, which he drank; and then, pulling off his cap, he said, "Thank you, lady; I've had a good square meal. I shall call here again the next time I come around." And he ran off to finish his boat.—Exchange.

WHAT THE SPIRIT OF SUNSHINE MEANS.

"How's business, Eben?"

The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.

"Fine, Marthy, fine."

"Does the store look just the same? Land, how I'd like to be there again with the sun shining in so bright! How does it look, Eben?"

"The store's never been the same since you left it, Marthy." A faint flush came into Martha's cheeks. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's praise!

For years Eben and Martha had kept a tiny notion store, but one day Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong again—never more be partner in the happy little store.

"I can't help hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one afternoon. "If I take it real careful I think I can get down there. 'Tisn't so far."

It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Not far from her on the pavement stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck. On this tray were arranged a few cards of collar-buttons, some papers of pins, and several bundles of shoelaces. In a trembling voice he called his wares.

Martha leaned for support against the wall of a building near by. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit. Then she understood. The store had gone to pay her hospital expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her weak limbs would carry her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find it out!" she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept it a secret from me, and now I'll keep it a secret from him. He shan't ever know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked cheerily the old question:

"How's business, Eben?"

"Better'n ever, Marthy," was the cheery answer, and Martha prayed God might bless him for his sunshiny spirit and love of her.—Selected.

THE SKY THAT WENT ALONG.

Death had taken the father, and the mother with her little boy was leaving the old home. They had walked a long and weary way. The dear familiar sights had long been left behind, and they were amid new and strange surroundings. Suddenly the boy looked up and noticed the sky was the same—the same lovely blue, the same fleecy clouds. "Mamma," he exclaimed, "the sky goes along with us."

Happy little philosopher! Constantly in life's journey we are leaving familiar scenes and associations behind us. Well for us that God's overarching sky, with its blue canopy by day and starlit dome by night, goes along with us. And there is so much of it.

There was another boy, born in the slums of a great city, his home a dark room in a tenement house in a narrow alley. It was not his to know the green fields, the daisies in the meadow, the cool brooks or the whispering trees. Even the sky was to him a tiny patch seen through the encroaching fronts of rickety houses in a dingy street. One day, through some kind providence, the boy found himself in "God's out-of-doors." With shining face and wide open eyes he cried out: "Why, how much sky there is!"

Yes, there is a great deal of sky for those who will look up.—Jesse S. Gilbert.

Family Anniversaries.

Thanksgiving and Christmas, wedding-days and birthdays, are occasions which should never be neglected in the life of the family. Even though the married children go far from the early home, living in widely separated neighborhoods, they should make an effort to get together at stated intervals, and as long as their parents live, the old home, with its dear memories, should draw them like a magnet to its hearth. Little cousins ought to know one another, and be acquainted as brothers and sisters are. When long trips across the continent involve too great an expense for frequent visits, there is always the letter-box on the street corner, or the rural free delivery, and the post may be trusted to carry love messages safely from Maine to California, or around the circuit of the globe. How the mother at home watches for tidings from her married children, and how she grieves when for weeks and months she never receives a word, and feels that she has dropped out of the daily lives of those for whom she toiled and saved years ago. Do you owe your mother a letter or a visit or a gift, you who are far away from her now? Do not let the sun go down until you pay that debt of love. Do not forget that although we may have many friends, we can have but one mother, and that no friend can be quite so intimate as she. —Margaret E. Sangster, Woman's Home Companion.

THE MAJESTY OF CALMNESS.

Calmness is the rarest quality in human life. It is the poise of a great nature, in harmony with itself and its ideals. It is the moral atmosphere of a life self-centered, self-reliant, and self-controlled. Calmness is singleness of purpose, absolute confidence, and conscious power,—ready to be focused in an instant to meet any crisis.

The Sphinx is not a true type of calmness,—petrification is not calmness; it is death, the silencing of all the energies; while no one lives his life more fully, more intensely and more consciously than the man who is calm.

The Fatalist is not calm. He is the coward slave of his environment, hopelessly surrendering to his present condition, recklessly indifferent to his future. He accepts his life as a rudderless ship, drifting on the ocean of time. He has no compass, no chart, no known port to which he is sailing. His self-confessed inferiority to all nature is shown in his existence of constant surrender. It is not,—calmness.

The man who is calm has his course in life clearly marked on the chart. His hand is ever on the helm. Storm, fog, night, tempest, danger, hidden reefs,—he is ever prepared and ready for them. He is made calm and serene by the realization that in these crises of his voyage he needs a clear mind and a cool head; that he has naught to do but to do each day the best he can by the light he has; that he will never flinch nor falter for a moment; that, though he may have to tack and leave his course for a time, he will never drift, he will get back into the true channel, he will keep ever headed toward his harbor. When he will reach it, how he will reach it, matters not to him. He rests in calmness, knowing he has done his best. If his best seem to be overthrown or overruled, then he must still bow his head, —in calmness. To no man is permitted to know the future of his life, the finality. God commits to man ever only new beginnings, new wisdom, and new days to use the best of his knowledge.

Calmness comes ever from within. It is the peace and restfulness of the depths of our nature. The fury of storm and of wind agitate only the surface of the sea; they can penetrate only two or three hundred feet,—below that is the calm, unruffled deep. To be ready for the great crises of life we must learn serenity is our daily living. Calmness is the crown of self-control.

When the worries and cares of the day fret you, and begin to wear upon you, and you chafe under the friction,—be calm. Stop, rest for a moment, and let calmness and peace assert themselves. If you let these irritating outside influences get the better of you, you are confessing your inferiority to them, by permitting them to dominate you. Study the disturbing elements, each by itself, bring all the will power of your nature to bear upon them, and you will find that they will, one by one, melt into nothingness, like vapors fading before the sun. The glow of calmness that will then pervade your mind, the tingling sensation of an inflow of new strength, may be to you the beginning of the revelation of the supreme calmness that is possible for you. Then, in some great hour of your life, when you stand face to face with some awful trial, when the structure of your ambition and life-work crumbles in a moment, you will be brave. You can then fold your arms calmly, look out undismayed and undaunted upon the ashes of your hope, upon the wreck of what you have faithfully built, and with brave heart and unfaltering voice you may say: "So let it be,—I will build again."

The man who is calm does not selfishly isolate himself from the world, for he is intensely interested in all that concerns the welfare of humanity. His calmness is but a Holy of Holies into which he can retire from the world to get strength to live in the world. He realizes that the full glory of individuality, the crowning of his self-control is,—the majesty of calmness.—From "The Majesty of Calmness," by William G. Jordan.

THE WEAKNESS OF OUR STRENGTH

There are times when man's own greatest strength counts for nothing. Though he may summon every ounce of energy and power and resistance that he has, he feels things going against him so surely that he knows that here there can be but one end. Those are the times when God longs to help, and when he can help if man will let him. Then that which was stronger than all the powers of man is turned aside by the slightest touch of the power of God. Whether it was temptation or illness, or financial pressure, or any other disaster that threatened, the least hint of God's presence counts more in averting the danger than all concentrated resources of the man. For "the weakness of God is stronger than men," wrote one whose own personal strength and force of will were as far beyond the average man's as was his working knowledge of God's resources. Paul had learned to value his own prodigious strength apart from God at its true worthlessness; and he had come to realize that the least particle of God's power outweighed all the forces of the world and the devil.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

HAVE CHARITY.

Then gently scan your brother man,
  Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang
  To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
  The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
  How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
  Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
  Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
  We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
  But know not what's resisted.

—Robert Burns.

Throughout the year, why not keep sweet? No frown ever made a heart glad; no complaint ever made a dark day bright; no bitter word ever lightened a burden or made a rough road smooth; no grumbling ever introduced sunshine into a home. What the world needs is the resolute step, the look of cheer, the smiling countenance, and the kindly word. Keep sweet!—George L. Perin.

The usual Lenten meetings will be held this year in the assembly room of the Merchants' Exchange Bldg., second floor, northwest corner of the building, commencing March 4th and continuing for forty days. A short service and an address may be expected each business day at 12:15, the meeting lasting just thirty minutes, no longer. The central location, California St., corner of Leidesdorf, will be convenient to a large number of people. Those in charge of the meetings commend them to the attention of business men and clerks as the speakers will be earnest men, competent to interest and lead people nearer to Jesus Christ. There will be hearty singing and a practical talk every day. Efforts are being made to have all pulpits informed of these meetings, as the list of speakers are made up from men of all denominations. Among the speakers are Bishop John W. Hamilton, Bishop Moreland, Revs. George C. Adams, William Rader, Charles R. Brown, Geo. W. White, Ernest E. Baker, E. R. Dille, F. W. Clampett, Bishop Nichols. The work is under the auspices of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew of the Episcopal Church.

This episode has a cheering lesson: At the Jamestown exposition there was a convention of the governors of the states. The governor of New Jersey found that the chief executives of the two Carolinas had never met, and introduced them to each other. He then said: "Well, gentlemen, I am waiting," and when asked what he meant replied: "Is it not expected that the governor of North Carolina shall say to the governor of South Carolina, 'Is it not a long time between drinks?' " To the surprise of the New Jersey governor, both of the southern governors told him that not only were they in favor of prohibition, but personally they were total abstainers.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

THE NEW UMBRELLA.

Oh, Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She walked abroad like any queen.
  She held it proudly for display,
Admired its handle, stroked its sheen,
  And never little girl more gay.

Dear Ella!
Such a wee umbrella!
One day upon the market-place
  I met her; dripping were her curls.
She looked despite her sunny face,
  The most forlorn of little girls.

"Why, Ella!
Where's your new umbrella?"
Said I, "the storm has drenched your hair!
  Just see your frock! just see your hat!
And what is this you hug with care!—
  A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?"

Oh, Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She looked at me and shyly spoke,
  The raindrops pelting on her yet:
"I have it here beneath my cloak,
  Because, you see, it might get wet!"

—Agnes Lee.

Your winter trip

made comfortable
by the

Sunset Route

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars—Dining service the best—Parlor observation car—Library—Cafe—Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans with New Orleans-New York Steamship Co.'s steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket Offices:

884 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.

Fourteenth and Franklin Sts.
Oakland, Cal.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.
Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE
DEALERS IN
PAPER
1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Craig Desk Company
Full Assortment of
OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS
Lowest Prices.
46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

FERRY'S SEEDS



For freshness, purity and reliability, Ferry's Seeds are in a class by themselves. Farmers have confidence in them because they know they can be relied upon. Don't experiment with cheap seeds—your surety lies in buying seeds sent out by a conscientious and trustworthy house.
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908 is FREE. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

University Library
30jun05

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., March 19, 1908. No. 12.

JUST THIS DAY.

"Just this day in all I do,
To be true;
Little loaf takes little leaven,
Duty for this day, not seven,
That is all of earth and heaven,
If we knew.

Oh, how needlessly we gaze
Down the days,
Troubled for next week, next vear,
Overlooking now and here.
'Heart, the only sure is near,'
Wisdom says.

Step by step, and day by day,
All the way.
So the pilgrim's soul wins through,
Find each morn the strength to do
All God asks for me or you—
This obey.'

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

A FAMOUS VICTORY IN OHIO.

Commenting on the county option temperance law passed recently by both branches of the Ohio legislature by big majorities, the Western Christian Advocate says: "Once more the church and the saloon have measured swords, and once more the church has downed its foe." With now and then an exception, the result need not be different anywhere. At first the saloon will win a few battles, here and there; but only for a time; ultimately a united, well-organized, aggressive church will win.

"For right is right, as God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

It is encouraging to note that in the Ohio house of representatives a city so large as Columbus could muster only two votes for the saloon, and Toledo only one. The liquor interests are reported to have fought from start to finish with a desperation akin to despair.

In view of this victory it is not surprising that a lover of his commonwealth should send forth a song entitled, "Ohio's Going Dry," to be sung to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which runs:

"The Buckeye State is merging from the regions of the wet;
She is giving liquor dealers a rebuke they'll not forget.
She will have a stainless banner floating o'er her people yet;
Ohio's going dry!"

DR. ABBOTT CONCERNING CAPITALISM.

Among the highly significant utterances at the last general convention of the Religious Education Association was that of Dr. Lyman Abbott concerning the passing of capitalism. In an address on "The Significance of the Present Moral Awakening of the Nation," Dr. Abbott said: "Capitalism, or the doctrine that the proceeds of labor all belong to the capitalist, provided he pays the laborer a fair wage, was born in the first half of the nineteenth century. I do not believe it will survive beyond the first half of the twentieth century."

Continuing, Dr. Abbott said: "In the complicated system of the present day nearly all of our industries are corporate industries. If a man made a shoe years ago the shoe was his. If three combine to make shoes, the capitalist, who owns the tools; the captain of industry, who directs the enterprise, and the laborer, who makes them, the question is to whom does the shoe belong?

"Man is man and should share in the fruits of his labors. The product of labor belongs to those who participate in the making of it. Earnings should be equally divided among capitalists, directors and laborers. The real labor question is how to effect an equitable division. I do not attempt to answer that question tonight, except to say that socialism is not the answer."

Dr. Abbott's reference to shoes, in way of illustration, recalls the statement which we heard made a few weeks ago that a man in the shoe business, a shoe merchant, in a small business center in Berkeley, having less than $3,000 capital and carrying only a small stock, had made $15,000 out of his business last year.

We are aware of the fact that a large proportion of the persons who go into business fail; but we are of opinion, nevertheless, that there must be worked out in the not far-distant future some system in which it will be possible for people to buy from the retailer at a less advance over what he pays the wholesaler than is now possible. Today in many instances the expense of bringing products from the producers to the consumer is too great; in other instances the middleman is making too much out of his business. There is no good reason why the consumer should pay the retailer from two to five times what the latter pays the wholesaler, except as to certain small articles. The general welfare demands a different system of trade, and it will come in time. With the world thickly populated not much can go on as it went on of old. We shall have more cooperation, and a more equitable division all around.

THE TORREY MEETINGS IN FRESNO.

We have word from the Rev. C. N. Queen of Fresno that the effect upon the churches of the meetings conducted in that city by Dr. Torrey was wholesome, and that they are being considerably strengthened. There were 911 converts—at least that number of persons signed cards and expressed a desire to lead a Christian life. Of this number 96 were men over eighteen years old, and 88 women over eighteen. There were 384 boys under eighteen, and 343 girls under eighteen. Of the 911, one hundred and three expressed a preference for the Congregational churches—75 the First; the others the German and Armenian; 93 preferred the First Presbyterian Church; 18 the Belmont Presbyterian; 36 the Armenian Presbyterian; 20 the United Presbyterian; 108 the First Methodist Church; 31 the Methodist South Church; 68 the Cumberland Presbyterian; 94 the Baptist; 104 the "Christian;" 35 the German Lutheran; 21 the Episcopal; 4 the United Brethren; 21 the Roman Catholic.

The day after Dr. Torrey's departure from Fresno the Daily Republican, which had published one of his sermons in part or in full each day, declared in an editorial:

"There is not a Christian thinker of recognized distinction, layman or clergyman, not one, in the Christian world today, who believes the things Dr. Torrey says we must all accept or be damned. Not a clergyman in Fresno, of all who sat on the platform with Dr. Torrey, believes them, or preaches them in his own pulpit; and more than one is nightly wrestling in prayer for guidance as to how far he shall go in publicly repudiating them."

The day after the appearance of the editorial, from which we quote only a few lines, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Boyd, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, said in columns of the Republican:

"The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of

Fresno, whose privilege it was to sit on the platform, believes them and preaches them in his own pulpit

Dr. Torrey is a Congregationalist, but with his doctrinal teachings I am perfectly and unequivocally agreed. If there is no hell from which to be saved, there is no heaven to which to be saved."

The Rev. C. N. Queen, the pastor of the First Congregational, said: "With the deepest regret I read your editorial this morning. I heard Dr. Torrey speak 52 times before Fresno audiences and I am familiar with all his utterances. I am in full accord with all his teachings during that time."

The Rev. Mr. Wallace of the Cumberland Church said: "As pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, I want the people of this city and community to know that I believe that Dr. Torrey during his mission in Fresno preached the Bible as it is, and that I am in harmony in my views with those truths as he presented them."

At a meeting of the ministers of Fresno a day or two after Dr. Torrey left the criticisms of the paper were considered, but the decision was to make no concerted reply. One minister was quoted by the Republican as follows:

"The subject was discussed quite fully in an informal way, and we came to the conclusion just as brethren among ourselves, that no collective action should be taken, as we did not wish to stir up controversy. There were two main reasons; first, because the most important work was to confirm the recent converts in the churches; the other was the temperance work that the ministers were undertaking. I don't think any dissent from Dr. Torrey's theological views was expressed, but I have no doubt that views of dissent are held by some of the members of the union; and that element no doubt had something to do with the counsel that the union take no action as a union. I myself would not subscribe to the doctrine that there is a physical hell where physical punishment is inflicted. I think the ministers are a unit in regarding Dr. Torrey as a great lovely spirit, who is doing a great work in arousing interest in the cause of religion."

The Pacific Presbyterian has in mind to quote further next week from the criticism made by the Fresno daily, and to give also some of the remarks made by Dr. Torrey concerning Fresno.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

General Sheridan once said. "I would rather see my little son die today than see him carried in to his mother drunk." More and more are fathers everywhere coming to that view, and the saloon must go.

A far-seeing Englishman remarks in the Fortnightly Review: "The millions of Asia, already forming half the population of the earth, and growing much more rapidly than the whites, will continue to claim, and will in the end secure, either equality in the white sphere or monopoly in their own."

In the city of New York is the greatest aggregation of Jews in any spot on earth—nearly a million. This is one-fifth as many as are found in all Russia and twenty times as many as dwell at Jerusalem. It is said that in large numbers they are forsaking their ancestral religion and are falling into indifference, irreligion and infidelity.

An Ohio woman said to a saloonkeeper. concerning her husband: "Don't let Gus have any more drink. If he comes into the saloon kick him out!" The supreme court of the state held recently that this informal remark was a sufficient notice; that written notice was not necessary, and the wife won in her suit for damages. The way of the saloonist is getting harder and harder!

The supreme court of Illinois decided a few days ago that "peaceful picketing" during a strike is unlawful. It held also that labor unions can be enjoined from putting forth "unfair lists." There was no attempt on the part of the court to kill labor unionism; it was an effort to correct the wrongs of unionism, to lead it where it can actually do the workingmen of our country real and lasting good.

Writing concerning a trip on the steamship Mongolia from San Francisco to Honolulu, the Rev. Dr. John M. Moore says "Many of the passengers felt very keenly the disgrace of the gambling which was conducted by members of the ship's crew. There is always card-playing in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer, and betting on everything on which men can bet; but when it comes to running a roulette wheel every day and "chuck-a-luck" stands by the dozen continually, many passengers feel that such things should not be allowed. It is true that those who own these wheels and dice games are Chinese, but they are in the employ of an American ship company. Many well-dressed men and women patronized these games, and mostly to their sorrow. The sailors spent every odd moment and odd coin at these tables of chance. The company defends its course by saying that t he Chinese laborers must have their gambling diversions, or else they will not serve, and they want the Chinese laborers because of their capabilities and their satisfaction with moderate wages. Be that as it may, a steamship company that not only tolerates but even encourages such procedure will some day suffer."

The Congregationalist comemnted as follows recently concerning the entrance of the Rev. William Rader on the pastorate of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco: "Eleven years ago, when he was pastor of the Third Congregational Church of that city, the Presbyterian ministers protested against his appointment as chairman of the pulpit supply committee in connection with the International Christian Endeavor convention, about to be held there. Their reason was that Mr. Rader was an advocte of higher criticism of the Bible. The pastor of Calvary Church was a prominent protester, but now, as pastor emeritus, he welcomes Mr. Rader as his successor. No doubt the Presbytery will welcome him heartily to membership. Not all the changes in San Francisco are due to the earthquake." The Congregationalist is in error in the statment that the Rev. Dr. Hemphill was a prominent protester against Mr. Rader at the time of the C. E. convention. In other respects the article is correct. San Francisco Presbyterianism has changed considerably, and Mr. Rader has for several years had hearty welcome in Presbyterian circles. It should be stated, however, that he was never given to the extreme higher criticism.

The Rev. D. Burford Hooke of England, who visited the United States recently, writes in a London paper: "To me, with my strong attachment, not only to the Puritans, but also to the Puritan faith, it was

depressing to find that Massachusetts, the old home of the Pilgrim Fathers, has now a population one-half at least Roman Catholic. The young priests are so devoted to their work that they enter on their parish duties able to speak several European languages, and thus place themselves in a far better and more influential position for parish service than if they only understood the English language." Writing concerning the Rev. Dr. Emrich of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, Mr. Hooke says that ten languages are spoken on his mission field, and quotes him as saying: "From every part of the world men and women are coming to us with great needs. The great multitudes gathered here are ripe for the work of a church indwelt by the living Spirit. The churches of America need to wait before the Lord for an enduement with power. We need a new appreciation of the worth of man as man, and the rightful claim of our Lord to every human soul. Waiting before him we shall get a Pentecostal baptism into God's great, loving heart-purpose for man."

In India lepers are taught by Brahmin priests and others to believe that they have committed the unpardonable sins of the Hindu religion, and that there is absolutely no hope for them. The consequence is that the great majority are driven from their homes, and frequently deprived of their rights and privileges as citizens, not by the Government, but by their own people. They are then left to suffer and wander for the remainder of their sad pilgrimage upon earth. A writer in the London Christian says: "It is right that they should be separated from healthy people in order to safeguard the community in general, but provisions should be made for their maintenance and shelter. Though afflicted with the most loathsome disease known to mankind, lepers have a right to be treated humanely and kindly. Many a time my heart has ached as I have witnessed the terrible sufferings, physical and mental, of lepers whom I saw dying for the want of food and kind treatment. I have seen them exposed to the burning heat of the sun and the drenching rains in the hottest and wettest seasons, without even a palm-leaf to shade them, and hardly a cloth to cover their foul bodies. The Mission to Lepers has done a noble work in ameliorating the sufferings of many; but the great majority are still unprovided for."

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

By Chas. R. Brown.

The Mission of California.

With a full sense of his wider obligations, the Hebrew never forgot the needs of his own little country. "Repentance and remission of sins are to be preached to all nations, **beginning at Jerusalem,**" Jesus said. "My heart's desire and prayer to God is that Israel should be saved," Paul cried—responsibility for his own people had a certain primacy. The first fresh, undiscouraged efforts of those men trained under Christ's own eye were given to their own race—they turned to the Gentiles only when the message was refused and their efforts repulsed by the Jews.

We are responsible as no one else can be for the moral soundness and spiritual progress of the youths and maidens of this state. We are not on the foreign missionary list that some more Christian region should evangelize us—we would scorn the thought. We are here to rear up a generation of broad-minded, public-spirited Christians, devoted in their piety, wise and generous in the use of their means, resolute and efficient in their citizenship. This is the type, and the only type which makes for stability, advancement and honor in any state.

California has lived in the past on large measures of imported moral fibre and spiritual energy. Men of high purpose from the old commonwealths of Massachusetts and Connecticut, from the best parts of New York and Oho, from the simple, resolute life of the Mississippi valley, have helped in the work of moral advance. These are passing away and the right of the line on many fields of effort is being taken by those who have been Californians from birth. What spiritual stamp and superscription are we putting on these boys and girls, these youths and maidens who are thus coming to the front? What is the strength of our Christian influence, not merely in the great centers, but in the remoter districts where only the home missionary penetrates? The city wears itself out in a generation or two and recruits its leaders from the fresh, unjaded strength of the country. It is for the church of Christ to face this fact and meet this obligation, if the dominant note in the future life of the state is to be a Christian note.

We have a mission as the leading state in the whole great West. In that wide region west of the Missouri river, two-thirds of the geographical area of our country, California holds a unique place. In the American Association of the Universities, comprising the fifteen leading institutions of the land, only two are located west of the Missouri river, and they are both in California. In art and literature, in commercial enterprise and political leadership, in the variety and abundance of material resource, the state of California has in the estimation of the whole East a certain primacy.

We are, in consequence of all this, striking the keynote for the singing of many songs in the whole wide area named. In those songs the note of Christian aspiration and purpose must ring clear, or we shall be guilty before God. If this rich state can be ennobled and exalted in the dominant principles and ideals of its total life it will be like the exaltation of Israel under the appeals of the prophets—in it all those wide acres of the larger West may indeed be blessed!

We are to make California more truly Christian because of its impress upon the non-Christian races to the West. The coming of the fleet is symbolic of a mighty struggle which is on. We pray God that it may not be a wrestling of flesh and blood, a battle of shot and shell, but two types of civilization, the Saxon and the Asiatic, are, here on the shores of the world's widest sea, to contend for mastery. Yonder is paganism at its best, in China the oldest, the mightiest, of the non-Christian nations, and in Japan, the most alert and resolute of them all! Here we stand on the western edge of that finer form of civilization which ought to rule!

For the sake of the native sons and daughters coming upon the field in the joy and strength of their maturity, for the sake of that two-thirds of the nation west of the Missouri, where California enjoys a certain leadership, for the sake of nations that sit in twilight or in thick darkness, let every Christian heart take upon itself anew this sense of mission, this obligation to that larger service worthy to be called messianic!

After a parade 2,500 men in Detroit, demanding work, the city concluded to open a canal across Belle Isle, in the river near the city, and of te 2,500, only twenty-five applied for work on the job.

THE HIDDEN ENERGY.

A Sermon by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles.

"They were not able—he rebuked the unclean spirit—save by prayer" (Mark 9:15, 25, 29).

Often unnoticed, but all about us and ever within us is the hidden energy of which I am to speak. Success depends upon our ability to fit ourselves to the movements of the hidden energy, to have it use us and fill us.

I—The Want of the Hidden Energy

Is the source of failure. The first clause I have taken for the text records such failure. After the disciples had tried to heal the poor boy we read, "and they were not able." They wanted to serve this man, but could not draw on the hidden energy. This text might serve as a label to ineffective lives. Many a man begins life with high promise, and yet, as men would say, "he does not make good." All these fine prophecies of effective life have come to little. I once knew a man of remarkable mentality, of rare spiritual experiences, but he was not able to give them expression. The pathos of such a man's effort to set free the hidden energy of his own nature never fails to wring one's heart. There is an ineffectiveness of soul. Some men maintain moral integrity up to a certain point, but their prosperity has been a curse and seeming success a snare. When the pressure of temptation became great they yielded because they had lost touch with the hidden energy from God. Some time ago a man, holding high position in the business world, having served the country in a notable way, respected and trusted, was found dead in his room. It was afterward discovered that he had taken his own life because his misuse of trust funds was discovered. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Every one who is in the way to any kind of success needs to be a man of prayer. As Mazzini said: "The morrow of victory is more perilous than its eve." As Jesus fled after the great day with 5,000 that he might pray, might renew the flow of the hidden energy in his soul, so must we.

The want of the hidden energy makes the ineffective church. Great errors suddenly arise, like black thunder clouds, which appear to overspread the whole sky. Many are smitten thereby, but the flash of God's lightning smites the Church to heal. False prophets appear performing signs and wonders and leading many into the wilderness. These perversions of truth have their day because we Christians have not sought the hidden energy. An ineffective church is always a church in want of the secret springs of power. Today we have more men, more money better methods and wider knowledge, and yet in our Congregational Church it takes 56 church members a whole year to make a net gain of one. The church is palsied for lack of the hidden energy. We have been thinking of the want of the hidden energy, let us turn to the consideration of

II—The Work of the Hidden Energy.

It is illustrated in the gracious deed of Jesus as he came to the epileptic boy. We read: "He rebuked the unclean spirit and raised him up." Through him the hidden energy of God worked to heal.

Had we been discussing this question a half-century ago we should have felt the first consideration to be the a priori reasons for the possibility of miracles. Today we ask a different question; not how can the wonderful and the unexplained be, but how account for those that are. This is the age of miracles, the unexpected and the unexplained. Do you physicians find it hard to believe in miracles? The success of your work is often unexpected and unexplained. You get to expect the miracle in practice. Instead of telling your patient he is sure to die, though you feel certain he will, you do the best you know and trust to possible healing which you have no reason to expect. The source of these unexpected cures is due to the fact that somehow your patient has adjusted himself to the hidden energy. As far as the healings of the pseudo metaphysical cults are actual it is because the healer has succeeded in spite of a fantastic philosophy in touching the sources of hidden energy. We have all watched with keen interest the experiment at Emmanuel Church, Boston, where the methods of the Apostolic Church in ministering to the body have been added to the trained skill of modern nerve specialists. We know that moral and mental states condition health of body as the body affects the mental and moral state. Our Lord explained the hidden energy working through him saying, "The Father in me doeth these works." In his miracles of healing he saw the power of God's hand.

We too often assume that this use of the divine hidden energy is to be the exceptional gift, but Jesus asserts that it is to be the property of all who live in the spirit of faith. "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do, and greater works shall he do." He who follows the Christ finds his hand upon the throttle which controls infinite hidden energy by which the whole man is to be blessed. We have a heritage of power we seldom draw upon. Of us it should be said, as of Jesus, "He took him by the hand and raised him up."

We see the want of the hidden energy in our failures; we find how great is to be the work of the hidden energy; we seek the way to the hidden energy.

III—The Way to the Hidden Energy.

Jesus recognizes many methods of helping, but for certain kinds of physical ministries he said the power of the hidden energy could come through but one channel. "This kind can come forth by nothing save by prayer."

In the Emmanuel experiment is an attempt to utilize the hidden energy. Dr. McComb tells us of three ways taken from the practice of the New Testament—suggestion, faith and prayer, and the greatest of these is prayer. It is a modern disciple's endeavor to learn of Jesus.

Dr. Theodore Hyslop, the great English alienist, told the British Medical Association: "To counteract the miserable sequels of a diseased mind I would give the first place to the simple habit of prayer." He went on to say: "Relatively few scientific men can pray—yet many of us are well aware how much freer and abler our lives would be were not such important forms of energizing sealed up for us."

I want to turn to an entirely different kind of experience. Tad Jones of Yale came to the day of the Princeton football game and found himself stale. To that college boy it was a terrible crisis. As he told the fellows on the following Sunday, he went to his room and prayed for strength. He tapped the streams of hidden energy which flow from the heart of God, and he was strong. In the exultation of victory this student was man enough to confess that through prayer he had success.

depressing to find that Massachusetts, the old home of the Pilgrim Fathers, has now a population one-half at least Roman Catholic. The young priests are so devoted to their work that they enter on their parish duties able to speak several European languages, and thus place themselves in a far better and more influential position for parish service than if they only understood the English language." Writing concerning the Rev. Dr. Emrich of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, Mr. Hooke says that ten languages are spoken on his mission field, and quotes him as saying: "From every part of the world men and women are coming to us with great needs. The great multitudes gathered here are ripe for the work of a church indwelt by the living Spirit. The churches of America need to wait before the Lord for an enduement with power. We need a new appreciation of the worth of man as man, and the rightful claim of our Lord to every human soul. Waiting before him we shall get a Pentecostal baptism into God's great, loving heart-purpose for man."

In India lepers are taught by Brahmin priests and others to believe that they have committed the unpardonable sins of the Hindu religion, and that there is absolutely no hope for them. The consequence is that the great majority are driven from their homes, and frequently deprived of their rights and privileges as citizens, not by the Government, but by their own people. They are then left to suffer and wander for the remainder of their sad pilgrimage upon earth. A writer in the London Christian says: "It is right that they should be separated from healthy people in order to safeguard the community in general, but provisions should be made for their maintenance and shelter. Though afflicted with the most loathsome disease known to mankind, lepers have a right to be treated humanely and kindly. Many a time my heart has ached as I have witnessed the terrible sufferings, physical and mental, of lepers whom I saw dying for the want of food and kind treatment. I have seen them exposed to the burning heat of the sun and the drenching rains in the hottest and wettest seasons, without even a palm-leaf to shade them, and hardly a cloth to cover their foul bodies. The Mission to Lepers has done a noble work in ameliorating the sufferings of many; but the great majority are still unprovided for."

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

By Chas. R. Brown.

The Mission of California.

With a full sense of his wider obligations, the Hebrew never forgot the needs of his own little country. "Repentance and remission of sins are to be preached to all nations, **beginning at Jerusalem,**" Jesus said. "My heart's desire and prayer to God is that Israel should be saved," Paul cried—responsibility for his own people had a certain primacy. The first fresh, undiscouraged efforts of those men trained under Christ's own eye were given to their own race—they turned to the Gentiles only when the message was refused and their efforts repulsed by the Jews.

We are responsible as no one else can be for the moral soundness and spiritual progress of the youths and maidens of this state. We are not on the foreign missionary list that some more Christian region should evangelize us—we would scorn the thought. We are here to rear up a generation of broad-minded, public-spirited Christians, devoted in their piety, wise and generous in the use of their means, resolute and efficient in their citizenship. This is the type, and the only type which makes for stability, advancement and honor in any state.

California has lived in the past on large measures of imported moral fibre and spiritual energy. Men of high purpose from the old commonwealths of Massachusetts and Connecticut, from the best parts of New York and Oho, from the simple, resolute life of the Mississippi valley, have helped in the work of moral advance. These are passing away and the right of the line on many fields of effort is being taken by those who have been Californians from birth. What spiritual stamp and superscription are we putting on these boys and girls, these youths and maidens who are thus coming to the front? What is the strength of our Christian influence, not merely in the great centers, but in the remoter districts where only the home missionary penetrates? The city wears itself out in a generation or two and recruits its leaders from the fresh, unjaded strength of the country. It is for the church of Christ to face this fact and meet this obligation, if the dominant note in the future life of the state is to be a Christian note.

We have a mission as the leading state in the whole great West. In that wide region west of the Missouri river, two-thirds of the geographical area of our country, California holds a unique place. In the American Association of the Universities, comprising the fifteen leading institutions of the land, only two are located west of the Missouri river, and they are both in California. In art and literature, in commercial enterprise and political leadership, in the variety and abundance of material resource, the state of California has in the estimation of the whole East a certain primacy.

We are, in consequence of all this, striking the keynote for the singing of many songs in the whole wide area named. In those songs the note of Christian aspiration and purpose must ring clear, or we shall be guilty before God. If this rich state can be ennobled and exalted in the dominant principles and ideals of its total life it will be like the exaltation of Israel under the appeals of the prophets—in it all those wide acres of the larger West may indeed be blessed!

We are to make California more truly Christian because of its impress upon the non-Christian races to the West. The coming of the fleet is symbolic of a mighty struggle which is on. We pray God that it may not be a wrestling of flesh and blood, a battle of shot and shell, but two types of civilization, the Saxon and the Asiatic, are, here on the shores of the world's widest sea, to contend for mastery. Yonder is paganism at its best in China the oldest, the mightiest, of the non-Christian nations, and in Japan, the most alert and resolute of them all! Here we stand on the western edge of that finer form of civilization which ought to rule!

For the sake of the native sons and daughters coming upon the field in the joy and strength of their maturity, for the sake of that two-thirds of the nation west of the Missouri, where California enjoys a certain leadership, for the sake of nations that sit in twilight or in thick darkness, let every Christian heart take upon itself anew this sense of mission, this obligation to that larger service worthy to be called messianic!

After a parade 2,500 men in Detroit, demanding work, the city concluded to open a canal across Belle Isle, in the river near the city, and of te 2,500, only twenty-five applied for work on the job.

THE HIDDEN ENERGY.

A Sermon by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles.

"They were not able—he rebuked the unclean spirit—save by prayer" (Mark 9:15, 25, 29).

Often unnoticed, but all about us and ever within us is the hidden energy of which I am to speak. Success depends upon our ability to fit ourselves to the movements of the hidden energy, to have it use us and fill us.

I—The Want of the Hidden Energy

Is the source of failure. The first clause I have taken for the text records such failure. After the disciples had tried to heal the poor boy we read, "and they were not able." They wanted to serve this man, but could not draw on the hidden energy. This text might serve as a label to ineffective lives. Many a man begins life with high promise, and yet, as men would say, "he does not make good." All these fine prophecies of effective life have come to little. I once knew a man of remarkable mentality, of rare spiritual experiences, but he was not able to give them expression. The pathos of such a man's effort to set free the hidden energy of his own nature never fails to wring one's heart. There is an ineffectiveness of soul. Some men maintain moral integrity up to a certain point, but their prosperity has been a curse and seeming success a snare. When the pressure of temptation became great they yielded because they had lost touch with the hidden energy from God. Some time ago a man, holding high position in the business world, having served the country in a notable way, respected and trusted, was found dead in his room. It was afterward discovered that he had taken his own life because his misuse of trust funds was discovered. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Every one who is in the way to any kind of success needs to be a man of prayer. As Mazzini said: "The morrow of victory is more perilous than its eve." As Jesus fled after the great day with 5,000 that he might pray, might renew the flow of the hidden energy in his soul, so must we.

The want of the hidden energy makes the ineffective church. Great errors suddenly arise, like black thunder clouds, which appear to overspread the whole sky. Many are smitten thereby, but the flash of God's lightning smites the Church to heal. False prophets appear performing signs and wonders and leading many into the wilderness. These perversions of truth have their day because we Christians have not sought the hidden energy. An ineffective church is always a church in want of the secret springs of power. Today we have more men, more money better methods and wider knowledge, and yet in our Congregational Church it takes 56 church members a whole year to make a net gain of one. The church is palsied for lack of the hidden energy. We have been thinking of the want of the hidden energy, let us turn to the consideration of

II—The Work of the Hidden Energy.

It is illustrated in the gracious deed of Jesus as he came to the epileptic boy. We read: "He rebuked the unclean spirit and raised him up." Through him the hidden energy of God worked to heal.

Had we been discussing this question a half-century ago we should have felt the first consideration to be the a priori reasons for the possibility of miracles. Today we ask a different question; not how can the wonderful and the unexplained be, but how account for those that are. This is the age of miracles, the unexpected and the unexplained. Do you physicians find it hard to believe in miracles? The success of your work is often unexpected and unexplained. You get to expect the miracle in practice. Instead of telling your patient he is sure to die, though you feel certain he will, you do the best you know and trust to possible healing which you have no reason to expect. The source of these unexpected cures is due to the fact that somehow your patient has adjusted himself to the hidden energy. As far as the healings of the pseudo metaphysical cults are actual it is because the healer has succeeded in spite of a fantastic philosophy in touching the sources of hidden energy. We have all watched with keen interest the experiment at Emmanuel Church, Boston, where the methods of the Apostolic Church in ministering to the body have been added to the trained skill of modern nerve specialists. We know that moral and mental states condition health of body as the body affects the mental and moral state. Our Lord explained the hidden energy working through him saying, "The Father in me doeth these works." In his miracles of healing he saw the power of God's hand.

We too often assume that this use of the divine hidden energy is to be the exceptional gift, but Jesus asserts that it is to be the property of all who live in the spirit of faith. "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do, and greater works shall he do." He who follows the Christ finds his hand upon the throttle which controls infinite hidden energy by which the whole man is to be blessed. We have a heritage of power we seldom draw upon. Of us it should be said, as of Jesus, "He took him by the hand and raised him up."

We see the want of the hidden energy in our failures; we find how great is to be the work of the hidden energy; we seek the way to the hidden energy.

III—The Way to the Hidden Energy.

Jesus recognizes many methods of helping, but for certain kinds of physical ministries he said the power of the hidden energy could come through but one channel. "This kind can come forth by nothing save by prayer."

In the Emmanuel experiment is an attempt to utilize the hidden energy. Dr. McComb tells us of three ways taken from the practice of the New Testament—suggestion, faith and prayer, and the greatest of these is prayer. It is a modern disciple's endeavor to learn of Jesus.

Dr. Theodore Hyslop, the great English alienist, told the British Medical Association: "To counteract the miserable sequels of a diseased mind I would give the first place to the simple habit of prayer." He went on to say: "Relatively few scientific men can pray—yet many of us are well aware how much freer and abler our lives would be were not such important forms of energizing sealed up for us."

I want to turn to an entirely different kind of experience. Tad Jones of Yale came to the day of the Princeton football game and found himself stale. To that college boy it was a terrible crisis. As he told the fellows on the following Sunday, he went to his room and prayed for strength. He tapped the streams of hidden energy which flow from the heart of God, and he was strong. In the exultation of victory this student was man enough to confess that through prayer he had success.

The pathway of prayer is the pathway to the hidden energy by which we are to do our Lord's works for men. The other day I picked up Campbell Morgan's little book on the "Practice of Prayer." In the last chapter he tells of Marianne Adland. She is an invalid member of a North of London church which she never can attend; but she found the way to the hidden energy. In 1872 she read of Mr. Moody, who was doing a wonderful work in Chicago. She put the paper under her pillow and began to pray that he might be sent to her own church. She knew nothing of this stranger, but kept praying. Mr. Moody went to England that summer to rest. The pastor of her church asked him to take an evening service. At the close Mr. Moody gave the invitation, and so many rose that he thought they had misunderstood, and explained again; still these and others rose. He went on for ten days and over 400 were gathered into that church alone. He began to seek for the cause. At last he found Marianne Adland's sick-room, the gate through which the hidden energy had come. Dr. Morgan was afterward pastor of that church. Before coming to America he visited her. "Please hand me my birthday book, Mr. Morgan. Turn to February 5th." He found "D. L. Moody, Psa. 91," in the well-known writing. "I prayed for Mr. Moody daily till he went home. Will you put your name in that I may pray for you till one of us goes home?" Dr. Morgan told me when he was here that he felt endued with power because Marianne Adland was praying for him. How faithful are you, Christian, in unlocking for your pastor the channels of hidden energy? When the church of Christ begins to pray for its ministers instead of criticizing as though they were entertainers, we shall preach fewer sermons of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal variety. We frequently misread the request of the disciples that day when Jesus gave them first lessons about prayer. We read as though they had asked, "Teach us **how** to pray." They did ask, "Lord teach us to pray." That we may most completely use God's gift of hidden energy we must share this apostolic petition—"Lord, teach us to pray."

THE WISE USE OF INFLUENCE.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for March 22nd.)

By Albert W. Palmer.

In 1903 the Sunday School Times published the poem which follows, and I believe it had previously appeared in the Chicago Commons. I regret that I have no record of the author's name.

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls, that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by,
The men who are good and the men who are bad—
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban,—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

"I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan,—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

Now if we are all agreed to "Live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man," the question yet remains: How shall we make the friendship which we feel for the men who pass by along the road effective to reach and cheer them? Having the friendship within our hearts how shall we transmute it into influence?

(1) The fundamental thing is to lose ourselves and our own petty interests in the passion to serve and help the men who, with their smiles and their tears, press on along the road. The attractive hostess is the one who seeks not her own amusement, but the pleasure of her guests. Farragut, lashed to the rigging of the Hartford, sharing the danger with his men, acquires an influence over them which never fades. President Roosevelt commands the unbounded loyalty of many men who recognize his imperfections because they believe absolutely in his consecration to the common good. Even the corrupt ward politician acquires his hold on the people of his ward by giving picnics, sending Christmas baskets to needy homes, taking an interest in the baby that is ill or the husband out of work. He seems to the people of his ward not a corrupter of the nation, but a caretaker of his people.

So the price of influence is the loss of self in the service of others.

(2) But there is a second thing essential to possessing an influence over our fellow-men, and that is the willingness to take the pains to understand them. We live in a world of individuals, and there are no two alike. It was characteristic of Jesus that He used no formulas, and treated no two men alike. Consider for a moment how Jesus received and answered Nicodemus, the woman of Samaria, the rich young ruler and the thief on the cross. He took the pains to understand the particular need of each and then he gave, not a general formula. but just what each individual most sorely needed. Men are like musical instruments. One person can go to a piano and strike nothing but discords. But another, the master and lover of the instrument, with years of study and practice behind him, sits down at the same piano, and as you listen you hear the ripling of a streaim down some mountain canyon. or the thunder of the surf against the shore, now the single liquid song of a lark poised in the air, and then the rhythmic swing and harmony of a great orchestra. It is the same instrument, only one man did not understand it and the other did. If the first source of influence is a spirit of self-sacrifice, then the second is a willingness sympathetically to understand the man passing by along the road.

Supposing we are all agreed to "Live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man;" and supposing we have learned how, in some small way to acquire influence over our fellow-men, how shall we use that power to best advantage?

I think one part of the answer would be to use it not only for the attractive and congenial, but also for the unattractive and repellant. Some one defined Christianity as "The power of loving people you don't like!" As the artist saw in the block of marble the imprisoned angel, we must see in the unattractive man or woman, even in the sin-stained and degraded, that nobler manhood and womanhood which

"The Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars, and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity."

And as the sculptor with his chisel strives to set the angel free, so we must use all powers of influence we have to set free the nobler manhood and womanhood behind the forbidding exterior.

But after all the first and most important place for the use of influence is in the home, with those whose lives are inevitably bound up with ours. No going out and hunting up people on the outside to influence them will atone for a neglect of those of our own households. The prayer of Lyman Abbott's which follow voices that longing for friendship and sympathy which is deep in the soul of every normal man and woman (happy the household where this prayer is answered in the unselfish and sympathetic devotion of brothers and sisters and parents and children to one another): "Send me some one, Lord, to love the best that is within me, and to accept nothing less from me; to touch me with the searching tenderness of the passion for the ideal; to demand everything of me for my own sake; to give me so much that I cannot think of myself, and to ask so much that I can keep nothing back; to console me by making me strong before sorrow comes; to help me so to live that, while I part with many things by the way, I lose nothing of the gift of life."

THE WISE USE OF MONEY.

Albert W. Palmer.

(By an oversight the notes on the Christian Endeavor topic were omitted from our columns last week. The publication of the notes on the foregoing topic, this week, will be too late for use in Christian Endeavor meetings; but we give them nevertheless. "The Wise Use of Money" is a timely topic for others than Christian Endeavorers to consider, and Mr. Palmer writes on it in a highly commendable manner. The article will make good readin- now or any time.—Editor.)

What money is: The economists define money as "a medium of exchange and measure of values." To put it more vividly, money is concentrated power which can be transmuted into almost anything under the sun. It is the modern Aladdin's lamp.

What money can do: Of all the ages of history this is pre-eminently the money age. If a man have but money he can do things that a hundred or a thousand years ago would have been accounted miracles. If a man has money he can build a palace far greater and more comfortable than any that Louis XIV knew; he can summon to his table the dainties of all the climates in the world; he can clothe himself with cotton from Georgia, silk from China, wool from South America, fur from Siberia. If a man has money he can sit in his own home and talk with friends hundreds of miles away; he can go from San Francisco to London in ten days and to Rome in two weeks. If a man has money he can hear the world's great music, see the world's great pictures, and visit the beautiful and wonderful places on the earth from Yellowstone to the Matterhorn. If a man has money he can control and operate railroads and great industrial enterprises and exercise a control over the lives of his employees as great as that of a medieval king over his subjects. If a man has money he can use it to corrupt legislatures and officials and to evade or defy law, or he can use it to found colleges, to stimulate medical science, to endow parks or playgrounds, social settlements and industrial schools, and to spread a Christian civilization around the world.

How to get it: If money can do all these things it is worth having. Therefore get all the money you can—but beware how you get it!

(1) Get it honestly. The commandment, "Thou shalt not steal" is still in force. Money is worth having, but a clear conscience before God is infinitely more worth having.

(2) Get it at no sacrifice of brotherhood. If your money means underpaid employees, girls working at wages that are a temptation to sin, children in the factory who ought to be in school, laws of our common country broken or evaded, then better be poor than have such money. There is such a thing as "tainted money" in this world—any money that comes into your hand at the cost of any surrender of your ideals of honesty or brotherhood is "tainted money."

What to do with it: There is only one thing worth doing with money, and that is to transmute it into character.

(1) Your own character: Our business in life is the culture of a soul, the laying of a foundation for an eternal life. We can take no money with us on into "the other room" except that which we have first built into our own or some one else's spiritual life. Therefore use money for anything that makes for a sane, deep, many-sided development of your own soul. Use it for education, for music, for art, for travel, for plain living and high thinking. Distrust any use of it that dulls the edge of your physical or spiritual life.

(2) The characters of others: Our business in life is also the culture out of sin to the beautiful life of children of God. He said: "As the Father sent me into the world, even so send I you." If a man wants to make the most of his money let him invest it in humanity, in some form of Christ-like service, whether it be in the African jungle or the city tenement or his own office. For in that larger life to which we go we shall meet not the houses we have builded, nor the gold we have heaped up—we shall meet the souls of the men and women and little children whom we have helped and cheered and comforted along the way.

Finally: It is a good thing to give some fixed proportion of your income to religious and charitable objects. Let each one fix the proportion himself. But don't for a moment think that after you have given a proportion "to the Lord" the rest is yours to use as you please. Would it not be better to consider all your money as consecrated to God's service all the time, whether you are using it to go on a picnic and so keep your own life joyous and sane and strong, or are sending it to India to help some orphan boy or girl on to a Christian manhood or womanhood?

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Significance of White Ships.

It was a long step forward in Pacific Coast development when the Canadian Pacific railroad built the Empress of Japan, China and India to mate their great railway with worthy ships for their growing Oriental trade. What one of our fellow-passengers on the white Empress of China, on her maiden trip from Vancouver to Yokohama dreamed of the great war which would bring Japan to the front and prove the momentum and inspiration which occidental religion and education could so swiftly bring to a nation which five decades ago was in dreamy sleep. Still less did any of the speakers at our evening literary entertainment hint that a young western ranchman named Roosevelt would rise to be President and open the eyes of the world by the sending of the whitest, largest, costliest fleet of warships ever seen together to this wide, wild western coast, facing the populous nations of the world. As I looked last week from the window of a fortunate young thelogue in our beloved seminary at Berkeley and saw the Golden Gate, through which may God soon bring our navy safely, I wondered if any of us appreciate how fully this great maritime adventure means the shifting of the world's greatest scenes to the shores of its greatest ocean. It made my heart beat to even fancy the great naval spectacle. I was stirred as when with our guns aimed at the re-taking of Fort Sumpter I read Lincoln's proclamation to twelve hundred slaves, who the next morning, January 1st, 1863, were American freemen!

How Shall We Treat the Sailor Boys?

We cannot show them too great kindness. Their mothers, from Duluth to Dixie land, from Maine to Texas, follow them with their prayers. They are not afraid of the red fire on our hills, the golden poppies in our valleys, the blossoms and the belles. If only they are kept sober the parades and parties, the dinners and the games will all do credit to their patriotism and our hospitality. If we were ready in San Francisco and Oakland to close the man-trap saloons and refund the costly price of the licenses! It was some drunken hand that fired the mine under the Maine at Havana. Our white ships have more to fear from the saloon and the bravado of alcohol than from all the rats which run in the sewers. The rallying of the whiskey hosts here and the maddening of some crank by sake are the danger points in these days so freighted with anxieties.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT MEETINGS.

Arrangements are being made for an interdenominational meeting in Oakland on the 2d and 3d of April. Mr. J. Campbell White of New York, the secretary of the movement will be among the speakers.

On Thursday evening, April 2d, a banquet will be held in Oakland, at which it is expected several hundred men will be in attendance. It will be in Reed's hall on Thirteenth and Harrison. Mr. White is to speak at that meeting, and also at meetings to be held the following afternoon and evening.

Laymen in large numbers should arrange to be present at the banquet and so to get the inspiration for the great cause of missions, which such a gathering is sure to give.

MINISTERIAL UNION.

The Presbyterian Ministerial Union met at Westminster Church March 16th. Rev. Richmond Logan read a paper, "The Puritans." Mr. Logan traced the word back to 1564 and applied it to those in England who objected to the use of the cross in baptism, clerical vestments, kneeling at the altar, and other ceremonies as too suggestive of Papacy. It was not uncommon for the clergyman to hear in stage whispers as he withdrew from before the congregation, "The tail of your gown reaches to Rome." The persecution of Protestants in the days of Mary drove many of the English reformers to the continent when John Calvin was holding forth, preaching to thousands from a wide dispersion.

Among them was John Knox, who returned to Scotland in the reign of Elizabeth. She opposed any puritanical changes in the prayer book or form of worship, and the battle which at first was concerned with modification of forms and ceremonies came after a time to be a contention for a separation of church and state.

The Separatists or Independents declared that the state had nothing to do with the church except to give it protection. Oppression grew with each succeeding monarch, and when the law of conformity to the will of the ruler became too tyranical to be borne by freemen, large numbers sought refuge in the New World. The Mayflower brought to this country more than a hundred men as noble and brave as ever trod the earth. Their faith and perseverance and love of freedom and of all the precious gifts of God to man has made their history a priceless legacy to succeeding generations.

Rev. John S. Thomas will give an account of his recent experience in Rehabilitation in the East at the next meeting, Monday, March 23rd, at First Presbyterian Church, Oakland.

THAT POSTAL RULE.

Again we ask attention to what the postal authorities require of us in the mailing of the papers to subscribers who owe for a year or more. We cannot pay a cent on such papers each week, and will have to take from the list the names of all who are in arrears for one year. Under the postoffice ruling subscription is not required in advance; but it cannot be more than one year in arrears. For example: If your subscription is paid up to January 1st, 1908, you have until January 1st, 1909, to send in a renewal. If it is paid to April 1st, 1907, you have only ten days. If it is paid to April 1st, 1908, you have one year in which to make renewal.

The label on each subscribers paper shows date to which subscription is paid.

A NOTED CHICAGO MINISTER IN BERKELEY.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure last Monday of hearing the Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. Dr. Jones spoke of himself as a pan-denominationalist. He deplored the lack of machinery adequately at work to synthesize the religious forces of our country. The greatest problem in Chicago, he holds to be that of how to bring together the 1,800 or 2,000 ministers in that city for organized co-operation. The "denomina-

tional distractions" he regards as a great drawback to the work to which the churches are called. However, in view of human nature, as it now is Dr. Jones says: "Go ahead with your denominational machinery, but that doesn't let you out. Outside of and beyond this the religious forces must be synthesized if they are to be largely effectual."

In the course of his remarks Dr. Jones referred to the Parliament of Religions at the time of the World's Fair as "The greatest corporate event in the history of religion." They who composed it, distrustful at first of each other, forgot ere long their distrust and caution, put aside their concealed weapons, and grew into a rich and sweet comradeship and communion. Dr. Jones concluded his talk by expressing the belief that the Christian churches are farther along toward a real unity and co-operation than most people realize.

When he remarked: "There are no Presbyterian roses; no Baptist lillies—not even water lillies; no Unitarian landscape; the domain of worship and aspiration of soul represent common territory; a denominational hymnbook is an impossibility,—we thought when we heard these and other remarks of the collection of beautiful hymns made recently by Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church; of the many pages turned before we came to one by a Methodist, and of the large number in that little collection of fifty that were written by Unitarians. Even the most exclusive denominations are debtors far beyond their borders.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Rafael.—The Rev. Lynn T. White of San Francisco has accepted the call to San Rafael.

Santa Barbara Presbytery. — The Presbytery of Santa Barbara meets in Ventura, Tuesday, April 14, at 7:30 p. m.

Santa Ana.—Reports at the recent annual meeting showed the church to be in a flourishing condition. During the year forty-five new members were received.

San Bernardino.—The Rev. A. G. Fessenden has been installed as pastor. He has entered on the work with such interest and consecrated enthusiasm as to to gain a large place already in the hearts of the people.

San Diego.—The first Sunday in March the First Presbyterian Church received thirty-two new members; eighteen on confession. The attendance at the communion service that day was the largest in the history of the church.

Oakland, Brooklyn.—Brooklyn Church has recently organized a Brotherhood, with about fifty members: and at her recent communion received sixteen, ten on confession of faith. This makes the number over two hundred added to the church during the present pastorate.

Los Angeles.—Westminster Presbyterian Church, a new organization among the colored people of Los Angeles, dedicated its new house of worship on Sunday, March 8th, the Rev. Dr. Walker of Immanuel Church preaching the sermon. The work is in charge of the Rev. E. P. Baker.

Sacramento, Westminster.—The Ladies, Aid Society of Westminster Church gave a "Reception Social" to the new members received into the church during the last twelve months, being thirty-seven in number. The reception was well atended by both old and new members, and it was a very pleasant occasion. Much credit is due to the ladies for the preparation and conduct of the whole affair. The church is harmonious and prosperous.

San Jose.—The Rev. George I. Long, who came recently from Iowa to take charge of the Second Presbyterian Church of San Jose, was installed as pastor on Thursday evening, March 5th. The Revs. E. C. Philleo of Santa Cruz, L. A. McAfee of Berkeley, and H. H. McQuilkin of San Jose participated in the services of installation Mr. Long is a graduate of Park College and of Princeton Theological Seminary. The work of the Second Church is prospering under his leadership.

Chico.—Plans have been approved for a two-story addition to the Presbyterian Church. It is proposed to expend about $10,000 in the improvement, which is necessitated by an increasing Sunday-school and congregational attendance, and if the proposed plans are carried out the structure will have a total seating capacity of 1,100. It is proposed to remove the present addition at the rear and erect a two-story one in its place, with ground dimensions 88x40 feet. The addition is to extend out twenty-three feet from each side of the present structure. It is planned to use the lower floor of the addition for Bible classes, reading rooms and Sunday-school classes, and the second floor for Sunday-school classes and church parlors. The present loft and choir space is, under the new plans, to be removed to one side of the building, making it possible by means of folding doors and screens to open all the rooms on both the lower and upper floors of the addition to the main auditorium.

Oregon.

Pendleton.—As a result of the revival services held here by Evangelist Haudenschield and his singer, 40 members were added to the Presbyterian Church and many more to follow. It was the greatest revival ever held in Pendleton. All the evangelical churches, except the Episcopal and the Campbellites, united in the meetings and the whole town was stirred by the Spirit of God.

Newport.—The work in Newport-by-the-Sea is prospering. We received eight members at the March communion, four of whom are young people. Two are young men from the Bible class. The Wednesday evening prayer meeting is well attended, many of whom are young people. Our pastor, Rev. C. T. Whittlesey, is at Waldport holding special meetings, assisted by the Sunday-school missionary, Rev. I. G. Knotts.

Albany.—Our church was favored with one of the Missionary Institutes carried on by representatives of both the Mission boards and of the Women's Board of Home Missions. Our people were much interested and were stimulated in their activity. Especially was

Mr. Bible's address on the work in China of value. His recent coming from the field, his knowledge of affairs as they are today and his attractive way of telling his story combined to make his address very effective.

Eugene.—As planned, the Missionary Institute was held with our church. Others near by were invited to attend and did so. We were fortunate in having the entire force of workers, viz: Revs. Dwight E. Potter and Mr. Bible, representing the Foreign Board, while Miss Julia Faser and Rev. W. S. Holt acted for the Home Work. The attendance was good and the Institute proved to be of great value. Our pastor, Rev. H. N. Mount, thought so highly of it that he wrote to a neighboring minister in whose church an Institute was to be held, saying: "The Institute is great. Do all you can to advertise it." Out of it came some Mission study classes and an increased interest.

Salem.—The City of Peace was visited recently by the missionary representatives of our church and gave us an excellent Institute. It caught hold of the men and did them a lot of good. Everything was fresh and up-to-date. The books presented are first rate, and the Mission Study Classes emphasized that kind of work in a practical manner. To illustrate how the Institute took hold of men, ont of our very busiest men dropped in to the Institute in the morning. He could stay but a few moments, for his business is urgent. He did not leave all the morning. After lunch it was certain he could not stay long. He stayed all the afternoon. At night he could not come at all for, he had a banquet and a booster meeting which he could not afford to miss. He was at the Institue in the evening and let the banquet go. He is the President of the Brotherhood and will be heard from in that connection.

McMinnville.—The Missionary Institute held with us was a great success. We were very fortunate in having Mr. Potter with us for the Sabbath, and then the other workers came for Monday. Monday is not the best day in the week for a Missionary Institute, but our was well attended, and at the popular meeting in the evening we had an interested crowd. Our interest in Mission study was increased. Friends from the neighboring churches came in and enjoyed the good things. Our church has been on the Home Board since coming into the Presbyterian fold. We were Cumberland Presbyterians, but accepted the union before the two Assemblies did. After our present pastor came to us he was urgent that we should take care of ourselves. This we were willing to do, but we were fearful that we could not do it. But last Monday night our men got together, and after careful consideration of the whole situation they decided unanimously that we must not ask any further help from the Board of Home Missions. At that meeting one-third of the amount needed to pay our own bills was assured. Then we took it up again last Sabbath and completed the amount, and more. too We are feeling pretty good after all this and look ahead to a great year of work. Our minister, Rev. A M. Williams, is doing fine work with us and stirring us up to be more active. He had secured some good week-end meetings during the past winter, with special speakers from outside the city, and it has been a great help to the church and the community. McMinnville is a good town in which to live. The town has gone dry; we have good schools, an excellent farming region around the town, and Presbyterians who wish to move to Oregon cannot do better than look this way.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The monthly conference dinner was held on Thursday evening of last week, instead of Monday evening to accommodate Rev. Frederick W. Clampett, D.D., of Trinity Church, San Francisco, who had consented to address the students. At the last moment Dr. Clampett was detained and was unable to come. But interesting addresses were made by Mr. Harry Henderson of the College Y. M. C. A., who came in just in time, and by Professor Paterson.

Mr. Henderson gave an account of the successful evangelistic work being done by students especially in Southern California, and Professor Paterson gave a spicy and stirring account of two Eastern trips made last summer.

Dr. Landon presided.

Dr. Day has been confined to his bed with the grippe for ten days. He is convalescent.

The students gave a reception to their friends in Scott Hall on Friday evening of last week. The lower classrooms were transformed into beautiful homelike parlors. They provided a very enjoyable entertainment. A large number of friends from San Rafael and San Anselmo were present.

Mr. James McMichael, who took his junior year here and who is now a senior in Union Theological Seminary, is lying quite ill in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

Dr. Landon supplied the pulpit of the First Church of Oakland last Sabbath in the absence of the pastor, Dr. Baker, who is in the East.

Dr. Wicher has just concluded six months of efficient service in the Howard Church, San Francisco during the absence of their pastor, Rev. J. S. Thomas, who has been in the East, as the agent of the Assembly's Committee, in arousing interest in the Reconstruction Fund. Dr. Wicher has been assisted by Mr. Wilcox of the junior class, who has had charge of the prayer-meetings and done some pastoral work.

TEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The temperance wave is rising also in Great Britain. John Burns, the labor leader, concerning whom it is said: He came into the world with a struggle, struggling now, and expects to struggle to the end, predicted some time ago that a storm was rising. Recently the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. H. H. Asquith, formerly secretary of State for the Home Department, Ecclesiastical Commissioner, also has introduced a bill to wipe out 30,000 liquor licenses and take away all property value in these licenses. The brewery stocks have gone tumbling to the bottom. The loss by change of value is said to be $160,000,000. The liquor press of Great Britain calls this bill a "gigantic theft." There are brewers in parliament and of course they object, but the indications are that the bill will be carried, and though it provides for a gradual extinction of the liquor license it is full of significance. Taking into the account the temperance movement in America, the storm arising in Great Britain, the war on opium in China, it would seem that God had heard the prayer of his saints.

THE HOME

Little duties bravely done
From the dawn, till set of sun,
Little words of kindness spoken
To a heart with sorrow broken,
Cheerful looks to make those glad
Who are tempted, tried, and sad;
This is true religion's leaven,
These the steps that lead to heaven.

Sunny hearts make life a joy,
Tho' fair fortune's gifts are coy,
Trusting hearts are never shaken,
E'en when dearest ones are taken,
For beyond the ether blue,
Faith has grasped the promise true,
"In six troubles, yea in seven,
I'll be with thee," comes from heaven.

—M. W. Hubbard.

THE FIRST TEN YEARS.

Vital Importance of Sunshine and Nourishing Food in Childhood.

To develop indoors, under glass, a race of men and women of the type that I believe is coming out of all this marvelous mingling of races in the United States is absurd. There must be sunlight, but even more is needed—fresh, pure air. The injury wrought today to the race by keeping too young children indoors at school is beyond the power of any one to estimate. The air they breathe, even under the best sanitary regulations, is far too impure for their lungs. Often it is positively poisonous—a slow poison, which never makes itself fully manifest until the child is a wreck. Keep the child outdoors and away from books and study. Much you can teach him, much he will teach himself, all gently, without knowing it, of nature and nature's God, just as the child is taught to walk or run or play; but education in the academic sense shun as you would the plague. And the atmosphere must be pure around it in the other sense. It must be free from every kind of indelicacy or coarseness. The most dangerous man in the community is the one who would pollute the stream of a child's life. Whoever was responsible for the saying that "boys will be boys," and a young man "must sow his wild oats," was perhaps guilty of a crime.

It is impossible to apply successfully the principles of cultivation and selection of plants to human life if the human life does not, like the plant life, have proper nourishment. First of all, the child's digestion must be made sound by sufficient simple, well-balanced food. But, you say, any one should know this. True, and most people do realize it in a certain sense; but how many realize that upon the food the child is fed in these first ten years largely depends its moral future? I once lived near a class of people who, from religious belief, excluded all meat, eggs and milk from the dietary of their children. They fed them vegetables and the products of cereals. What result followed? The children were anemic, unable to withstand disease, quickly succumbed to illness. There were no signs of vigor; they were always low in vitality. But that was not all. They were frightfully depraved. They were not properly fed; their ration was unbalanced. Nature rebelled; for she had not sufficient material to perfect her higher development.

What we want in developing a new plant, making it better in all ways than any of its kind that have preceded it, is a splendid norm, not anything abnormal. So we feed it from the soil, and it feeds from the air, and thus we make it a powerful aid to man. It is dependent upon good food. Upon good food for the child, well-balanced food, depends good digestion; upon good digestion, with pure air to keep the blood pure, depends the nervous system. If you have the first ten years of a boy's or a girl's life in which to make them strong and sturdy with normal nerves splendid digestion and unimpaired lungs, you have a healthy animal, ready for the heavier burdens of study Preserve beyond all else as the priceless portion of a child the integrity of the nervous system. Upon this depends their success in life. With the nervous system shattered, what is life worth? Suppose you begin the education, so-called, of your child at, say, three or four, if he be unusually bright, in the kindergarten, Keep adding slowly and systematically, with what I think the devil must enjoy as a refined means of torment, to the burden day by day. Keep on "educating" him until he enters the primary school at five, and push him to the uttermost until he is ten. You have now laid broad and deep the foundation; outraged nature may be left to take care of the rest.

The integrity of your child's nervous system, no matter what any so-called educators may say, is thus impaired; he can never again be what he would have been had you taken him as the plant-cultivator takes a plant, and for the first ten precious years of his life had fitted him for the future. Nothing else is doing so much to break down the nervous system of Americans, not even the insane rushing of mature years, as this overcrowding and cramming of child-life before the age of ten. And the mad haste of maturer years is the legitimate result of the earlier strain.—From Luther Burbank's "The Training of the Human Plant," in the Century.

TAKE PLEASURE NOW; DON'T WAIT.

Half the joy of life comes from getting the good out of things as we go along. Some of us are always putting off our enjoyments. After awhile we expect to take a rest, see a friend or read a book. But after awhile never comes. The good time we are looking forward to lies as far ahead as ever. All life is spent in meaning to overtake it and enjoy it. Meanwhile we toil, drudge, and grow old, passing by with unseeing eye the happiness we might get out of every day.

Yes, every sordid commonplace day has its wealth of enjoyment for us, if we only took the trouble to get it out.

There are the the friends we love, and who love us. If we stopped to think of it, this consciousness would gladden life.

There is the beauty of the earth. Did we only open our eyes to see it we should be made glad in spite of ourselves. There are people who have lived on earth thirty or forty years who could scarcely tell you the color of the sky from their own observation. They take it for granted it is blue because they hear so!

There are dozens of simple pleasures we might en-

joy. Ten minutes every day with a fascinating book; an inexpensive little jaunt with our family or a congenial friend; fifteen minutes of bright, intelligent conversation with the home folks on some other subject than the sordid details of making ends meet; a few minutes in an art gallery, just to look at one good picture—these are some of the little every-day happinesses we might take, and don't, not because we are too poor, but because we haven't thought them worth while. We are too busy aiming at some big, expensive pleasure in the future.

Make up your mind, then, that the big pleasure will always elude you. We shall never enjoy life until we learn to enjoy the little happiness of every commonplace day as we go along.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Young People

THE GOOD TIMES THAT WERE SPOILED.

Sally was very cross. She had planned to have such a fine time that afternoon with her best friend, Jean; they were going to play Princes in the Tower, with the big oak tree at the bottom of the garden for the tower and Sally's St. Bernard for the wicked Uncle Richard. Sally and Jean had improved upon history, for in their game the Princes, instead of being smothered, had all sorts of exciting adventures, beginning with their (generally unsuccessful) attempt to reach the tower without being seen by their watchful "uncle," to their final escape by means of a rope ladder —otherwise the swing—when it was time for Jean to go home.

It was a very exciting game—except, perhaps, to "Uncle Richard," who went to sleep beneath the swing until it should please his royal nephews to arouse him by lowering themselves gently onto his soft, broad back—but it was not a game for Lily, and today Lily had come to spend the afternoon with Sally, and had spoiled all the fun. For Lily was what Sally and Jean scornfully called a "doll girl." She loved to dress and undress her doll and nurse it through measles and scarlet fever, but she would never take it up into the tree for fear of dropping it, and would never leave it alone on the ground for fear the big dog would chew it up. "As if Uncle would notice it!" said Sally, contemptuously. So it followed that when Lily came to call, Sally was obliged to deny herself her favorite game and play something that the doll could play, too.

And now everybody had gone home and the whole afternoon had been spoiled, therefore Sally was cross. She sat in a big chair before the sitting-room fire and dug her heels into Uncle Richard, who lay at her feet, when her feelings became too much for her.

"It's a perfect shame!" she muttered, sulkily. "Whenever I plan to have a 'specially good time something always comes and spoils it. Jean and I were going to have a brand new escape this afternoon, and then Lily had to come with her old doll and spoil everything. It's always so; I never try to have any fun that something doesn't spoil it!"

It will be seen that Sally was very much out of temper, and she continued muttering crossly to herself as she watched the fire, which snapped back at her from behind the high fender.

"It's mean; my good time was all spoiled."

"Yes," replied a soft, sad voice; "yes, I am all spoiled."

"Why, who are you?" asked Sally, very much astonished to see a little girl of her own age sitting in a chair at the other side of the fireplace.

"I am your Good Time; and oh, Sally, I was such a Good Time until I was spoiled!" She gave a little sob. "Just think of the chance I had—three nice little girls in a beautiful big garden, and then to be quite, quite spoiled."

"It's a shame!" said Sally, for the second time "Lily had no business to come and spoil you."

"Oh, but it wasn't Lily who spoiled me," answered the Good Time, quickly. "It was you."

"Me?" exclaimed Sally, ungrammatically.

"Yes; Lily and Jean, too, tried to keep me a Good Time, but you wouldn't let them."

"But—but—" stammered Sally, quite taken aback, "how could I help it if we didn't play Princes? I didn't ask Lily to come; I was terribly disappointed, and so was Jean."

"Yes, but Jean wasn't cross about it, and you were. If it hadn't been for you I would have been a very Good Time indeed—I ought to have been, with three girls—and I don't think it was —a bit fair to spoil me, Sally."

But Sally, who was still cross, persisted that she hadn't done anything of the kind.

"Yes you did," repeated the Good Time, "and you spoiled Lily's too."

"I didn't!" cried Sally, indignantly. "You ask her."

"I'm afraid it is true," answered a quiet voice, and there, leaning against the chimney-piece, was another little girl who held a big doll in her arms. And here Sally noticed that though both little girls were prettily dressed, their clothes were streaked and spotted, as though some one had upset ink over them. Even the doll had a smudge on the front of her gown.

"I'm afraid you did spoil me," continued the newcomer. "You see Lily is so afraid of that big dog of yours. I know you say he won't hurt her; but you remember that a fierce dog bit her when she was a tiny girl and frightened her so badly that she has been afraid of dogs ever since, even when she really knows that they are good and kind, like this one."

"I can't help it if she is afraid," grumbled Sally.

"No, but you might have made your dog lie down at a distance, and not have insisted upon bringing him into all your games while Lily was here," answered Lily's Good Time, with spirit. "And when you know how fond she is of her doll you needn't have danced it up and down on the dog's nose."

Sally blushed; her conscience seconded the Good Time's reproof, for she knew that she had purposely tormented Lily in revenge for spoiling her plans.

"Lily was your guest," said Sally's own Good Time. "If you hadn't spoiled her Good Time, you wouldn't have spoiled me."

There was a short silence, during which Sally, who was really more thoughtless than malicious, began to be rather ashamed of herself. "Did I spoil Jean's Good Time, too?" she finally asked.

"I don't think so," answered the other. "I haven't seen it among us, and Jean is so unselfish and sunshiny that nothing can ever quite spoil her Good Times."

"Yes, she is," said Sally, generously. Then after a

moment she asked in a low voice: "Have I ever spoiled any others?"

"Ever!" exclaimed the Good Times. "Just look and see!" And suddenly the room seemed to be filled with sad-faced children, with here and there a grown person, all wearing beautiful bright-colored garments that were stained with inky spots. This made a great impression upon Sally, for, in spite of her boyish tastes, she was an admirer of fine clothes. She was quite startled at the number of people, and explained in dismay:

"Are all these mine? I didn't know I had ever had so many Good Times in all my life."

"Some are yours and some are other people's; but I am afraid that you spoiled them all."

"Who are you?" asked Sally dejectedly, addressing a child who stood near her.

"I am your Birthday Party," replied the Good Time, whose gown was very inky indeed.

Sally sat up eagerly. "Oh, yes, I remember. It rained so we couldn't play out of doors, and Jean had the measles and couldn't come, and Uncle got himself so muddy that he couldn't come, and those stupid Dean children that mother always makes me ask did come, and the cook made white icing for the cake instead of pink, and—and—so of course you were spoiled."

"I needn't have been spoiled," retorted the Party, "if you had made the best of things and thought of others' pleasure instead of your own disappointment. It wasn't through any help of yours that your guests enjoyed themselves; it was because your mother and sister gave up their whole afternoon to making things go off well. You had the entire house to play in, and Jean sent you a lovely present, and the cake was delicious, even if it was the wrong color; and altogether I ought to have been a beautiful Time if you hadn't spoiled me."

"I," said another voice, "am the Long Drive that you took with your father last week. I ought to have been a Good Time, for you don't often have father's company on a week-day, and he let you drive most of the way. But you were cross because your parents wouldn't let you go with Jean in her reckless cousin's automobile."

"And I," said a deep voice, am your father's Good Time. He did not enjoy the company of a sulky little daughter." "And I, Sally dear," said a sweet voice, "I am mother's Good Time the day she took you to the hotel to see her old schoolmate, for whom you were named. You cried because you had to spend the whole of your Saturday in the city, and all the time you were at the hotel you were so reckless and fidgety that you made mother very uncomfortable, and quite spoiled her pleasure. She is as fond of her friend as you are of Jean, and she had not seen her for ten years and might not see her for ten more, so I think you might have let her have a pleasant visit."

"And I," began another voice,—but Sally put her fingers in her ears and shut her eyes tight, in spite of which two large tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Go away!" she sobbed; "go away! I don't want to hear any more. It seems as though I had spoiled all the Good Times that ever were made."

"Oh, no you haven't!" said the Birthday Party soothingly, as soon as Sally took down her fingers. "The world is full of Good Times that were spoiled by others, grown people as well as children. I am sorry to say. But it is also full of Good Times to come that needn't be spoiled—Birthday Parties, for instance, come ever year—so there are plenty of chances for you yet. We, of course, cannot be helped; but, Sally dear, do be good to the rest of us—it makes us so very unhappy to be spoiled."

"I will try—I will truly try," said Sally, earnestly.

The spoiled Good Times faded away as silently as they came, and Sally sat upright in the big chair and looked around for her footstool, who, finding the fire too warm and not being able to lay aside his furs, had retreated to the middle of the room, where he slept peacefully.

"Uncle Richard," she said (the big dog opened his eyes), "Uncle Richard, I won't spoil your comfortable Good Time over there in the cool by making you come back and hold up my feet, but whenever you see me sulking because I can't do exactly what I want to, you must remind me that I am not to make any more Good Times unhappy."

And "Uncle Richard" promised with a thump of his massive tail.—The Churchman.

JEST ASK DAD.

Our family is the queerest one
  I'll bet you ever see;
There ain't but one in all the batch
  With a good quality.
The rest o' us have lots o' traits,
  But all of 'em are bad,
An' if you don't believe me, why,
  You jest ask Dad.

There's sister Kate an' sister Nell,
  Their fault is makin' breaks;
They ain't like pa a single bit,
  Because they make mistakes.
They ought to have been better with
  The trainin' they have had;
But if you don't believe me, why,
  You jest ask Dad.

Next comes my sisters, Bess and Sue,
  With fault of too much style;
They seem to think of nothin' else,
  They talk it all the while.
They keep us in hot water with
  Some fool, expensive fad,
An' if you don't believe me, why,
  You jest ask Dad.

Now last—not least—comes Bill an' me!
  Fergittin' is our trait.
It ain't no habit we've acquired,
  It seems to be our fate.
We all take after ma, we do—
  No wonder we're so bad—
An' if you don't believe me, why,
  You jest ask Dad.

—John D. Larkin.

The business man is wrong who cannot take God into partnership in his business.

THE COMING OF THE FLEET.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

In President Roosevelt's great speech in the Mechanics' Pavilion in 1905 he declared that America had been pushed out of her exclusiveness and willy-nilly and had become a world power, not only in theory but actually. He declared that the nation was in the contortions of a vast political change. It was not so much the result of politic sagacity on the part of any one man or any number of men, but it was a world movement. The arrival of the fleet in the Pacific Ocean is the concrete fulfillment of what President Roosevelt, the world's greatest living personality, then said. The forces for a new and mighty struggle of humanity around the Pacific Ocean are assembling. In that struggle President Roosevelt believes, and nine-tenths of the people of the United States agree with him, that the United States is to have a conspicuous and probably a leading part. The coming of the fleet is not merely a spectacular manoeuvre, an experiment to test out the fighting efficiency of the navy. It is practically a change of national front. It is a notice to all the world that the policy of John Hay, the deeper, truer diplomacy of America, will be the leading factor in the assembling of the forces about the Pacific Ocean.

One is amazed that the whole naval force is bodily transferred from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It must be clear that all possible danger of a serious difficulty with any European power has disappeared. While the present close friendship between England and the United States exists there can be no great danger of complications with any European power. The adjustment of the Cuban trouble and the possession of Porto Rico have fixed the status of the West Indies. The Monroe doctrine has taken on a new meaning under the masterful hand of President Roosevelt. Formerly the Monroe doctrine had reference to keeping European powers from colonizing the countries in South America. Under Roosevelt the United States has made itself responsible to European powers for the good behavior of the South American States. The Monroe doctrine was supposed for some time to be negative in character, but now Venezuela must pay her debts; San Domingo must also meet her obligations. If these countries fail, then the United States steps in and takes possession of the customs or tells the European powers to hammer down the defenses. South American countries found that in order to avail themselves of the benefits of the Monroe doctrine they must be honorable. It now begins to appear to the European powers that the Monroe doctrine is much more satisfactory to them than any competitive scheme of colonization. America has protected South America and Europe has had the large end of the commercial business. It is now evident to Mr. Roosevelt that there is no menace from any European power. The transfer of the fleet to the Pacific Ocean is a hand writing on the sky to be seen of all men, specially by the Oriental nations, that permanent and lasting peace has been fixed between the United States and England and practically including all European countries.

What does the coming of the fleet mean to the Pacific Coast? There is to be a new commerce, a vast increase in the political, the economic and industrial significance of the Pacific Coast. We make no prophecy as to the primacy of the Pacific Coast in these matters. Europe and America are closely bound together and are destined to come into closer, stronger and larger fellowship—political, economic and social. The language, the educational forces, the literature, the newspaper daily interchange, the immigration, the tourists and immense volume of trade will not be reduced by the rise of the Pacific Coast. The capital will not be moved to the Pacific Coast. We have no wild dream. Our contention is that the rise of Japan to a first-class world power, the awakening of China, the transformation of Korea, the destruction of Russia's inordinate ambition to retard the progress of a new Oriental civilization together make a problem which will be on in full force in less than twenty-five years. The Sandwich Islands, the Philippines and the Panama Canal are factors in the civilization already looming up in great proportions around the Pacific Ocean.

We know the small idea of the "sand-lot" agitator, that the fleet has come to defend this country against the aggressions of Japan. There is no sense in which that is true. Japan and the United States are friends despite the wild sensational statements of the yellow journals. The coming of the fleet means that a vast population is gathering upon the Pacific Coast and the Church must see the day of her great opportunity. Now we must gird ourselves as never before. The cities must be captured for Christ. The task is great. New problems always make new opportunities.

GENERAL STOESSEL.

All kinds of absurd stories are being published about Gen. Stoessel, who is charged with cowardice in prematurely surrendering Port Arthur. They say that he got rich selling butter and eggs to the sick in the hospital. The claim is made that his wife conducted a sort of commissary department, run a chicken ranch and a dairy and all sorts of folly while General Nogi and the Japanese were beseiging the fortress. It is only necessary to mention these things to show the extremes to which human nature will go. It is hard to believe that a commanding general would condescend to such trivial things. It is not probable that the sentence of death will be carried out no matter what the evidence has been. In the heat of actual war capital court martial sentences might be carried out, but hardly in a time of peace. To execute General Stoessel would shock the whole world. It appears from a military standpoint that General Stoessel should have held out to the last possible moment. By holding out he would have held General Nogi's army at Port Arthur. This would have prevented him from assisting General Oyama in his struggle with Kuropatkin. It is easy to seem to see all these things after the battle is over. The public at the time felt that General Nogi had destroyed most of the battleships seeking shelter at Port Arthur and that most of the fortification was in the range of Japanese guns. It was a question of time only when the garrison would be utterly destroyed. We have the feeling that bad management and confusion thwarted the Russians at every point. It seemed like a bad spirit presided over Russia. It is a curious chapter in the world's history. It seems incredible that Japan should have won such a series of signal victories. If we were a Japanese we would feel justified in concluding that God had a strong hand in that struggle.

A distinguished editor in Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered that Longfellow actually stole "Hiawatha" from a Finnish poem, "The Kalevala." The proof cannot be denied. The meter in Hiawatha and in Kalevala is the same. That settles it.

WAKING THOUGHTS.

Another day God gives me, pure and white.
How can I make it holy in his sight?
Small means have I and but a narrow sphere,
Yet work is round me, for he placed me here.
How can I serve thee, Lord? Open mine eyes;
Show me the duty that around me lies.

"The house is small, but human hearts are there,
And for this day at least beneath thy care.
Someone is sad—then speak a word of cheer;
Someone is lonely—make him welcome here;
Someone has failed—protect him from despair;
Someone is poor—there's something you can spare!

"Thine own heart's sorrow mention but in prayer,
And carry sunshine with thee everywhere.
The little duties do with all thine heart
And from things sordid keep a mind apart;
Then sleep, my child, and take a well-earned rest,
In blessing others thou thyself art blest!"

—Selected.

FEARLESS AND HONEST.

A Scotch lad had arrived at Euston, the brighest yet the loneliest passenger by the London and Northwestern Company's express. He was barely fourteen, had not a friend in London, and had only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow passenger, who had befriended him during the journey from Glasgow, "don't you wish that you were safe now with your mother in Scotland?"

"No," said the boy; "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do," was the quick response.

A well-known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkship in his office had been unfavorable, was passing at the moment.

Sandy's fearless face caught his eye. The honest, manly ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell me your story," he said kindly.

It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow, with little money and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but when her health failed she had bought his ticket for London, and she had given him what little money she could spare.

"Go, and make your fortune," she said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother, who cannot work for you any longer."

Having heard this story, the lawyer engaged Sandy as an office boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to show what there is in you. Write to your mother today that you have found a friend who will stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office. Many of the clients who entered the office paused to have a word with him.

He attended evening classes, and became an expert penman and accountant. He was rapidly promoted until he became his patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his mother he went to Scotland and brought her back with him.

By-and-by he studied law, and when he began to practice at the bar his fearlessness commanded respect, and his honesty inspired confidence. Juries liked to hear him speak; they instinctively trusted him.

His mother had impressed her high courage and sincerity upon him. His success was mainly due to her.—Scottish American.

TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT.

It had been one of those days on which everything goes contrary, and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sank into a chair, I groaned, "Everything looks dark, dark!"

"Why don't you turn your face to the light, auntie, dear?" asked my little niece, who was standing, unperceived, beside me.

"Turn your face to the light!" The words set me to thinking. That was just what I had not been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to see the faintest glimmer of brightness. Artless little comforter! She did not know what healing she had brought. Years have gone by since then, but the simple words have never been forgotten.—Selected.

A WEARY LITTLE MONKEY.

Poor little monkeys! They get hungry and tired and sleepy just like children. Here is a story of one who lives in Buffalo. He belongs to an organ grinder who stopped in front of a veranda where a kind-hearted gentleman sat. When he came up and held out his little cap for a bit of money, the gentleman, who is very fond of animals, gave him a red-cheeked apple. The monkey jumped upon his lap and ate the apple, and after every bite he fixed his bright eyes on the face of his new friend. He must have made up his mind that he could trust him, for, as he finished the apple, he laid his head against the gentleman's arm and fell asleep. The kind friend of animals paid the organ grinder to play a long time, so that the tired little monkey could have his nap. When he awoke, his master pulled the chain, and he followed the organ again, much brighter and happier for the kindness that had been shown him.—Picture Lesson Page.

MINISTERIAL DUTIES INCREASED.

The parsonage bell rang violently, and Mrs. Brown, the minister's wife, hurried to the door. A small boy was waiting impatiently, evidently greatly excited.

"Is Mr. Brown here?"

"No. What do you want of him?"

"I want him to come out and make snow balls for me to throw at Johnnie Jones. He's been washing my face."

"Want Mr. Brown to make snow balls for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown in a tone of amazement.

"Yes, or else I'd make the snowballs and he could pitch 'em."

And the assurance with which the last remark was uttered gave evidence that the boy was in earnest in calling on his pastor to help him in his childish trouble. The minister's wife told of Jesus' words about the one who should smite him on the right cheek, and he went away apparently satisfied to let the matter drop.—A. W. in Zion's Herald.

WALKING WITH GOD.

If we are to walk with God, we must go nowhere that Christ will not go. O how many venture beyond the territory in which they ought to walk, and they wonder why they have not the enjoyments of religion! They go where Jesus will not go. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." Christ is not there. If you would walk with Christ, keep out of all evil company, of all evil associations; keep from all evil places—from every place where you can not go in the spirit of Christ, and that, if he was upon earth, you might not expect to meet him there. If you go out of the territory where he would go, you need not expect to find him.

LINCOLN'S TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

Abraham Lincoln, President of 40,000,000 of the American people, when offered wine at a great banquet, publicly refused, and stated that he had been fifty years an abstainer. To the friend who persuaded him to sign the pledge, he said: "I owe more to you than to almost anyone else of whom I can think; for if I had not signed the pledge with you in years years of youthful temptation, I might have gone the way that the majority of my old comrades have gone, which ends in a drunkard's life and a drunkard's grave."

THE MAN IN THE BOY.

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,
In the brook, the sea;
The twig that will sway with the sparrow today
Is tomorrow's sturdy tree.
There is hope in a mother's joy,
Like a peach in its blossom furled,
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
A manly boy, is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
Is the soul of simple truth;
The oak that defies the stormiest skies
Was upright in its youth;
The beauty no time can destroy
In the pure young heart is furled;
And a worthy boy, a tender boy,
A faithful boy, is king of the world.

The cub of the royal lion
Is regal in his play;
The eaglet's pride is as fiery-eyed
As the old bird's bald and gray.
The nerve that heroes employ
In the child's young arm is furled,
And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,
A brave, pure boy, is king of the world. —Anno.

"YOU HEV MY PARDING, MISS."

A pleasing little incident is related in the Ram's Horn, showing the winning power of politeness even when displayed along the homelier walks of life.

A young lady in hastily turning the corner of a street in London, accidentally ran with great force against a ragged beggar boy and nearly knocked him over. Stopping as soon as she could and retracing her steps, she said, very kindly, "I beg your pardon, my little fellow, I am very sorry that I ran aga'nst you."

The boy was wholly amazed; he looked at the lady one moment, and then, taking off his tattered cap, made a graceful bow and said, as his face lit up with a smile: "You hev my parding, miss, and ye're welcome to it. And say, the next time you run ag'in me, you kin knock me clean down and I won't say a word."

After the lady had passed on, the boy said to a companion: "I say, Jim, it's fine to hev somebody asking yer parding, ain't it?"—Selected.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located n ar the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

SAN FRANCISCO
TWO YEARS AFTER

The rebuilding of San Francisco is shown by picture and story in the April number of

Sunset Magazine

A magnificent 53-inch panorama is used for a frontispiece and gives an idea of how the city looks today. This is followed by 32 full-page pictures in colors, showing Banks, Business Blocks, Hotels, etc., already completed or in course of construction.

Also the first installment of the serial story

LIN McLEAN

A stirring story of Western Life

OWEN WISTER..

Author of "The Virginian."

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS

Price 15 Cents Postage 4 Cents

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:

MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

University Library
30jun05

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., MARCH 26, 1908. No. 13

WE TWO SHALL WIN.

"I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—
Jesus and I.

I cannot row it myself,
My boat on the raging sea;
But beside me sits Another,
Who pulls or steers with me,
And I know that we two
Shall come safe into port—
His child and He.

Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky.
Today so eager and brave,
Tomorrow not caring to try;
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—
Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true,
Crucified once for me!
Never will He change, I know,
Whatever I may be!
But all He says I must do,
Ever from sin to keep free.
We shall finish our course
And reach home at last—
His child and He."

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

DR. TORREY CONCERNING THE CHEAP THEATER.

When the Rev. Dr. Torrey was about to leave Fresno, after concluding his recent series of meetings in that city, he was interviewed by a reporter of one of the daily papers, and spoke in part as follows:

"Speaking out of my experience, and that has been very large, I can say that I know of no place where sordid materialism, gross indifference to the real needs of the people, and utter carelessness of real intellectual entertainments, are so apparent as in the city of Fresno. Dancing and the theater seem to be the only ways the people of the town have of amusing themselves.

"And the theater, what is it doing? So far as I can see, nothing, absolutely nothing that could by any stretch of the kindliest imagination be considered uplifting to the general public that pays its money and laughs and giggles at the mimics on the stage. I have been told that the most successful of all the plays that have been produced here this winter was Madame Butterfly, a hideous thing, which exalted and made much of the Geisha girl. Any one who has ever been in Japan knows what the Geisha girl is. I have been there and I know. In this country the general public knows her under another name; but in all countries she is the same; and to exalt her and to make a paragon of her, or a stage heroine, over which silly women weep and equally silly men rave, is little short of extolling the advantages of vice in the most barefaced fashion."

We are glad that Dr. Torrey had the courage to speak as he did concerning the theater. The five and ten-cent theaters in Fresno are a curse to the people of that city, as similar affairs are in many other places in California. We were in Fresno a few months ago and learned from one of the pastors that not a few parents who send their children to the Sunday-schools on Sunday mornings allow them to go to these cheap theaters on Sunday afternoons. It is degrading. And no land can reasonably expect a citizenship that will be a blessing to it where such things are countenanced.

Two of the Earl lectures, Pacific Theological Seminary, were given by President Faunce of Brown University this week. They were on The Attitude of the Ministry Toward New Truth; and The Contribution of the School to Church and State. One will be given next Monday evening on Gains and Losses in Modern Education. Tuesday evening the topic will be, Modern Uses of Ancient Scripture. Friday evening, The Humanizing of Study. On Tuesday of the following week the topic will be, The Need of Ethical Leadership.

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

By Chas. R. Brown.

More Abundant Life.

"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Life means power to react under stimulus, and the presence of the Spirit of Christ in the heart renders it responsive to a wider range of moral appeal. Life means power to express purpose in action and Christ extends the field of one's activities by the quickening of all the abilities and by the impartation of new strength. Life means power to enter into the joy of fellowship with other lives, and Christ brings the senes of an exalted fellowship as the Christian soul comes into conscious co-operation with Him in the fulfillment of a vast spiritual design.

"Life is what we are alive to," Maltbie Babcock used to say. The man who responds only to the appeals of appetite and pleasure, money getting and outward show, is still dead. We are only alive as the finer appeals of purity, kindness and love, history, poetry and music, flowers, stars and God find us and win a ready response in terms of high aspiration and useful action.

Here is One who is from everlasting to everlasting, eternally young, eternally strong, eternally hopeful; His energies unidminished, unwearied, undaunted by the lapse of time, pledging to us the ministry of that Infinite abundance! He stands ready to give Himself for us and to us, for we are the children of His love—and the end in view is that we have abundant and eternal life.

This divine impartation is a process unretarded, undiminished, by the coming on of age. The youthful energy of body passes, but the life of the Christian soul waxes stronger as the years go. Though the "outward man perish"—it is perishing visibly in many a life here—"the inward man," where faith and hope and love have their home, "is renewed day by day." The color fades from the hair and the cheek, the fire in the eye burns low, but the warmth, the vigor and the beauty of the inner life increase. As the life grows older there comes a new breadth of sympathy, a new kindliness of interest in all forms of moral effort, a new charity for the failures of others and a new hold on the inexhaustible helpfulness of God, which can change failures into victories. The love of youth, manward or Godward, is more intense, but the love of maturity is broad and deep, calm and sweet, yielding to its possessor and to the object of the affection a surpassing satisfaction.

"The children of the Kingdom are the friends of God, building with Him they know not clearly what. They have never known—every unfolding of the divine life within is a surprise. The deep green of summer changes into the brightness of autumn. The sun flames into a sudden glory before his setting, and in that moment of sadness a voice says, 'He shall so come again as ye have seen Him go.' The old forms of life break up and disappear only to reappear with some brighter meaning. Our regrets dissolve into the raptures of coming joy, for we are the children of the Resurrection, destined ever to a more and more abundant life."

THE CONSTANCY OF CHRIST.

By Edward A. Wicher.

Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. John xiii: 1.

The constancy of the love of Jesus is here declared. His love is unlike ours in that it does not change when it finds a change.

The disciples, even as they were first called, were no easy objects for their Master's love. They were dull of heart and slow to believe; and that because in entering the service of their Lord they had set their hearts upon personal, worldly advantages.

But still, in spite of what they were, he might have loved them—loved them for what he hoped they would become.

A man can love his friends not only for what they are, but also for what he believes them to be; and a leader can love his followers not only for what they have already achieved, but also for what he hopes they will achieve. He can look around upon the band of new recruits, young, raw, and all untried as yet, and love them. For have they not been animated with his own purpose and gathered to do service for his ideals? And as they respond to his call with shouts of loyalty, he sees in vision the glorious victories they, with him ,shall one day win.

But every earthly leader finds it difficult to love his followers when under the stress of danger, toil and duty they break down and do sordid, false and unlovely deeds. And every man finds it hard to continue to regard as a friend one to whom he has committed the precious secrets of his soul, only to discover later on that they have been despised and profaned.

And the disciples of Jesus were both his followers and his friends. He might indeed love Peter and James and John and the rest, even including Judas, when they were still recent in his service and had not yet disclosed their despicable traits of character. It is true that they were not yet men afer his own heart, but he could hope to train them.

But when they had been with him in all those journevings for those three years,—had seen him in all his ministry of love, had listened to all his gracious words of heavenly wisdom, and then—instead of becoming his loyal, steadfast followers, had planned to turn his work to personal advantage and thus destroy the very cause they had promised to advance, how could Jesus continue to love them!

Jesus knew that the one important interest in the minds of James and John was to profit by their intimacy with himself, and, without the knowledge of the other ten , to get the chief places in his kingdom. And he knew that Peter, in spite of all his lusty assurances of devotion, would become a veritable Satan, and in the face of ridicule and uncertainty, would deny his Master three times. And he knew that Judas, who had been the trusted custodian of his poor-fund, and who, in the presence of his disinterestedness, had become consumed with the love of money, was now waiting his opportunity to sell him to his enemies for thirty pieces of silver. And he knew that the other members of the band would turn and run away as soon as the Roman authorities would apprehend him. So grateful were they for his years of yearning ministry; so responsive were they to his self-disclosure.

Surely he had cast his pearls before swine in order that they should turn again and rend him. He will now surely repent his kindness.

No. Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

"FELLOWSHIP OF THE SPIRIT."

W. N. Burr, Tulare.

"When a man is hungry for spiritual fellowship, for close association with men and women who keenly relish Bible study and who respond quickly to spiritual things, he naturally looks for it among the people of the church; and he might almost as well look somewhere else."

Bruce was physically weary. I saw that the moment he entered my study the other day. And when he dropped into the roomy "Morris" chair and delivered himself of the above complaint, I knew it was because he was "all tired out" that he allowed the complaint to drop from his lips.

"Bruce, you know better," I said, without turning from my desk.

"Of course I know better," he replied; "but that is the way I happen to be feeling just now. I know there are people who delight in spiritual things, and who are responding to the finer teachings of the Spirit, and that such people are almost without exception found in the church; but some of us are placed with churches in which there seems to be so little relisch for spiritual thought and life that we get lonesome and homesick sometimes. About the most lonesome places that I know of for a man who delights in spiritual truth and training are some of our churches."

"Bruce, stop that!" I said with some little emphasis, wheeling about in my desk chair, and facing the tired man. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I know it, and I am ashamed of myself," said he. "I am ashamed of my weakness in permitting my mind to dwell complainingly on a matter of this kind. I feel like crying 'Lord, be merciful to me, a **sinner,**' when I realize that I am carrying about a mind filled with criticism and complaint, in the face of the promise that the man shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on **God.** I know that however much others may be out of the way, I am unhappy just now because I am a little out of the way myself. And I have no desire to offer **excuses** for being a little out of the way myself. I am ashamed of it. But the fact remains that a man who longs for fellowship with others who delight in the law of the Lord, and who have a passion for the kingdom of God that is akin to the passion of Jesus Christ for that same kingdom, does not always find that fellowship in our churches. There are plenty of sociable Christians in the churches, and chicken-pie Christians, and all sorts of entertainment Christians, and some pretty good finance Christians. But when one hungers for fellowship with Bible-study Christians, with prayer-loving Christians, with 'first-things-first' Christians, he either fails to find them in many churches, or finds so few of them there, that he is obliged to fight hard to down the lonesome feeling."

"Now see here, Bruce," I broke in, "here is a crumb of comfort for you. I've got to do something to steady you a little or you will collapse under the strain of this critical spirit with which you seem to be possessed today. 'The Congregationalist' has been asking representative New England laymen this question: 'How can Congregationalism be made more effective in New

England?' and here is the first answer that is printed: 'First, from the pulpit—a more spiritual and emotional presentation of vital gospel truths and, while with no less intellect, a less reliance upon the intellectual and a good deal more reliance upon the spiritual. A multiplicity of publications feed men's intellects as to the things of this world. They need and hunger for real spiritual strength from the physician of the soul. (2) From the pew—lives that really exemplify the profession of the lips, putting first things first, realizing that the comparatively great Congregational generosity in giving money means little unless the heart and life go with it in self-denying service, and that God can do more through a sanctified manhood and womanhood than through unsanctified millions. (3) A renaissance in the study of the Blessed Book, with heart belief in, and obedience to what it plainly teaches.'"

"Amen!" exclaimed Bruce fervently, as I finished the reading. "It's a comfort to feel the fellowship thrill that comes through that paragraph of printed matter from New England. I am glad they have such men over on the other coast, and I know that we have them here on the Pacific Coast. But still I am troubled for the host of people in our churches who are not in sympathy with 'a good deal more reliance upon the spiritual.' Our churches have in them lots of people who have almost no appreciation of the power of spiritual appeals to reach men and to win them to the Christian life. The idea prevails that the spiritual things of the kingdom must be hidden, and sandwiches and cake, and music, and general sociability must be made the bait with which to catch men. And the result is, too often, that the spiritual things of the kingdom are **kept** hidden, and there seems to be little interest in the church in anything but in the meat that perisheth. Some of our church people have spent so much time in the kitchen preparing bait with which to tickle the palates of "outsiders' that they have lost all taste themselves for the meat that endured unto everlasting life."

"Bruce, would you sell the dishes in the cupboard of the Ladies' Aid Society, and close the church kitchen until the time it may be needed for a meeting-place for the adult Bible class?"

"No, sir," I would not. Neither would I close my Bible and pile up sandwiches all over it so that it could never be seen. Sandwiches have their place; but man cannot live by bread alone, and it is the business of church people to feed **themselves** on the bread of God which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world; and then to place the bread of life before others, that they may get a taste of it, and eat and live. The Master had compassion on the hungry multitude and gladly fed them with the loaves and fishes; but he did not let it end with that. When they came back again the next day for more loaves and fishes he plainly told them that they had a deeper need than their physical hunger, and he spread spiritual food before them, and with all the passion of heaven-born love he invited them to eat of the bread that cometh down from heaven that a man may eat thereof and not die."

"Well, Bruce," said I, "conditions in the churches are as they are, and what are we going to do about it?"

"I am going to have spiritual fellowship with somebody by starting a Bible class for spiritual training if I cannot find more than one other person who will join the class with me. What our churches need is more men and women in them who will say 'I will hear what God the Lord will speak,' and who will listen to catch God's messages instead of walking under the lead of their own opinions. Do you remember what George Bowen says about all this?

"'How many fancy that they are harkening to God's word, while all the time they are only harkening to their own heart's lust. Half a dozen pages would contain all their Bible—theirs truly, not God's It is impossible to hear what God the Lord will speak while a thousand vain voices are allowed to have thy attention. There is too much noise in thine own heart for thee to hear. Thou art too much busied about thine own will to become acquainted with the will of God. The Lord will not lead thee by thy right hand while another leads thee by the left.'".

DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN at HARTFORD SEMINARY.

By Howard Arnold Walter.

Hartford Seminary students were afforded a rare treat during the week of March 1-8, by the presence in their midst of Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, not two weeks away from his parish of Westminster in London. In addition to speaking nightly in one of the churches of the city, and meeting on two occasions with the ministers of Hartford and vicinity, under the auspices of the seminary, Dr. Morgan conducted two conferences for the students exclusively.

On the first afternoon he spoke, by request of the faculty, upon his work at Westminster, to our eyes an achievement, under God, in the rejuvenation of a moribund church in its way unexcelled in Christian annals. First the church was graphically pictured as it was when the alternative was presented to Dr. Morgan in this country, of accepting the call or of seeing the church, at a strategic center of London life, sold out of existence. This "forlorn hope" consisted of a church building seating 2,500 souls, with a morning attendance of 30, an evening attendance of 100, and nothing else, save traditions of the past. Dr. Morgan accepted the call and trust as a "protest against the abandonment of the down-town church" and, with his life-long friend, Rev. Albert Swift, he went to work to make Westminster Chapel a center for preaching the Word, for building up a church and for uplifting the neighborhood through parish work.

At the start he determined upon three things (1). The money should be raised by straight giving—no bazaars and concerts; and the church has never been in debt. (2). It must be a missionary church, and in order to accomplish this a distinctively missionary sermon was preached on a Sunday evening once a month, with the result that there are now a number of missionaries on the field, and a tenth of all the income of the church, independent of personal giving, goes to the mission cause. (3). He must have an adequate staff, consisting now of himself, his associate, an evangelist and twelve visiting sisters.

Dr. Morgan then spoke successively of the Sunday morning and evening services, the Bible school, and the Sunday-school. At the Sunday morning service, he remarked, to the astonishment of his under-

graduate hearers, that he had been preaching for three years from the Gospel of Matthew, without interruption save in his absence. The Sunday evening services comprise more general preaching, usually evangelistic and frequently followed by an after meeting. The membership of the church has steadily arisen from 60 to 800, despite the fact that the roll is revised every three months, that a probation of three months devoted to Christian culture is required of prospective members, and that membership is not as a rule transferred to Westminster from any church within a radius of two miles. At the weekly Friday night Bible school, where Dr. Morgan has lectured for three years on the plans of the books of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, the attendance has grown from 500 to 2,000, of whom 2 out of 3 are men. Dr. Morgan and his assistants have carried this work out to other centers so that now he has himself 24,000 enrolled in his Bible classes. The Sunday-school now numbers 800 in its three departments and requires of all teachers that they attend the weekly normal class and give time and earnest attention to the work. Various institutional clubs have sprung up in connection with the classes, but the impulsion is always outward from within the school, in loyalty to Dr. Morgan's fundamental postulate that the institutions must grow out of the church, since the reverse is impossible, that mere institutions grouped together can ever create a church. Thus the great work is going on, as always it must when there is the living Evangel of the Cross, a population upon which to work, and methods of work adapted to the environment.

Having as a background in our minds this potent example of a church builded in a parish which included the Houses and many of the members of Parliament, on the one hand, and one of the blackest of London's slums, on the other, we were led to consider, in Dr. Morgan's second lecture, the **content** of that ministry whose practical workings we had witnessed. The speaker began by exegeting the word "scribe" in Matt. 7:29, and then urged that the minister to-day should be pre-eminently the scribe, the moral interpreter to men of the will and purpose of God. The **method** is to affect the circumferences the Christ, in his particular neighborhood.

The **mission** is the establishment of the kingdom of God. The **method** is to affect the circumferences from the centers always—individual man to the church from the church to the world. The first and final business of the preacher is to constrain (for even God can never compel) the wills of men.

The **conditions** for the office of scribe were next considered, and the chief of these was shown to be experiential knowledge. "The measure in which I set up the kingdom around me is the measure of it in my own life." We must follow the King by the way of the cross to power and empire, through self-crucifixion out into the larger life.

Finally, in his **application**, Dr. Morgan sounded the note of the oneness of the kingdom, and the identity of the message, linked with adaptation of method. The one thing we must do is to "get men into touch with God in submission to His throne by the way of the cross of Christ".

A word must be added regarding the conference with ministers on Thursday afternoon when in passionate, yet guarded, utterance, Dr. Morgan spoke out of the fulness of his heart, trenchantly and yet tactfully, his deepest convictions concerning the church and the ministry of to-day. None that heard his message will ever forget it wholly. Following upon what he had said on Monday of the active ministry of the church herself and the sanctification of the clergy, ideally, Dr. Morgan frankly sketched the situation as his own eyes view it to-day. With convincing candor he characterized the general attitude of the world of our time as indifference, of the church as passionateness, of the ministry as uncertainty, and he confessed that the dark picture brought him at times almost to despair. Coming to the positive note of his theme, he asked if in this age of transition, of re-adjustment, there is any authoritative message which the Christian clergy can preach. We were told that there is, and that the eternal truths which comprise it are all that the world really needs, and that without them the ministry must fail. It is not theology but religion which the world, broken-hearted in all its indifference, is hungering after: and these two facts, with great variety of language, the ministry must preach, that man is a sinner, and that Jesus Christ can save. Dr. Morgan added as necessary for himself, faith in the Bible as a revelation of God's purposes with men, and a belief in Jesus, as One lifted above the level of mere humanity. Above the darkness of present day conditions in the world, the church, and the ministry, there is visible the flush of a new dawning in the Eastern sky, and there is great and glorious work to be done by those who will labor with him for the coming of his kingdom.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

Books are friends which every man may call his own. * * * They can be relied on, whoever else, or whatever else may fail.—Langford, in **The Praise of Books.**

"The Representative Women of the Bible." By George Matheson. All who have read any of the previous volumes by the late Dr. Matheson, Scotland's gifted and far-famed blind preacher, will welcome this his last work. The author tells us in the preface what he means by the words, "the representative women of the Bible: "By the representative women of the Bible I mean, not the women who represent the Bible, but those women of Scripture who are types of female qualities represented in all time. Fifteen of these types have been protrayed, and as no quality has been repeated, this represents a considerable number of individuals." Accordingly we have from this richly-stored mind: Eve the Unfolded. Sarah the Steadfast, Rebekah the Far-seeing, Rachel the Placid, Miriam the Gifted, Deborah the Drastic, Ruth the Decided, Hannah the Pious, Mary the Guiding, and Mary the Thought-Reading. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York; pages 269; $1.50 net.)

"The Beliefs of Unbelief." By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D. This is a timely and valuable book. The author says in his opening chapter, which is on "The New Unbelief," "The world sees today an unbelief of a new type: vague, loitering, evasive, and strangely contented. 'Christianity,' it whispers, is, if not untrue, at least unnecessary: life can be lived well enough without it.' It is a mood untouched by any disquieting sense of ethical responsibility." Further

it is said: "The choice of the soul does not lie in the last analysis betwixt belief and doubt; but betwixt rival forms of belief. If the Christian creed is not accepted, there emerge certain alternative beliefs perfectly definite in character, one or other of which must take its place. For the temple of the human soul cannot be left empty, swept, and garnished. Some tenant must come! Men are unwilling to see the inevitable and underlying affirmations of doubt; the dark alternatives to faith, from which there is no escape; they try, as we have said, to keep the Christian solution of the great problems of duty, while rejecting axioms on which the solution is built. But no attempt is more certainly predoomed to defeat. These papers are an attempt to define and assess what may be called the positives of doubt; the strange beliefs which lurk under the mask of unbelief. Faith suffers —and rightly suffers—incessant challenge for its credentials. But let us stop for a moment to consider what are the credentials of doubt. The fight has hitherto raged around the evidences of religion; it is surely time to ask what are the evidences of irreligion. The Christian faith has its difficulties, it may frankly be admitted; but let the question be seriously considered; What are the difficulties of the alternatives to faith?" The book is divided into three parts as follows: The Alternative to Belief in God, The Alternatives to Belief in Christ, The Alternatives to Faith in Christ, The Bible—under the latter being, The Christian Faith about the Bible, and the Alternatives to Christian Faith about the Bible. We quote a paragraph: "When anyone undertakes to prove that Christ did not exist two thousand years ago he may well be asked to attempt a feat much nearer at hand. Let him prove that he does not exist today. Shakespeare touched, and still touches, only one realm of human life. Christ touches all races and generations. Time, for him, has no arresting force; space has no separating power. We know that he exists as we know that there is a force like gravitation or an energy like electricity. The pull of every atom of matter proves the one; the tinkle of every telephone bell is witness of the other. This, in the last analysis, is the supreme evidence of the existence of Christ. His hand is visibly on the world's life today. There are myriads of living men and women who know that he touches their sin to rebuke it, their grief to comfort it, their conscience to quicken it. He is working these miracles now, exactly as he did in the days of his flesh two thousand years ago; the only difference is that today his miracles are wrought in spiritual terms." (Eaton & Mains, New York; also Jennings & Graham, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.; $1.25 net.)

"Life of George Matheson." By D. MacMillan, D.D. One turns the pages of this biography with thorough satisfaction. Blind, from his boyhood, Dr. Matheson was one of the most remarkable men that the 19th century produced. He was a great preacher and author, and his books have been of untold comfort and help to thousands of people all around the world. "Leaves for Quiet Hours" and "Rests by the River", are two which we should like to see in every home. It is surprising that one blind from early years could accomplish all that Dr. Matheson accomplished. But his memory was phenomenal. His biographer tells us that he could quote by the page not merely the Bible, which he is supposed to have had by heart, but any book in which he was interested, however sound or volatile. It is said in this biography. There was to Matheson not only a Divine purpose in the universe and in human life, but a purpose that was intelligible to the mind and appealed to the heart. In the light of it, all things became new. The dark problems of existence, the calamities of life, the vicissitudes and trials, the sufferings and sorrows of mortal existence, yea, even death itself, yielded up their mystery to the Christian ideal. As seen through it, every effort of the human mind and spirit, and the searchings and strivings of natural religion, were seen to be but developments and stages in the realization of the world plan. The rise and fall of nations—in fact, the course of civilization as a whole—but illustrated the truth which had now been revealed to him. The Christian religion itself, in one sense the goal, was in another the beginning. It revealed in full measure what had always been in the mind of the Eternal. Its broken creeds contained fractions of the truth, and in place of being anathema one to another they ought to regard each other with the charity which believeth all things. It was thus that Matheson could gather them all together. His intellectual and moral sympathy embraced each church, and extended the hand to every form of Christian faith; indeed, it could reach out to those religions that are regarded as natural, for he saw in them foreshadowings of those truths which were revealed when the times were ripe. He thus became the great reconciler of his age, and did for his own generation what Robertson of Brighton accomplished for his." We are not surprised at finding on the closing pages of this book such words as these: "Glasgow was proud of him while he was in life and it will ever cherish his memory in death." And this also: "Long and appreciative notices of him appeared in almost every newspaper in England and in Scotland, indeed throughout the British Empire and America. Special references were made to him from almost every pulpit in his native land on the Sunday after his death; and by an unanimous desire, his famous hymn was sung on the same day by most congregations." That hymn alone.—

> "O Love that wilt not let me go,
> I rest my weary soul in Thee:
> I give Thee back the life I owe,
> That in Thine ocean depths its flow
> May richer, fuller be.—

Would have made forever enduring upon the earth the memory of George Matheson. (H. C. Armstrong and Son, New York; pages 369, $2 net.)

"Erasmus: The Scholar." By John Alfred Faulkner. This is another of the volumes in the **"Men of the Kingdom"** series—several of which have been noticed in our columns during the last few months. This, as well as other volumes, is to be commended. In the opening chapter the author answers the question. What was the Renaissance? and shows where it meets us in Erasmus who united all the culture of the Italian with some genuine traits of Northern piety. On the closing pages of this book, written last year, We find these words: "It is three hundred and seventy-one years this very day since our aged scholar of seventy left this troubled life. But, as W. H. Hutton says, no scholar the world has ever

known is so sure of immortality. More and more with every passing year, whether we will or no, his ashes still rule us from their urn. More and more the Erasmian spirit is coming to its own." Nevertheless, the author says: "If the Reformers had all been Erasmians, we would never have had the Reformation. The Council of Trent proved that the Church of Rome was irreformable, that the scholastic theology, in which her monstrous abuses were rooted, was her ground and rock. That council was the amplest vindication of Luther, and the complete discrediting of Erasmus, **as a Reformer.** That Christ is not only Lord and Example (Erasmus), but chiefly savior (Luther), and that the road to him is by faith alone—it is that which has made the modern Christian world." (Jennings and Graham, Cincinnati; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal., $1.00 net.)

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Great Temperance Meeting.

Our Coast's greatest temperance meeting conceived among the fragrant redwoods at Mount Hermon, which, if redwoods can mourn, weep over the ruthless and cruel spoliation of their comrades in Sempervirens Park, the California Redwood Park, which the people taxed themselves to pay $250,000 for,—this great assembly met March 17-18-19, in Christian Science Hall, San Francisco. It was not a Prohibiton party meeting though, every sentiment was cheered to the echo. It was not a W. C. T. U. meeting though these blessed and brave women prayed in pews and graced the platform. It was not an anti-saloon meeting, though stalwart men of that great movement were in evidence and the eloquent Dr. Chapman twice recived the ovation he has so richly earned. We were all Protestants against the saloon and tremendously Catholic towards the priests and parsons who met on the patriotic platform that this country cannot endure if only half of it be sober.

San Francisco never saw such a meeting. It was not attracted by cheap board, the chance for junketing, or reduced fares. That splendid and tireless Mt. Hermon Master of Assemblies, Hugh Gilchrist engineered it, and stalwart Secretary McCoy was efficient Chairman of Business Committee. No one church paid so much for it as the Christian Science Society, who gave the large bill to our cause which will not always be lost on our list of benevolences, but ought and will come to its own beside our Standard Missionary causes. San Francisco is not an easy field for temperance work, but the note of coming victory sounds in the air and from now on to the day of triumph, a really great cause will draw great and greater crowds.

Splendid Speaking

Like Sumner, Beecher, and Wendell Phillips blazing for liberty, our speakers were on fire with their theme.

Drs. Jordan and Charles R. Brown were at their best. Their eyes flashed; our hearts beat. Why do not advocates of harmless and nutritious beer bring on such advocates, that we may hear them.

Doctor Dille led a conference which he eloquently prefaced. Never a moment's doubt as to where this veteran stands who wields a bishop's influence, if not a bishop's hand.

Bishop Hamilton, too, poured out the sparkling lime of his eloquence without froth.

Doctor Leornard Stocking witnessed how alcohol fills Agnews with victims of a more cruel sorrow than an earthquake.

Father Terence Caraher flamed as he championed the cause of men and women, boys and girls followed close to the doors of his church by the execrable minions of rum. There's a hugeness and momentum about this splendid priest which almost distances the expert utterances of our professional temperance advocates. How a Christian's heart goes out to him! What depths of brotherliness respond to him when in the fullness of his Christ-loving heart he says, in commencing to speak, "Dear brethren in the ministry."

A like discovery to many of us was young Father Philip O'Ryan, the leader of fourteen thousand young Knights of the Cross. Consider what their ballots will do when this great question comes up for settlement, as come it will. Foxiness of political management will not always outwit the will of the American people. The atmosphere of this great meeting, of which I jot down but a faint hint or two, was amazingly like that of anti-slavery meetings of my boyhood.

My father voted for liberty when the party numbered but five thousand, and even the name of the candidate slips me. Winfield Scott and Fremont went to political defeat. But Lincoln!

There'll be great speaking when our cause comes up, as come it will. General apathy will be escorted to the rear and, from the home-loving and the boy-loving, and the girl-protecting chivalric souls, it will be, as Charles Brown said: "Good to live." Watch the city meetings Brother Gilchrist plans at Mt. Hermon. Go there to plan and pray. It is a sweet solitude like the mountain side Christ frequented.

Judge Samuel R. Artman.

This sane, serene and sagacious statesman from Indiana charmed the convention by his modesty, his simplicity, and his strength.

Carrying us back in thought to the moral foundation of our republic, to the righteousness of the cause that separated us from England and bound us together for our comomn good, it seemed no sham either on our intelligence or our reason to claim that no legality could inhere under our constituion to any sore hurt to the nation.

From the dictum, "A moral wrong cannot become a legal right," it was not a far cry to "The saloon is not a business, but a crime." Though quibbling lawyers and unbaked reformers stickle over this, the Indiana battle cry will some day land a stalwart statesman in the White House.

I think Taft could get there on that issue now. But I am not a slatemaker—only a humble harvester of a few stray acorns.

I remembered hearing in my boyhood of a great man in Washington, a judge who wrote a Supreme Court opinion, "The negro has no rights a white man is bound to respect."

Sumpter and Appotomax, and Gettysburg, and the Emancipation proclamation, and all that! So the barking about the brave and godly young judge will

quiet down when a greater and united Supreme Court shall decree "The saloon is not a business but a crime."

Brethren, hear the good judge if he comes your way.

If you can make the Blossom Festival Saturday, March 28th, you can hear him there. God's saints, sooner or later, see and hear all the sons of God.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHURCH FEDERATION.

S. C. Patterson.

About eighteen months ago there was organized in this city a so-called Church Federation—in fact, it was not a Church Federation, but a Federation of church-men. Any male member of an evangelical church of the city could join on signing the roll and paying an annual fee of 50 cents. This organization did some good work but was not wholly satisfactory in its nature. It was desired to have some authority back of the organization. The desire culminated in the appointment of a committee to prepare some plan of re-organization. After earnest deliberation it unanimously reported in favor of organizing a Church Federation on the lines of the New York City Federation.

This report was adopted, and a committee on constitution and organization appointed, consisting of one person from each denomination represented. Monday evening, March 9th, a special meeting was called and the committee reported.

The constitution presented was accepted with a few minor changes and the San Francisco Church Federation born, and at the close of this meeting the old Federation dissolved.

The preamble to the constitution reads:

"Whereas, in the providence of God the time has come when it seems fitting more fully to manifest the essential oneness of the Christian churches of San Francisco in Jesus Christ as their divine Lord and Saviour, and to promote the spirit of fellowship service and co-operation among them, the delegates to the conference on Church Federation recommend the adoption of the following constitution."

The object of the Federation is stated thus:

"To promote the fellowship and effective co-operation among the churches and Christian workers of San Francisco, in order to evangelize systematically and thoroughly the city, to bring their united influence to bear on moral issues, to co-ordinate the Christian and benevolent activities of the community and to accomplish other appropriate ends."

The membership is composed of:

The pastor and two members from each church accepting the preamble and constitution, together with one additional delegate for each fifty members. Also the chief executive and one delegate of each society, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, etc. And churches or other religious organizations desiring to be associated in the Federation's general work without necessarily endorsing the Christian basis, such may become associate members with a voice, but no vote.

The standing committees are:

Evangelistic, civic righteousness, industrial and social, moral reform, interdenominatonal enterprises, extension and comity, parishing and canvassing; also special committees as the occasion requires.

The delegates from the churches form a council which shall meet on the fourth Monday of each month for the transaction of business. The officers elected are: Rev. H. H. Bell, D.D., pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church; first vice-president, J. E. White, Esq., a member of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church; second vice-president, F. W. Gale, C. S. D., the First Church of Christ Scientist; secretary, Rev. L. J. Sawyer, pastor of Hamilton Square Baptist Church; treasurer, Prof. S. Sturgis, member of the First Christian Church.

Considerable discussion was caused on the acceptance of the preamble and constitution by the Christian Science Church, which sent a strong delegation. This church had been very active in the old organization, but some thought it should not be in the new Federation. But to the surprise of many, its delegates unequivocally, as far as words are concerned, accepted and subscribed to the preamble. There was nothing to do but accept the church putting the responsibility upon it.

Much is hoped from its organization, but its success will depend upon the co-operation of the churches. At present almost every evangelical denomination is represented, and there seems to be a spirit of strong of co-operation. There was a good Episcopal delegation at the meeting, and Dr. Clampett, rector of Trinity Church, made an effective speech for retaining the preamble, when a motion was made to reject it. Over one hundred men were present and the spirit of fellowship was exhilerating and refreshing.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Last week we made mention of the address before ministers of San Francisco and vicinity by Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. The last number of of The Pacific Unitarian contained the following sketch:

"Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who will lecture or preach for many of our churches on this coast in March, from San Diego to Bellingham, is one of the best-known Unitarian ministers in the Middle West. He was born in Wales in 1843; came to America in infancy; was reared on a Wisconsin farm; served three years in the union army, and then entered the Meadville Theological School, from which he graduated in 1870. After that he served the Unitarian Church at Janesville, Wis., for nine years, and was also secretary of the Western Unitarian conference for nine years—the most vigorous ones perhaps in its whole history. He also organized and was secretary of the Western Unitarian Sundayschool Society; and in 1878 assisted in establishing Unity, of which he has been editor for nearly thirty years. Since 1882 he has been minister of All Souls' Church, in Chicago. He was secretary of the World's Fair Parliament of Religions in 1893, and organized the American Congress of Liberal Societies, which aimed to bring together the liberal elements in many churches. He has never been a narrow denominationalist, but has done much to broaden his own denomination and bring it into relation with others. He has been an indefatigable apostle of the application of religion to the affairs of today in reforms, good government, good literature, and education. In this extension of his pulpit voca-

tion, he has been for years one of the University of Chicago's Extension Lecturers in English. The crowning achievement of his life he considers the establishment of Lincoln Center, a substantial six-story building in Chicago, which not only houses his church and its allied organizations, but is designed to be the focus for that part of the city of everything making for the higher life of the people. His visit will be sure to bring stimulus and inspiration."

MISSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Christian Endeavor Topic for March 29th.

By Albert W. Palmer.

Are Protestant Missions Desirable? At the outset the question may occur to thoughtful people: Why send missionaries to the Philippines at all? The Roman Catholic church is in possession there; why not leave to that great branch of the church the missionary problem of those islands while we Protestants turn our attention to the unevangelized millions of Africa, India and China? There are three considerations which seem to me to justify the presence of Protestant missionaries:

* * * * *

(1) Value of Competition. The Roman Catholic church always maintains higher standards in the face of Protestant competition. Compare Roman Catholic ideals and practices in Italy or Mexico with the ideals and practices of the same church in the United States. As one travels from Naples northward through Europe one is impressed by the fact that as the presence of Protestantism becomes a more powerful competing factor the Roman Catholic churches seem to become cleaner and their accent on preaching and teaching more pronounced. The Roman Catholic church in the Philippines needs Protestant competition. I suppose that Ultimate Universal Church for which we pray will combine the best elements of both Catholicism and Protestantism. Probably we are not perfect! But that Ultimate Church can come only as we each give forth the best within us, trusting to future generations to choose the best from all and

> "Build the Universal Church,
> Lofty as is the love of God
> And ample as the wants of man."

That our Roman Catholic brethren are feeling the effects of competition is shown by the fact that recently nine newly ordained priests left a Catholic missionary college in London for service in the Philippines, and the money for the journey and outfit was secured in America. A sum of $5,000 was asked for, and in a few weeks over $7,000 was received. I think Paul would say, "Christ is proclaimed; and therein I rejoice."

* * * * *

(2) Philippino Prejudice Against Catholicism.—The second reason justifving Protestant missionary work is the prejudice of a large element of the native population against the Roman church as represented by the Friars who sided with the Spanish Government, and used great landed interests in such a way as to reap a harvest of unpopularity. An independent native church has sprung up, and there is a remarkable readiness to receive other forms of Christianity untained by the record of the Friars.

* * * * *

(3) Pagan and Mohammedan Elements.—In the third place, the Philippines contain a large Pagan and Mohammedan population practically untouched by the Catholic church. So the Philippines seem to present a proper and promising field for missionary work conducted in the love of humanity, "with charity for all and malice toward none."

* * * * *

Work of Other Denominations.—Other denominations are in advance of us. The Episcopalians have been notably successful in establishing their missions under the wise leadership of Bishop Brent. The Methodists and Baptists have strong and well organized work going on, and the Presbyterians have eight vigorous stations, in one of which 600 converts were baptized last year. The rapid development of missions in the Philippines is shown by the fact that, while seven years passed before one convert was made in Japan or China, in the Philippines, six years after the landing of the first Protestant missionary, the Presbyterians alone report seventeen churches with 4,127 communicants, and a gain last year of 37 per cent!

* * * * *

The American Board Mission.—Our own American Board has one mission with two out-stations at Davao, in Mindanao, one of the southernmost islands. It was founded in 1903 and is in charge of Rev. and Mrs. Robert F. Black. Conditions are hard, as the surrounding population is largely Mohammedan and not as responsive as the natives farther north who have Christian tendencies but are prejudiced against the Roman church. Other obstacles are the opposition of the Catholics, and the presence of non-Christian Americans and Europeans. Nevertheless our missionaries are hopeful, and find doors opening on every side. The work has been greatly strengthened by sending out just recently a medical missionary, Dr. Charles T. Sibley, and his wife, who is a trained nurse. The medical work promises to be especially useful in removing the prejudice and distrust of the somewhat fanatical Mohammedan portion of the population. Dr. Sibley left a growing practice to consecrate his life to this work, and is being supported by the Mindanao Medical Association, an organization of New York men who are soon toprovide him with a hospital. The pictures of Dr. and Mrs. Sibley appear in the Missionary Herald for February.

"HELP! HELP!"

Mamie's in the factory,
Annie's in the store,
Bridget will not worry
With housework any more.

Mollie's in a sweat-shop,
Kate's in a manicure:
No one scrubs or washes.
Wages are no lure.

Maggie's an apprentice,
Flossie's making mats,
And that is why we're living
'Most all of us in flats.

—Puck.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Diego.—Work has been commenced on a $2,000 building for the Spanish Mission, which is a branch of the First Church.

Beaumont.—The work is prospering under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Barrett. A bell weighing 1,300 pounds has been purchased in the East.

San Jose.—The exterior of the new building for the First Presbyterian Church has been plastered. The building presents a fine appearance.

Pomona.—The new $5,000 organ, ordered some months ago for the First Presbyterian Church, has arrived, and will be installed at once.

Exeter.—At the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Sunday morning, March 15th, Rev. Edward E. Peipenburg, received five on profession and four by letter, into the membership of Exeter Presbyterian Church.

Berkeley, St. Johns.—The church has decided on a new location, and the proposed new building will be built on College avenue, just opposite Garber street. Work will begin ere long on a chapel which will cost about $7,500.

Pasadena.—The First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, Illinois, has called the Rev. Dr. McLeod of the First Church of Pasadena. The salary is the same that Dr. McLeod receives inPasadena, with the use at Evanston, in addition, of a fine parsonage. Judge Neeley, a prominent attorney of Chicago, and D. R. Forgan, president of one of the national banks of Chicago, journeyed to Pasadena so as to deliver in person the call to Dr. McLeod. who has the matter under consideration, having been given one month in which to make decision. The Rev. T. C. Beattie, who has acted as assistant pastor of the First Church of Pasadena for four years, has presented his resignation, asking to have it go into effect the 1st of May.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Mrs. Dr. MacIntosh arrived in San Rafael a few days ago to visit her daughter, Mrs. Robert Menzies. All of her Seminary friends are glad to see her in California again.

Mr. John R. Mott came to San Anselmo last Friday night and remained until Saturday as the guest of Prof. Paterson. At 7 o'clock Friday evening he dined with the Seminary family in the students' dining room. Besides the students, there were present, the faculty and their wives, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster and Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Crosby of San Rafael. After dinner all adjourned to the parlor where Dr. Mott gave an address which made a deep impression. It related principally to the student conference in Tokyo, which he declared to be the greatest student center in the world. He gave us a great vision of the widening kingdom of Christ.

Dr. Landon gave his lecture on "A Yankee in Ireland" for the Young Men's Club of the Brooklyn Church, Oakland, on the evening of St. Patrick's day, Tuesday the 17th. The audience filled the large Sunday-School rooms including the galleries. Besides the lecture there was an interesting programme of Irish songs.

Rev. Charles R. Callender, '96, who has done good missionary service in North Laos for the past twelve years, returned to this country with his family, on Friday, March 13th. He was compelled to leave his field on account of his wife's health. After a short rest he will seek a pastorate in this country.

The last copy of The Interior has an extended editorial on a pamphlet, entitled "The Treatment of Exempt Classes of Chinese in the United States" from the pen of Rev. Ng Poon Chew, '92. The article is very commendatory, speaking of the pamphlet as "most serious and impressive".

Rev. R. C. Stone, '96, pastor of the North Church, Denver, has been assisting a neighboring church in evangelistic services.

MINISTERIAL UNION.

Rev. John S. Thomas addressed the Presbyterian Ministerial Union, Monday, March 23, at the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland upon his recent experiences in the East in his efforts to raise 174,000 dollars to complete the work of rehabilitation of churches in San Francisco and vicinity.

Dr. Thomas was enthusiastically received in synods and prebyteries, but it was generally found that the enthusiasm had waned by the time he reached the individual congregations. About nine-tenths of the strong congregations refused to give him a hearing. It should, he said, that Dr. Thomas' arrival in New York was coincident with the arrival of the panic which incapacitated the large givers, had they been never so willing. The assembly's committee issued a call to the church at large and set March 15, as the day for the offering.

The live issues before the church courts are observed by Dr. Thomas were: 1. Temperance in the form of prohibition. 2. The relation of the church to social conditions, especially the application of the gospel to labor and capital, and the family life. 3. The raising of the pastor's salary.

Dr. Thomas reported the attendance upon the morning services to be about one-third to one-half the membership, and discouragingly small attendance at the evening meetings. In general it was stated that according to our members and ability in California, we outstrip the East. Rev. Mr. Long of the second church, San Jose, will address the meeting Monday, March 30th, at Westminister Church, San Francisco.

ANNUAL MEETING OF OCCIDENTAL BOARD AND DEDICATION OF NEW MISSION HOUSE.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 14th, at 2 o'clock, the new Presbyterian Mission Home, at 920 Sacramento street, San Francisco, will be formally opened and dedicated. This opening will be followed by the annual meeting beginning on Wednesday the 15th, at 9 a. m. There will be a conference of presidents, secretaries, treasurers Mission Class Studies, Young People's Societies, etc. The Devotional Thanksgiving Exercises will be a marked feature of this morning, as this new home is erected upon the spot where two years ago we assembled for our annual meeting, on the very morning our building was

burned. Luncheon will be served at noon, at the Mission Home.

In the afternoon there will be a full programme, and in the evening in one of the churches a repast will be served to the delegates by the San Francisco ladies.

On Thursday morning there will be the continuation of the Conference of Wednesday morning, election of officers, Chinese exercises, etc. In the afternoon of both days there will be speakers of interest, returned missionaries, etc., all of whose names will be given later.

Friday is to be the day set apart for the Synodical Board of Home Missions, with a varied programme with a loud call for our home-land on that day. Our field for those days is the whole world, whether in the Orient or this side of the Pacific.

Ng Poon Chew in his terse and eloquent way said in a recent address, "China has been slumbering for centuries, but she has been **yanked out of bed** and will never be asleep again."

May the churches of California be among the the first to give the knowledge of Christ and His love to the awakening giant—China.

All, of every denomination are welcome to these meetings as our new assembly hall will seat a vast throng.

Mrs. P. D. BROWNE.

THE HOME

HOW TO KNOW A LADY.

I have read many articles purporting to show how a lady may be known. In one of these articles it was asserted that "a lady may be known by her boots;" in another, "that she may be known by her gloves," "by her neck-wear," etc.

A writer, who claimed to be a close observer, said that if you gave him but a glimpse of a woman's handkerchief he would tell you whether or not the owner was worthy to bear the title of lady.

I once heard a gentleman say: "A lady is judged by her laugh."

Again I have heard: "You can tell a lady by her voice, by the care of her hands and nails, and by the letter she writes."

So I began to put these things to the test, and I now tell you the result of my observations:

1.—The Boot Test.

The last seat in the car was taken by a faultlessly attired beauty. She had a pretty foot and wore an elegant shoe, which fitted her perfectly. Then a tired-looking mother, carying a heavy, frolicsome baby, entered the car, and stood holding on to a strap, until a very aged and trembling man—evidently a gentleman—insisted that she take his seat, while he held to the strap. My beauty in the patent leather boots had never thought to offer her seat or to hold the baby for the mother, and I could not help thinking that a lady would be more considerate of the comfort of others.

2.—The Handkerchief and Glove Test.

In a large drygoods store I saw a clerk cross the house to pick up a dainty cambric handkerchief for a customer. The handkerchief was accepted by a hand in a neat kid glove; but the owner did not thank the clerk, nor cast even a grateful or pleasant glance in acknowledgment of the favor she had received. Surely a lady would not be so thoughtless of the little courtesies of life.

3.—The Laugh Test.

I heard a merry, ringing laugh which I would have declared came up from a pure, as well as a happy heart; and I afterwards heard the laugher say to her mother: "It's none of your business who my letters are from." Would a lady speak thus to her mother?

4.—The Voice Test.

I heard a reader give in the sweetest, most musical voice that old but beautiful poem, "Somebody's Mother," and the next day I saw that same reader laugh immoderately at an old woman who fell and scattered her marketing over the pavement. Would a lady be guilty of ridiculing the misfortunes of others?

5.—The Hand Test.

Over the keys of the piano swiftly and gracefully moved hands that might well serve as models for sculptor or painter, but whose hands, on a bitter cold day, rudely closed the door in the face of a woman who was asking for alms. Can a lady be devoid of feeling for her unfortunate sisters?

6.—The Letter Test.

I once read some letters of faultless rhetoric and pleasing style. They modestly encouraged the attentions of a fond lover; but I learned that the writing of these letters was but the pastime of a heartless flirt. Would a lady be guilty of any such amusement?

Then I concluded that, while a lady should be scrupulously neat in her dress, she should cultivate sweetness of voice and should be able to write an elegant letter. Yet all these qualifications, if combined with selfishness or rudeness, would fail to constitute a lady, for one of the chief characteristics of a lady must be forgetfulness of self and consideration for the wants of others.

A lady is simply the highest type of a woman. She will be gentle and modest, mistress of temper and curiosity. She will know and honor her own place in the social order, as the divinely appointed moulder, teacher and refiner of men; and out of this beautiful and noble place she will not seek to move. To fit herself for her place she will cultivate body and mind; the body in health and vigor, that she may take her share of burdens and be cheerful under them, and that her work in the world shall be fairly done as her hands can do it; and the the mind in knowledge, accomplishments and taste, that she may be a delight and a help in her home. There is a hidden lady in every woman as there is a gentleman in every man, and, no matter how far the actual may be from the possible, a true lady or a true gentleman is always recognized and acknowledged and by this nobility in the human heart.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT.

One of the essential elements in child-training is an example of uncompromising truthfulness. The price a parent pays for any departure from this rule is loss of influence over the child. The gain in dollars means a loss in life, and such accounts can never be balanced.

I remember hearing some one relate a story of a parent who desired her five-year-old boy to begin school, and so he was told to give his age to the teacher as six. When riding on the train, his father gave his age as three.

One day a gentleman asked him his age. He said: "I am five years old at home, three on the train, and six in school." An act like that is little short of crime.

A second requisite in character-building is real sincerity. The practice and the profession must be made to square with each other. In other words, the business transactions on Monday and the daily action in the home must correspond with the religious life on Sunday.

Children never fail in detecting insincerity and sham.

The power of your precepts will never exceed the genuineness of your practice. It is useless for a father to talk temperance to his boy and live tippling before the world. The essential thing is life, not lecturing.

RIGHTS AND RIGHT.

One blustering day in mid-winter a little woman, thinly dressed, hailed a west-bound electric car, and climbed heavily upon the rear platform. She had evidently been laying in a stock of provisions, for a small bag of flour rested against her shoulder, bearing an odd resemblance to a rather shapeless infant, while on her arm was a basket of groceries. The interior of the car was crowded, and, after one glance within, she placed her burden upon the platform and handed her nickel to the conductor, at the same time drawing her faded black shawl closely about her.

"You're going inside, ain't you?" asked the man, evidently surprised at her motion. "There's room enough! I'll make 'em move up."

"No, I guess I won't go in," laughed the little woman. She had one of those faces which poverty and hardship seem powerless to shadow, and the light in her blue eyes was like June sunshine. "You see, I've been carrying that flour, an' it's sifted all over me. If I should go inside, it might get on somebody else."

"But it's cold out here," the conductor urged. "The wind blows freezin'. 'Taint your business to think about their clothes." He spoke with the bitterness that an overworked man instinctively feels toward more prosperous people. "You paid your nickel like the rest of 'em; you've got as good a right inside as any."

"Maybe so," said the little woman, looking rather perplexed. "But somehow it doesn't seem right. Now there's a lady standin's near the door in such a pretty silk dress. If I owned it I wouldn't want it rubbed over with flour. No!" She shook her head determinedly. "I'm obliged to you, but I'll stay out here."

The conductor was silent, but his expression was one of bewilderment. Such a look might a naturalist wear who, after a life spent in research, finds in his own dooryard a species of plant totally unfamiliar.

The passenger on the end seat, hearing the dialogue through a crack of the door, fell into a reverie. What a contrast between the shivering little woman on the rear platform and the majority of us who count ourselves far her superior! How eager we are to get our rights, to exact full recompense for time or labor or money expended! How indifferent we become to the feelings of others, in our determination to gain justice for ourselves! How watchful we are lest we should be defrauded! How suspiciously we view the actions of those like-minded with ourselves!

She was not a philosopher, this little woman in the faded shawl. Perhaps she would have found it as difficult to give herself a logical reason why, although she had "a right" to go as inside passenger, it was not right for her to do so, as in convincing the perplexed conductor. But her heart, wiser than her head, bade her follow a higher law than that recognized in monetary transactions—the law of doing as one would be done by, of gaining through giving, of finding the bliss of possession through the joy of surrender. Quite unconscious of observers, she had acted the truth which some one has beautifully expressed: "One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you can give them up."—Harriet Lummis Smith.

KEEPING HOLD OF THE BOYS.

There were once two boys in a home I know, and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms.

The two boys and their mother had always knelt together for the bedtime prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel, the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered but one sentence: "Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate."

Said the mother, years after, "I consecrated my life to answer that prayer."

Did she have to give up anything? Yes, receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boy's friends needed entertaining.

Embroidered doilies and hand-painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy and the answering of his prayer. "Always give me the first chance to help you, dear," she would say; and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think toward manhood, and so they treat him like a child to be watched and scolded instead of helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as active and self-willed as you often find. But she had a few rules that helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

1. I will work and be patient.
2. I will strive to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of God."
3. No matter what happens I will try to hold my tongue.
4. I will try never to scold and never to reprove or punish in anger.
5. I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy; and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism that says it is not "good form" to display emotion, but the real holding of one's self in hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome steed fast. Con-

trol harnesses him to life and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder; he had his days of waywardness and times of unreasonableness, but never a time when he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore trouble, but the first place he turned for help was to the tender, loyal "mother-friend," and he was sure of comfort.

Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on "how to get hold of the boys," she thanks God she has never lost her hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intimate with him, but both have grown more intimate with Christ. Mother, you have no "charge to keep" half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to your trust—Christian Work.

Young People

A BUSY DAY.

By Carolyn Wells.

My papa has a litle sign
Printed in black and gray;
It's only just a single line:
"This is My Busy Day!"

And sometimes when I creep to look,
He's writing with a pen;
Or quietly reading a book—
He calls that busy, then!

Why when I'm busy I just race
Downstairs; then, like as not,
I fly back to the other place
For something I forgot!

Then I slide down the banisters
And from the porch I spring
(Perhaps I tumble in the burs)
Then go and take a swing.

And then I race Jack Smith to town
Or climb the garden wall;
And though I'm sure to tumble down,
Nobody minds a fall.

But if I sat in a chair,
It wouldn't be my way
To say with such important air:
"This is My Busy Day!"

—St. Nicholas.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

Jack was a real good boy and a prime favorite with teachers and school-fellows — such a willing, good-natured fellow, and such a lot of "go" in him, never shirking his work.

One day he had a difficult sum to work out, and was bending his mind to it, when "Whack!" came the cane over his back.

"Sir, sir," stammered Jack; "what's that for?"

"Nothing in particular, my boy," said the master with another whack, and then another, while he stood smiling at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up.

"Sir, it's not fair not to tell me what I've done wrong,' said he.

"You've done nothing wrong," and down came another whack with the cane.

By this tiem the whole class were on their feet, and rebellion seemed ready, when the stern command came: "Keep your seats!" and unwillingly the boys sat down. All seemed to think the teacher had gone mad. Jack resumed his seat with burning face and smarting shoulders.

Presently the teacher said pleasantly: "I saw you driving your father's horse and cart yesterday, Jack, and was so sorry you had such a wretched horse to drive!"

Jack blurted out: "Our Bob is the best fellow in the place, sir.'

"Ah! then he was lazy, I suppose, yesterday," said the master.

"Not he," said Jack, angrily. His shoulders were bad enough to bear, but to hear Bob abused was more than he would stand. "He's as splendid and willing a little fellow as there is in the district. He never shirks work."

"Ah! is that so?" said the master. "Well, I saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really thought your little horse was going in fine style, when you stood up and slashed him with your whip. He shook his head, when, slash, you went again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his head to look at you, much as you did when you asked me why I gave you the cane cut; but you gave him several more cuts with the whip, though he had a fair load and was doing his level best. You own he is a wiling fellow, always doing his best, so I thought, Jack, that you might be content for me to treat you, my good, obedient pupil, who always tries to please me, in just the same way. Fair play all round, Jack eh?"

Jack dropped his face on his hands down to the desk, and he fairly shook with restrained sobs—big boy as he was; then he stood up.

"I understand your treatment, sir, and I deserve it. I used the whip without thinking about it, and it's quite fair that I should have a taste of what I gave our fine little Bob. I'll beg his pardon when I go home."

"Well done, Jack. Shake hands. Go on with your lessons, boys," said the teacher.

"And I'll remember my lesson, sir," said Jack, with a comical rub on his shoulders; "but it's fair play all round."—Our Fourfooted Friends.

The other day an amateur artist was producing some rapid sketches to amuse his children. He drew a sketch of a hen so naturally that when it was afterward thrown in the waste paper basket it laid there.

Time is said to be money, but it is more, much more: it is life.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;

And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears;
And her hair was not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TWO KINDS OF COMFORTERS.

"To think I've got to stay here all this afternoon and mother not at home with me! And it's such a fine day. And I wanted to go over to the corner to see the elephants go by, and I can't. Oh, dear!"

Bertie's voice was as doleful as his face, by which you will guess that it was very doleful, indeed.

His brother, James, came in. Bertie looked forlornly at him.

"My head aches real bad," he said.

"Well," said James, "I'm sorry. And I'm sorry you can't go with us over to the corners. But, of course, you know it's your own fault." Bertie gave a little grunt.

"It doesn't do me any good to tell me that," he said.

"But it's so. You went out after the rain and got your feet soaking wet and then kept on your wet shoes all the evening so mother wouldn't know. That's how you caught your bad cold. And you must see that your having to stay in is a punishment. But I'm sorry you have to stay in. I'll bring you some nuts, and I'll tell you all about it when I come back."

Bertie turned in his chair with tears in his eyes as James went away. It was all so, but it did not help things at all to be told so. James had seemed to think it would.

The door opened again, and another face peeped in. It belonged to his little cousin, Elsie. Elsie was not much older than he was, but she was his favorite cousin.

"Do you feel very bad?" she said.

"Dread—ful," said Bertie, trying hard not to cry before a girl.

"Too bad! I knew you couldn't go 'way over to the corners, but I hoped you could come down by the creek with us and sail boats."

"I can't go out of this room."

"Well, I'll tell the girls—." She ran away so quickly that Bertie could not hear the rest she said.

He settled himself back in his seat, wondering how he could get through the long afternoon. How dismal it was to be all alone. Tears came back again, but he wiped them away quickly as he again heard the cheery voice at the door.

"I'm back. Shall I read to you, or can you paste pictures?"

"Oh, Elsie! Weren't you going with the girls?"

"No, I'm going to stay with you. Once I had to stay alone when I was sick, and I know what it is."

It was so good to have her that he found himself able to paste pictures. Then she read to him until he fell asleep.

Don't you think Elsie's way was the better way?—Sunbeam.

"'SCUSE A LITTLE."

"Please say, 'I guess you didn't mean to!'" sobbed a child pitifully when it was discovered in some childish misdemeanor; and the comforting words not only eased the sore heart's trouble, but plainly helped toward a better life for the rest of that day, and perhaps for other days. A little boy in one of the kindergarten primaries in a country town a few years ago begged wistfully for a "gold star" when he saw the other boys and girls all getting them. "But," said the teacher, "you do spell so dreadful'y, you know, and you don't half make your letters yet so I can read them!" "Don't you s'pose that maybe you could 'scuse a little?" he pleaded; "'cause I'm doing just the very bestest t' at I can!" It is the cry our human hearts are always making. Often the world seems hard and cold and does not heed it. But we might heed it. We might turn every cloudy action round and find the silver lining. Wrongdoing is wrongdoing, in ourselves or in another, but we might at least set the worst deeds in the best light, and see what comes of it. That is the rule of fairness for a picture—why not for people's failings? It was a sweet eulogy pronounced on a sweet woman by her grieving friends, "She was such an excusing sort of person—always so good at finding excuses for everybody."—Congregationalist.

WHERE THE LAPP BABIES SLEEP.

Before I tell you where the Lapp babies sleep while fathers and mothers are in church, I want to tell you a little about Lapland, the land of the Lapps. If you will study a map, you will learn that Lapland is the most arctic of European countries. It forms generally a great plain, intersected by lofty, snow-clad mountain ranges. The Lapland winters are long and excessively cold. Cold weather, however, does not keep the Lapps from attending their places of worship, for they are very religious.

The reindeer is by far the most valuable domestic animal of Lapland, and the Lapp follows this animal to the coast or the interior, according to the seasons, in search of reindeer moss. When the supply of reindeer moss is exhausted in the neighborhood of a Lapp village, the inhabitants remove to anfortable.—Selected.

RED SQUIRREL CATCH.

Last winter I came across a red squirrel digging in the snow, with only the tip of the tail in sight. About every half minute he popped out bodily, or other place, and transport their houses and little chapels, which they again set up with religious ceremonies. The Lapps go long distances to hear religious teaching, and it is said that missionaries who go among them to teach them the way of salvation always have large, attentive audiences. When the reindeer comes to a standstill, just outside of the church, Father Lapp gets out of the sled and digs a neat bed right down in the snow. Then Mother Lapp hands him the baby, all snugly wrapped in skins, and he puts it in the snow bed that he has prepared. Father Lapp then piles snow round baby, secures the reindeer, and he and Mother Lapp walk decorously into the church.

All the babies are thus left outside, buried in the snow. We are told that a baby in a snow bed is perfectly comraised his head to look and listen. The snow was ten inches deep, and he had reached bottom, from which he sent the earth and grass out behind him in little pawfuls. When he was not looking I quietly approached. Alarmed by the strange object that seemed to be getting nearer without appearing to move, he several times scampered away, but after eyeing me closely he felt reassured, and returned to resume his digging. Finally, when I was only eight feet from the burrow, I leaped forward and clapped my hand over the opening. At once a little nose was thrust against my palm and I closed my hand about its owner and lifted him out. He spent that night in a house that was warmer than a hollow tree, but perhaps no more pleasing nor congenial to him, and the next day, after giving him a great feast of butternuts, cracked and made attractive to his tastes, I let him go.—St. Nicholas.

The Church is a great machine, perfect in its arrangements, but requiring energy. We need the fire of the Holy Spirit in our midst and in our hearts.—Rev. J. Freeman.

CHRIST'S UNIVERSAL REIGN.

Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown
Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

THE BLESSED BIBLE.

Happy the man whose memory chambers are hung with beautiful pictures; sad, indeed, must be the lot of those who do not possess such pictures.

As I write these words there comes to mind unbidden a picture of a well-kept home in the country. The house is surrounded with a great variety of fruit and ornamental trees. There are beds of flowers; there are roses and honey-suckles in June. The house is on a slope of the hillside that faces the east, and overlooks a most lovely valley, and the neighboring village. The house sets back a hundred feet or more from the road and is approached by a narrow grass-lined path. The path was broader when the father and mother and nine thriving children were accustomed to walk in it.

But the time has come when all the children but one have gone to make homes of their own, while the aged parents, both of them now past eighty years of age, remain.

As we walk up the path we see the mother sitting by the window that overlooks the highway. Her hair is white, but she has no need of glasses to aid her sight as she reads from the book open before her. The years have not dimmed her vision. Those beautiful brown eyes are just as ready for service as when she was a girl of twenty. It is a pleasant day in spring and the door near which she sits is just a little ajar and we enter. Not far from the mother sits the father in his antique and comfortable arm chair. But, strange to say, while the mother's sight is perfect, the father's sight is hopelessly gone. Not even the faintest ray of light is discernible by those sightless orbs. But his features are calm, quiet, restful. He has found some source of consolation that gives abiding peace to his soul. Well may we ask why and how it is that there seems to be such an atmosphere of comfort in this room, which both these aged people appear to share?

The answer is near at hand. Notice the open book on the lap of the mother? Yes, but the world is full of books. True, but there is one supreme book and that is the Bible that we have just observed. The mother was reading out of it to the blind father as we came up the walk. She had just been reading, "The Lord is my shepherd," and was reading, "Let not your heart be troubled," and those blessed, forever blessed words had brought comfort and hope to both of those aged saints.

They were nearing the end of life's journey, and in the course of three or four years both of them had died in the triumph of the Christian faith and had gone joyfully home to heaven; they had found the many mansions of which they had so often read.

We do most earnestly commend to all the reading, the prayerful reading, and study of the Bible, the blessed Bible, sure that in life and in death it will do for each and all who thus use it what it has done for countless millions in the past, and is now doing for millions more. There is but one Bible; there can never be another. Let us read it more, love it more, believe it more, and more and more be guided by its precepts and inspired by its holy, heavenly truths.—From "Words of Cheer and Comfort," by Bishop W. F. Mallalieu.

THE COMFORT OF RELIGION.

There is a comfort in the religion of Christ. Our God is the God of all comfort. The comforts of His grace are the sweetest comforts in the world. The comfort which a mother brings to her child is sweet. It is the comfort of love. But the comfort which God gives to His children, is richer and sweeter still, because His love is perfect.

Many fail to find the comforts of religion. They have the doctrines of Christianity. They hold these fast. They have the form of religion, and place great stress on it. They try hard to maintain the honor of Christ by an upright walk. But their religion affords them no comfort. Why? It is not because it is not able to comfort every believer, but because they are too far from God in their hearts. Their religion is chiefly outward. In some cases they are staggered by severe temptation and sore affliction.

Peter did not find much comfort in Christ on that dark and dreadful night when his Master was being hounded to death by His enemies and he followed afar off. He was not near enough to feel the comfort of the holy presence. Had he clung to his Master through His tribulation, had he walked by His side even in the midst of the cruel mob, he would have heard the soft whispers of His love and peace. It was a hot place that night by the side of the Master, but it was decidedly a cold place where Peter walked. It were better to walk close by the side of Jesus in the midst of His enemies than to walk alone where no danger seems to threaten. The danger was greater where Peter was than where he ought to have been, but he could not see it. He lost all the comfort of that night.

So many are losing all the comfort of grace by trying to keep out of danger. It is bad policy to deny the Lord to escape prison and stripes and want. The inner pain of a guilty conscience is fiercer than the pain caused by fire and fagot. There is no solid comfort save in close touch with the God of all comfort:

Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Savior obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

'Tis there, with the lambs of the flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally hid in thy heart.

—The Christian Advocate.

THE BLESSED BIBLE.

When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Savior's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

—Charles Wesley.

There are times when man's own greatest strength counts for nothing. Though he may summon every ounce of energy and power and resistance that he has, he feels things going against him so surely that he knows that here there can be but one end. Those are the times when God longs to help, and when he can help if man will let him. Then that which was stronger than all the powers of man is turned aside by the slightest touch of the power of God. Whether it was temptation or illness, or financial pressure, or any other disaster that threatened, the least hint of God's presence counts more in averting the danger than all concentrated resources of the man. For "the weakness of God is stronger than men," wrote one whose own personal strength and force of will were as far beyond the average man's as was his working knowledge of God's resources. Paul had learned to value his own prodigious strength apart from God at its true worthlessness; and he had come to realize that the least particle of God's power outweighed all the forces of the world and the devil.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

Throughout the year, why not keep sweet? No frown ever made a heart glad; no complaint ever made a dark day bright; no bitter word ever lightened a burden or made a rough road smooth; no grumbling ever introduced sunshine into a home. What the world needs is the resolute step, the look of cheer, the smiling countenance, and the kindly word. Keep sweet!

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

THE MONTEREY COAL CO.

invites you to visit their mines, and for yourself judge of the quantity and quality of coal.

They will pay the cost of your trip in stock.

Shares now $1.00, after April 29th, $1.25. Same for literature.

A. T. and A. H. NEEDHAM,
Agents of Monterey Coal Co.
2165 Shattuck Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

SAN FRANCISCO
TWO YEARS AFTER

The rebuilding of San Francisco is shown by picture and story in the April number of

Sunset Magazine

A magnificent 53-inch panorama is used for a frontispiece and gives an idea of how the city looks today. This is followed by 32 full-page pictures in colors, showing Banks, Business Blocks, Hotels, etc., already completed or in course of construction.

Also the first installment of the serial story

LIN McLEAN

A stirring story of Western Life

OWEN WISTER..

Author of "The Virginian."

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS

Price 15 Cents Postage 4 Cents

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.
Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., APRIL 2, 1908. No. 14

University Library
un06

"KEEP SWEET!"

By E. Harvey Hadlock.

Keep sweet! the little cares and frets of life
Are not the masters of a royal soul.
They serve to strengthen in the earthly strife;
They only waft thee nearer to the goal;
They are but hillocks in the path of footmen fleet.
Keep sweet! O heart of mine, keep sweet!

Keep sweet! Nor let the jar of harsh discord
Sound in thy soul the knell of radiant joy;
But publish peace, good will and love abroad,
And give the gold of happiness without alloy.
And thus thy life with blessing all shall greet.
Keep sweet! O heart of mine, keep sweet!

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast,—to keep
  The larder lean,
  And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
  Of flesh, yet still
  To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
  Or ragged to go,
  Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
  Thy sheaf of wheat
  And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
  From old debate
  And hate,—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent:
  To starve thy sin,
  Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Robert Herrick.

A PIONEER IN GIVING.

What we mean by this caption is that a man has been found who has blazed a new way in giving, and something well worth recounting has occurred. It is well that the correspondence in the matter has come to light; it may be a light to lighten the way of others.

A few years ago Mr. William Kent, a public-spirited man, of Chicago, became enamored of the grove of giant redwoods in Redwood Canon, Mt. Tamalpais, and secured possession of the same with the intent of preserving it forever in all its natural beauty and grandeur. In order that this might be done it was ascertained ere long that it would be necessary to get the tract into the possession of the state or the national government; for, a few months ago a great corporation began suit to have a part of the canon condemned for reservoir purposes. Investigation revealed the fact that the grove could be given to the United States under an act of congress entitled "An Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities." And last December Mr. Kent wrote to Mr. Garfield, secretary of the interior, made tender of the same and requested that it be called Muir Woods, in honor of the great naturalist, John Muir. Soon there went to him from President Roosevelt a letter accepting the gift, which read in part as follows: "I thank you most heartily for the singularly generous and public-spirited act on your part. All Americans who prize the natural beauties of the country and wish to see them preserved undamaged, and especially those who realize the literally unique value of the groves of giant trees, must feel that you have conferred a great and lasting benefit upon the whole country. I have a very great admiration for John Muir; but after all, my dear sir, this is your gift. No other land than that which you give is included in this tract of nearly 300 acres, and I should greatly like to name the manument the Kent Monument, if you will permit it."

Then there went back from Mr. Kent to Mr. Roosevelt this word:

"My dear Mr. Roosevelt—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your message of appreciation, and hope and believe it will strengthen me to go on in an attempt to save more of the precious and vanishing glories of nature for a people too slow of perception.

"Your kind suggestion of a change of name is not one that I can accept. So many millions of better people have died forgotten that to stencil one's own name on a benefaction seems to carry with it an implication of mundane immortality, as being something purchasable.

"I have five good husky boys that I am trying to bring up to a knowledge of democracy and to a realizing sense of the rights of the 'other fellow,' doctrines which you, sir, have taught with more vigor and effect than any man in my time. If these boys cannot keep the name of Kent alive, I am willing it should be forgotten.

"I have this day sent you by mail a few photographs of Muir Woods, and trust that you will believe, before you see the real thing (which I hope will be soon), that our nation has acquired something worth while."

Then from the President there issued this characteristic message:

"My dear Mr. Kent—By George! You are right. It is enough to do the deed and not desire, as you say, to 'stencil one's own name on the benefaction.' Good for you, and for the five boys who are to keep the name of Kent alive! I have four who I hope will do the same thing by the name of Roosevelt. Those are awfully good photos."

And all that we have to say is: Those are awfully good letters—they will stand as a monument to the good sense of two Americans whom all the future will delight to honor! May God grant to those five Kent boys to keep the Kent name alive and ever honorable!

This unique act of Mr. Kent in clinging to his original suggestion in the face of the counter suggestion by the President of the United States, gives him a monument.

And that last letter from Roosevelt! What an evidence of the quickness of the man to know a good thing when he sees it, and to enthrone it!

A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

The San Francisco graft prosecution had strong endorsement in the First Congregational church of Oakland last Thursday evening when Francis J. Heney spoke for two and a half hours to an audience of 1,800 men, and was heartily applauded here and there from beginning to end. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels occupied a chair on the pulpit platform, along with the pastor of the church. The meeting was under the auspices of the Men's League of the church, the gentlemen named being guests at the dinner that evening in the church parlors. In his words of introduction Mr. Brown remarked that he thought when the League had invited them to come to Oakland and under the roof of the First Congregational Church, they would come into a balmy, sympathetic atmosphere. And the prolonged applause indicated that such an atmosphere was around about them at that moment.

It has long been evident that there are men of influence in San Francisco and vicinity who are working determinedly and desperately to bring to naught the effort to convict and punish certain prominent persons charged with graft. This magnificent display of public sentiment in a great church in Oakland, by an audience composed of men of worth and prominence in every work and walk in life, was exceedingly timely; and it will have the effect of subduing somewhat all but the most desperate—those who stand in imminent danger of being sent to the penitentiary, such of their intimate friends as wish them to escape this fate at all hazard, and their hirelings who want the money that has been jingled in their ears.

Highly gratifying to Mr. Heney and Mr. Spreckels must have been those few hours spent under the roof of that influential church, applauded and cheered by the best people of the community.

At one time in the meeting it was thrilling to see the venerable Deacon Williams arise and interrupt Mr. Heney and call for three cheers for Mr. Spreckels, and then lead the vast assemblage in rousing, deafening cheers for the man who had led in a financial way in this now world-famous prosecution.

In the course of his speech that night Mr. Heney said that what is going on now in San Francisco is more calculated to destrov all government than all that was done under Reuf and Schmitz. To prevent justice being done in this prosecution there are those who will, if they can, go to the extreme of bribing witnesses to leave the state, and to the debauchery of the courts. There are not a few who believe that assassination is not beyond some of those who stand trembling on the brink of the penitentiary and everlasting shame and disgrace.

They who are conducting this prosecution are fallible men, and they have made mistakes; but there is not the least reason for the despicable attacks that have been made on them by some of the newspapers, nor for the persistent misrepresentation on the part of others, so as to prejudice the public against them.

Beyond intelligent question a laudable, legitimate effort is being made to send some supposedly guilty men to the penitentiary. That is what the demonstration in Oakland last Thursday night signified as the belief of as fine an assemblage of men as ever gathered on our shores. A good gospel has long been preached from the pulpit of that church, but it was never put to better use than it was when Francis J. Heney stood there, and for two and a half hours championed the cause of civic righteousness.

WANTED: THE PROFIT OF THE MANY.

"It seems nice to have a little money all the time in the bank, and some income in addition to that of my salary," said a man to his wife the other day. Nevertheless he wasn't satisfied. This was not because he wanted more, though his income altogether, we are told, is not a large one—just enough to get along on comfortably with economy, and have a little saved for old age—but it was because he looked around and saw so many who were not in comfortable circumstances; many who had nothing ahead, and no good prospects for ever getting anything ahead. And anew there was impressed on his mind the thought that the years of the new century ought for the good of mankind to bring about some readjustments—more of an equality.

This brings to mind the father, whom we knew some years ago, who never could think of the pleasure that was soon to be his of putting his son through college without a twinge of sorrow because of the sons of other fathers about him who were not to be afforded such opportunity.

Recently in an article on "The Harmless Life," we came across this paragraph:

"The Christian life must be harmless. I must injure no one in the pursuit of my livelihood, my pleasure or my ambition. No one must be poorer because I am richer, nor unhappier that I may be prospered. No one's virtue must be sacrificed to minister to my pleasure, nor his welfare to enable me to attain the goal of my ambition. This harmlessness is both physical and spiritual, for I may not injure either body or soul. It is both direct and indirect. I may not of set purpose inflict harm, nor may I continue my course of action if I discover that it necessarily produces harm which I did not intend nor foresee. The pagan king who is said to have built his throne on eighty thousand human skulls is a type of the man who is willing to build his prosperity on the ruins of other lives."

More and more is the thought prevailing that in the present industrial system the profit and prosperity of the few are at the expense of the many and that there must be worked out ere long such modifications as will assure the profit of all. Like the old pagan, too many are building on human skulls—and there never can be any satisfaction in such building; at least not with the awakened conscience which seems to be taking possession of mankind.

ROOSEVELT A REVIVALIST.

The Philadelphia Press took the position recentlv that the quickening of the moral impulses of the nation, everywhere so evident of late, was a consequence of the financial depression which began in the later months of the vear 1907. In support of its position reference was made by the Press to the great religious revivals which followed the panic of 1857 and that of 1873, as well as to those quickenings which followed the brief crisis of 1884.

But the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph views the situation differentl-, and remarks:

"In all these instances the post hoc ergo propter hoc method of reasoning has an apparent application, but in case of the present tendency towards a moral uplift it does not apply, for the very beginning of this

tendency long antedated the recent financial depression. It was Mr. Roosevelt that set the regeneraive movement going. He came into the field as a revivalist, but vested with other powers greater than any other revivalist in this country has ever wielded. He took up the work of awakening the conscience of the country and compelling an elevation of moral standards and he prosecuted it with such tenacity, courage and sincerity that evil opposition was powerless to resist him. In due time the effects of his crusade for the redemption of the people made themselves felt in every corner of the land. The Roosevelt policies became a popular gospel displacing the old teachings of political parties and winning the approval and hearty support of honest men in all classes of society. State Legislatures vied with one another in enacting laws founded on those policies; commercial bodies adopted them as a basis of their ethical codes; churchmen used them to buttress the truths of religion. The good seed sown by Theodore Roosevelt bore fruit a millionfold and the harvest is now in sight.

"It argues curious blindness to attribute all this to the temporary sobering up of the people in consequence of a temporary financial disturbance. The new morality is more deep-rooted than this implies and it is safe to say that it will not prove to be ephemeral like the fits of regeneration in former years which the Press uses to illustrate its theory.

"Give Mr. Roosevelt his due. The moral revival of today is his work and is not fortuitous or transitory."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Los Angeles is to have Dr. Torrey in November for a series of evangelistic meetings.

The Boston Transcript states that it has been learned through what appears to be excellent authority that Mrs. Piper, the medium, who has been under constant scientific observation for more than twenty-three years, returned to England recently, to be subjected to further investigation by Sir Oliver Lodge and other distinguished scientists. Her first visit was made soon after the death of Dr. Richard Hodgson, and until last summer she remained there under investigation of the English Society for Psychical Research. A current rumor, yet to be confirmed by an authoritative statement, is to the effect that an imporant message from the late F. W. H. Myers to Sir Oliver Lodge was transmitted partly through an English medium, and that later the complete message was delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper.

The American Board has issued a handsome illustrated pamphlet entitled "The Higher Educational Work of the American Board." It is an admirable statement of its basis, scope, opportunity and need. The Board has eleven colleges and twelve theological seminaries, all of which have passed the experimental stage and are doing a magnificent work. These institutions, in widely remote regions of the earth, stand at centers of the greatest international educational and evangelistic movement of the century. It is not surprising that the Board is asking for an endowment of $2,000,000 for these institutions. This is a small amount in comparison with the endowments and properties held by the 662 colleges, universities and technical schools in the United States—$554,077,000, which is an average for each of $891,000. The annual expenses of Harvard University are nearly $2,000,000—an amount equal to what is asked for endowments for these twenty-three institutions in foreign lands. It is through the educational institutions planted by the religious denominations in mission lands that we are in the future to do the best in the transformation of those lands.

We stated recently that the editor of The Advance had been charmed with California on his visit here in February and March. In the last number of his paper he writes: "If ever there was a city favored by the make-up of land and sea it is San Francisco. When the Titan hands of nature carved out the continent they made the harbor of harbors within the Golden Gate. * * * I have never before looked with so much interest upon any waterway into the land as I felt when I gazed at the Golden Gate." Our Chicago cotemporary concludes an interesting article on San Francisco with a paragraph as follows: "San Francisco is not likely to lose its predominance on the Pacific coast because of the earthquake. Its position on the greatest harbor of the continent gives it too much of an advantage to be put down by an earthquake. Fire could wipe out the buildings, but not the harbor. After all, the city was saved by water. And it is a city which belongs to all of us. I live in a much larger city. Nevertheless, when I stood on the hills of San Francisco and looked across that magnificent harbor and then away toward the wide waters of the Pacific, the impulse came over me with great force to say, 'This also is my city.' So overmastering is the impression that this gateway to the East belongs to all America."

Rev. E. Harvey Hadlock, Ph.D., presented his resignation as acting pastor of the First English Lutheran Church of San Francisco at the annual meeting of the congregation last week. He asked to be relieved of pastoral responsibilities, that he might enter upon a ministry at large and devote his time to literary and pulpit supply work. Dr. Hadlock came to this coast four years ago after completing a five years' pastorate with the Olivet Congregational Church of Springfield, one of the leading churches of Western Massachusetts. He resigned his work there to become field secretary of the California Christian Endeavor Union. After spending a year in traveling through California, addressing young people's conventions and organizing Endeavor societies, he accepted a call to supply the church which he now leaves. His work there has been eminently successful. The congregations and church membership have more than doubled, and the church building has been thoroughly repaired at an expense of something over three thousand dollars. Dr. Hadlock is editing and publishing The Cosmos, a magazine of optimistic and applied Christianity. He will also respond to calls to supply pulpits and assist pastors in forward religious movements, such as shall stimulate the churches to healthful living and active service.

The motto "In God We Trust" undoubtedly will be restored to the coins of our country. In the lower house of congress there were only five votes against a bill so providing, and 225 for it. The senate in all probability will be as nearly unanimous. The Interior comments wisely as follows: "The episode has brought out impressively the innate theistic reverence of the American people. The issue raised by omitting the inscription from the new coins was not of itself a

matter in which practical religion seemed to be involved. But the popular mind soon loaded it with all the weight of that remarkably pervasive American feeling that this nation depends for its greatness on the peculiar favor of God Almighty. It thus became significant. To the mass of citizens the disuse of the motto seemed like the repudiation of a Friend who on his part had always kept faith. Its restoration therefore means less as a matter of public policy than it does as an index of the strength of this national reverence. It is, to be sure, a mere demonstration of sentiment that we have seen, with no ethical consequence, but the sentiment is a real one, and Christian optimism may count on it as the abundant native ore of ethics which lies just beneath the surface ready to be mined. This outcrop of it will guide prospectors who desire to use it in future tests of the righteousness of the nation. A people from whom an occasion no more profound than this evokes so much fear of God will be found capable on deeper stirring of strong and even militant upstanding for the commandments of God."

We note with pleasure the progress in Canada of the movement for the union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches. A leading Eastern daily paper says that the plan for the ultimate union of these religious bodies continues to meet the approval of a large majority of the leaders. There was held a few weeks ago in Winnipeg, Manitoba, a joint conference of ministers of the three Canadian bodies named, at which the suggested basis of union was thoroughly discussed. "It is said that the men sitting in this conference, while for the most part local leaders, were nevertheless representative of the great body of clergymen of the three churches. It is therefore deemed to be notable that although some items in the plan were opposed and resolutions making other suggestions to the joint committee of the denominations adopted, none of the opposition was based upon denominational feeling. It is said, on the other hand, that practically all the men who spoke in the conference favored the ultimate union of the churches, and their suggestions, when they differed from the plan tentatively adopted by the joint committee, were made as looking toward a better working agreement, and not in criticism of the general plan. So heartily was union favored at the Winnipeg conference that it was earnestly suggested by resolution that all the missionary agencies of the three denominations should at once enter upon co-operative agreements, so that even before organic union of the denominations becomes possible they can demonstrate to the world that the denominations can and do work harmoniously together."

A Pomona College student tells in Student Life of a week spent in Los Angeles by students in Occidental, Pomona, Whittier and other Southern California educational institutions, studying social conditions: "Of the seventeen Pomona students who went on the trip, every one would agree that no equal period of time during the college course has contributed so much toward fitting him for a life such as the graduates of a college like Pomona should lead. The purpose of the whole trip was—not that those who went should merely see and learn—but that they should absorb something of the spirit which fills the hearts of all those noble men and women who spend and are spent for suffering humanity. It was an inspiration in itself to come into contact with such powers for good as Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett. A week is all too short a time in which to fully comprehend all there is to be known about the lives of our unfortunate brothers and sisters, but it is sufficiently long to bring one to the realization that he cannot afford to live unto himself, that his life is not his own. It was the work being done for the children that interested us most. According to Mr. Bartlett, the aim of the social worker of today is to deal not so much with the results of crime as with the causes, consequently it is of vital importance that much thought and time be given to the children of today who are going to be the citizens of tomorrow. The course was well planned, so that we made visits to places of all kinds, Hollenbeck Home for the Aged, the Soldiers' Home, the Catholic Orphans' Asylum, the State Reform School, the courts, the jail, college settlement, schools for foreigners, play grounds, rescue missions, the slaughter house, etc. It was with glad and at the same time sad hearts that we left Bethlehem Mission and came back to our own dear little college town. We were glad that our lives were cast in such pleasant places—sad that there are so many, many starved lives and so much misery in the world, but glad again that to every one there are open such wonderful opportunities to help those who are less fortunate." The writer of the article takes occasion to state that it must not be imagined that every moment of the trip was devoted to serious thought and things, that there was opportunity for some fun in between lectures and visits. Evidently our colleges are on the right track!

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

Chas. R. Brown.

The Man Out of Work.

It was a man speaking English in the twentieth century who said, "Modern life has no more tragic figure than the gaunt, hungry laborer wandering about the centers of industry and wealth, begging in vain for the chance to share in that industry and to contribute to that wealth, asking in return not the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, but only that rough food and shelter for himself and family which would be practically assured to him in a rude form of savage society." It was One speaking Aramaic in the first century who felt the pathos of the same situation as he drew his picture of men able, ready, eager to work, but suffering enforced idleness: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" The reply came back, "Because no man hath hired us."

We see thousands of men these days in all the larger cities, sad-eyed and listless, sitting on the park benches, tramping the streets, gathering in groups to talk over the situation—no man is ready to hire them. The working man is like a cow—he must market what he has to offer right away and right along or he suffers loss and injury. He cannot store it up and sell it at the end of sixty or ninety days. He sees nothing coming in, yet his needs and those of his family press upon him daily.

The extravagance of those days when wages were abnormally high has increased the present distress. People coming here from the soberer states of the middle west, knowing what we had suffered by earthquake and fire, were amazed at the pace we set in the fall of 1906, in the spring and summer of 1907. When

hod-carriers were getting four dollars a day, carpenters five and six, bricklayers seven and eight, many thought the millenium had come to stay. There was beer and tobacco galore for men, big hats, ribbons and feathers for women, automobile rides and all manner of jollification for all hands. There are hundreds of families today who are wishing they had not been quite so free with their earnings.

The immense business done by the saloons when they reopened after the earthquake adds to the present distress. When a man has too much liquor aboard we call it "a load." The word is fitly chosen—the whole liquor business is a heavy, demoralizing "load," borne mainly by working men and their families, because there are so many of them. It is amazing that the toilers are willing to saddle themselves with the burden of keeping distillers and brewers in luxury and an army of saloonkeepers in comfort. The single city of Chicago spends a million dollars a week on liquor. That would buy two hundred thousand barrels of flour at five dollars a barrel—and such an amount of flour each week would keep a multitude from going hungry.

But the causes lie deeper. Human selfishness is continually overreaching itself and bringing economic reactions. When the demand for building materials was keen, the prices were put up and up and up. When the demand for labor to rebuild was strong, the price of labor was put up and up and up. The interests of the people were forgotten; but the people in their ability to sit still have the veto power. Building operations were checked until today materials cannot be sold at those fancy prices, and men of the building trades are walking the streets. "Thou shalt consider thy neighbor as well as thyself"—it is the only principle which will work; it is one of the two on which hang all the law and the prophets.

But back of all this there is a great surplus labor army even when times are good. It is so east and west. The United States Census for 1900 reported that 39 per cent of all the men employed in this country had been out of work for a period of from four to six months the year before, which was comparatively prosperous. When a hundred thousand men were called out in the great strike of sailors and longshoremen, teamsters and draymen, porters and packers, here on this coast, there were plenty of unemployed men ready to take their places. Men fought for the chance to work until heads were broken and wrists were crushed in the struggle. This surplus labor army complicates the entire situation.

The problem cannot be met by private charity or personal kindliness—society as a whole must face it. There ought to be a free employment bureau in every city maintained by the state, all bureaus working together with a statesmanlike outlook upon the situation. The private employment bureaus are often either dishonest or inefficient. In times of industrial depression large works of public utility, the improvement of streets and country roads, the building of storage basins to prevent disastrous overflows in our valleys, the completion of great irrigation works to reclaim the arid lands, ought to be undertaken by municipal, state and federal governments, offering employment to thousands of men. It would increase taxes; but the money had better be thus spent than be given in charity for the maintenance of soup-kitchens and alms-houses for those who have been denied a competence by their inability to secure regular employment.

The situation is a challenge to the moral forces of the land. We must pray with new emphasis, "Thy Kingdom come"—come here and come now in the prevalence of a larger wisdom and a finer consideration for our fellows. "Thy will be done on earth," as it would be done in that social order where the divine will and purpose for men had become sovereign. We shall only stand right with Him who was Himself a carpenter, who felt the pathos in the lot of the man out of work, as we give our best thought and finest energy to the solving of these vital problems.

"MODERN POETS AND CHRISTIAN TEACHING."

The volume, in this delightful series, on **Elizabeth Barrett Browning,** is before us. It is by Martha Foote Crow, who says in the initial chapter: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning richly deserves a place in a group of poets who gave expression through their divine art to Christian teaching. She was essentially a religious poet; the spirit of religion pervades and irridates every page she wrote. But it was not any monastic ideal, any spirit of worship in selfish seclusion, that she set forth. Her real spirit lived in the world; she was part of the very current and passion of it, and she transmuted the humblest elements of life as she knew it into heavenly radiances. The following stanzas from "De Profundis" show her faith:

"For us,—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle or impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

The author says that Mrs. Browning's view of Jesus Christ was a personal and immediate one. "Every event in his life was realized vividly to her poetic vision, and was held precious and native as of the things that she had actually seen and that were circled about a near and beloved friend. She cherished through life a strong desire to go to Jerusalem, but from fulfilling this wish she was in earlier life deterred by her ill health, and later by straightened means. But it was almost as if she had been there and had seen the very footsteps of Jesus upon the soil of Palestine, so permeated does her poetry seem to be, not only with his spirit, but with his life, his every act and movement." These stanzas from a hymn by her show her devotion to Christ:

"Since without Thee we do no good,
And with Thee do no ill,
Abide with us in weal and woe,—
In action and in will.

By hours of day, that when our feet
O'er hill and valley run,

We still may think the light of truth
More welcome than the sun.

By hours of night, that when the air
Its dew and shadow yields,
We still may hear the voice of God
In silence of the fields.

Abide with us, abide with us,
While flesh and soul agree;
And when our flesh is only dust,
Abide our souls with Thee."

In a chapter on The Realms of Mysticism the author quotes Mrs. Browning as saying in 1858: "There is in the world now, I can testify to you, **scientific proof** that what we call death is a mere change of circumstances, a change of dress, a mere breaking of the outside shell and husk. * * * In twenty years the probability is that you will have no more doubters of the immortality of souls, and no more need of Platos to prove it." The comment is: "That this was the vision of the poet rather than the certainty of the reasoner, we need not say. Her faith, based upon revealed religion made her leap quickly over to a belief based on a scientific proof which had not as yet been set on sure foundations." (Eaton & Mains, New York; also Jennings & Graham, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal., $1.00 net.)

BACK TO INDIA.

H. G. Bissell.

After a furlough of two and a half years we are back again. How many have proved the apostle's statement that for them who love the Lord all things work together for good, even furloughs! Illness, sad partings, many difficulties and hard work all count. Better acquaintance with home churches, a wider circle of friendships in meeting with so many devoted workers at home, some association with the officers of the Board; witnessing the Haystack meeting; now and then hearing some of America's best preachers, have all helped to enlarge the ideas about God's kingdom, and make the work of redeeming the world to appear more than ever the supreme task. A thousand thanks to the Board and the churches and pastors at home, and above all, thanks for the opportunity of again working for India hand to hand!

Twenty-seven letters and many missionary and Indian friends waiting to greet us at the wharf in Bombay, and at Ahmednagar gave a welcome never to be forgotten.

Close on our return came the semi-annual mission meetings, when the whole mission force met in Ahmednagar for prayer and planning for conference and consecration. Then the three-days' convention of native churches followed, bringing the foreign and Indian workers together in platform, in pew and in personal touch with the spirit of God.

One could not hope for a better return than this. The inspiration of fellowships; of facts and forces now new in India; the inspiration of new problems and hard questions and of a work surely gaining ground, was all there; a power pushing one out among the people to win them to God, it could be felt all the time. If possible let the returning or the new missionary come to his field at such a time. The memories of such first weeks will stay by him the rest of his days.

It is but little over two months since we landed, but it seems as if we had never been away, except for many significant changes. The new churches in Bombay and Ahmednagar have been completed in our absence. Mrs. Bissell, Sr., and Mrs. Henry Fairbank are no longer in the flesh on this field. Institutions are gaining strength and efficiency with reorganization. Latent Indian talent is more in evidence.

A national home missionary society has been formed and is about to take two out-stations hitherto managed by this mission. Influential, well-to-do, educated converts and inquirers are increasing in number. Mission and church union is being discussed by foreigners and Indians in Western India. The hunger for higher education is more manifest. More pupils from our schools, both boys and girls, are climbing the ladder of learning higher and passing advanced government examinations. The professions and trades are of increasing interest. The mission has purposed to push evangelistic work, evidently in response to a plainly deserved need and call. The mission force has been strengthened by new families and ladies recently sent out. The so-called "Normal School property" at Ahmednagar has finally been purchased by the Board. A well-equipped, imperatively needed, and centrally located large school plant has thus been furnished to the mission. Already negotiations are progressing which will, perhaps, unite the leading missionary bodies in Western India in the organizing and sustaining of a fine training institution such as has never before existed. Many thanks to all the donors who made the purchase of the property possible. Could those at home who have given however little or much toward any gospel enterprise in such a land, really see even a part of the good their gifts accomplish they would feel more happy and grateful than most people could believe. Great returns are always assured. With gratitude for all the past blessings God has bestowed, through whatever channel, and with faith in His unfailing love for the future, we again join these rejoicing co-laborers in Christ.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Joyful Blossom Festival.

Jupiter Pluvius waited. Old Sol was in his glory. All roads ran toward Saratoga Saturday, and though the newspaper estimate of 15,000 in the little town was doubtless excessive, it is true that the local interurban cars carried more than 8,000 fares, breaking their best previous record by more than a thousand.

Prayers were answered, and so far as we can learn no accident marred the day. Private hospitality was abundant. Two hundred happy people shook hands under Three Oaks, and Bro. Patchell's sweet prayer voiced our heart-beats. Neighbor W. G. Alexander, just moved out for the summer, drew seventy-five friends to his bungalow housewarming. **Ab duo disce multos.** Speeches, games, kite-flying, rides, races, vaulting—all the varied enjoyments of the first outdoor festival of the year—were indulged in. Doctor W. H. Fauuce of Brown University made us an admirable address, and we long for more of him, even as we do for a Rhode Island clam-bake.

Riverside Indian Conference.

I cannot write it now and here, but some time can tell my friends why interest in Indians with me is not

a mere instinct of humanity, but the keeping of as sacred a vow as I have ever made. It has been a privilege to co-operate with the pioneers of the Northern California Indian Association until the little meetings of a few devoted souls in humble back parlors have grown into the immense audiences which Dr. George L. Spinning thrills and inspires. The few dollars and scant Christmas boxes which eked out the comforts of a handful of quiet missionaries have grown into Uncle Sam's $160,000, with Mr. C. E. Kelsey, the tactful and soulful young attorney, who is our tireless and unselfish agent in employ of the government to see that these long robbed wards of the nation have at least a few acres with titles so fixed that the white man's greed need not graft them away. The last three days of April such men as Mr. Albert K. Smiley of Redlands, of Mohawk Conference fame, and the stalwart humanitarian, David Starr Jordan, with hundreds of others, meet at Mission Inn, Riverside, to devise what more can be done to Christianize and civilize the saddest souls under our flag. If you care to know more about it write Box 45, R. F. D., Saratoga, or Frank Miller, at Riverside. Send me, please, at Saratoga, later at Riverside, any message, any question, any true and telling Indian story, any suggestion of work to be done, which I will reverently and devotedly lay before the local committee of this coming assembly of humanitarians and patriots. Who can tell what the God of Abraham Lincoln and the slave will do for us as a commonwealth if in love and faith we begin to do even tardy justice to our red brethren.

If any missionary woman or a devoted pastor wants a telling, soul-stirring speech from Dr. George L. Spinning of Washington, let them write to Miss Cornelia Taber, 313 South Tenth street, San Jose. What Gough was for temperance and Beecher was for the slave this flaming son of the prairie (son of thunder, too) is for the red men. Will not many pray for this coming conference that it may mark a genuine epoch in our civilization.

How Shall We See the White Fleet Sail into San Francisco Bay?

Write Rev. Ernest L. Walz, 1021 Greenwich street. He'll tell you, and may he guide you. He knows Russian Hill, the best place; for it is his dear and deserving parish.

THE MEN WHOM GOD ACCEPTS.

A Study of the Twenty-fourth Psalm.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for April 5th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

The earth is Jehovah's. Three great voices come to us out of this old psalm which has sung its way across the centuries. The first of them is this:

"The earth is Jehovah's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein."

This world in which we live is a great and inescapable revelation of God. A man may ignore some of God's other revelations. He can shut his Bible and place it on a high shelf and leave it there till the dust gathers inches deep upon it. A man can turn his back on Jesus and refuse to listen when he speaks. But a man cannot escape the world in which he lives—its throbbing energy, its all-pervading law, its upward progress, its haunting beauty, ever cry out to him:

"The earth is Jehovah's, and the fullness thereof."

Whom does God accept? When once the idea comes home that this world in which we live is God's expression of himself in ways that we can see and hear and understand, when some day we have awakened to find

"Every common bush aflame with God,"

then the further question comes: How shall our souls come in tune with Him? What sort of men does God accept and receive into the inner circle of deepening companionship with Him?

Some have answered: The men who with fasting and sacrifice, by tithes and by new moons obey the demands of our ceremonial law. Others have answered: The men who without doubt or questioning believe the things set down in our creed. And yet others have suggested that God is too kindly and benevolent to refuse anyone; that he accepts everybody that happens along—

"Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

But there is a profounder answer in the second great voice which comes to us out of the psalm:

"He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,
And hath not sworn deceitfully."

Who are the men whom God accepts? The answer is the men who in deed and in thought, in silent aspiration and in spoken word are absolutely honest! The way to be accepted of God is not through first finding out some ultimate philosophy, or hammering out some final creed, but it is through surrendering oneself absolutely to the search for and obedience to the truth as it shall day by day be revealed. The man whom God accepts is the man who has, in all departments of his life, that supreme honesty and loyalty to truth which we call "the scientific spirit." An honest man may not always see the whole truth, he may make mistakes at times, he may do wrong at times, but, because this is an honest universe, he is some time going to come in tune with it. But for the dishonest man there is no hope in an honest universe.

The call to accept God. This is the third great voice which comes to us out of the psalm:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory will come in."

It is a call to the grey-walled city of Jerusalem to open her gates to the God who accepts only honest men. For the King of Glory to come in would mean for all dishonesty, all hypocrisy, all pretense, all sham and deceit to go out. What a call this is to our civilization of today! What a cry to the cities of America it would be:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And the King of Glory will come in!"

And if the cities should enquire,

"Who is the King of Glory?"

how startling would be the answer: "He is Jehovah of Hosts, the creator and sustainer of an honest universe, one in whose presence no hypocrisy, no fraud, no graft, no gambling, no evasion of the law, no legal quibble, no impure food, no dishonest building, no self-deception can ever stand. Forever He stands outside the city waiting for men to accept Him. Lift up your heads, O ye gates of our civilization of today, and let Him in!"

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles.—The First Presbyterian Church has called the Rev. William J. Hunter of Spokane, Washington. He is expected to enter on the pastorate the 1st of May.

Fillmore.—The Rev. W. C. Scott, who has served the church at Fillmore faithfully for five years, has tendered his resignation, which he wishes to take effect in May.

San Francisco.—The Rev. J. M. Wilson of Seattle has declined the call to the pastorate of St. John's Presbyterian Church, having too strong an attachment to his work with the Westminster Church, Seattle, to leave it.

Long Beach.—The First Presbyterian Church of Long Beach added 115 persons to its membership the last year, making the present membership 740. During the year the church raised $34,000 for the building fund, current expenses and benevolences.

Berkeley, Grace.—This church reports at its first anniversary 115 members, and a Sunday-school of 120. During the year $5,000 was raised for the church building which is clear of debt. The Christian Endeavor Society has paid for a $450 piano.

Pasadena—Recently there was announced from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church a gift of $1,500 annually for five years for the support of a missionary in the Philippines. It is reported now that the donation was made by Miss Marjorie Fleming, the young daughter of Mr. A. H. Fleming, the donor of the new pipe organ.

Berkeley.—The new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church will be dedicated on Sunday, April the 12th. The new pipe organ will be ready for use at that time. The dedicatory sermon will be given by the Rev. O. E. Hart of Oakland at the time of the regular morning services, and fellowship services will be held in the afternoon.

Coalinga.—The First Presbyterian Church of Coalinga and the entire community are greatly bereaved in the death of the Rev. F. Z. Nesbit, who died with heart trouble just after concluding an address before a large assemblage in the opera house on an occasion celebrating the anniversary of the incorporation of the town. Mr. Nesbit was 35 years old. He leaves a wife and four children. During his pastorate of about a year in Coalinga he had greatly endeared himself to the people.

Pasadena.—The First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena is hoping to retain its pastor, Dr. McLeod. The finance committee is vigorously at work in an effort to clear the church of all indebtedness on its handsome new building, and it is thought that the liquidation of the indebtedness will be a strong inducement to Dr. McLeod to remain. It will require $51,000 to do this. The new edifice cost $230,000 exclusive of the lot, which cost $50,000. The church has a membership above 1,000, and all things indicate that the debt will be removed. So attached is the First Church to its pastor that no stone will be left unturned to keep him from going to the church at Evanston, Illinois, to which he was called recently.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

In accordance with the recommendation of the General Assembly to the Synods, that they make an effort to meet religious needs of Presbyterian students attending State Universities, a committe was appointed at the last meeting of the Synod of California, to arrange for a course of lectures at Berkeley. The honor of delivering the first course has fallen upon Prof. Paterson, the commitee having requested him to perform this task. There will be three lectures on the general theme, "The Call of the Highest." The specific themes will be "The Highest made known," "The Highest made possible," and "The Highest made imperative." They will be evening lectures, delivered in the First Presbyterian Church about the middle of April. Dr. Landon, temporary chairman of the Faculty, represented the Seminary at the Charter Day exercises at the University, Mar. 23, and joined the academic procession.

Rev. Edwin B. Hays, '95, is doing an aggressive work at Petaluma. He has organized an interdenominational Normal class of which he is the leader. Prof. Paterson addressed the class on Monday evening, March 23d, on "The Church in the First Century."

The San Anselmo Church is endeavoring to be a model, as a church under the eaves of a theological seminary should be. It has certainly made considerable progress in this respect the past year in two directions: 1st. In benevolences. Its contributions have been $1,678. Of this amount $1,052 was for benevolence and only $616 for congregational expenses, including the expense of pulpit supply. In other words this church has given nearly twice as much for benevolent purposes as for congregational support. 2d. In missionary operations. A student missionary has been supported in the Bush tract the past winter, a church erected there, a student Sunday-school missionary employed, and five shares taken in a Parish Abroad at Hangehow, China. For this last work over $260 has been pledged and the larger part of it paid. Generous offerings have been made to all the Boards. This is a good showing for a church with a membership of 35. Of these 12 were added the past year, making a net gain of 9.

Last Friday afternoon Dr. Wicher gave a lecture in Assembly Hall to the students and their friends on "The Changed View of the World and Life, and Its Effect Upon Our Theology."

Dr. Day has recovered from his recent illness and is doing full work again.

Dr. Landon gave his lecture on Ireland for Rev. Joseph N. Boyd and his people in the Union Street church, Oakland, last Friday evening.

A Junior Endeavor Society with ten members was organized in the San Anselmo church last Sunday afternoon.

Prof. Paterson is supplying the First Church of Oakland.

MINISTERIAL UNION.

Rev. G. J. Long of the Second Presbyterian Church, San Jose, addressed the Ministerial Union of San Francisco, Monday March, 29, upon the Ministerial Sustentation Fund. This is a form of insurance adopted by the General Assembly in 1906 at Des Moines, Iowa. The rates are about the same as those charged by the standard life insurance companies. What makes it look good to the average struggling clergyman is the provision that four-fifths of the annual premiums are to be paid by the church. Already five hundred clergymen have availed themselves of the offer and the project has set sail to the wind. W. H. Roberts, D. D., is cashier and the funds are so invested as to guarantee the investor against loss. Annual benefits to the amount of $500 are promised on reaching the age of seventy, and in case of death there is an annuity of $300 to the widow. The movement is worked by such men as Grover Cleveland, William H. Bryan and John H. Converse.

Dr. Wm. Rader will address the Union Monday, April 6th, at Westminister Church, San Francisco.

AN EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

It is with great regret that the undersigned announces that only one more number of the Pacific Presbyterian will be issued—unless something very unexpected should occur.

All persons who have paid subscription in advance will have their money refunded to them within sixty days. It will not require more than $150 to do this, inasmuch as not many have paid much in advance. There is due on subscriptions about $600; but, if after 60 days, a sufficient number have not paid their dues to make up the amount needed to refund to those who have paid in advance, I shall pay all at once without further waiting.

My experience in newspaper business leads to the opinion that not enough will be paid in by those owing on subscription to balance what is paid in advance. It is strange, but it is a fact that I have lost more—proportionately—in unpaid subscriptions while publishing religious papers than while publishing secular and political papers.

Nearly six years ago Presbyterian friends came to me to ascertain if the publication of a Presbyterian paper in connection with The Pacific, the Congregational paper, were not possible. I suggested a plan which was approved, and which I have carried out since that time,—October, 1902.

I have been editor and manager of both papers and have used a large amount of matter in common—largely the editorials, the contributed articles, and the matter in the departments for the home and the young people.

If I had not been the owner of a printing office I could not have carried the Pacific Presbyterian as I have, for it has all the time failed to pay the expenses of its publication—even after making a donation to it of all the reading matter used by it in common with The Pacific.

Not long ago I sold the printing office and my interest in The Pacific. I continue as editor and manager of The Pacific; and my hope was at first that it would be possible to continue to edit and publish in connection therewith the Pacific Presbyterian. It does not appear possible; the receipts from subscriptions and advertisements have not amounted to more than enough the last year to pay for the white paper and the press work, saying nothing of the expense for putting in type, the distinctive Presbyterian reading matter, the makeup, the folding, binding, mailing, and the postage. Until the time of the earthquake and fire the receipts came very near to paying these expenses—after a donation of my own work on the paper and all the matter used from The Pacific.

The publication of the paper has put upon me considerable extra work which has over-taxed my strength and it has been evident for some time that the task would have to be laid down unless there should come a larger support for the paper. That has not come. There seems to be no probability that it will come.

I wish to say to the readers of the Pacific Presbyterian that I do not regret that I entered on this work. It has been pleasant to have my life count beyond the bounds of my own denomination. With good old Scotch Presbyterian blood in my veins, I happen to be a Congregationalist. I have had as much pleasure in editing the Pacific Presbyterian as I have had in editing The Pacific. Valuable enduring friendships have been formed. The links that bind me personally to many will never be broken. In this I rejoice and shall rejoice. If only the links that bind us all together as editor and readers could go on unbroken until that good time in the future when Presbyterians and Congregationalists are to come together in perfect unity, I should the more rejoice.

I have been aware all these years that there was now and then a Presbyterian who was of opinion that a Presbyterian paper ought not to be edited by a Congregationalist—not even one of Presbyterian ancestry and theological training. The objectors have been few, and it has not militated against the success of the paper. I have had no more difficulties to contend with in the publication of the Pacific Presbyterian than I have had in the publication of The Pacific. No more than the persons connected with other religious papers on the coast have had.

Through my consulting board, composed of the Rev. Dr. Baker of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland and the Rev. Dr. Day of the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, I have kept denominational connection and have had denominational direction; and the Synod of California has at different times indorsed the paper as distinctively enough Presbyterian.

It had been my intention for some months, if the way should open up to continue the paper, to put thereon the names of several of the Presbyterian brethren as a directing board.

Anxious for the Presbyterians on the coast to have a church paper, I have for some time offered to turn the Pacific Presbyterian over without cost to any accredited person who would take it, and to aid largely for several months in the publication. The way has not been clear for any one to do this. Accordingly, this announcement!

W. W. FERRIER.

Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.—F. W. Faber.

Love requires the most costly sacrifices of life, but makes them life's chief and keenest joys.

NOTES BY NOMAD.

The first Sunday of March Earlimart Sunday-school was organized by the missionary laboring under supervision of San Joaquin presbytery. The enrollment was twenty-five.

The California Irrigated Lands Co., headquarters Los Angeles, has planted the thriving colony of Earlimart on 3,000 acres of level land, adjacent to the town site of Earlimart. Officials of the company are at present negotiating for 2,000 acres contiguous to the colony tract.

"Rome was not built in a day." Earlimart begins with general store, town hall, camping outfit of a Sierra skypilot, and Presbyterian Sunday-school later under direct supervision of San Joaquin presbytery. John Collins, a tenderfoot from Glasgow, Scotland also a Presbyterian, is storekeeper, postmaster and mayor, and very popular with the ranchmen, sojourners, travelers and prospective buyers of ten, twenty and forty-acre tracts. Mr. Collins about a year and a half ago left auld Scotland for Los Angeles, accompanied by his estimable and charming wife, seeking a home in America, and have driven down their stake in one of the fertile belts of the great San Joaquin valley.

Rev. George Brown Greig, pastor of Merced church, has demonstrated to the church at large that he has "the gifts of an evangelist." Two of our Home Mission churches, Los Palos and Cambden, strengthened their stakes through Mr. Greig's "work of an evangelist."

Eight by confession and two by letter were received into Cambden church. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Chalmers Gray, writes: "Cambden received a great blessing through the labors of Dr. Greig, which will be felt for many a day. During a few days' visiting I have met quite a number under conviction of sin, who did not come forward, but are praying privately and will surely come out on the Lord's side in due time."

Rev. Edward E. Giffen March 1st received into the Lindsay church four by confession and five by letter. A veteran of the Civil War enlisted in the army of the Lord. The Ladies' Aid Society has purchased and paid for two lots for a manse. A band of consecrated tent workers from Whittier has held a two-weeks' meeting in Lindsay Presbyterian church.

Rev. Edward R. Piepenburg, who has charge of Lemon Cove and Exeter, Tulare county, and is only building two church homes, writes to Nomad:

"A design by Mr. Starbuck, the architect, on the lines of Knox church, Los Angeles, was decided upon at a meeting of the Exeter church Monday evening, March 4th. The building will cost about $3,500, and it will be hard work to raise the necessary funds; but with aid from our Board we hope to be able to build it. Including the amount we expect from the Board we have $2,500 already pledged. Among these are two pledges each for $500."

Mr. Piepenburg for several months has preached three times each Sunday, going on his bicycle for 3 p. m. service fourteen miles to vacant Kawealo church at Naianjo, thence seven miles for evening service at Lemon Cove. He also ministers during the week to a small colony at Orange Cove.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Prof. E. A. Wicher.

O Saviour as I wake to-day,
  Unto Thy world of growing light,
Help me the fitting word to pray,
  Teach me the thing to ask aright.

The mystery of these kindling hours
  Is all enfolded Thee within;
I cannot see the hidden powers,
  The waiting duty, lurking sin.

But Thou, O Saviour, all dost know,
  And Thou hast might, and Thou hast striven;
Go Thou beside me where I go,
  And keep me true to Thee and heaven.

And keep me chiefly from the wrong
  That lieth in a deed of right,
That maketh courage partly strong,
  And partly dimmeth faith to sight.

O make me holy, make me pure—
  Pure with Thy sinless purity,
That no base motive may endure,
  But all may serve Thy sovereignty.

Help me this day to help Thine own—
  The poor, the weak, the lame, the blind,
To reach with pitying, tender tone
  The wandering children of mankind.

Help me to bring some strength to bear,
  The heavy load of some dull way;
Help me to soothe some brow of care,
  On some dark mind to cast a ray.

Thus may the day be wholly Thine,
  And wholly Thine my movements be,
My secret soul Thy sacred shrine,
  Thy world my sphere of charity.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The address of Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D., is changed temporarily from 1323 Linwood avenue, Los Angeles, to Coronado, Cal.

THE E. T. EARL LECTURES OF PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The E. T. Earl lectureship is fulfilling its large mission in bringing to the coast men of varied types and messages. This year the lecturer, President W. H. P. Faunce, by his clear, forceful, pungent presentation of modern religious and educational problems, is commanding wide interest and approbation. President Faunce is a wise and effective interpreter of modern Christianity. His note is that of mediation rather than of radicalism.

The first lecture, on "The Attitude of the Ministry Toward New Truth," was a particularly telling and cogent setting forth of the obligations of the modern pulpit to present truth in terms of present-day life and thought. Perhaps the greatness of the gulf beween the thought world of the passing and incoming generations has not been so graphically and strikingly described as in this lecture; with the corresponding need of adapting present-day preaching to the mental atmosphere of the youth of today.

The second lecture, on "The Contribution of the School to Church and State," dealt largely with the possibilities of the Sunday-school as a needed factor in modern education. The speaker well characterized it

as the institution showing the greatest chasm between possibility and performance of any institution of modern society. The summons of the hour to the church and the ministry, to advance in the direction of religious education, was given with an ernestness and convincingness which ought greatly to further this cause.

The title of the third lecture, "Gains and losses in Modern Education," hardly indicated its true subject, which was a comprehensive resume of the bearing of the new psychology upon religious experience and method. If the speaker seemed to minimize somewhat the rational element in religion, he only reflected the emphasis of the hour upon feeling and conduct, which have so long been denied their rightful place.

President Faunce has the advantage of blending the point of view of the minister and that of the instructor, giving him a close touch with the large audience which he is addressing. As a public speaker he is both pleasing and impressive, winsome and positive, popular and scholarly, furnishing an admirable model for both preacher and educator. J. W. B.

INAUGURATION OF PROFESSOR GEORGE DEWITT CASTOR OF PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

On Monday next, April 6, at eight o'clock p. m., Prof. George D. Castor, Ph.D., will be inaugurated into the professorship of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in Pacific Theological Seminary. The exercises will take place in the First Congregational Church, Berkeley. Mr. Castor will read a paper on "The Kingdom of God in the Teachings of Jesus." Formal inauguration will be conducted by President John Knox McLean of the Seminary, after which a prayer will be offered by Prof. Charles S. Nash. Greetings will be extended the new member of the Seminary faculty from the alumni by Rev. Leland D. Rathbone, of the class of 1888; from the other theological schools of the bay region, by Prof. J. O. Lincoln, of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, San Mateo; from the local churches and ministers, by Rev. R. C. Brooks; and from the University of California, by Prof. Alexis F. Lange, Ph.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Education at the University.

Mr. Castor has been one of the instructors of the Seminary since August 1st of last year, when he arrived in Berkeley from Yale, with which institution he had been connected. He has been prominently identified with the local Sunday-school work since coming here.

A PHILOSOPHER WITH THE MINISTERS.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure of listening last Monday to Professor Howison of the University of California on "The Relation of Pragmatism to Theology." In introducing Professor Howison, the Rev. Dr. Buckham said there was every reason for recognizing the service which Professor Howison had rendered to the cause of Christianity; that, among other services, he had advanced the most cogent arguments for God and immortality. Professor Buckham stated that there were, of course, some of the positions of Professor Howison which he did not endorse; and yet, quoting the words of Christ, "He that is not against us is for us." In the course of his address Professor Howison said that he regarded the religion of Jesus as final; that no truth ever can get beyond what he promulgated. He thinks that there is urgent need that we find what the doctrines are that lie at the root of fealty to Christ, and work earnestly to bring about that fealty. The world, in his opinion, is far away from Christ today, because of a refusal to believe in the practicability of his teachings. Fundamentally faith is simply fidelity. Professor Howison stated that he is impressed with the feeling that our religion is at stake, and that its influence on the world in imminent danger of being lost. "I want God; you want him; but the atheist doesn't want him." According to Professor James, the great apostle of pragmatism, there is not now very much of a God in the universe; for the argument is, God comes at the end of evolution, and his coming depends on our courageousness and on our character.

Such was the interest in what Professor Howison had to say that he was invited to meet with the ministers one week from next Monday, when opportunity will be afforded for questions and answers.

THE HOME

MA AND PA.

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Sez pa, one winter's night;
"I'd go down South an' stay a while
Where days are warm an' bright."
He set an' watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing!"
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!).
Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea,
Then pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
Sez pa; "I'd have a snap!"
Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore;
Pa—at his ev'nin' nap!
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pairs o' socks;
Pa woke, an' sez, "It's time for bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

—Mary F. K. Hutchinson.

A DOMESTIC INJUSTICE.

Does the average Christian husband think as highly of his wife as he does of himself, or love her as he does his own body? Is not his idea of the worth of woman essentially pagan? Does he not think of her in comparison with man as weak, delicate and inferior? Is he not frequently found cultivating her as an ornament, a luxury, a toy, rather than a strong, independent intelligence complementary to his own?

Those who are in a position to observe the domestic relations of a large number of people express surprise that so many virtuous and intelligent men make such selfish and thoughtless husbands. They provide well for the household; they dress their wives decently, even handsomely; they call the doctor promptly when sickness threatens, but do they not fail to yield the wife a fair measure of regard in respect to the financial aspect of the partnership? As a home-maker and mother the wife is valued by man and regarded as a helpmeet for him; but she is often denied participation in his business plans and the handling of any considerable amounts of money as well. Is she incompetent? Why should she be left untrained?

The pocketbook furnishes a touchstone for the testing character. Do men who protest a fine and enduring brand of love for their wives pay as "big" as they talk? Let none of my women readers embarrass themselves or their husbands by feeling that they are called upon to answer this question with an audible monosyllabic. But, honest now, just inside of yourself as you consider it, how many of you ever see any part of the wages or incomes your husbands are supposed to earn without asking them for it? Last time you needed five dollars you requested ten, not because you are deceitful and possess a lying tongue by nature, but for the substantial reason that you knew from hard tutelage of experience that the "head of the house" would growl at expenses, plead poverty, slow collections, and grudgingly give you half the amount asked for. That's it. Sometimes, have you felt impelled by the exigencies of the situation and your fear to speak to him openly about a matter that always provoked unpleasantness between you, to steal money from his pocket? To what depths of sin and shame have his lack of fairness, candor and feeling plunged you? Oh, the humiliation of many glorious women with respect to the money matters that are as much theirs as their husband's concern! It is a rank, intolerable and immoral situation. Who has not observed the spoilation of widows who came into the possession of large property interests on the death of their husbands, simply because they had been given neither insight nor discipline in the handling of their business affairs while they lived.

Of what avail is it, Mr. Stingyman—or, perhaps the more courteous epithet would be Mr. Inconsiderate—of what avail is it to lay up $25,000 for your wife to inherit at your death if you allow her to practice investment and economy with only 25 cents a week while you live? Your fears that your hardly earned fortune will be dissipated in folly are the forecastings of logic based upon the business method you have adopted and pursued in your domestic relations.

Scores of men would be better off today if they had counseled with their wives over their business affairs. Dozens of them would have been saved from unjust practices in the market had they consulted with the loyal wife whom God gave for just this kind of assistance. Is it not preposterous to think that any self-respecting man will marry a wage-earning woman, cut her off from an independent income in that act, shut her up to the rearing of his children in a house he has built for the purpose, and then never even offer her an equal share in the ownership and responsibility of his wealth? Yet, are there not women of your acquaintance who suffer from this domestic injustice? Dun and Bradstreet's know vastly more about their husband's financial standing than they.

Husbands, you ought to love your wives as much as you do yourselves, and give them a chance to live happily, proudly and self-respectingly with you as helpers all the days of your lives. Success in marriage is secured only in the mutual development of both parties toward a great unity of interest, trust and affection. And so, as a poet puts it:

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

—F. E. Miller in The Standard.

THE MANLY MAN.

The world has room for the manly man, with the spirit
of manly cheer;
The world delights in the man who smiles while his
eyes keep back the tear;
It loves the man who when things go wrong can take
his place and stand
With his face to the fight and his eyes to the light, and
toil with a willing hand;
The manly man is the country's need, and the moment's need, forsooth.
With a heart that beats to the pulsing tread of the
lillied leagues of truth;
The world is his, and it waits for him, and it leaps to
hear the ring
Of the blow he strikes and the wheels he turns and the
hammers he dares to swing;
It likes the forward look in his face, the poise of his
noble head,
And the onward lunge of his tireless will and the
sweep of his dauntless tread!
Hurrah for the manly man who comes with the sunlight on his face,
And the strength to do, the will to dare and the courage to find his place!
The world delights in the manly man, and the weak
and evil flee
When the manly man goes forth to hold his own on
land or sea!

—American Israelite.

EXCELLEST THEM ALL!

There are wise women, sprightly women, fashionable women, scholarly women, eloquent women, literary women, pretty women, handsome, loving and lovable women; but the most valuable, the most indispensable, the most womanly woman is the home woman. All the others the world could afford to lose, great as the loss would be, better than to lose the home woman. Without her the most ennobling feature of social life could not be. Without her the true

home could not exist. Without her there would be none of the strong ties, the endearing loves, the tender sweet affections that bind parents to children, children to parents, and render the memories of the old homestead so endearing, so subduing all through our after life. Of the home women it may well be said, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Young People

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

A writer in Appleton's magazine gives an experience which a boy had after wounding a grouse. We give the article in part:

"The bird at which the boy had fired thrust down its legs and wabbled as if about to fall; then recovered itself and flew on, its legs dangling. A chance shot had apparently broken its back, paralyzing its legs, but leaving it still strength enough to fly a certain distance. Trained hunter as he was, the boy watched the wounded bird, and marked the exact spot where it finally dropped, just at the edge of the cornfield, half a mile away.

"'I think I'll go after it,' said the youth.

"'Nonsense,' said Luther, 'it's a half mile away, and you have all you want without it.'

"'But the bird is wounded. I hate to have it lie out there and suffer.'

"Oh, it's probably dead; or if it isn't, some skunk or weasel will kill it tonight. Come along.'

"It was nearly sunset, and the youth was tired after the long tramp of the day. It would be a long trip over to the cornfield for weary legs—and then perhaps to find the bird dead. Already it was suppertime at home, and he had a hunter's appetite. So he allowed himself to be overpersuaded, and the two tramped homeward.

"But the grouse that had fallen over in the cornfield was not dead. Nor, as it chanced, was its wound of a kind to produce speedy death. The injury did, however, render the bird utterly helpless. Once it had dropped to the earth it could not rise again. Nor could it move about on the ground, for its legs were paralyzed completely. It lay on the bare earth, sheltered by the cornstalks from the eyes of hawks, and where there was not much danger that a maruding beast would find it. But there was no food at hand. It was doubtful even whether the bird would be able to sip a few drops of dew from a cornstalk to quench the thirst that its wound must develop.

"Quite obviously fate had marked the grouse for a lingering death of torture. Its wound, already painful, must become more so with the lapse of time. Insects would come in phalanxes to pester it. Hunger and thirst would add their modicum of agony. The greatest mercy it could hope for would be the coming of some skunk or weasel, as the hunter had suggested, to put it out of misery. But no such messenger of speedy death chanced to come that way."

The following Sunday morning the boy went to church. The writer says:

"The youth's soul was undergoing development in that half hour. He was making one of those short cuts from point of view to point of view. He was passing (little as he realized it) from the barbarian-hunter stage to a plane of broader sympathies.

"All through the lesson he sat brooding the same thoughts, and as he left the church the idea of the wounded bird had taken full possession of his mind. Instead of going home, he set out for the field where he had shot the grouse. He believed he might find the bird even yet. At least he would try.

"A good memory and a keen eye enabled him to go about the point of the field from which the grouse had flushed; and over by the cornfield he noted the exact point (marked by a peculiar fence post) where the wounded bird had gone down. He went directly to it, and had scarcely entered the cornfield when his dog came to a point. There ahead on the ground lay the bird, stretched at full length. It made no effort to escape as he came up. It was too near death to fear him or anything, its eyes half closed, its bill agape, as it feebly gasped for breath.

"In an instant the youth was on his knees beside the bird, a great lump in his throat; his eyes staring as if they would start from their sockets. The meaning of it all came to him, with the force of a blow. Mechanically he brushed away the insects that gathered about the wound in the bird's back. He stroked the soiled plumage tenderly. He found himself calculating the hours that the grouse had lain there suffering. It had happened Wednesday and this was Sunday—twenty-four, forty-eight, seventy-two, about ninety hours; yes, fully ninety. What a cruel stretch of torture! The youth recalled an occasion when he had had a toothache for two hours that had seemed interminable; and the meaning of that ninety hours of pain came home to him yet more vividly. In an agony of remorse he knelt there, thinking, thinking. He closed his eyes; and when he opened them, a few minutes later, the grouse had ceased to breathe.

"The youth rose suddenly and walked to the verge of the cornfield. He selected a spot in a fence corner, and began to dig a hole. The ground was hard, and he had nothing but his knife and a piece of stick to aid him; but he persevered the more stubbornly as his fingers became sore from digging. When the grave was deep enough, the youth went after the body of the grouse and took it up very tenderly, as if so much of suffering had given it sacredness. He laid the poor thing carefully in the ground, smoothing its every feather. Then he resolutely scooped in the dirt till the grave was filled.

"It was a thoughtful youth who walked slowly homeward across the fields that autumn day. He was asking himself what right he had to inflict such suffering as that. What manner of friend to the birds was he that could wish only to kill them? What pleasure could he get in future in shooting always with the possibility of re-enacting the tragedy of the cornfield?

"Long before he reached home the youth had made up his mind. He knew that he should never shoot his gun again. He had entered a new phase of life. The desire to kill was no longer strong in him. The instinct of the hunter had left him forever."

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

We were crowded in a cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with Death.

And thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he stagegred down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.
—JAMES T. FIELDS.

GOD DOESN'T CARE.

It was Sunday morning, and I was on my way to church in which I held my Sunday classes. Suddenly, above the babble of the street, I heard a shrill cry of "Marmar!" and a little figure with its tiny arms akimbo, chest expanded and cheeks still flushed from the efforts of that shrill cry, disentangled itself from the crowd of children and attracted my attention.

He was such a ragged little chap, and withal manly, and so perfectly comical besides, that I stopped to look at him; his tangled yellow hair was brushed with some attempt at neatness, and his face was shining, and one might say dripping from a recent scrubbing. His very short dress, from frequent washings, had degenerated into a meaningless gray, his diminutive shoes were buttonless and toeless, and over them his mites of stockings hung in ragged pendants. Altogether he was a dingy little morsel of East Side humanity, looking somewhat like a dusty cobweb.

"Marmar!" again called the shrill imperative voice. This time, from the topmost regions of the high tenement, amid the confusion of fire escapes, milk cans and human faces, appeared an outstretched neck, and a voice shrieked down: "Well?"

"Can't I go to Sunday-schoo-oo-ool?" By this time the attention of the neighborhood was attracted and the answer was given amid comparative silence.

"No, you ain't got no decent clothes," and then the face disappeared with a "snappy" suddenness.

"Marmar!" the childish voice was even more piercing and more imperative.

"Well!" with an emphasis that suggested a ringing box on the ears, if those ears had been in the vicinity of the maternal hands.

"What's the difference? God don't care."

The tears sprang into my eyes. Heaven bless the dear little ragged philosopher! His simple faith had probed deeper than our hesitating worldiness.

I took the child's hand. He had no fear of me, for I was well known in the neighborhood as the "Church lady," and it was without doubt my appearance that had suggested the question; and ascending to the precincts of the top floor, I readily obtained permission to have the little fellow accompany me. He trotted happily at my side, his little shoes going flipperty-flop all the way, his battered hat well back on his yellow curls, and sat close to me all during the lesson, perfectly unconscious of the curious and astonished eyes fixed upon him.

I took care that next Sunday my little boy had a neat suit, a fine military cap, and stout shining shoes; but again the tears sprang into my eyes as, gazing with childish delight at his new clothes, he looked up into my face and said: "But God don't care all the same, does He?"

God bless my simple, trusting little ragamuffin, Tommy!—N. Y. Observer.

AN ARMFUL OF GRANDMOTHER.

"Now, ma-am, come if you're coming. Car's late. Here, I'll h'ist ye," said the conductor to a hesitating little old woman, whom he promptly proceded to "h'ist." But she gave a little cry of pain, and he let go his hold.

"I—I guess I'll have to give it up," she murmured. "My rheumatiz is extry bad and that step does seem extry high."

As he turned away to attend to a breathless and belated family, laden with babies and bundles, a strapping young fellow in a gay initialed sweater swung down to her side.

"Let me pick you right up, and I can put you aboard easy," he declared; and a moment later she was safely established in her seat, smiling and straightening her bonnet.

"That was real good of ye, and now I'm all right. My son's to meet me tother end o' the line," she announced, gratefully. "Well, boys are mighty nice sometimes, and I guess your ma thinks so too."

But she was not all right yet; for there had been a washout on the line, and it was presently learned that a roundabout route was to be followed, involving several changes of cars. "My chum'll see to you," the boy reassured her as he got off; and at the first change his chum did so.

Before the next change he, too, and all her fellow-passengers but a few girls had left; and the conductor was small, sickly and cross. She hesitated painfully on the high step, thrusting out a tentative foot, but unable either to jump or scramble so far. Suddenly one of the dispersing girls, a fine, tanned young creature with a golf-stick, turned back and held out her arms.

"But you couldn't—I can't—you'll drop me!" gasped the little old lady, in transit; and then admiringly and amazedly, "Well; who'd ha' thought it? Me carried by a gal!"

"You won't be next time, and you wouldn't this if we'd known," struck in a workman in the new car, leaning forward. "Don't you worry, ma'am. We'll see to her, miss; and if we get off first, why, we'll pass the word along. Any fellow's willing to tote an armful o' grandmother; that's of course!"

The girl smiled; the old lady waved; the car went on. When, at the end of the long trip, the interested passengers beheld a six-foot son, with a prancing small boy at his coat-tails, lift a tired old woman once more and set her carefully on the ground, they also heard him growl something about a stingy company, and old-pattern cars, and steps a mile high; but they caught the answer, too.

"Oh, well! Joe, it didn't matter," piped the sweet, old, high voice. "The steps bein' extry tryin' just made folks extry kind."—Youth's Companion.

STUB'S FAITHFULNESS.

Stub's master had gone way for the night and had left the dog to guard his apartments.

In the evening the house caught fire, and before the engine arrived the blaze had gained firm hold and little could be saved. Some of the men discovered the dog and tried to coax or drive him from the room, but Stub held his post. His would-be rescuers did all they could to tole him out, but he would not budge. Warning growls showed that he would use his teeth, if the men resorted to force, and finally, in their efforts to save the dog, the firemen turned two streams of water on him. Even this did not dislodge him.

The dog's master was found and notified of the fire. When he reached his home the roof had fallen in and the building was a mass of flames. He gave one clear whistle, and Stub, who had defied fire and water and all human inducements, bounded out of the house, and the next instant was licking the hand which caressed him.—Selected.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

God knows what burdens will make His children strong. So He says to them, "Every one shall bear his own burden. There is thy load, carry it; there is thy place, fill it; there is thy work, do it; and as thy day, so shall thy strength be." The route to heaven is not over a macadamized road with easy grades. It has many a "hill difficulty," where the climber goeth from running to walking, and from walking to a tough clambering on his hands and knees. Let us not murmur, or vainly ask for "elevators" to hoist us; for one, I have lived long enough in this world to thank God for difficulties. The grapple with them sinews our graces and gives us spiritual force. In God's school some hard lessons are to be learned, and there are no "elective studies." It is very pleasant to work out problems in addition and in multiplication; but when our Master puts us into a painful problem of subtraction—when the income is cut off, or the crib is emptied, or the staff is broken—then we cry out, "O God, let this cup pass from me!" It requires great grace to be able then to say, "Nevertheless, Father, not as we will, but as Thou wilt!" For the hardest lesson of all in this world is—to let God have His way.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LLD., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

PACIFIC.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Located at Berkeley

Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

---

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

THE MONTEREY COAL CO.

invites you to visit their mines, and for yourself judge of the quantity and quality of coal.

They will pay the cost of your trip in stock.

Shares now $1.00, after April 29th, $1.25. Send for literature.

A. T. and A. H. NEEDHAM,
Agents of Monterey Coal Co.
2165 Shattuck Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

One thing I noticed, as more common in Christiana than in any other city I have seen, was the provision for the birds. From scores of windows and from many of the trees of the parks are hung in winter little sheaves of oats or other grain, to which the birds may help themselves at their pleasure, and they were not slow to improve their opportunity, as I noticed.—Rev. Francis E. Clark in "Our Dumb Animals."

SAN FRANCISCO
TWO YEARS AFTER

The rebuilding of San Francisco is shown by picture and story in the April number of

Sunset Magazine

A magnificent 53-inch panorama is used for a frontispiece and gives an idea of how the city looks today. This is followed by 32 full-page pictures in colors, showing Banks, Business Blocks, Hotels, etc., already completed or in course of construction.

Also the first installment of the serial story

LIN McLEAN

A stirring story of Western Life

OWEN WISTER..

Author of "The Virginian."

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS

Price 15 Cents Postage 4 Cents

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:

MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

Craig Desk Company

Full Assortment of

OFFICE DESKS, TABLES AND CHAIRS

Lowest Prices.

46-48-50 Sutter Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

---

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

APR 14 1908

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 9, 1908. No. 15

BROTHERHOOD.

Mark well this fact—not often urged, indeed—
That one's own business, if he mind it best,
Concerns the common welfare, takes due heed
How self, the unit, stands toward all the rest.

A lean and narrow virtue must it be,
Content with "Meddle not!"—to go one's way,
A skulker, hemmed with selfish privacy,
Who lets one's brother suffer as he may.

To mind one's business, rather, as God minds—
That's the true way, the Christian way. God's son
Full room within the common pathway finds
To walk his way, and yet not walk alone.

—James Buckham.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

Published Weekly by the Pacific Presbyterian Company in the Interests of the Presbyterian Churches and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast.

Subscription price $1.50 per year.

Enetred at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

AN OUTRAGE THAT RECALLS ELISHA LOVEJOY'S HISTORIC EXPERIENCE AT ALTON.

Recent occurences in the East lead to the asking of the question, Is there to be a reign of lawlessness in the interests of the lawless saloon? And they recall also the words of the noted orator, Robert Ingersoll, on intoxicating liquors. In an argument in a Chicago court in 1876 he said:

"I believe, gentlemen, that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death, and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it."

One of our Eastern exchanges says: "There is a strange significance in the fact that several fires have occurred in Joliet, and in each case the property destroyed was that of a person who ravored the closing of the saloons of the city."

These and other things in conjunction with the destruction by dynamite of the printing office of the Daily News, at Rock Island, Ill., are making people think and question.

At three o'clock one morning an explosion shook the whole city, and was heard at a distance of twenty miles. Dynamite was put under a $10,000 press, and a slow fuse attached so as to permit the perpetrators of the dastardly deed to escape unhurt.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate says:

"The Daily News has for months been engaged in a vigorous assault upon the saloon and gambling element of the city. These elements have determined to silence it by destroying it. The heartless character of those who committed this crime is seen in the fact that there were from twenty to twenty-five men, women, and children asleep in the upper flats of the building at the time the explosion occurred, and the life of every one imperiled by the explosion.

"It is a startling fact that this diabolical outrage was treated with silence by the daily press of Chicago. When a similar outrage occurred at Alton years ago and the printing office of Owen Lovejoy was destroyed, the indignation of the entire nation was aroused. Has the liquor element silenced the press? Or is there some other reason why news of this outrage received no notice?"

The Interior says: "Report comes from Rock Island that when The News applied to a paper in an adjoining town for the privilege of using its press, the latter journal was notified that if it extended the accommodation, it also would suffer. It was a remarkable and seemingly a sinister fact that this outrage was not noticed in any of the Chicago dailies beyond a mere inch paragraph, and in two of three of the strongest was not noticed at all. But the suppression of such news in the secular press will not keep the people from hearing of an incident so revolting to American ideas of fair play and public safety, and it will be the longer remembered when it is understood that great metropolitan jurnals fear to denounce such crimes. Indeed, this crime at Rock Island may very well become as historically significant as the crime at Alton seventy years ago."

The malicious assault last week on the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Turlock, in the San Joaquin valley is in line with those outrages in Illionois. Those who know say that he did nothing more than to oppose the saloons and brothels; and that there had been no reference by him to the women who had part in the horse-whipping which he received.

Many things indicate that as to the saloon the country is rapidly moving on to such a condition as existed as to slavery immediately preceding the civil war.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." The liquor influences are everywhere getting desperate, and many are ready to resort to damnable deeds to save the traffic.

Our God is marching on! The saloon is doomed! God grant that its end come speedily!

A PLAN FOR THE EVANGELIZATION OF LONDON.

A plan for evangelizing London has been outlined by Mr. W. R. Lane, a man of long experience in evangelistic work. United evangelistic work as a whole, he regards as impracticable in that great city with its vast and ever-growing population. He is quoted in the British Weekly as saying:

"An earnest and honest attempt in this direction was recently made under the leadership of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. It was organized on a large and expensive scale, and was by far the strongest organized effort to reach London with the Gospel that this generation has seen. There is a widespread feeling that the abiding results were far from adequate to the enormous outlay. This involves no reflection on the men who toiled and spent so generously. Our criticisms apply to methods, not to men, and here the question may be raised, Was the strength expended along the lines of the wisest economy?"

Concerning centralized evangelistic work, Mr. Lane says:

"When the Albert Hall, for instance, is taken, you get people who can pay tram and 'bus fares, and who flock in from the suburbs. The really needy people are not reached. Large centralized missions have their place and their importance, but we need to be on our guard against exaggerating their value."

"We are face to face today," added Mr. Lane, "with the startling fact of a religious indifference which is more pronounced than ever. Only a small proportion of the population ever attend church, chapel or mission room. Has not the time come for reconsidering our methods?"

This plan suggests the dividing of the city into

areas of about 250,000 people each, and each area into ten districts, each district having its own evangelizing center. Meetings would be held simultaneously all over the area for several weeks, no one mission being made specially prominent, but the strength of the workers being distributed equally under a combined leadership.

Interrogated as to the workers, he replied: "Well, it depends on what kind of preachers you are looking for. I think there would be no difficulty in laying hands on fifty able evangelists for London. Some might be Anglican clergy, some ministers, while we should find a little army of Christian business men whose hearts are aflame for God's work. It is not the popular preacher, but the simple earnest man of God who would be necessary under these conditions. This would be a serious and arduous campaign with little of the poetry of the field day about it."

One of the first objects, he says, would be to help those who are already to some extent in possession of the field. "It has too often been the case that when great central missions are held, churches and chapels in the neighborhood are left almost empty. We should not disturb the regular Sunday services, though it would be possible to hold united meetings on Sunday afternoon and after evening worship. The week nights would be available for other meetings. In addition to the evening services, I should propose that all kinds of religious activities should be carried on day by day, united mothers' meetings, etc. I am in favor of open-air work in the morning as well as at night. Much good is sometimes done when a few workers enter a quiet back street at 11 in the morning and sing some favorite hymn. Very soon a crowd of women gathers with babies in their arms to hear the gospel perhaps for the first time since their Sunday-school days."

It is worthy of note that Mr. Lane both hopes and believes that he can get Nonconformists and Anglicans to work together in such effort.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

President King of Oberlin College has been chosen to give the William Belden Noble lectures at Harvard for 1908-09.

Chicago celebrates this week the completion of its first fifty years of Y. M. C. A. work. An effort is being made to raise a million dollar fund to forward the work as entrance is made on the second half century period. The president of the Marshall Field Company has offered one-tenth of the sum.

The British Congregationalist remarks concerning the average daily paper of England: "These papers are run on purely financial lines. They are made to sell, and they will do or say anything that tends to increase their sale." It is so the world over. In general the daily paper is no longer a moulder of public opinion.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer of London saw Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, a few weeks ago, near Leicester, where he has been resting for some time. He states that he had been near to paralysis, but that he is recovering. Mr. Meyer says that he never saw any other man who reminded him quite so much of the old prophets.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte said in a recent address, with reference to the Shorter Catechism: "God forbid that Scotland should ever take out of the hands of her children so divine and fruitful an exposition of the Word of God!" He characterized it as a marvelous, intellectual, scriptural, logical document, and deplored the ignorant ribaldry about it.

In an article in an Eastern paper concerning San Francisco, Bishop Hamilton writes: "With its seventy-five Methodist churches, nearly fifty of which are Methodist Episcopal, it is relatively the greatest Methodist city in the world, and viewed from the commercial and influential standpoint, the greatest city on the continent will be located just where San Francisco was riven by the earthquake." We presume Bishop Hamilton had in mind Greater San Francisco when he wrote of 75 Methodist churches.

The Hon. Thomas E. Barkworth of Jackson, Michigan, for many years a leader in the Democratic party in his state, and a former member of the Democratic national committee, stated a few days ago at a non-partisan good-government mass meeting, in Jackson, that the Democratic party of Michigan, and even of the nation, is seriously considering the inclusion in its platform of a prohibition or temperance plank. All politicians who are wise have their ears to the ground now, and they hear the tread of the advancing temperance hosts.

The Merrick lectures for 1908 at Ohio Wesleyan University were given last week by five different persons: Rev. Charles Stelzle, New York City, "The Spirit of Social Unrest;" Miss Jane Adams, Chicago, "Religious Beliefs and Social Amelioration;" Mr. Charles P. Neill, Ph.D., Washington, D. C., "Some Ethical Aspects of the Labor Movement;" President Graham Taylor, LL.D., Chicago, "Industry and Religion, Their Common Ground and Interdependence;" Rev. Geo. P. Eckman, D.D., New York City, "Christianity and the Social Situation."

When the matter of the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust," to the coins from which it was omitted was under discussion recently in congress one congressman said: "The investigation of anarchy in Chicago showed that the 'reds' are trying to keep from their children all knowledge that there is a God. I want to oppose myself to the purpose of the anarchist. Back of the crosses on our churches and back of the flag which floats over our school-houses are great sacrifices, and back of both is the God of the nations. This motto on our coins was born in 1861, in this country's greatest sacrificial period. * * * Our nation was founded by men having a sublime faith in God. We must not turn the clock back. We cannot afford to give any person excuse for saying that this congress repudiates what that motto stands for."

A Presbyterian pastor-at-large, in the Eastern Washington district, gives the following leaf from his experiences: "We meet with all kinds of people, but we always get encouragement, even sometimes when it is not intended. One day, going up the Columbia river on one of my journeys on a steamer, there were a large number of passengers aboard, among whom was an outspoken infidel, who took every opportunity during the day to air his views, and to show his contempt for all Christian things. He was treasurer of

a large corporation, and was going up the river to pay off his men. He carried a hand satchel with him which he guarded very carefully. At night we arrived at Brewster, and went ashore to stay at the hotel. After supper all the men who had been on the boat and laughing at the infidel's coarse flings at Christianity were sitting about the fire, when the infidel came to me and told me that his grip contained a large amount of money, and that he wished to go out in the town for a time, and he would like for me to take charge of his satchel while he was gone. I agreed to do so, but I thought he valued Christianity more than he was willing to admit." We are reminded of the old-time atheist who sat one day in a sawmill arguing against the existence of God. An unexpected movement of the machinery threw him into the mill race, where, in danger of being drowned, he called loudly on the Lord to save him from such a death.

The changed attitude of late of the daily papers, in different parts of the country on the temperance question, is highly significant. The Michigan Christian Advocate comments in the following manner concerning those in Detroit: "The Detroit public has not in the past been accustomed to look into the daily papers for temperance editorials; in fact, have not had much reason to do so. It is becoming different now. To what extent our secular editorial brethren have been converted to prohibition, may still be a matter of question; but they are certainly saying some things to which temperance folk can give a hearty amen. We have quoted from the Free Press to that effect; last week each of the three other dailies had something along the same line. The Times had a rattling good big double-column editorial on the published statement that the Democrats were contemplating the putting of a temperance plank in their national and state platforms. The News, in an editorial leader, effectually punctured the professed claim of the brewers and saloonkeepers that the business is run for the sake of the 'moderate drinkers,' by pointing out that the 1,800 saloons of Detroit (or even the 1,600 to which they propose to limit the number) could not possibly be supported by the patronage of moderate drinkers. It shows that, with an average of not over 50 to 100 regular patrons to a saloon 'the modernte drinker cannot cut very much ice in a business that pays over $800,000 a year for licenses alone and more than twice as much for running expenses.' Its conclusion is that it isn't worth while to have so many saloons or to keep them open on Sunday, merely to accommodate the moderate drinkers. Finally, the Journal, in a strong editorial, headed 'No Brewery Government, Please,' vigorously assails the latest proposition of the brewers to repeal the Watson ordinance and practically hand over to the said brewers the control of the liquor business in Detroit. We quote these editorial utterances, not alone for what they say, but to observe the significance of the fact that the daily papers are becoming alive to 'the dominant issue,' as a brewer well characterizes it."

A happy nature is sometimes a gift, but it is also a grace, and can, therefore, be cultivated and acquired; and it should be a definite aim with those who are training a child.—Lucy Soulsby.

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

By Chas. R. Brown.

The Halo in Modern Life.

The first Christian martyr was a layman, and when he stood before the council on trial for his life the narrative says, "All that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Because of his serene faith, his high purpose, his resolute will, there came into his face a strange light which was like the halo encircling the heads of the saints upon the canvases of the great artists.

It is significant that this man was not a priest nor a monk, but one chosen as a layman to administer a certain trust because he was "of honest report, full of wisdom and of the Holy Ghost"—a reputable, sensible godly man! The halo in modern life is not reserved for ecclesiastics, but is accorded to all those who are faithfully serving the interests of the kingdom, whatever may be the special calling. The old artificial line between sacred and secular is fading out. The quality of sacredness is not outward and official, attaching to certain offices and functions—it is inward and personal. The divine glory is reflected in a radiance like that seen in the face of Moses when any life is well lived, regardless of the particular sort of material with which it deals.

This enlargement of view was strikingly brought out in a series of stained-glass windows designed by Lamb of New York and placed in old Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where for more than forty years Henry Ward Beecher preached the gospel of righteousness. We are all familiar with the conventional stained glass window, setting forth some Bible incident or some legendary scene in the life of an ecclesiastic. It is significant that six of the eight windows recently dedicated in Plymouth Church portrayed scenes which the thoughtless world calls secular. The first one represented John Pym and John Hampden pleading for the Bill of Rights before King Charles—it marked the beginning of political liberty. The second showed John Milton writing his plea for the freedom of the press—a long step forward in intellectual liberty! The third pictured Oliver Cromwell announcing to George Fox, the Quaker, that under the commonwealth religious toleration would be the rule of old England—a proclamation of religious liberty!

The fourth window showed the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower—that document which has been called the seed corn from which sprang the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. The fifth window showed the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock to found here a colony dedicated to those principles of political, intellectual and religious liberty. The sixth window showed the founding of Harvard College, the dedication of the higher learning to noble ends!

What a notable series of windows to be placed in that church where Beecher pleaded for the freedom of the slave, for the preservation of the Union, for the demolition of the saloon, for civic betterments, as well as for the deliverance of the individual from the power of sin and the church from the burden of an impossible theology. It marks the turning of a corner in ecclesiastical decoration, the bringing out of the essential sacredness of that every day life which consumes more than six-sevenths of our time and strength whenever

the life is devoted to the highest ends.

"The world we live in wholly is redeemed,
Not man alone, but all that man holds dear!
Nature in all its fullness is the Lord's.
There are no Gentile oaks; no Pagan pines;
The grass beneath is Christian grass
The wayside weed is sacred unto Him."

It is for the Christian church to face this modern mood, which I doubt not is an accent of the Holy Ghost, and to insist upon the investment of the total life with an abiding sacredness. We are to look upon business, the organized effort to utilize earth's resource to meet human need, and say, "Hallowed be thy name! May God's kingdom come here!" We are to look upon politics, the corporate attempt to have right principles stand fast and bear rule, the organized insistence that the powers that be must be ordained of God for high ends, and say, "Hallowed be thy name! May God's kingdom come and God's will be done here even as it is done in heaven." We are to bring the total life under the power of a nobler consecration, that its face may shine with a radiance like that which shone in the face of Stephen when he stood in the presence of the council to bear faithful witness to the supremacy of the Lord Christ.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

Joseph Rowell.

Editor Pacific Presbyterian:—

An hour of leisure for a word to your readers; but out of a thousand things of interest it is hard to choose a few. I am here in Nazareth, the place where Jesus lived for thirty years. Better here, in a sense, than at Jerusalem, for these hills and this sea of Galilee are as Jesus traversed them; while there, nearly everything is changed. I know that I have walked and sailed where he did—in a way the most precious experience of my life, longed for for more than four-score years. Yet even here is so much that is unreal. Our Roman Catholic friends are very fond of fixing names, dates and places; so when they say, "This was Joseph's workshop," with "a little salt" we can believe his shop may have been on this site, though its foundation was from three to six feet below those of the present building. But when they show us a narrow, dark, crooked hole in the rock (partly artificial) and say, "This is where Joseph and Mary lived," we need a large spoonful of the "salt." That they should have lived and brought up Jesus in a dingy hole like this, with all out of doors to choose from is sheer nonsense. So of their "Mount of Precipitation." It is a steep hill, down which it is impossible to pitch a man "headlong," while (as I am told) there are declivities near the present city. So of the spring and well, called "Mary's fountain." As this is the chief (perhaps the only) source of water supply for the city, it is easy to believe that Mary often came here and went away to her home with her water jar on her head, just as the women now do. I seem to see her so employed, yet I cannot be sure.

As to the sea of Galilee, on which I spent the better part of a day, it is just as Jesus traversed it. It was smooth for me, for Him it was often rough. My boat was smaller than his (I am told that there are a very few of his kind left here); but propelled in the same way—by sail and oars. But oh, how sad to look on these desolate shores! Here he found thousands on thousands of busy fisher people, while now not a town in which he preached is left. All that is visible is ruins where Capernaum stood. "Woe! Chorazin," etc., "and thou, Capernaum," etc.—and they have vanished. The only town left is Tiberias, where I spent two nights, and there is no record that He ever visited this. As it was the "royal" city, the residence of Herod the Tetrarch, it is probable that He did not. Better not hear than to hear and reject. But the lake, the beautiful lake, is just as it was. It smiles and sometimes waves to heaven. It is full of delicious fish (I proved them) as of old. I saw a net cast, but like Peter's, it "caught nothing" but one small fish, which a Syrian boy an away with. I was prepared to gather of its shells, and I got a good supply; also a lot of land shells, near by. "O Galilee, sweet Galilee," yet now accursed (depopulated), a land "flowing with milk and honey"—goats' milk and rather inferior honey now (I partook of them). The soil is very good, but more stony and rocky than any other I ever saw. But an olive tree will flourish in a cavity between rocks, and the wheat is luxuriant. Only let these barren hills be crowned with forests once more, and the land will be a fruitful garden.

Here in Nazareth are mission schools, and of course several Roman Catholic rivals; a nunnery, also, with ten nuns, shut in by a wall twelve feet or so high, which they never pass. I went up two hundred marble steps and a steep, rough road of twice the length, to the school and orphanage of the "Church Missionary Society." In a room—the long rows of sweet little white cots, each with a crimson bag on it containing a nightdress, the long, neat tables, the tidy schoolrooms, the loving teachers—then my thought went out to the former schools of these children—mud huts of one room each, with camels, dogs, goats, hens, men, women and children, all together, not fit for dog kennels; and the food—oh! to these children this new abode must be brighter than their dreams of heaven. God bless these missionaries! One of the teachers (an English lady) piloted me up the remaining steep climb to the top of the hill, which Jesus must have climbed a hundred times, and oh, the prospect! Mount Hermon, snow-clad, in the north, to the east, beyond the Jordan, the long ranges of Gilead, to the south Mount Tabor, the plain of Esdraelon and the mountains of Judea, on the west the "great sea" (Red) and the coast mountains (the Carmel range). Jesus, full of his love for natural beauty, must often have stood just here and drank in this inspiring view. His esthetics were not in the order of much of modern preaching. The work of his own hands was the beauty that he loved, and its beauty abides forever.

A word elsewhere: Yesterday we passed a troop —more than a hundred—of Russian Greeks, bound for Jerusalem. They had a few asses, but most were on foot—barefooted women carrying heavy loads over rough roads, clad in all sorts of garments, evidently picked up while journeying, a motley, yet a cheerful company. They were free now, and bound for Jerusalem. How thankfully they accepted the remains of our lunch—German rye bread, etc. May God send them the true light!

Tomorrow we start for Jerusalem, too.

To get his conscience purified a man must get back to God.—Rev. J. G. Beauchamp.

THE TROTTER EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

S. C. Patterson.

Some time ago several laymen of this city invited Melvin E. Trotter of Grand Rapids, Mich., to hold a series of evangelistic meetings in San Francisco. Mr. Trotter, who had been holding meetings in Los Angeles, accepted the invitation, and on Sunday, March 22nd, opened the campaign.

Mr. Trotter is a unique figure among evangelists. His specialty seems to be the presentation of the message of salvation in the language of the sporting fraternity. He is an adept in the use of slang and certainly makes some tremendous impressions by it. His message is inspired by his own experience, the grace of God having saved him from a life of misery produced by sin. He was a barber and race-track man, and at times was successful in money-getting, but eventually found himself an outcast in the Levee district of Chicago, without wife, or friends, or money, or courage. When he had about made up his mind to end all by the suicide route he visited Harry Monroe's mission and heard the message of salvation, gave his heart to God and was born again. Now for over eleven years he has been engaged in Christian effort for the salvation of the outcast, with great success. He conducts a rescue mission in Grand Rapids, where he has a large building, formerly a theater, which is owned by the mission. He has been instrumental in organizing several such missions in other cities. There are three missions in Los Angeles. The laymen who invited Mr. Trotter to San Francisco had in mind the possibility of organizing and financing such a mission with his help.

The meetings began in the Dreamland Rink on Sunday, March 22nd, with a large attendance. Through the week they were held in Plymouth Church, but returned to the rink the following Sunday, where they continued until the close. Large numbers of people have heard Mr. Trotter with varying emotions; some were shocked with the gruesome stories with which he illustrated his sermons, others were pained at his use of slang terms to express certain sacred associations of Jesus, still others were fascinated with the man's tremendous earnestness, but many were moved to express their repentance for sin and seek the peace and power of salvation. Over two hundred are said to have come forward in the meetings. These were not children who have been under the instruction of the churches. I would not want my child to listen to Mr. Trotter's preaching; it is too realistic; but men and women, most of the men being such as have tasted the pleasures and disappointments of sin. One man tells of his rescue from premeditated suicide when he accidentally turned aside to hear Trotter.

The culminating meeting was held in the rink Sunday, April 6th, at 3 o'clock. A large group of San Francisco ministers occupied the platform and between two and three thousand people filled the floor. At this meeting Mr. Trotter gave a sketch of his life, before conversion and after, and if the impression was made upon other hearers which was made upon one its effect was tremendous. Mr. Trotter was not boastful; he did not make sin attractive; rather he made it repulsive; all his presentations had this effect. He laid bare with unshrinking purpose the wages of sin as he earned them, and brought tears to the eyes of many of the ministers upon the platform. The congregation was with him. In response to his presentation it shuddered, it wept, it laughed, it prayed. At times it seemed to be transfixed not a movement in all its vast numbers. It was a splendid recital of the experiences of a man who had looked over the brink of hell and been rescued by the loving spirit of God, expressed by the leader of the Chicago Gospel Mission.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Trotter made an appeal for gifts in order to open a mission and finance it for a year. He read a letter from the directors of the Los Angeles mission inclosing a gift of $500 for the San Francisco work. Cards were distributed for pledges, and when they were received and the sums added it was found that the total amount was about $6,000. Mr Trotter had asked for $5,000. The mission is to be opened as soon as possible, and it is hoped that Mr. George Trotter, a brother of the evangelist, can be secured to superintend it. He is at present in charge of the Los Angeles work, but has been with his brother in this campaign, leading the singing. He is full of enthusiasm, and no doubt if he assumes the position he will put the mission upon a firm foundation. It will be located on Ann street, on the south side of Market street, near the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Trotter has done a creditable work during his two weeks in San Francisco, and the prayers of those interested is that it may be a permanent work which shall have an efficient place among the religious institutions of the city.

A BULLETIN FROM THE FIRING LINE OF THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

H. Melville Tenney.

For the first time in history the great foreign missionary societies of this country have united in a campaign of inspiration and education among the churches. The Laymen's Missionary Movement furnished the opportunity, the brotherliness of the district secretaries made the union possible, and their invitation to the central organization in New York secured J. Campbell White, secretary of the national organization, for a series of seven rallies in the leading cities of the Pacific Coast. It is a unique experiment, and, in the providence of God, may disclose a better method of promoting the extension of the Kingdom into all the world than has ever yet been tried.

Three of the conferences have already been held. At Spokane, Washington, on the evening of March 23rd, a great body of the representative laymen of the different denominations met at the banquet table, and entered into the delightful fellowship of the Laymen's Movement. Secretary White's presentation of the problem before the men of this generation in the churches of America was a revelation, startling to many, of wonderful persuasiveness and power to all. The conquest of the world for Christ, which has been considered by many a wild dream of the enthusiast, was brought out of the mists of the future, and shown to be a practicable accomplishment in this present age. The address made a profound impression, and without a dissenting vote the Christian men of Spokane proceeded to organize their forces to carry out the plan suggested. Their recommendation to increase the pro rata of giving from 50 cents of last year, to $2 per member for the present year was approved on the following evening, at the mass meeting of men, with

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

equal unanimity and enthusiasm. This will increase the $5,000 of last year to $20,000 the present year. A permanent interdenominational committee was selected, and plans for a thorough canvass in the different churches were laid.

These men were not carried away by a frantic appeal to their feelings; they were not driven to it by the goad of duty in a master hand, but the blended logic and fire of Mr. White's address produced a conviction, never before felt, that here was something that men could do with every prospect of success, if they were willing to put the energy and enterprise into it which characterized their business operations, and with the birth of the conviction, the desire to do impelled them to go forward. "We can if we will" was again fused in the flame of a heaven-born enthusiasm, and emerged in the better form, "We can and we will."

The rally in Seattle, March 25-27, was finely promoted by three members of the national committee of the Laymen's Movement, and a large number of the energetic and successful business men of the city, who carry their full vigor into the work of the church, were deeply interested in the meetings there. The recommendation to raise this year $100,000 as the share of this city by the sea, instead of the $20,000 of last year, was heartily adopted at the mass meeting, and the organization started to secure the funds. One of our Congregational brethren, from his sick bed, utilized his telephone in rallying our forces, and inspired the men of his own class by the promise of $1,000 towards the increase proposed.

It remained for Portland to secure probably the largest attendance, both at the banquet and at the mass meeting of any of the rallies held in the Northwest. The plan of holding the dinner in a hotel instead of a church was here adopted, and the finest banquet hall of the Portland Hotel was filled with a company of at least 300 of the very best men of the city. The program of music, the formality of colored waiters and the accessories of menu cards and all the appurtenances of a worldly banquet, except the wine, suggested the possibility that the men were attracted by curiosity and a good dinner, rather than by the interest of the enterprise. One could hardly realize, in looking over the attendance, that it was not a gathering of society men, and the query arose whether there was any moral or spiritual earnestness to be discovered under the conditions which obtained. This doubt was all dissipated when they arose to their feet, and with a tremendous volume of sound that made the welkin ring sang the old missionary hymn, "The Morning Light Is Breaking," and this sign of interest was but the precursor of a splendid enthusiasm that took up the proposition submitted to them of increasing the missionary gifts of the city from less than $20,000 last year to $50,000 the coming year. The conservatism of the city was manifested in the goal set, but the remark was made, "We would rather go beyond the $50,000, than have any possibility of failing to raise it."

The sense of a new fellowship is being developed among business men by this union of effort. "What, are you a church member, and interested in this thing?" has been an exclamation heard over and over again as men who have met on the street and in the bank met for the first time to transact the business of their common Lord. If any competition among the denominations arises, it will be a competition in giving for the extension of the Kingdom, and the church and the heathen world can endure a good deal of that without criticism or complaint.

The prayer element in these meetings is a deep and underlying force. Our leader comes to his work from the secret place of power. The sense of spiritual values, the supreme glory of sacrifice for noble ends, the joy of being a co-laborer with Christ are proclaimed with a new and convincing emphasis. There is the gleam of the great ideal shining down upon us as we work; the Daystar arises in our hearts; the flush of the new day is in the eastern sky, and we rejoice in the glad assurance that the Sun of Righteousness will rise with healing for all the darkened world.

Portland, Ore.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT MEETINGS.

Two were held in Oakland last week, and as a result that city will in all probability lift its missionary contributions from $20,000, the amount given last year, to $40,000 this year, to $60,000 the second year and to $80,000 the third year.

A committee of one hundred men, representing the various churches so recommended and the recommendation received hearty endorsement.

The banquet in the First Methodist Church on Thursday evening was attended by a large number of representative laymen in the different denominations and the speeches were a fountain of inspiration.

Mr. E. P. Flint, the chairman, spoke in way of introduction of the importance of the movement, and of the significance and promise when men of all denominations could get together in such a work as brethren.

The Rev. Dr. Smythe, the foreign missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, characterized the meeting in Oakland last Thursday evening as the most significant gathering of Christian men that he had ever seen. He thought that it would put a new vocabulary into the heads of the editors of the religious papers.

The missionary enterprise, he regards, as the greatest unifying agency on earth today; and this laymen's missionary movement, the greatest religious movement of the age—in that it means a unity of effort which will eventuate in such a wonderful efficiency as will make us wonder at length that we ever tolerated so long the wasteful competitive methods of old.

Dr. Smythe stated that his experiences in China showed him that the things which divide the denominations are insignificant.

Mr. Jones of Minneapolis, one of the laymen who went to the Orient recently investigating as to missions, stated that he looked on the world with different eyes since that trip. He made a strong plea for missionary work in these opening years of the 20th century.

Then came Mr. J. Campbell White, the noted secretary of the Laymen's Movement, who showed graphically that no other enterprise in the world's history had even won such triumphs as the missionary enterprise. And America's opportunity and obligation were held up in a masterly manner. No one could go away from such a meeting without carrying away a renewed determination to invest his life in something eternally worth while.

We understand that the meeting on Friday evening was also one of great inspiration. Our lack of omnipresence prevented attendance thereat.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

The Genesis of the Blossom Festival.

Two bright Yankee girls suddenly broke out upon a surprised old preacher, who, perhaps, was too content with a jog-trot of uniform devotional service: "You have nothing but prayer meeting, missionary exercises in Saratoga. Why don't you do something young people enjoy?" I wonder. Sure enough, we had been praying much for rain. Drouth and phyloxera were killing vineyards. Hay was $25 a ton. Prunes had shrivelled. They were canning California horses up in Oregon. Family pets were given away to those who would feed them. Drouths are sad!

Rain did come. The hills were green again. The buds were swelling, so were our hearts. It was fit time to praise. And so the simple village function was launched with the double purpose of thanking the God of promising harvests and proving to young people that clean pleasures are best, and last longest. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company co-operated. Sturdy plowmen didn't see much in it at first, but came to like carrying enthusiastic city folk under great boughs of blossoms. The horses seem to like the crowd. Their eyes shine. A wagon full of jolly kids pulls easier than a side-hill plow.

Dinner tastes good out of doors, and coffee is better than whiske-- Balloons, kites, swings, games, races, vaulting delight Young America, and for a time, until they grew into the spirit of the festival, devoted church women aided the parish funds by chicken-pies of the proper poppy-colored legs. Now they want to be outdoors with the happy crowd and join in the wide countryside picnic. Men speak at their best to a happy crowd of picnicers. Women sing with their souls. Elocutionists who laugh sincerely make others laugh. There must be some attraction when four hundred and eighty nervous and restive Americans will ride patiently and pleasantly eleven miles in the cars to share a simple country festival. The overworked motormen and conductors go without their dinners cheerfully, and snatch sandwiches and oranges as they pass the Saratoga station that they may bring the waiting crowds. A friend whose delivery cart traverses on Blossom Day nine miles or more of country road, reported a picnic company in front of every ranch and not a knocker, or grumbler in the whole outfit. Not a call for a sheriff or policeman. It seems incredible that ten thousand people should stop to play a whole day in plowing time, when San Francisco is rebuilding, and we are getting ready to wave white handkerchiefs at white ships. Perhaps the 15,000 estimate is not too high. Those Yankee girls don't guess today what a live institution they planted in Saratoga sand. God bless them!

Not a Copyright Institution.

It pays us well. Our churches pray better together because our young people play. Pastors combine for union services. Beginning with an open-air praise service and closing with Mrs. Howard's splendid hymn and Henry Van Dyke's California version of America, we have no wrangles and no rows. The workers at ice cream and lemonade stands hear the music and speeches, and share the stories. Outdoor hospitality is not hard, and the dear old lady who was tired and wanted to rest found a bed at the postoffice, whether there was a letter for her or not. For holiday spirit is contagious and there's magic yeast in the law of kindness which makes everybody rise to his best. I'm thinking how many communities might profitably have a Blossom Festival without having to pay the state of California $20 for a seal of incorporation.

There's everywhere, almost, a rock, or a grove, or a great tree, or a pretty schoolhouse for a center. Games tickle young folks better in the long run, particularly in "Fox and Geese," better than dances. Our few dances have come after the benediction, and our best young people are working up out of promiscuous dances into dramatic entertainment of an improving sort. Brethren in the country, you do not need the institutional church as Bro. Walz does. Get up a better Fourth of July than the poor whiskey mob have. Get your youngsters playing tag. You liked it. Persuade the man whom the ranch owns—and there are thousands of them—to own his ranch one day, and take the team and the family for an outing. Its costly to go to Yosemite, and not all can get to Sempervirens Park, but I do not know a county in our glorious commonwealth where wise Christians cannot combine to elevate the pleasures of the rising generation. Our neighboring town of Campbell celebrates Washington's birthday with speeches, songs, fellowship and a royal dinner in a great cannery. It glorifies their good town. It would pay you to make a pilgrimage to attend it. And if you have never seen Santa Clara county's Blossom Day in little Saratoga, you have one of the sights and experiences of America's best before you. Welcome in advance. You can't infringe on our patience. Improve it in His name.

Lo, the Poor Indian!

That Riverside Conference for the last three days of April is preparing. Think what it will be to see Friend Smiley of Mohawk, the octogenarian veteran of the Indian cause; to greet and face old Indians of the past time and stir some promising young Indians to hope and struggle for their race; to learn of Dr. and Mrs. Riggs of Nebraska what a lifetime of devotion does for the old inhabitants of the land. If Mr. Charles Lummis of Out West speaks as he writes, he will be worth hearing. You want to see Sherman Indian School, and probably you may hear the lady of the silver tongue, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson of Santa Clara county plead for Indian women. An assembly worthy of your best thought and prayer. Don't forget it.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for April 12th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

The Autobiography of John B. Gough is one of those easy-going, leisurely, gossipy books which are as restful as a slow and aimless walk through the hills. The pervading sense of humor, the inconsequential details, the absence of all literary conventionality leave one cheered and rested. And yet, when you sit down and think the book through, there comes the realization that you have been the witness to a drama of unusual power and intensity. As in some of Shakespeare's plays, the comic subplot keeps you rested along the way, and it is not until the play is ended that its greatness sweeps over you. Get the book and read it. It has been drawn from the Oakland Public Library only eight times in the last eight years, but it is a human document more worth while than much of current fiction.

John B. Gough was born in a little village near Folkstone, England. His father was a soldier, his mother a devoted Christian woman. They were poor —so poor that when John, their only son, had a chance to better himself by going to America as a boy of fourteen, a heart-broken mother let him go. His early life in America was roving and uncertain. He learned the book-binding trade and became a slave to strong drink. His drunkenness indirectly led to the death of his first wife and baby. He sank to the lowest depths of delirium tremens, and then the temperance movement of the early forties caught and saved him. A waiter in a hotel, named Joel Stratton, induced him to sign the pledge, stood by him even when he broke it a little later, and was the human influence that changed his life.

Gough began speaking at temperance meetings. He had a certain genius for mimicry, a power of picture drawing, a keen sense of humor, and a parallel sense of the power of pathos. Behind it all he had the terrible earnestness of a man who has been brought back from the very gates of hell. Everywhere he went in America and England he spoke to crowds that overflowed the largest auditoriums. His message was a campaign against intemperance and an appeal to men to take the total abstinence pledge. He believed in legal restriction of the liquor traffic, but his primary appeal was to the individual conscience. He was a maker of that public opinion upon which, after all, all legal restrictions, to be of any avail, must rest.

What lessons come to us from his life? I can only suggest a few in otuline: (1) The value of a mother's love and a mother's religious faith. The story of his life refers repeatedly to her influence. The world never knew her—she was buried in the potter's field in New York City—but she gave her boy something that enabled him to move the world.

(2) The influence that reached and saved John B. Gough and sent him out on his great career was that of a poor obscure waiter, and, later, shoe factory employee named Joel Stratton. He never had $500 together at one time in his life. His name never appeared in "Who's Who." But, by a few earnest words and his patient faith, he gave to the world John B. Gough!

(3) Gough is another member of that great army who make confession of the saving and sustaining power of a vital religious faith.

(4) The world never dreamed that in John B. Gough the common drunk lay concealed John B. Gough the apostle of sobriety, the man who in the ten years between 1843 and 1853 alone should induce over 215,000 persons to sign the temperance pledge! Was the transformation of Gough worth while to society? Who knows what possibilities lie hidden in the lot of broken, sin-stained lives up for sentence in the police court Monday morning?

(5) John B. Gough's path was not an easy one after he reformed. Drink had injured his physical constitution. His enemies among the rum sellers tried to betray him into breaking the pledge, and once they succeeded by means of soda water that had been drugged. Even among the temperance people some were jealous of him and cruelly misrepresented him. But through it all he kept sweet and sane. These are words to which we can all afford to listen:

"A long time ago I stained and blotted and marred many fair pages in the book of my life; the stains are there now; and any man can turn to the blotted pages and, pointing to them, say, 'Behold his record!' Remember, I do not complain of this; I only say it is so, —and would warn the young man in the outset of life: Keep the page clean!"

SUNDAY, OUR WEEKLY EASTER, AND HOW TO OBSERVE IT.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for April 19th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

The great dynamic fact that filled the apostolic church with purpose and power was its conviction of the resurrection of Jesus. He was not held by death, but was alive again forever more. This was the heart of the early Christian message and the secret of a sublime missionary courage. What more appropriate meeting day, therefore, than the day on which Jesus rose from the dead? Thus they reasoned, and justly.

The Gentile churches, under the leadership of Paul, felt entirely free from the Jewish ceremonial law—even the law of the Sabbath. Hence there grew up, in the West at least, a Christian church meeting on "the Lord's day," but observing no Sabbath. But humanity needs more than a regular day for meetings—it needs a day of physical rest, a day of opportunity for the cultivation of the higher life, and so, in the course of time and as the church came to have influence and power, a new Sabbath—Sunday—grew up in the Christian church.

How shall we observe this weekly Easter, which is at the same time the spiritual descendant of the Jewish Sabbath? Well, first of all, keep it joyfully! If any day rings of joy it is Easter day, and no weekly Easter should be a day of gloom. Spend it "out of doors in body and in mind," as Henry Van Dyke says. Think your happiest thoughts, lift the shades and let the sunshine in. Then keep it positively, not negatively. It is not enough to refrain from doing certain things on Sunday. It is not enough to be able to say: "I have never worked on Sunday, never sung popular songs on Sunday, never played checkers on Sunday, never worn my old clothes on Sunday! There is no virtue in keeping Sunday as a ceremonial. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Do not merely refrain from doing things because it is Sunday —on the contrary, do certain things just because it is Sunday; do those things which minister to your higher life, which deepen your moral courage and purify your ideals. Use Sunday; do something with it; get something out of it.

"But that is all so vague," you say. "Tell us just what we may or may not do." No, I cannot and will not do that. Each man must work out his Sunday program in the light of his own conscience and his own situation in life. The really important thing is to accept some such principle as this: **"I am going to use Sunday as a day for the culture of the soul, both my own soul and the souls of other men. I am going to make Sunday my weekly Easter. As the Easter Faith is Immortality, so I propose to use my Sundays to minister to all those instincts and hungerings of the soul which bear witness to Immortality."** If any man heartily accept this principle it will be good spiritual exercise for him to work out the details of conduct for himself and in the light of his peculiar limitations and opportunities.

Among the Churches.

Lindsay.—The church building was dedicated on Sunday, March 29, the sermon being by the Rev. H. H. McQuilkin of San Jose. A lot adjoining the church has been bought and in due time a manse will be built.

Pasadena.—The First Church rejoices in that Dr. McLeod has decided to decline the call from Evanston Illinois, and remain in Pasadena. Pledges sufficient to meet the indebtedness on the new building have been made.

Fresno, Belmont Avenue.—The Belmont Avenue Church, Rev. W. B. McElwee, pastor, has had seven accessions. That church has taken on new life and spiritual power, to the encouragement of the pastor and his devoted wife.

Santa Cruz.—At the communion service held here April 5th twenty persons were publicly received into the membership of this church; eight of these come to us upon confession and twelve by letter. This makes a total of sixty-seven additions for the year just closed.

Fresno, First Armenian.—This church has also been greatly blessed. Its faithful pastor, Rev. J. B. Haygooni, and his co-workers, have had the joy of welcoming twenty-one into membership. One of the rare things to be noted concerning this church is that it has as many, if not more, men in attendance as women.

Palo Alto.—Annual meeting reports showed an expenditure by the First Presbyterian Church of $22,847 for home expenses during the last year. Part of this being for the new $30,000 building. The membership has reached 260, 34 being added during the year. The salary of the pastor, the Rev. Walter Hays, was increased $100.

Santa Rosa.—The First Presbyterian Church celebrated the Lord's Supper on the 5th inst., and received into the church the largest number of new members that has ever been admitted at a single communion in the course of history. Forty-eight in all were received, 13 of whom were by certificate and 35 on confession of faith. It was a day of great rejoicing and thanksgiving both for the pastor, the Rev. William Martin, and for the congregation. The presence and power of the Spirit of God were manifestly in the midst of the church.

Fresno, First.—The year closing has been, in some respects the most fruitful in the history of the church. At a recent communion forty-nine members were received, making a total for the year of ninety-nine. It has purchased a site in the northern part of the city and erected a mission at a cost of $2,000. Here it has a large and flourishing Sunday-school, under the leadership of one of its elders, Mr. Francis Robb. Ten of the forty-nine members recently received came from this mission.

Clements.—Rev. D. G. Campbell has been acting as the supply for Clements during the past winter and spring, gave his farewell sermon Sunday evening. Mr. Campbell is a man of exceptional ability and untiring energy. And through his efforts has greatly increased the interest in church work in this vicinity. Monday evening he was tendered a farewell in the hotel parlors A pleasant evening was spent with music, and parlor games, at the close of which Mr. Campbell was presented with a beautiful signet ring as a token of appreciation of his labors while amongst us.

Fresno, Central.—The Central Church (formerly C P.), has had a phenomenal growth this year. It has increased its membership 144, 113 of these being upon confession of faith. Early in the year it held a series of meetings in which the pastor, Rev. Duncan Wallace, was most helpfully assisted by the Rev. J. M. Webb of Merced, who preaches in a very convincing and persuacive way the old gospel, a large number were reached through these efforts. Then came Dr. Torrey's mission, lasting a month, during which many more were reached. This is one of the strong, working churches of the San Joaquin Presbytery.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Prof. Buck has requested the Board of Directors to grant him a year's leave of absence, and the Seminary Committee have signified their approval. He expects to spend the year in Europe in travel, visiting the great cathedrals and hearing the best music. He plans to sail from Philadelphia on the American line May 30th. He has made arrangements with an experienced man to take charge of his work in the Seminary next year, so that his work will go on without expense to the Seminary. Prof. Buck well deserves this change, as for about nineteen years he has labored faithfully in the Seminary without loss of time. Many friends will wish him a pleasant voyage and a profitable, refreshing year.

Dr. Wicher is supplying St. John's Church, San Francisco, while they are seeking a pastor.

Rev. George D. Byers, '05, of Hoihow, Island of Hainan, China, writes of progress in that section and of great needs. There are imperative demands for nine helpers. While still working at the language he is making himself useful in forwarding supplies and mail to missionaries farther in the interior. He writes that all kinds of knowledge are useful to the missionaries, and especially the ability to make simple repairs of shoes, clocks, watches and the like. In some parts of the world missionaries are thrown on their own resources and must do many things themselves which at home they turn over to others.

Rev. Clarence D. Herriott, '02, of Hangchow China, is much improved in health, and is devoting himself fully to the work. Under the doctor's orders he is making shorter trips than formerly but he is making them more frequently.

Rev. J. Robertson Macartney, '96, pastor of the First Church of Bellingham, Wash., recently preached a sermon on Popular Amusements. The editor of the Bellinham Herald criticized his position, but later gave him a full page of six long columns in which to make his reply. It was a sane but earnest setting forth of his objections to the so-called "popular amusements" of the day.

Rev. Ray C. Smith, '00, of Fatehgarh, India, has an interesting article in the April number of The Assembly Herald, entitled "A Good Investment." It describes the varied character and the rapid progress of the work in their mission.

Rev. William Martin of Santa Rosa is giving instruction in theology to the junior class in the absence of Dr. Moore. This is a great accommodation which is much appreciated by the Seminary and the students.

Rev. John N. Maclean, '93, of Clarinda, Ia., is greatly encouraged in his work. About 150 men gathered at the second annual banquet of their Brotherhood The Bible class of the Brotherhood has an enrollment of sixty. All departments of the church work are feeling the influence of this men's movement.

Rev. Ralph M. Smith, who took two years of his theological course at San Anselmo, has been compelled to resign his pastorate at Silver City, New Mexico, on account of his wife's health. He has had a very successful year's work. He goes now to be superintendent of the Southwestern Presbyterian Sanatorium in Albuquerque. This is an institution established by the Synod of New Mexico for the treatment of tuberculosis.

THE LAST NUMBER OF THE PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN.

With greater regret than was mine last week, when the preliminary announcement was made, I now announce that this is the last number of the Pacific Presbyterian. Many letters and messages have been received from readers of the paper, regretting that such action has been found necessary.

I wish to thank the writers of those letters for what they have written. And others who have come to me in person for what they have said. Always will their words be remembered.

The hope was expressed by many that some way for the continuance of the paper would open up. But nothing feasible is in sight, and so the announcement goes into effect.

It is asked now, in order that there may be as little labor and trouble as possible in the settlement of subscription accounts, that all examine the label on which each subscriber's name is printed, which bears date showing to what time the subscription is paid, and remit at once, or soon, the amount due. It ought not to be difficult to figure this out. To such as have not done this by the 1st of May statements will be sent; but it is hoped that this extra work may be avoided.

If date on label stands "Dec. 31st, 1907," this shows that subscription is due from that date to April 10, 1908, at the rate of $1.50 for the year. The amount would be about 45 cents.

If the label bears date "15 April, '05," it shows that subscription for three years—lacking one week—is due. This would be approximately $4.50.

In a few instances, perhaps, the labels may not be correct. Corrections will be made for all who will kindly inform me.

As was stated last week, money will be refunded soon to all who have paid in advance.

Several have asked that The Pacific be sent to them for the time they have paid for the Pacific Presbyterian. I shall gladly accede to that request.

And now, believing as I do in the power of the press, and in the value of religious papers to represent Pacific Coast interests as no far-away publications can do, I can wish for my Presbyterian brethren of the coast no better wish than that they may rally ere long to the need and establish a paper the years of which shall be without end. So shall it be for the good of man and the glory of God! W. W. FERRIER.

A COMMENCEMENT HYMN.

By Edward Arthur Wicher.

God of all wisdom, thron'd on high,
Whose glory filleth earth and sky,
Whose thought encompasseth all space,
Whose love enfoldeth every race;

Lo, we adore thy majesty,
We praise thy kingdom, vast and free;
We bless thee for the faith to prove
The substance of eternal love.

We thank thee for this hallow'd hill,
Where we have learned to know thy will,
For earnest fellowship of mind,
For friendship, intimate and kind.

Now from these scenes of mutual care,
Of social toil and common prayer—
These peaceful scenes of generous love—
Forth to our separate tasks we move.

Help us amid the world's desire
To feel the cleansing of thy fire;
Fit us to fill a manly part,
Save us from doubleness of heart.

Teach us always to be sincere,
To search for truth without one fear,
To prove, where we can prove, thy will,
Then bow in reverence and be still.

Help us thy gospel to make known,
Atoning love, the cross, the throne,
That slaves of sin may turn to thee,
And thy strong truth may make them free.

Vouchsafe to us that we may have
The mind of him who died to save
And serve with might of purity
The king of our humanity.

God of all wisdom, Lord of love,
Whose are all things, below, above,
None other god than thee we own,
Thee will we serve, and thee alone.

San Anselmo, Cal., April 3rd, 1908.

MINISTERIAL UNION.

Rev. William Rader addressed the Ministerial Union of San Francisco April 6th, taking for his subject, "William the Silent." William's early years were spent with his father, who was a zealous Lutheran At the age of 15 he became a page to the Emperor Charles V, and was under Catholic instruction. Having won the entire confidence of his sovereign, at 22 he was put in command of the imperial forces on the French frontier. It was while in France he learned from Henry II of the secret agreement between Henry and Philip to exterminate the Protestants. William concealed his emotion on learning of this plot, and in consequence received the surname, the Silent. The horrors of the projected extermination prompted him to oppose its execution in the Netherlands. He be-

came leader of a party which devoted itself to the achievement of human liberty. In the accomplishment of his purpose William met a series of defeats and drenched the land with blood. The fierceness of the fight is accounted for by the fact that the participants believed they were fighting the battles of God and never allowed themselves to be hit in the back. Civil and religious liberty obtained their birthright in this Dutch conflict.

Prof. J. G. Rodger will address Ministerial Union Monday, April 13, at Westminster Church, San Francisco, on the "Religious Crisis in Japan and How to Meet It." This will take up the consideration of the Scientific Basis of Religion. Prof. Rodger is on his way to Japan to deliver a series of lectures upon the above topic.

BALDRIDGE.

On February 28th, 1908, at her residence, Fulton, Sonoma county, Cal., in her 81st year, Mrs. Jane C., relict of Rev. Samuel C. Baldridge, late pastor at Wabash, Ill.

Mrs. Baldridge had been a resident of Fulton for nine years, where her life was consecrated to the service of her Master in church and Sabbath-school work.

Faithful and hopeful to the end, her last days were among her best, in the consciousness of having gathered several of her class into the Savior's fold.

During an illness of several months she waited the end in perfect resignation, and as a shock of grain fully ripe, she was gathered home.

She is survived by her daughter, Mary B., wife of Rev. H. M. Sutherland of Fulton, Cal.

The remains, in care of Rev. Mr. Sutherland, were removed for interment to Wabash, Ill.

Clovis.—The Rev. John W. Quay has accepted a hearty and unanimous call from the church at Clovis and finds the work opening up very encouragingly.

THE HOME

HOUSEKEEPING AND HOME-MAKING.

"Eric, I wish you would come in or else go out. You're holding that screen door open like an invitation to the flies."

The boy, who was standing in the doorway looking up and down the street, turned at his sister's impatient call and entered the house. "I didn't think about the flies," he said good naturedly. "Did any of them dodge in over my head?"

Frances did not reply. She was looking at the floor, an expression on her face which was somewhere between horror and indignation.

"Eric Fraser, where in the world could you have found any mud today? No matter if there hasn't been any rain for a month you'll come into the house and make muddy tracks across the floor. And I spent such a long time polishing it this morning," sighed Frances, with what her brother called her martyr-like tone.

"Well, I don't hunt up the wet places, if that's what you mean," was Eric's rather short answer. He pulled an easy chair into the bay window and settled himself comfortably with the morning papers. Frances, who had gone for a dusting cloth to remove the traces of his tracks on the polished floor, uttered an exclamation as she re-entered the room.

"Eric Fraser, would you mind leaving that chair where I put it? The room is simply spoiled with all the furniture huddled into that end of the room. If you want to sit in the window take the window seat."

"Oh, no! I'll go upstairs to my own room, and maybe there I can have a little peace." The slam of the door behind him was very expressive, and Frances sighed as she looked at her aunt. "You see how it is," she said. "Eric doesn't appreciate how hard I work to keep things nice. I think housekeepers have very hard times."

Her tone seemed to indicate that a little sympathy would be welcomed. Aunt Elizaebth was sorry for the girl, who was trying so hard to fill her mother's place, but she did not think that sympathy was just what Frances needed. "My dear," she said, instead, "what is the object of all this dusting and scrubbing and polishing that goes on in a home? Why isn't it left out?"

"Left out!" repeated Frances. She stared at her aunt incredulously. "Left out, Aunt Elizabeth! Why, it would be intolerable. Nobody could have any comfort in a house that wasn't kept clean and in order."

"Exactly." Aunt Elizabeth looked pleased. "The comfort and enjoyment of the family are the first consideration. Order and cleanliness are important as they contribute to the more important things. Just as soon as they interfere with the family comfort they have gone too far."

"I suppose you think I ought to let Eric track all around and not say a word," remarked Frances crossly.

"I mean, my dear, that home-making is a higher art than housekeeping. I knew a woman once," said Aunt Elizabeth reflectively, "who had a reputation as a good housekeeper, and she was determined to live up to it. When her husband came home at night he found his slippers waiting for him on the outside steps. He put them on before he crossed the threshold."

"That was going rather far, but still it had its advantages," said Frances, laughing in spite of herself.

"Yes, but it didn't stop there. The mania for keeping things in order grew on her till after she had a room arranged to her liking; she would lock the door and not allow any one of the family to use it. The kitchen was the last to be closed. Her husband came home one night and found a cot on the back porch and the cooking stove in the back yard."

"Why, she must have been crazy!" Frances exclaimed.

"That's what the doctor said. But I have always thought that she should be a warning to the housekeepers who keep their homes neat at the expense of family comfort. I have known," added Aunt Elizabeth, with a twinkle in her eye, "a number who have started on the same path, even though they never went as far."

Frances looked at her, and her eye reflected the twinkle.

"I wonder if Eric would like to make candy," she said reflectively. "I've objected several times lately when he's proposed it, because the chafing-dish gets such a condition, and the room is always out of order before he's through. I suppose the good housekeeper you were telling about would never have thought of allowing such a thing."

"I don't believe she would, but a good home-maker

might," said Aunt Elizabeth, smiling back. ....

And then the aggrieved Eric, sulking in his room upstairs, was as surprised as delighted to hear his sister's voice in the hall, "Eric, come down. We've just time to make fudge before supper."—Miss Harriet L. Smith, in The New York Observer.

Young People

AN ACTION SONG.

By Murex.

If there's something to be done,
Do it.
Though it yield but little fun,
Do it.
Life is not all holiday;
There is work as well as play,
But the work is what will pay;
Do it.

Is a lesson to be learned,
Learn it;
Or a dollar to be earned,
Earn it.
Sturdy blows must needs be struck,
If life's fruitage you would pluck;
Put no trust in idle luck;
Spurn it.

Is a wrong wish in your mind,
Kill it;
You can, if you're so inclined;
Will it.
Be the master of your thought,
Do not sell yourself for nought;
Store your mind with what you ought;
Fill it.

Does a song come to your soul,
Sing it;
Does some burden on you roll,
Bring it,—
Bring it to the place of prayer,
Leave it in the Master's care;
Heaven's bell is waiting there;
Ring it.

THE JANE BUSH MISSION.

None of the schoolgirls had been much interested in Jane Bush. She had come among them a stranger, and seemed little inclined to be active about making friends. She was not pretty, she was not lively, she was not well clothed.

It was understood that she was working somewhere for her board, and there was little to remark about her except an appearance of dogged determination to study —study, come what would. If she was entering this first high school year to work her way through, she was evidently bent on making a brave fight for it.

She sought no companionship with the other girls, and they got into a way of letting her alone. She had no part in any chummy little cliques, going in and out among merry groups as if not belonging among them.

But there came a day when some one asked, "Where's Jane Bush?"

"Sure enough, where is she?"

"She hasn't been here for—how long?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell. Several days, perhaps."

"Well," said a careless speaker, "she won't be missed much."

"Oh," came in a kinder tone, "I always felt sorry for Jane. She had a look as if—well, as if things went hard with her, as if she had no share in any good times. I wonder where she is, and why she has stopped coming."

"I can tell you something about her," said a girl who joined the speakers. "Mrs. Adams, where she has been working, told my mother—Jane isn't well"—

"There now," broke in one in a regretful tone; "I used to feel out of patience with her because she looked so like distress. I thought she might brace up and be a little less doleful, even if she did have things hard."

"She's going to the hospital. She has to have some kind of operation."

"Oh! Oh!" Exclamations of concern mingled with self-reproach.

"Poor soul! I wish we had made a little attempt to be kind to her. Miss Emory," to a teacher who was passing, "can you tell us anything about Jane Bush? Did you hear about her going to the hospital?"

"Yes, Mrs. Adams told me. They have become much interested in Jane, sympathizing in her craving desire to secure an education."

"Hasn't she any people of her own?"

"They live out in the country, and are poor. It is the Adamses who are sending her for treatment."

"Do you know how long she will be there?"

"Probably a month."

Later in the day three or four girls walked by the hospital.

"Doesn't it look gloomy and terrible?" said Emily Sears, glancing at the huge brick building. "It always gives me the creeps to fancy all the suffering inside those walls."

"Yes," said Ruth Ames; "but think how many people come out all made over and happy."

"Still," said Faith Merton, "think of the dreary times—the long days when they are just lying there waiting. What a weariness that must be!"

"If Jane comes back to school let's let her in with us—try to brighten her up a little, and make her think life is worth living."

"Girls," Ruth broke in with eagerness, "don't let's wait till she comes back. If she's well, then she won't need anything from us half so much as she does now Can't we do something to help her through this?"

"As—how?" asked one.

"Some of us haven't much to give," was timidly suggested.

"There needn't be so much **giving,"** said Emily. "What's that about 'giving ourselves?' Can't we do a little to help her through each day?"

"Good! good!" said the girls, enthusiastically. "Something every day to pass the time and cheer her up."

"And it ought not to be a hit-or-miss—a feast one day and a famine the next. If we undertake to do anything, there should be some system about it."

"Go on, Em. Plan it out for us. You are the administrative-ability one. The rest of us will come in on executive ability."

"Now"—Emily put on her face of grave calculation—"if she's to be there, say four weeks, we ought to divide up so that some one should remember her each day. Seven of us—how would that do? That would be only one day a week—to do some little thing ourselves, and get some one else to do a little."

"Fine you are, Emily."

"Let's ask Alice and Marg and Helen and Dorothy to make up the seven—each of us to have our special day. So little will go so far, you know. A book of our own, or a picture, or a letter—it is so easy to write a letter, or to send a newspaper, or flowers, or fruit. The best part of it will be the letting her know we think of her."

Miss Emory, being appealed to, gave information that Jane was to go to the hospital on the second day following. The selected seven held busy consultation, planning out for each one the gladly assumed duty. Other girls came around to listen to what was going on.

"Let us help. Can't we help?"

"I can send some flowers."

"I'll write to her. I will tomorrow."

"And I'll—

"Wait, wait," laughed Emily. "We are trying to arrange so that things won't go unevenly. Now, if you girls want to help the regular committee"—

"Come in as kind of under-studies!"

"Good! Yes, that way."

"You are to lead off, Emily."

"Yes."

"And I'll be with you," said another.

Jane Bush awoke on her first morning at the hospital with a feeling of utter, lonely discouragement which the cheer of the bright little room could not dispel. Life had turned to her its harder, colder, burdened side. An orphan for many years, she had lived with relatives who had grudgingly given her a home, and who now, having found her work valuable to them, resented her leaving them to make her brave try for an education. She had thrown into the attempt her best endeavor, working hard, studying hard, willingly turning aside from all that goes to make up girlish happiness, and now—to be overtaken this way!

She could not feel reconciled to it. There would be loss of time, and suffering. She dreaded it—the treatment, the being among strangers, the long, dreary days stretching before her. She was afraid. Perhaps she might not get over it. Well, if she did not—was her life a thing much to be desired?

And then, from the outer world to the place into which came much suffering, came also the blessed chords of divine loving kindness—invisible, yet strong as life itself. On Jane's breakfast tray was a bunch of roses, which made her exclaim in delight.

"Yes," said the nurse; "we soon get to know the ones that have friends. Some poor souls come here and stay and stay, and go away, and never a thing to show that any one cares whether they live or die."

"And I thought I was one of that kind," was the thought that rose in the girl's heart. And every rose looking straight into her face with its dewy freshness seemed to carry an assurance that there were those who bore her in loving thought.

The mail, later, brought her the morning paper, a fresh magazine, and a letter, and by the time she had read it a new light had come into her life:

"My Dear Jane: We, your school friends, have heard of your illness, and we are all so sorry for you. It must be dreadful to be shut up and to suffer, but we want you to know that we think of you every day, and that we hope it will do you good, just a little, to know we do. We have found out the visiting hours, and some of us ill come to see you. There is a story in the magazine Lou is sending that we all know you will like. See if you can guess which one we mean. Good-bye. Don't get discouraged, but think of the good time when you will be back in school with us.

"Your friend, Emily."

"Can it be myself?" A new light seemed to have dawned in Jane's world. And in the few days of real suffering, during which neither books, callers, scarcely even flowers, could do much for the fevered brain and pain-racked body, the glow in the heart still remained, doing much to help beneficent nature in her kindly efforts toward healing.

Then a friend or two was admitted for a few quiet words. And the shower of love gifts—so trifling, yet meaning so much—kept up its gentle fall.

At an early day came a little book with daily readings, in which the invalid took great comfort. With a slight approach of strength came a bit of coarse lace knitting, with again a letter:

"Dear Jane: Aunt Amy thought you might like to pick this up sometimes when you tired of reading. There was to be more than just this beginning, but she put it into her pocket and went next door to knit more. The ball of cotton fell out of her pocket, and first the lace ripped and then the cotton unrolled and unrolled, and she didn't know it. The neighbor had stepped out, so she came back, having caught the cotton on a bush. When she got back the kitten began playing with it and got all tangled up and cut such capers the dog flew at her, and then Aunt Amy knew. That's all, except we're glad you're better, and mother wants you to come to us for a week when you're able. Em's mother said something about a week with them, too.

"Dorothy."

For with the blessed growth which always belongs with the Master's spirit of ministering came the thought that Jane's needs would not stop when she left the hospital, but that she would require rest and kindly care before again taking up her battle with life; and more than one home was ready to open its hospitable doors to her.

"If there is one thing in my life more than another for which I have to be thankful, it is the being sent to a hospital."

So Jane said, in looking back on it. And the friend to whom she said it replied: "It was good for others of us, too. It showed us some things we might not otherwise have seen."—Sydney Dayre, in Zion's Herald.

I wrote down my troubles every day,
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heartaches passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

You will get no joy that is keener than that which comes of helping a fellow to get on his legs and live a decent life.—Mr. Will Crooks, M. P.

GOD'S HEROES.

Not on the gory field of fame
Their noble deeds were done;
Not in the sound of earth's acclaim
Their fadeless crowns were won.
Not from the palaces of kings,
Nor fortune's sunny clime,
Came the great souls whose life-work flings
Luster o'er earth and time.

For truth with tireless zeal they sought;
In joyless paths they trod—
Heedless of praise or blame they wrought,
And left the rest to God.
The lowliest sphere was not disdained;
Where love could soothe or save,
They went, by fearless faith sustained,
Nor knew their deeds were brave.

The foes with which they waged their strife
Were passion, self, and sin;
The victories that laureled life
Were fought and won within.
Not names in gold emblazoned here,
And great and good confessed,
In Heaven's immortal scroll appear
As noblest and as best.

No sculptured stone in stately temple
Proclaims their rugged lot;
Like Him who was their great example,
This vain world knew them not.
But though their names no poet wove
In deathless song or story,
Their record is inscribed above;
Their wreaths are crowns of glory.
—EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

It is a mystery; it has always been so; it must be so to the end. For on the one hand is our fixed experience of the love of God and on the other are the pain, perplexity and grief which he allows. A shallow philosophy argues either that God is not good or that he lacks power. That was the mind of the wife of Job when, in the collapse of fortune, she advised her husband to "curse God, and die." A like shallow despair is found in the life of those who have given up the battle, and merely drift with the tide. This is not the best of all possible worlds, and nothing in God's Word ever claimed that it is so, but it may well be best for something. And it must be our wisdom, as those who are called to share a part in life, to ask and discover for what it is best.

The rough and tumble, the temptation and suffering, of the world can not be aimless. We are like men set forth upon a great adventure. Some may like the changes and vicissitudes of travel for their own sake. They are the strong. But others may accept the journey either for the gains to be made along the way, or for the end to be attained at last. The expectation of home is more to them than ease at any inn. These are the courageous and the hopeful; and these beyond question get the most from life. The journey is not easeful, but it is well worth while. The way is not smooth, but it appeals to brave and venturous hearts. And the great end which is to crown endeavor arms even the weakest to attempt the great experience, since He who made the way is also its companion.

This is the way which our Lord looked upon life. He calls us to courage; he warns us of trials; he assures us of his presence; he awaits us at the end. He even appeals to us with the assurance that our sufferings are sure, but that they have their offset in present reward as well as final victory. He takes the trials of the world for granted with no inquietude of heart. He has not a thought to waste upon the proposition that God cannot be good unless he makes an easeful world. He thinks of it as a practice-ground for souls, and turns his gaze upon the final victory. In his view it is a greater triumph for God to train strong and triumphant men than to lead us by smooth ways into a place of listless ease.

The only joys that last and grow in this life of ours are the joy of trust and the joy of overcoming. To live in the midst of trouble with joy of soul is the mysterious art of faith and love. The little crafts toss and sway with the waves, and are driven in peril by the storm; but the great ships of faith are piloted by Christ, and laugh at the tempest. We are called to a manly and courageous life, not a whining and retreating one. Set forth, then, into the midst of such trials and perils as God shall allow to fall upon you, and fear nothing. Cultivate the courageous spirit, and joy will follow soon. The mystery of life and suffering is real enough; but not daunting to him who walks with God.—The Congregationalist.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

It was midnight on the Carribean Sea. The good ship rolled heavily in the deep troughs of the ocean. The full moon shed her radiance upon the restless billows. Overhead fleecy white clouds floated slowly like watching angels. The few stars blazed like diamond isles in the infinite ocean of blue. The Southern Cross glittered in the tropical sky. My fellow-passengers had gone to rest, or were tossing feverishly upon their couches or lying wakeful with sorrow or remorse. I sat and gazed upon the peaceful heavens above and the illuminated ocean below. A coolness and calm succeeded the sultry heat of the day. As I sat thus alone, watching the hours away, thinking of the Church and its future, of the world and its destiny, then and there this passage from Isaiah xxi. 11, 12, came into my mind. Read. This was in the year of our Lord 1866. The remembrance of that night watch and of the prophet's words come to me again this midsummer morning, forty years afterwards. The watchman here is the prophet of Israel. The inquiry comes from Seir, a heathen land. The answer indicates that the question was put in the spirit of indifference or captiousness. God's answers to us are always in accordance with the spirit of our inquiries and approaches to him. If we approach him in the spirit of obedience, he will give us light to guide us in the way of duty. The divine oracles are forever dumb to the profane or careless questioner. They that seek God with the whole heart find him. Every minister of the gospel is a watchman. He watches as those that must give account. He watches as the guardian and protector of the interests of the Church. He is commissioned to declare the burden of the Lord, to declare the whole counsel of God. This inquiry we hear on every side: "Watchman, what of the night?" Night means sorrow and adversity. Morning means prosperity and joy.

It was night in all this land of the South at that time; a deep, dark night of sorrow had rested upon it for years. It was a land of grief and graves, of pinching poverty and bitter mourning. But the morning came. Faith survived the shock of military disaster. Our people humbled themselves under the hand of God. The night passed. The morning came.

Behold, the morning cometh! To the whole Church this promise is given. The faith of the Church rests upon the promise that the Lord would be with it always, even unto the end of the world; that this gospel shall be preached to all nations; that the wilderness and solitary place shall be made glad by it, and the desert shall blossom as a rose; that the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. The command of the Lord to "go into all the world" is the Church's warrant and passport. There can be no failure. But it is yet night. The beast and the false prophet yet reign. Their time, however, is short. The morning cometh, Christianity was never before so well organized or so powerful as it is now. In this age of steam and electricity the world is rushing on to the consummation of its promised destiny in the bringing in of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. The night is far spent: the day is at hand.

Once, while on my way to Clear Lake, in California, at the highest point of the mountain overlooking the lake and the valley, I paused and gazed upon that scene of wonderful beauty. It was a day of storm; the wind swept fiercely over the mountains that stretched away and away and howled among the gorges, while the rain fell in intermittent showers. As I stood and gazed the sky grew darker above and around; behind me, westward, the thick clouds, with mist and rain, settled upon the mountain tops, and the whole scene was wild and dark and gloomy. Looking eastward, lo! a miracle is wrought before my astonished eyes. The clouds part, the sunlight suddenly falls upon the summit of "Uncle Sam," the monarch mountain, towering in supreme grandeur at the lower part of the lake, and a rainbow with its blending colors engirdles its sides and crowns its summit. It became a mount of transfiguration thus enveloped, irradiated, glorified! In that scene was symbolized the Church of Christ as it is now, and as it will be in the future—the Church now engaged in her conflict with the powers of darkness, enveloped in clouds and in the midst of storms; the Church of the future illumined by the glory of the millennial day, and spanned by the rainbow that shows that the storms are all over.—Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald.

April and May Flower Months at MOUNT HERMON

Four Special Week-End Excursions

TO Mount Hermon and Return

APRIL 17-20, APRIL 24-27, MAY 1-4, MAY 8-11, 1908

Tickets good on regular trains from points named below. Good going, Fridays and Saturdays; good returning, Saturdays and Mondays. No arrivals or departures on Sundays. Railroad fare and Hotel Entertainment are both included in the rate indicated from each of the stations here named:

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, ALAMEDA, BERKELEY, FRUITVALE, $5.75
PALO ALTO, ... $5.25
SANTA CLARA, SAN JOSE, HOLLISTER, ... $4.75

For reservations at the Zayante Inn, address
WM. H. BOUICK, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

Regular May-October Season tickets will be on sale at all Southern Pacific stations on and after May first.

If you are seeking a better investment than Bank Deposits or Loans, you will find it in some of the following Bonds and Stocks, which will pay you from 5 1-4 per cent net to 8 per cent.

BONDS! BONDS!! BONDS!!!
TURLOCK IRRIGATION BONDS
PEOPLES WATER COMPANY BONDS
OCEAN SHORE R. R. BONDS
SANTA CRUZ PORTLAND CEMENT CO. BONDS

STOCKS! STOCKS!! STOCKS!!!
MONTEREY COAL CO.
PACIFIC SALT AND SODA, the most promising investment on the market.
HOAG RAPID PRESS
PACIFIC WIRELESS
and some other including promising mining stock.
Particulars obtained from
W. E. BARNARD,
17 Bacon Block, Oakland.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LLD., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

THE MONTEREY COAL CO.

invites you to visit their mines, and for yourself judge of the quantity and quality of coal.

They will pay the cost of your trip in stock.

Shares now $1.00, after April 29th, $1.25. Send for literature.

A. T. and A. H. NEEDHAM,
Agents of Monterey Coal Co.
2165 Shattuck Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

PACIFIC.
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Located at Berkeley
Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

RATES
$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE
$2.00 WHEN NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

Earl S. Bingham
Publisher and Manager
ROOM 433
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
OAKLAND, CAL.

OUR AIM
TO BE THE BEST CHURCH NEWSPAPER

OAKLAND, CAL., May 7th 1908

Library of the University of California,

Berkeley, California.

Gentlemen:-

Replying to your favor of May 5th regarding Volumn 6 No. 16 for April 16th of the Pacific Presbyterian, will state that this issue was not printed as the transfer of the paper to the present management was made at this time, and this issue was omitted through default.

Yours cordially,

Earl S. Bingham

Paste in Apr 23d no.



If you
ment th
you wil
lowing
will pa
to 8 pe

BONI

TURLO
PEOPL
OCEAN
SANTA
C(

STOC

MONT
PACIF
pi
k
HOAG
PACH
and s
n
I

O

Sixt
A
MI

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
10jun05

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., APRIL 23, 1908. No. 17



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,

First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

THE PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN TO CONTINUE.

It is with pleasure that I announce that arrangements have been made to continue the publication of The Pacific Presbyterian. Last week I transferred the paper to Mr. Earl Bingham, who is now in possession All accounts have been turned over to him, and all unfilled subscriptions will be carried out by him.

Presbyterians on the coast are to be congratulated in that Mr. Bingham takes hold of the paper with the promise of such support as bids fair to make it a permanent success. He can do with it and for it what I could not do. To edit and manage two religious papers is too great a task for one person—when each must have a financial struggle.

Since my announcement last week that I should have to allow the paper to suspend publication, I have received many pleasant letters from readers of the paper, telling of the place that it had won for itself in their homes. Many wrote that they did not care to have any money refunded, and others that they would like to have The Pacific sent to them in place of the Pacific Presbyterian. I take this means of thanking all who have added to my pleasure in life by the writing of those letters that will ever be remembered.

W. W. FERRIER.

Please do not judge the new paper by this issue. The editorial, news and department writers could not be secured in one week, but we must issue the paper regularly or lose our mailing privileges.

The work of organizing the writers will take a little time. We expect to add to the good features of the paper in many ways, and as fast as possible.

News items from churches will be thankfully received.

CAN WE PRESBYTERIANS HAVE A SELF-SUSTAINING PAPER?

We can if we have the kind of faith that Rev. Chas. E. Bradt speaks of—"the kind that takes hold of a city shaken down by earthquake, and rebuilds it." "The kind of faith that wants a Panama canal dug, and digs it."

Have we Presbyterians that kind of faith? We think we have, and we believe we are going to exercise it in making a self-sustaining paper for the Pacific Coast.

Present Condition.

The Pacific Presbyterian was turned over to us last Friday, April 17th. With the 650 subscribers comes the good-will and the mailing galleys, and that is all.

A few of us took the responsibility of taking the paper, after we found that there was no other way to make it succeed. Now we are in to make it a paper of which all Presbyterians will be proud.

Our Plan.

First, an Editorial committee of about ten of our strongest men. Two will be chosen from Southern California; one from Washington, one from Oregon, one from Idaho, one from Utah, and one from the San Francisco section. In addition to these the secretaries of our Home and Foreign Missionary societies and Young People's work will be added. An editor-in-chief in Oakland, Berkeley or San Francisco will supplement the work of the editorial staff.

The news from all parts of the field we will endeavor to gather through the business office, which will be under direction of the undersigned.

Subscriptions.

To make the paper self-sustaining we must have five thousand subscribers. We can **exist** with less.

The subscription price will be one dollar and fifty cents a year, **if paid in advance.**

There are 50,000 Presbyterians in California, and when the number in the other Western States are added the number must be close to 100,000. If this number of Presbyterians do not support a paper grandly then it will be because the paper is not the kind of paper they want.

We are going to have the right kind of a paper if men and brains and money can make it.

The mail address will be 2040 Haste street, Berkeley.

All back subscriptions and future subscriptions should be made payable to the Pacific Presbyterians and sent to the above address.

EARL S. BINGHAM,
Manager.

OUR PAPER.

Five minutes spent before a book stall reading the titles to the various magazines and papers there displayed for sale, will strongly emphasize your conviction that every trade, profession, occupation and pursuit, as well as the prominent subdivisions of each is represented by a distinctive publication, endeavoring to accomplish results in at least three directions: first, by vivid illustrations secure attention and teach by suggestion; second, awaken interest by recounting what the trade is doing; and third, give instruction for the benefit of the craft.

Our times are not only strenuous times, when very few people are living the "simple life," but these are pre-eminently days of advertising. The business, how-

ever worthy, that does not advertise will soon be both out of sight and out of mind.

The more important the business interests involved, the more essential is wise advertising.

Church work, world-evangelism, bringing the Gospel to every creature, is a business enterprise of the greatest magnitude, and calls for the wisest use of all available means of attracting attention, awaking of interest, giving information and securing co-operation.

The printed page is by far the most effective of all modern methods for achieving the results attempted by religious propaganda.

In so far as a denomination is a separate organization, with distinctive aims and purposes, in so far is there need for its own trade paper.

As well expect to secure the building up of our congregations into strong Presbyterian churches by utilizing the services of the good and true ministers of other denominations, as to attempt to accomplish the special mission Providence has assigned to us by circulating the printed page of other denominations.

We do not question the wisdom, doubt the piety or impugn the motives of the men of other faiths. We are, however, Presbyterians. We believe in our polity and our teachings, and with a distinct, however co-ordinated mission, we need an organ of communication.

Allowing three church members on the average in each home, then there are some over eighteen thousand Presbyterian homes on the Pacific Coast, and in each one of these homes, there is need of a Presbyterian paper.

Associated with this more than fifty-five thousand Presbyterian members in Washington, Oregon and California, are about six hundred and fifty ministers, nearly six hundred churches and over seventeen hundred elders. Surely such a body of people should have a medium of communication, a weekly paper representative of their interests.

The Boards have considered it wise to appoint Field Secretaries of Home and Foreign Missions. We have our theological seminary, our colleges, our Mount Hermon, and we need our Pacific Coast paper.

The writer does not take stock in appealing for support of a paper to the charity or even the loyalty of Presbyterians.

Make the paper so interesting, so instructive, so helpful, so strong, that the people will recognize its value and realize its helpfulness, then the loyal Presbyterians of the Coast will support their own weekly Pacific Coast Messenger of Good Tidings.

ORLANDO E. HART.

TO PACIFIC COAST PRESBYTERIANS.

Some months ago a newspaper reporter in Washington, D. C., telegraphed the news to his paper that the Government was going to send a strong fleet of battleships to the Pacific Coast. This news had hardly left the press until the many correspondents who make Washington their headquarters began to investigate as to the truth or falsity of such news—and the government officials suddenly became ignorant of all matters appertaining to fleets—battleships or armaments of any kind—and by the press reports the people of these United States were kept for some time in a perplexed state of mind regarding whether or not this country had any battleships worthy the name. The governments of the world became alert, and the subject was discussed in all its phases by the newspapers of the world. Some saw war right at hand, and terrible conditions were prophesied by many pessemistically inclined people. After several months of uncertainty the government let it be known that it was thought by those in authority that it might be a good thing for a fleet composed of battleships to make a visit to the Pacific Coast by way of drill, and as a test of these immense machines which have been designed to destroy both life and property, and thus in a practical way determine in a measure as to whether they would stand the strain of battle should war ever occur, and also prepare the men so that they could understand and handle these big machines under all circumstances and conditions.

During this discussion of the subject one thing was quite evident—the world accepted it as an established fact that the Pacific Coast and the Pacific Ocean was no longer of secondary importance, and that the great problems of the future are yet to be solved by those nations bordering on this greatest of all oceans.

From the day the fleet sailed from the far Atlantic Coast up to the present time its progress has been watched and commented upon, and the whole world has kept close watch of its every movement, and this coast has been more considered and its importance commented upon than ever before. Vast preparations have been made on all sides for the welcoming and entertainment of those men who are the life blood of these war machines, all of which goes to show that the people of the world have come to realize that there are conditions existing in this section of the world which justify and demand attention.

How is it in the religious world? Are the churches active and busily engaged in pushing forward the promulgation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Do Christian people realize the great importance of the Pacific Coast as a strategic point for the Kingdom of Heaven?

To bring the subject home, are we Presbyterians alive to the immense opportunities right at our doors? Do we realize that the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ is of the utmost importance to us on this West Coast?

The writer has no desire or intention to minimize the work of the Christian people and churches; nevertheless he cannot help thinking that we are short in some things which can be and should be remedied. People as a rule are only interested in those things they know something about, and opinions are formed very often upon very meager and unreliable information. If churches scattered over a wide territory desire to work in harmony and in unison, it stands to reason that they should be informed upon what the different churches are doing, and thus be the better enabled to work unitedly for the building up of Christ's kingdom. The Pacific Presbyterian has thus far had a laborous existence, and more as a labor of love than anything else, and like many things where love exists only on one side, results have been small. A new management has taken over the Pacific Presbyterian, and it is the desire to make it second to none as a family religious paper on this Coast, and the equal of any in the United States. This can be done, but it can only be done by having the earnest support of the Presbyterians on the coast. We have the highest regard for the Presbyterian Church, and claim loyalty to its teachings, believing that God has a work for our church to do, not only in the world at large, but on

this coast, but the Pacific Presbyterian will not be narrow minded in its utterances; for it recognizes the great work being done by sister churches; nevertheless it will urge and encourage Presbyterians to do their part in building up the kingdom here on earth, so that when His kingdom **has** come and His will **is** done, they may not be among those who have not used the opportunities given them. The Pacific Presbyterian will not be local in its news, but will endeavor to put into attractive, readable form all church and religious news from the world, and from this coast in particular, and the support of the Presbyterians on this coast is solicited in order that this paper may be a success in the spreading of religious news—that which may be of value and interesting to Christians of the Pacific Coast. In the Political world this coast is being recognized and the business world knows full well its importance. Should Christians be less acute in religious matters? We think not. In a few years the Panama canal will have been completed. When that time arrives this Pacific Coast will assume even greater importance. Such being the case, it behooves us as Christians to bestir ourselves and become well informed of all the conditions and growth of our wonderful coast and country and to unitedlv work for, as well as **pray** for our Father's Kingdom. "For the night cometh when no man can work."

IPSE EGO.

SPOKANE AND A FOREIGN MISSIONARY SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN.

By Charles Edwin Bradt.

The Presbyterian churches of Spokane are composed of an enterprising and responsive membership. The actual membership numerically is something like 1,200. There are five flourishing churches. A Missionary Campaign recently inaugurated by Rev. Dwight E. Potter, preparing the way for J. Campbell White, and followed up by Rev. Charles E. Bradt, resulted in the churches setting themselves to undertake to raise about $4,000 for Foreign Missions. This was as much as all of the churches of all denominations of the city contributed last year, and about four times as much as the Presbyterian churches gave last year.

Of the above amount the First Presbyterian Church undertakes to raise $1,500. Over $700 was subscribed on a Sabbath morning during the campaign, and a committee was appointed to canvass the congregation for the balance. The pastor of this church, Rev. G. William Giboney, D. D., has just tendered his resignation after serving the church efficiently for fourteen years. During that time the church has grown from 200 to 666 members. They have just started on the erection of a new church to cost about $100,000. The people generously granted the pastor a continuance of salary for some months after his active services with the church are concluded. The church has a splendid lot of people and is one of the very best fields in this country for operating a large plant in the interests of local and world-wide missions.

Rev. Samuel M. Ware, D. D., is the very successful pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, which has a membership of about 300 active, wide awake people. Dr. Ware has led this people through all their history, developing them from a Home Mission plant to a self-supporting and world-evangelizing agency. They expect to contribute $600 to Foreign Missions this year. Over $400 was subscribed one Sabbath evening during the recent Subscription Campaign, and an earnest committee is at work canvassing the congregation for the balance.

Rev. William A. Hunter, D.D.. of the Centenary Presbyterian Church, has just accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles. But neither he nor his people were willing to be considered indifferent to the Foreign Missionary Subscription Campaign. At the congregational meeting called to consider the matter of dissolving the pastoral relations, about $500 was subscribed to Foreign Missions, and another $500 is hoped for as the result of a careful canvas by the committee.

The Fifth Presbyterian Church expects to supplement the foregoing amounts by a thoroughgoing subscription and canvass. Dr. James H. Shields, the pastor, has about 100 faithful members to back him in his battles for the Lord. Bethel Church has about 150 members, and Rev. Robert Asa Smith expects to lead them out to measure themselves on this notable enterprise for the world's speedy evangelization.

Thus Spokane has truly become a city set on a hill which cannot be hidden, as a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of God's people here at home.

THE DEDICATION AND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OCCIDENTAL BOARD.

Long before the opening hour of the dedication of the new Mission Home, 920 Sacramento street, at 2 p. m., on April 14th, vast throngs were unable to find even an entrance to the new home. Many reasons combined to make this an hour of especial interest, not the least of which was that on the very spot where the Occidental Board building now stands stood the former home, where the Presbyterian ministers and the Foreign Mission women of our churches had carried on their work.

After the opening exercises and a hymn of praise from the Chinese girls, came an address by the Mayor of San Francisco, every word of which breathed the spirit of one whose life was dedicated to the uplift of the people of this city.

The Chinese Consul General's address was in Chinese, interpreted by Mr. Ng Poon Chew, who said:

"The Consul General rejoices at what has been done for his countrymen in this land, and feels that in China, girls as well as boys should receive an education," and he knew they would soon do so. His appreciation of the work done in this home and our schools was very pronounced. It filled him with gratitude, and he, like the Mayor, expressed his pleasure at the beauty of the place and what the future might bring.

This was followed by an address from Ng Poon Chew, who has ever been a warm friend of the home, and it was his wife, Mrs. Chew, who on the morning of the earthquake, with their own home shattered, as homes were on that eventful morning, sent coffee and food to the Mission Home.

After music by the Chinese girls the speakers of the first hour withdrew and many from other branches of the Presbyterian work of our state spoke. Then came the exercises which dedicated the new Mission Home to the work of Him who had blessed us through all the years gone by.

All day Tuesday and Wednesday followed reports of the work of the year just closing. Missionaries from

Pacific Presbyterian

Earl S. Bingham, Manager

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

ROOM 433

Oakland, - California

SEE LABEL
It indicates your account with us.

Enclosed find $1.50 for which send the Pacific Presbyterian

to.....for one year

commencing 1908

Name .....

Street .....

State .....

City .....



Korea, China, Siam, India, etc., told of their work there, and of the one cry for more missionaries to tell them of Christ, and to take the place of those who had been compelled by sickness to return to America.

At the closing hour on Thursday afternoon there were many missionaries who spoke of their fields, and then, with burning words from a heart full of Korea's need, at this hour, came the address of Dr. Sharock. All hearts were stirred.

A former president made the closing prayer, and so ended one of the most profitable and interesting meetings of the Occidental Board. Like a golden thread the president's words and spirit marked the hour, and every delegate from near and far left feeling "God was in this place."

The following Monday, April 19th, the members of the Occidental Board held an important all-day's session. The clergymen of our various churches about the bay, and Dr. Bradt, one of the secretaries of the General Assembly Board of New York, at the close of the morning session took luncheon in the new home. There every Presbyterian and their friends will find a welcome in the days and years to come. M. F. B.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S SYNODICAL SOCIETY OF HOME MISSIONS

920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Friday, April 17, 1908.

Delegates were present from Benicia, Los Angeles, Oakland, Riverside, Sacramento, San Francisco, San Jose, Santa Barbara and San Joaquin Presbyterials. Delegations from the various churches about the bay were in attendance. The opening hymn, "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing," was followed by a service held by Mrs. McElwee of Fresno, accentuating the living power of God's word, the verification of God's promises.

The officers were called to the platform by the president, Mrs. R. B. Goddard. Each of the twelve secretaries gave some interesting view-point of her field. The report of the financial secretary was especially interesting, remitted from the nine Presbyterial Treasurers to Miss Lincoln, Treasurer of Woman's Board in New York, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1908, $18,518.83, a gain over last year of $3,546.18.

In the gathered fruits of the fiscal year is to be reckoned the outfitting of the Tucson school, at an expense of not less than $1,000; the filling of fifteen boxes for Home Missionaries and the various boxes sent by our young people to our mission schools. In this connection the story was told of our new missionary, Becky Whitney, who, with buggy and harness, given by First Church, Berkeley, arrived by rail at Madera, April 2, and the following day traveled 45 miles to North Fork, carrying our missionary, Miss Work, and a load of sundries, among which were plants which one day later made gardens for ten little Indian girls in our mission. At this point the arrival of Miss Julia Fraser, Pacific Coast Secretary of the Woman's Board, after a stay of some months in Oregon and Washington, was a vent to the enthusiasm of the hour Miss Fraser was called to the platform, and in a few gracious words voiced her pleasure in being present, and gave hearty greetings from the North Pacific Board. Miss Nellie T. McGraw, our missionary, told, as she only can, of her visit to Mrs. Bidwell and the Rancho Chico Indians. She spent a Sabbath there and conducted services in the Indian chapel. The quiet hour that followed, led by Mrs. Clelland of Los Angeles, was such a definition and explanation of prayer as only the Bible can give through one who knows how to interpret it. Luncheon followed.

At 1:30 the singing of America called the people together. Dr. Spining gave one of his characteristic talks on the Indian question. One must hear him; his eloquence cannot be described.

A solo by Mrs. Rohrer, "Open Mine Eyes," was appropriately and sweetly given. Prof. Charles G. Patterson gave a most interesting and instructive address on "The Workingman and Our Church." A wonderful view of our great church, with its far-reaching Boards and a close view of the "Church and Labor" department, all in twenty minutes.

A fitting time now came to elect a representative to the annual meeting of our Woman's Board, in conjunction with General Assembly, Kansas City, Mo., May 21, 22. Miss Fraser was unanimously chosen, following which she gave us an account of her recent visit to the Nez Perces and Miss Kate Mac Beth, Lapwai, Idaho.

Mrs. Ellen M. Watson of Pittsburg, Pa., one interested in all religious and philanthropic work, was called to the platform and gave some ringing words on the temperance question as related to our church.

The sessions closed with prayer and benediction.

DISTRIBUTION OF SAN FRANCISCO FUND.

Some Presbyterians solicited to give the second time for the reconstruction of Presbyterian churches and institutions in San Francisco and vicinity, injured or destroyed by the catastrophe of 1906, are asking how the money which may thus be given will be distributed. This question is a perfectly natural and reasonable one. But it cannot be answered specifically until the General Assembly's committee knows how much it will have to distribute. If the church should give the full amount asked for in this second appeal, namely, $175,000, it would be distributed according to a schedule agreed upon by the committee. If less than this is contributed the committee will, after consultation with the parties concerned, take such action as may seem wise in view of all the circumstances. It is not held that all the causes appealing for help are of equal importance and should receive each its pro rata share from the funds to be disposed of. The California section of the committee has advised that the causes aided should be classified according to their importance into the three following groups, and that they should be cared for in that order, viz..

(1) Restoration of physical damages to buildings; (2) aid to institutions seriously embarrassed in their work, or even threatened with total extinction, by reason of crushing burdens that have come upon them through the destruction of the city and the scattering of their resources; (3) aid to the Presbytery of San Francisco in its endeavor to meet the demands arising from the shifting of population incident to the changed conditions in the city.

As yet the church has not supplied the means of meeting even the first class of these needs, so that no question can arise concerning either of the other classes. It is probable that even in distributing what is received for the various institutions represented in the first class, the General Assembly's committee will not make a flat pro rata apportionment, but will be

governed by the relative urgency and importance of individual cases.

Givers may rest assured that when they intrust money to the committee of reliable and competent ministers and elders such as the General Assembly has appointed over this matter, most of whom are entirely disinterested, that the money will be handled with the utmost fidelity and discretion.

In addition to this, any one who may wish to be sure that his gift will reach such objects as he might be willing to help, can designate the particular cause or institution to which he desires it to be devoted, and his wishes will be carefully carried out.

WILLIAM H. ROBERTS, Chairman.

MISSIONARY MEASURES.

By the Western District Secretary, Rev. Dwight E. Potter, of the Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

The old idea that money is the one measure of missionary values has wrought its evil influence and departed. While money is important and essential, people are now seeing that there are other things of equal importance and that money alone does not furnish a just basis for estimating the missionary work of any church.

The modern idea of classification is based on a fourfold division. In the first place, information and interest as manifested in various lines of activity, such as forming of mission study classes, the holding of strong missionary meetings, and the placing of systematic missionary instruction in the Sunday-school, is a real measure of the missionary value of any church. The first question, therefore, to be asked is how much knowledge, effort and enthusiasm is there within the congregation.

The second measure is a spiritual one. There is a great deal that money will not do. It will not give courage or wisdom, or vision—it will not lead to self-sacrifice—it will not give spiritual power, or make missionaries winners of souls. All these depend upon prayer. Prayer is therefore a real measure of missionary value. The smallest and weakest churches are able to take high rank under this conception. The Field Secretaries of the Foreign Board are undertaking to enroll a Praying Band in each Presbyterian Church.

Life-giving is the third measure. Any church that has one or more volunteers is classed in the first grade along this line. There may be many of the smaller churches which feel that they are unable to have mission study classes continually, or to give large sums of money, but almost without exception there is some young person in every church who could go as a missionary. That church, therefore, is valuable to the cause, which sounds out an appeal for recruits, and finally persuades one or more of its young people to go in person to the mission field, and many of the weakest churches in the land can do a great work by the gift of a life to the cause of missions.

The fourth measure is money. While the others have been emphasized, it should not be forgotten that wherever there is missionary education, prayer, and volunteering, these things ought to manifest themselves in larger giving. The annual offering is a failure. Every church which desires to be effective should put its missionary work on the subscription basis. In no other way will it be possible to evangelize our share of non-Christians. The Omaha standard is not visionary, but practical, and from the standpoint of actual conditions is necessary. Until this is reached a church is not doing its full work in giving the gospel to the unconverted. Ten cents a week from each church member, for the sake of the seventy-five non-Christians that constitute his share, is not an unreasonably large payment.

AN ADVERTISING SCHEME.

Let's take for granted that in seeking to win men for the church we have something that will help them, or, better still, something that will give them a chance to help others.

With definiteness and persistency as our mottoes, the job is half done. Here's plan that may be worked in every church. Secure a list of the men in your community. There are at least two ways of getting such a list. First, you may copy it during election time, when the names and addresses of the voters are posted in the polling places. Possibly you may be able to secure the same list at any other time of the year through the election clerk or some other official who has it in charge. Anyway, the politicians can get it—so can you, if you go after it. Second, copy the names from the city directory. This will take a longer time, but it will be a more complete list, and you will be able to do some specializing in preaching to men of particular trades and professions should you desire to do so.

Begin with these men an advertising campaign, adopting the methods of the professional advertiser. This advertising should be as personal as possible. Mail regularly, once a week, preferably on Friday, for such a period as you think best, a well printed, warmly put, hearty statement with reference to their community and your church.

For instance, in the first letter you might speak of the needs of the neighborhood, as you and your church honestly see them. These may include as much as you care to insert, indicating, however, that the interest of the church is as wide as the needs of humanity. The latter statement should be made in a short paragraph at the close of your brief, pointed letter. Your second letter might tell more generally how your church is trying to meet these needs. A third should be more specific, suggesting, perhaps, what the men's club or Brotherhood is doing. A fourth may indicate the constituency of the membership in the church or in the men's organizations—so many carpenters, so many machinists, so many clerks, etc. A fifth should tell about how the church is supported—so many persons give so much, so many such an amount, and so on; showing that the average man, even though he be a workingman, may feel that he is not going to join a millionaire's club should he decide to become a member of your church.

Local conditions will determine the further details of this plan. Be careful to press home, from week to week, just one outstanding point. The plan will have little value unless it is engaged in with persistency. It is sure to win out if it is.—Charles Stelzle in the Interior.

This is not politics, but this is righteousness, and righteousness is what we are here to do.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Among the Churches.

Newark.

The annual meeting of the church was held on the evening of April 1st. Reports were heard from all departments of work. A literary and musical program was rendered, refreshments were served, and a pleasant social time was enjoyed.

The reports showed an encouraging condition in the spiritual affairs of the church. Contributions have been made to more of the Boards of the church than heretofore. A Mission Study Class has been organized which has taken up the study of "The Uplife of China," and is being carried forward with much interest. A prayer meeting has been started since the coming of the present pastor, and a Home Department and Cradle Roll of the Sunday-school, with main school take in almost every Protestant family in the community.

The financial depression has seriously affected business conditions for the time, notwithstanding there has been substantial additions in our population, and with the return of good times it is confidently expected that there will be a healthy growth of both the community and the church. James Curry, D.D., is pastor of the Newark church and is doing good work, as this report shows.

Dimond.

The temperance work in Dimond, Alameda county, has remarkably advanced during the past year. It has so far been a death struggle of one year with saloon domination. The work started a year ago with an organization of women which now completely dominates that section. Two of the three saloons have been closed out, and their proprietors have been arrested and re-arrested for illicit liquor selling. The third place is now up for judgment, with every prospect that three square miles of territory enclosed in that precinct will be without a single saloon. Rev. Franklin Rhoda is leading this campaign for decency.

Livermore.

Rev. B. V. Bazata has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Livermore, and will be installed in about three weeks.

Rev. H. H. Wintler will preach the installation sermon; Rev. W. H. Layson, D.D., will give the charge to the pastor, and Rev. H. H. Harbaugh to the people.

Valona.

On Sunday, April 12th, the Session met at Rodeo, and received six members into the church at Valona. After the sermon the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time in the history of this town two adults were baptized. On Easter Sunday Easter services were held and large audiences gathered, and the regular offerings for that day were the largest ever given.

REV. G. H. WHITEMAN, Pastor.

LOCAL OPTION IN ILLINOIS.

The most comforting assurance that Illinois liquor men could take unto themselves after the elections of Tuesday of last week was that "it might have been worse." This was the first general test of strength since the present local-option measure became effective, and when the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that 1,286 saloons had been put out of business. Ninety-nine of the 101 counties were affected. Of these thirty-five are now wholly "dry," sixty-four partly so, and only one wholly "wet." The vote was taken by townships and municipalities, 535 cities or villages voting against the saloons to 202 in favor, while the townships voting recorded 1,053 against and 197 for. Among the larger cities which voted out the saloons were Batavia, St. Charles, Mattoon, Belvidere, Decatur, Galesburg, DeKalb and Rockford; while Joliet, Aurora, Elgin, Springfield, Danville, Kankakee, Monmouth, Rock Island, Moline, Centralia and Freeport indicated that they were not yet ready to do without bats. Bloomington, too, favored the saloonists, though 5,000 men are said to have held up their hands in promise to Evangelist Sunday that they would vote against liquor. The influence of Mr. Sunday's campaign was, however, credited elsewhere with strongly influencing a contrary result. In Chicago and Cook county the most decisive feature was the triumph of the law and order forces in Lyons township, where they successfully fought an unscrupulous opposition. This is a suburban district in which summer parks and resorts of bad character have sought to intrench themselves. The saloonists will now seek to secure a vote on the same question by villages, as the liquor majorities in the "wet" communities were overwhelmed by the more populous "dry" town of LaGrange.

Other Features of Temperance Progress.

In Michigan, too, local option was the important issue, ten out of fifteen counties voting deciding to eliminate the dramshop. In Kalamazoo the temperance forces made a vigorous but unavailing contest, losing by 1,700 votes. Colorado and Nebraska showed striking local-option gains. Chicago's ward elections resulted in the choice of enough aldermen favorable to the United Societies to permit that organization to claim a two-thirds majority in the council. The aldermen are powerless to change the Sunday closing statute, which is a state law; but their attitude affects closing hours, bar permits for dance halls, and the cost of licenses. The question of decreased revenues was used effectively by the brewers in many of the larger Illinois towns, and it behooves Christian men to follow up their votes with intelligent efforts to secure such management of public finances as will prevent the deficits that the liquorites would be very much pleased to have result.—The Interior.

THE SILVER LINING OF DARK CLOUDS. A STUDY OF PSALMS 42 AND 43.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for May 3rd.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Professor Gayley, of the University of California, in his course on "Great Rocks," once said: "The Bible is the worst printed book in the world." What was meant was that in no other book do we find poetry printed as prose and the movement of the narrative or poem broken into by arbitrary and sometimes unintelligent chapter and verse divisions. The noble poem which forms our topic this week is a striking example of this obscuring of both the beauty and meaning of the Bible by the way it is printed.

It is not until we turn to Moulton's "Modern Reader's Bible" that the sweep and beauty of this great poem stand out clearly before our eyes. Professor Moulton, simply by properly arranging the lines on the printed page, shows us at a glance that these two psalms are really one poem made up of three stanzas,

each followed by the same refrain. May I suggest, in passing, that Moulton's "Modern Reader's Bible" may now be obtained complete in one volume for only two dollars? I get no commission on sales, but I believe most of us find the Bible, especially the poetical parts, a new book as we follow this sensibly printed edition. It is far more worth buying than the average commentary.

Let us now turn to the poem as it stands before us. The first stanza includes verses 1 to 4. It is the lament of an exile, remembering in a foreign land the glad days of worship in the Temple. Then follows the refrain, verse 5, which, over against the sorrowing minor of the stanza, strikes the strong major chord, "Hope thou in God!"

The second stanza, verses 6 to 10, again voices the despondency of the exile. Memories of the hills and streams of Palestine rush across his homesick soul. A gleam of hope comes in the eighth verse, but is lost in gloom at the thought of the oppression of the enemy. And then, strong and clear, the refrain sounds out once more (verse 11):

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
Hope thou in God!"

The third stanza, 43:1-4, finds its way out of the gloom of sorrow and follows the refrain up to the hills of faith, and the poem closes with a glad and triumphant singing of the same refrain:

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
Hope thou in God!"

This poem is but one illustration of the great spiritual lesson which the bitter experience of the exile taught the Hebrew people. It destroyed their material prosperity, but it deepened their spiritual insight. When they could no longer help themselves, they found in God a helper and a comforter. Out of defeat and exile came the great refrain of this song, "Hope thou in God!"

Why are there clouds in life? Why do exile, pain and suffering come? I do not know. But this I know: that out of exile, pain and suffering there comes, oftentimes, the power of sympathy, a new tenderness, a deepened faith, a farther vision. We turn for sympathy and help, not to those whose lives have been a butterfly existence in the sunshine, but to those who have passed through the shadow. Exile, pain and suffering are not wholly evil. Even in Gethsemane Jesus can still say "Fathr!" The stanzas of this poem are the "dark clouds." The refrain is the "silver lining."

CURRENT HAPPENINGS.

Fifty manufacturing and wholesale business houses in the city of Springfield, Ohio, petitioned the legislature of that state for the county local option bill which was passed a few weeks ago by that body.

The Rev. Dr. George Adam Smith of Glasgow, Scotland, and the Hon. James Bryce, Minister from the Court of St. James, to the United States, are announced to give the Earle lectures in Pacific Theological Seminary next year.

The San Francisco Presbytery voted recently that "in view of the protests of the Congregationalists of San Mateo and Burlingame we postpone the establishment of a Presbyterian church in the vicinity at present."

Among the promising signs of the times is the growing co-operation of Roman Catholics with Protestants in various good works. It was this which led the organizer of a Presbyterian mission Sunday-school among railroad workers at Phoenix, Arizona, to go, not long ago, to the Sisters of Mercy at the St. Joseph hospital in that city and ask for the gift of an unused organ which he had seen standing for some time on the porch of the hospital. The request was granted without a dissenting voice.

It is a royal welcome which is being extended to our fleet of battleships in Southern California. Had our coast been actually threatened by some foreign power it could not have been a more gladsome expression. Evidently the people of the Pacific coast believe in battleships—else the fleet would not be moving up along our coast with such pageantry of welcome. Fondly as we wish for it, the time has not come for disarmament. And with the Pacific ocean and its shores the great arena of the world's future there will be needed here long time yet some such fleet as our far-seeing President ordered to these waters a few months ago.

A captain in the United States army, who is a Roman Catholic, about to go with his regiment to Alaska, has written to the Y. M. C. A., saying: "I am a most ardent admirer of the Association. I have seen the extraordinary influence for good which it exercises on our soldiers. I saw its great benefit during the insurrection in the Philippines, when your secretary labored there so untiringly and devotedly. I shall strive to have my men affiliate with the Association by becoming active members."

The drift of Roman Catholics in Italy away from the church was admitted a few days ago by Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee—even a drifting of many of them into infidelity. It is becoming more evident every year now that the church in all its branches is being severely tried, and it cannot go on as it now is without losing its hold on the world. Both Protestantism and Catholicism must reform and transform themselves; and when this shall have been done thoroughly we shall have no Protestantism and no Catholicism. We mean by this that they will be one. For the good of man and the glory of God may that glad day come speedily!

A movement for the closing of shops in Rome on Sunday was inaugurated not long ago. A correspondent writes: "The movement is due to lay initiative, although supported from the Vatican. Some years ago Cardinal Parrochi, then the pope's vicar general, issued a decree warning the Catholic shopkeepers that doing business on Sundays constituted a violation of the laws of the Church. However, the abuse did not cease. Now workingmen have themselves come to the conclusion that they need one day's rest in seven, and have held mass meetings tending to promote their present contention. Pius X is much interested, and has detailed some prelates to see what they can do to advance the cause."

An article in the Atlantic Monthly shows that cities in other countries are growing as rapidly as any in the United States. "We think Chicago a miracle; but since 1870 Berlin has grown relatively and absolutely faster than Chicago, the Greater Berlin having today a population of over three millions. Thirty years ago the population of Leipzig was less than 150,-

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

000; today it is more than half a million. Hamburg then had almost precisely the same population as Boston; today, although Boston's growth has been so great, Hamburg, with more than 800,000 people, is larger than Boston; the growth of her commerce has been vastly greater, and her docks and port facilities are incomparably finer."

San Francisco has passed the second anniversary of its great disaster, and it is now evident on every hand that a far more beautiful and a much more substantial city will soon stand on the old site. Many stately buildings, carried to the stage of completion, now greet the eye, and a much larger number will be completed before another anniversary shall have arrived. As we survey from time to time what has been done, and what is being done, we do not wonder that Whitelaw Reid, our Ambassador to Great Britain, said recently in London: "There are many things in the history of this country of which an American is intensely proud, but I protest that among them all there has been nothing in forty odd years, since the greatest civil war of modern times, of which we have more right to be proud than of San Francisco in the earthquake and of San Francisco today."

The Canadian parliament has been discussing the question of an export duty on pulp wood. This has come about because of the rapidly decreasing supply of pulp wood, suitable for the manufacture of paper, in the United States, and the recommendation of President Roosevelt in his last annual message to remove the duty on Canadian wood pulp. Certain Canadian statesmen, taking a long look into the future, desire to guard against the exhaustion of their own forests by obstructing the free exportation of Canadian pulp wood to the United States. Others, believing the supply to be almost inexhaustible, are willing their forests should be used to meet the needs of the United States, but think it is poor business to send us the raw wood, worth only about $6 per cord, when by manufacturing that cord of wood into pulp in their own mills, they can make it worth $30 to $32, or $40 to $45 if made into paper. Besides the vast increase in value, employment would thus be given to Canadian labor. So they propose to place an export duty on pulp wood, heavy enough to be prohibitive, thus compelling us to use their pulp or paper instead. Canada is now exporting to the United States about 700,000 tons of pulp wood annually. This, however, is as yet but a small part of the pulp wood used in American mills—which last year was 3,600,000 cords. The most impressive fact brought out, in this discussion, so far as the United States is concerned, was that this country admits the raw material of the paper industry free, while maintaining a high duty against the manufactured product—pulp and paper. This tariff legislation has played directly into the hands of the paper trust.

PACIFIC SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT WEEK

An Inauguration.

The exercises began on Monday evening, April the 6th with the inauguration of George De Witt Castor, Ph. D., into the Professorship of New Testament Literature and Exegesis. Mr. Castor gave a scholarly inaugural address on "The Kingdom of God in the Teaching of Jesus." After the induction ceremony by President McLean and prayer by Professor Nash, came greetings from the churches and the ministry by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks of Oakland; from the alumni by the Rev. L. D. Rathbone of the class of 1888; from the fraternity of divinity school by Professor Lincoln of the Church Divinity School at San Mateo; from the University of California by Professor Lange. Other participants in the services that evening were Professor Bade of the Seminary and the Rev. H. E. Jewett, the secretary of the board of directors.

The Graduation.

On Tuesday, at 10:30, the graduation exercises were held. The address was given by President Faunce of Brown University on the subject, "The Need of Ethical Leadership." The aim of Christianiay, he said, is ethical, and it has no other aim than to make good men and women. As he surveyed the opening years of the 20th century and the demands of the times. President Faunce expressed the opinion that in importance of opportunity next to being a minister was being at the head of some social settlement. The demand is as it never before has been to summon men to the Christian ideal of life.

The graduating class consisted of four persons: Marshall William Meserve, Henry Orton Wiley, Leslie Burdette Briggs and Wilfrid Withington; the two last named receiving the degree of bachelor of divinity. This degree was conferred also on the Rev. Howard Mudie of the class of 1891; and the degree of master of sacred theology was conferred on the Rev. E. B. Bradley, B. D., of the class of 1906. Mr. Wilfred Withington, who had remained during the last year for study was listed as graduating with the class of 1907. In conferring the degrees and presenting the diplomas to the graduating class President McLean reminded them that they were merely in the vestibule of the great temple of the ministry; that they might even preach all their lives and not be ministers; that they might expound the Bible ably and yet not be ministers; that they would be ministers only as they **ministered.** Referring to the One who long ago went about doing good, and who gave his life a ransom for many, Dr. McLean said impressively, "You will be ministers as you learn to do that and love to do it."

The class hymn, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," was sung; the benediction was pronounced by the venerable Dr. Willey, and the young men were sent forth to the work to which they have given themselves.

Participating in the exercises that day were the Rev. Dr. Meserve of Plymouth Church, San Francisco, the Rev. Walter Frear of wide service on the coast for many years, and the Rev. Hugh K. Hamilton of the Seminary class of 1907.

The Rev. L. B. Briggs, who was ordained a few months ago in connection with the organization of Bethany Church, Berkeley, will continue with that church for a few months and will go then to Yale for post-graduate study.

Mr. M. W. Meserve, who was ordained last Friday in San Francisco will spend the summer in Yosemite, and will return in September for post-graduate study in the Seminary and in the University of California. Mr. Wilfred Withington goes to Seattle to take a position as assistant in Pilgrim Church of that city, of which church the Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith is pastor.

Mr. H. O. Wiley is connected with the Church of the Nazarene in Berkeley.

RISING TIME.

By Mrs. George H. Lee.

A Sunbeam came tripping adown the sky hill,
And kissed the bright face of the Clock;
Which raised its long hand and then struck an alarm
That gave all the family a shock.

" 'Tis time to be rising," said Sunbeam and Clock.
"There's plenty of work you can do;
We can't do it all, don't expect it of us,
Though busy the day and night through.

"While you have been resting, the Clock's busy hands
Have pointed out minutes and hours;
And I have been traveling half way round the world,"
Said Sunbeam, "awakening the flowers."

Then some of the household who thus were addressed
Began their excuses to make.
The Bread said, "You know I've been rising all night,
A nap in the oven I'll take."

The Pins in the cushion cried out one and all,
"I like this soft place for my head."
The Needles all saucily opened one eye,
And said, "We can't work without thread."

The Stove-pipe admitted without any doubt,
Its elbow to be out of joint.
"I wrote half the night and can't rise with the lark,"
The Pen said, and carried its point.

The Window cried out, "I am full of panes,
You surely won't ask me to rise!"
The teeth of the Comb tried to chatter with cold,
The Hooks began rubbing their eyes.

The Doors tried in vain to untangle their locks,
While Pictures were shaking their frames.
The Books snuggled closer their covers between,
Too sleepy to know their own names.

The Yardstick, accustomed to limp on three feet,
Was fully determined to shirk.
The Easy-chairs stretched out their legs and their arms,
And said, "Don't expect us to work."

The Summer-wind murmured, "I can't raise a breath,
You know I don't own any lungs."
The Shoes kept quite still, never saying a word,
Alas, they had all lost their tongues.

By this time the children were all wide awake,
And fully enjoying the fun.
They said, " 'Tis quite clear unless we rise and help,
This day's work will never be done."
Batavia, O.

Next month 2,135 farms will be placed on the market by the United States. Purchasers will be given ten years' time in which to pay. The area of the farms will range from ten to 160 acres and they are made available by the completion and development of irrigation projects in the West. In Nevada, in connection with the Truckee-Carson project, farms of eighty acres can be taken up with an entry fee of $3 to $8 per acre annually for ten years. There are 1,000 of these farms. In Oregon 200 farms will be available on the Umatilla project of from ten to twenty acres. These lands will cost from $600 to $1,200. In South Dakota, on the Belle Forche project, 175 farms will be available in tracts of eighty acres; in Wyoming 200 on the North Platt project, and 200 on the Shoshone project, costing from $600 to $1,200.

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS.

Don't expect the average nursemaid to give the intelligent attention you would yourself give; had she your brains she would not be a nursemaid.

Don't fail to make your hay in these precious receptive days. The world lies beyond.

Don't say, "Oh, do be quiet!" or "Do sit still!" Remember that bones and muscles must develop. Make a place for them to do so. This is your duty.

Don't permit a fear to be implanted in your child.

Don't forget that "What?" and "Why" are the best manifestations of a normal brain. Take time and pains to make it grow wisely.

Don't take your small child shopping.

Don't give your maid a chance to say, "You just got mad yourself; so now!"

Don't, as you value your motherhood, "scold." Don't fail to give the reason why every time you give a command. You want the obedience of an intelligent, reasoning being, not that of an automaton.

Don't let your child suspect that the world can hold a more delightful companion than "mother," if you would keep "anchor to windward."

Don't forget that the mother who can enter into all her children's pleasures has discovered a marvelous "youth restorer."

Don't bring up your children upon a steady diet of "Don'ts," miserable, prickly little word that it is, and sure to rub the wrong way.

Don't forget that in assisting "mother" into the car, in walking upon the outer edge of the sidewalk, in picking up the handkerchief she has let drop, your little laddie is molding the true gentleman.

Don't fail to listen attentively and patiently to all the little trials which come into the lives of these small people. Help adjust them, and remember that at six they are as great in proportion as those which daily come into your life.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN FOREIGN MISSIONS AT LOS ANGELES.

The following resolutions were adopted at the Laymen's Missionary Movement meeting in Los Angeles last week:

"1. That we recommend that the churches of Los Angeles undertake to increase their yearly foreign missionary offerings from $46,000 to $200,000 as soon as possible and that the minimum per capita offering for this purpose be fixed at $5.20 per year, or 10 cents per week, as an ideal to be realized at the earliest possible moment. That each denomination and congregation be urged to meet at an early date and assume its full share of this total amount and that we pledge our united efforts and prayers to the realization of this objective.

"2. That every congregation in Los Angeles be requested to appoint at once a missionary committee of from three to fifteen men to promote intelligence on this subject and to organize and conduct a personal canvas of all members and adherents for personal subscriptions to the work of foreign missions.

"3. That the committee of fifty, appointed by the Church Federation of Los Angeles to prepare for and supervise the series of meetings now being held for the advancement of the laymen's missionary movement in this city, be continued as a permanent com-

mittee for the purpose of co-operating with and stimulating each congregation and denomination to participate actively, intelligently and zealously in the effort to evangelize the whole world in this generation."

GLIMPSES OF THE CROW INDIAN RESERVATION.

Lotta Allen Meacham, Washington, Iowa.

A knock sounded at my door. I answered sleepily, and the hotel porter shouted at the thin panels:

"Train goes in thirty minutes." It was two o'clock in the morning, and I rubbed my heavy eyes, longing for another nap, and little caring what was in store for me.

Necessity is a merciless taskmaster, however, and at last I found myself on the train. The porter assured me that he would not forget, and lured on by the monotonous cadences of the surrounding passengers, who seemed to prefer sleeping aloud, I got a two-minute, refreshing nap.

The train slackened, the porter led the way to the lower step of the coach, and I was lifted bodily down some three feet on to a slack dump.

"All aboard!" And alone in the darkness I groped my way toward the swaying lantern of the station agent.

All about the hills crept in to close range and the dense darkness wrapped me in friendly embrace. Above the stars shone as clear and bright and calm as in bygone days, when they looked down upon the camps of the red man, his war dances, feasts and carnages.

The station was a little, square building on the prairie, the only sign of civilization intruding itself upon the Indian. Inside it was dark except for the gleam of the lantern through the high railing partly shutting off the inner office. The noisy sleep of the care-free laboring man greeted my ears, and as the lamp was brought out, I saw the three other occupants of the tiny room railroad men waiting for their morning shift, stretched out in luxurious comfort.

My friends were a good half-mile away, and did not know of my coming, but the real Western man is as knightly as those of story-book fame, and under extraordinary conditions is too chivalrous to be disappointing. Indian history had an added charm with such an environment, something of a touch of real life.

Morning came on clear and bright, and I walked the platform watching the changing hills and fading shadows. It was not hard to imagine that an Indian might be lurking behind the tree or knoll longing for my scalp. Not many years ago the surrounding hills and ravines were the scenes of many a bloody encounter between hostile tribes, or the silent witness of many a sudden on-rush on an unsuspecting immigrant train.

With the broadening day breakfast began to demand attention, only to find that there was no place to get an edible one, when lo, the good-hearted station agent appeared with a tray from his bachelor quarters above, and with the ticket window for a table, I enjoyed a refreshing meal. It was the Western spirit of kindness and hospitality, unadulterated and natural. The only remuneration permitted was an honest "thank you" and the assurance that the kindness would be passed on whenever opportunity offered.

As the sun was topping the hills and peeping down into the valleys, making the autumn foliage gorgeous with indescribable brilliancy, Rev. Mr. Petzoldt, in charge of the Baptist mission at Lodge Grass, together with his little daughter, Genevieve, piloted me across the fields, over the fields, over the irrigating ditches, and under barbed wire fences, to his home.

Although it was still early, from every direction Indian children were coming to the mission day school. They all rode on horseback, sticking to the saddle or the bare backs of their ponies as if glued to the spot. Some of the boys were riding in one stirrup or cutting capers worthy of a skilled circus rider. As one after another passed, their hats and caps came off with a more or less distinct "good morning," a shy smile, and a curious look at the stranger.

"This little girl," the missionary said, as she galloped past us, "rides four miles every day to come to school. She is about seven years old as near as we can find out, and she has not missed a day this year." One by one he told their names and bits of their history. Lizzie Riseup and Porter Knows-the-Gun were typical, brown-faced Indian children. Carson Yellow Tail was one of the largest and best of the boys. "He does all of the tinting for our Indian calendars at Christmas time" Mr. Petzoldt said as we passed him, "and it is quite a job."

The home of these faithful people is an artistic log cabin nestling among the wild trees along the river with high, steep hills in the background. The front room is spacious and comfortable, with a fireplace and reading tables, the Indian council room. The schoolhouse nearby, a modern frame building, has many advantages for the Indian children. Miss Hicks, a Cherokee Indian girl, is doing faithful, earnest work as teacher.

On Sunday morning the five church members met in the council room for a prayer meeting service, which was solemn and sincere. An interpreter changed the thought from one language to the other, as occasion demanded, and the timid testimonies, "I am glad my heart is good, "I love Jesus and I am glad I am in the Jesus road," were devout, and seemed to come from true Christian hearts.

The afternoon service was held in the schoolroom and was attended by most of the Indians of the community. Indians in blankets, squaws with papooses on their backs, children wearing elk-tooth dresses, all ages, all kinds of costumes, all manner of beads, bracelets and trappings, all degrees of dirt and filth, with plentiful touches of stylish paint,—a motley crowd, an interesting spectacle, with dozens upon dozens of dogs to complete the picture, gathered for the service. More than one buck carried an old tin can, his private cuspidor, brought into use when he found that he could not spit on the floor. Not a few dog fights with indignant squaws to grab the beasts by the back and throw them out the door or nearby window, joined their notes with those of the hymn or the grunts of the bucks, often making it difficult to keep the service uppermost.

Upon the arrival at Crow Agency at midnight the proffered information that the hotel was only a few blocks away, and one could get there by following the sidewalk was not encouraging.

"You ought to have a hack or porter at the station to meet the night trains," I said to the landlord, wearily, as he appeared.

"Bless you, Miss," was the reply, "this ain't the Waldorf. Didn't think ye was in New York, did ye? Hope ye didn't get scared," he added. "Just as safe as

in your own home here in Crow Agency;" and suddenly I realized that he was doing me a favor to take me in instead of my favoring him by staying at his hotel.

"No," he answered, in reply to my question, "there ain't a vacant bed, but it's most morning. You just curl up here in the office on the lounge until breakfast time; there'll be no one around. And as my weary head, with my hat still on, touched the couch, my eyes closed to the outer world, while my mind got up a vivid panorama of war dances, scalpings, horse raids and bloody tomahawks and battle-axes, scarcely disturbed by the quiet tiptoes of the genial landlord putting his heavy overcoat over me. The first rays of light brought with them the Agency employes in response to the deep voice of the landlord echoing up the stairs, "Breakfast ready, breakfast!"

The Agency boarding-school is an interesting place to one unaccustomed to Indian boys and girls. There are about ninety children at this school from seven to sixteen years of age. Many are full-blooded Crow Indians, but there are many half and quarter breeds and some scarcely distinguishable from a white boy or girl.

On Sunday morning, at the tap of the bell, the children filed into the chapel for Sunday-school. Clad in neat uniforms, with well-combed hair and clean faces, they were a more promising group of boys and girls than when they were living in the camps wearing Indian clothes.

The Congregational Church mission is located here in charge of Mr. Burgess, who talks to the children both morning and evening. Mr. Burgess has been on the Crow Indian Reservation for thirteen years and has the welfare of the Indian very much at heart. Out in the camps he does much for the older Indians, gaining thus their confidence and good will. Many a sick Indian has come to realize that there are other things besides the medicine man and his rites, through the kindly nursing of this man.

The Thursday evening Christian Endeavor meeting when the subject was "The Progress of the Indian," was most interesting. The meeting was entirely in the hands of the boys and girls, and it was conducted with fitting dignity and responsibility.

One of the traits of the Indian which tides him over many an uncertain spot is an extraordinary amount of self-possession. He is seldom or never embarrassed or unable to express himself. If he enters your home, as a matter of course, he selects the best rocking-chair and seats himself in it as by right. His hat, his hands, or his heavy leggins or moccasins never trouble him; they are a part of himself and accepted at his entrance. He feels perfectly at home and proceeds as a matter of course, asking and expecting whatever pleases his fancy. When his white brother enters his tepee he receives the same treatment and expects it to be accepted in as cordial a manner. He is motioned to the best blanket and such motion means that the visitor had better accept if he cares to remain in the good favor of that particular Indian, or perhaps the whole tribe. He despises a curious one standing about looking about at all he sees, but if a caller sits down he accepts the Indian hospitality, and other things follow —perhaps to the pipe of peace and the family meal. This characteristic shows itself in the children, but to a lesser extent. Their contact with white people takes away that over-abundance of self-confidence, but leaves enough for most emergencies.

Christine Manyenemies and Katie Whitefox, two girls of thirteen years of age, led the meeting, and did it wonderfully well. Agnes Owlabove conducted the singing with a clear, strong voice and modest manner. Children who came in from the camps three to ten years ago and who still can join in the weird Indian songs of the heathen past, made harmonious music of such hymns as "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice," "Whosoever Will," "Near the Cross," and 'I Will Sing the Wondrous Story."

Boys and girls eight to sixteen years of age found their places in the Bibles and joined in the Scripture reading with an earnestness that was commendable. Such verses as "Whosoever Shall Call Upon the Name of the Lord Shall Be Saved," and "This People Have I formed for Myself; They Shall Show Forth My Praise," seemed to mean something to these dusky children. Florence Medicinetail, a full-blooded Crow girl of ten years of age, in a clear, loud voice read her verse as intelligently as a white child. She has been in from the camp only three years, but she speaks English very well.

Previous to the meeting the children had been asked to write something about the Crow Indians since they had learned about Jesus. Some of the remarks were read in the meeting, and if not always lived up to, at least show some interest and conception of Christian life. Below are a few as they came from the boys and girls:

"Some of the Indians believe in the Lord Jesus and do what is right. They go to church and listen to the preacher. I hope they will go in the right way and do the best they can and they should pray to God to help them." —Laura Plainlefthand.

"When Columbus came over here there were no churches, but now there are four churches in this Reservation. Many of the young men are Christian young men." —Wilber Blackhair.

"Some of the Indians of today have churches of their own and become missionaries among their own people and convert them and become missionaries among their own people and convert them and become Christians." —Eugene Longear.

"The Indians are learning more about Jesus Christ. Mr. Burgess is the preacher of this Indian School." —Cora Takesthehorse.

"Since the Indians know something about the Lord they are getting better every day and do right way as they ought to." —Helen Goesahead.

"A long time ago the Indians were savages, but now they know about Jesus and are more civilized." —Agnes Owlabove.

"It used to be the Indians were sun worshipers, but some of the Indians worship God now. When the missionaries came over here they told them it is not right to fight. The missionaries came to teach the Indians, and they are different now." —Tie Crookedarm.

"Indians used to be savages. Missionaries have been sent out among them. After awhile they are like white people and some of them are missionaries. They were fed on wild fruit, buffalo, deer and elk, and now they have gardens, cattle and buy food from stores. Women had hard times making their little garden, set-

ting up the tepee and hauling wood on their backs. The men have to work now; he has to haul wood on the wagon and plow the garden." —Blake Whiteman.

A quartet of two boys and two girls, Eugene Longear, Wilber Blackhair, Agnes Owlabove and Susan Manyenemies sang "Send the Light" wonderfully well. Three of the employes added to the program, Miss Marmon, who is a Pueblo Indian from Laguna, told of the progress of her own people. Miss Anderson, an Arikaree from Fort Berthold, told of her native tribe, its work and interests, and Miss Moyer, a Cherokee, spoke of the various tribes of the Indian Territory and their advancement. The meeting closed with the Glory song, a favorite among the boys and girls, and one which they sing most heartily.

When it is taken into consideration that the fathers and mothers of these children are blanket Indians and lead the old-time tepee life, cannot, usually, speak a word of English, and do not encourage their children to learn, it seems remarkable how much has been accomplished in the past few years.

A few miles out on the Reservation are the Reno and Custer battlefields, the sites of fearful struggles not far gone by. The country is in very much the same condition as it was forty years ago, and even yet traces of the battle, shells, bones of the dead horses and remnants of the breastworks thrown up hastily by the desperate men, are left to tell of the past.

On the open roads, Indians with big wagons, or fine top buggies drawn by good teams, often greet strangers with a friendly "How." Henry Small, a young man from a good Scotch Presbyterian home, was driving our team. As we turned out for a big wagon, his "How Curley" was answered with a grunt and the faint suggestion of a smile on the stoical face with a guttural "How little bread baby," once again showing the Indian's ability to put the name to the object most convenient to him, for at the Agency the young man helped his father in the flour mill.

The Agency store furnishes opportunity for studying the Indian and his likes and dislikes at first hand. One who cares to loiter can pick up bits of the language and watch the selection of gay blankets, bright silk handkerchiefs, fancy calico, and all manner of toys.

On visiting day, or Big Saturday, the parents come in to see their chidlren, and sitting about the park eating all kinds and mixtures of food, make one wonder that there are any left to represent the tribe, for, regarding quantity and quality, the red man is hard to surpass, when there is opportunity to eat.

Out in the camps life is much the same as it was before the white man intruded except among the educated Indians, and even these often go back to the tepee life with its dirt and filth. It is hard for a boy or girl to withstand it, for it is home to them, and for generations the tendency has been toward the care-free living.

Not least among the pleasures of the Reservation was that of meeting Major Reynolds and receiving of his kindness and hospitality. Few men have a more trying position, and few men possess more patience, kindliness, earnestness of purpose, and sincere helpfulness. Major Reynolds has done much for the Indians under his care, and deserves credit for many an unknown benefit.

Altogether the Reservation is a place for many and new experiences, a place of intense interest, and one not soon forgotten.

Young People

THE PULLET MINE.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Grandpa and I lived alone in California. Grandpa owned a few acres of land, most of which was untillable. A part of it had once been worked over by miners in search of gold.

Grandpa was more than eighty years old, but he was the very embodiment of good temper and good will. My father and mother died when I was three years old, leaving me in grandpa's care. Grandpa was too old to work hard, and I was only thirteen years old. But grandpa was very dexterous with his hands, and used to carve beautiful canes and exquisite ornaments, for which he found a ready sale from tourists. I reared poultry, which we marketed at an adjacent mining town. Our wants were not many, and we managed to live.

My efforts and success at poultry-rearing elicited much praise for me from certain of the miners about Oreoville. One of them especially—a man named William Hannin, who had taken a great liking to grandpa and used to visit us occasionally—took much interest in my turkeys, ducks and hens. Hannin never remained long in one locality, but he was known as a lucky man in the mines. One evening he came to bid us goodby and said he was going to South America.

A few months after this grandpa received a strange cage by express, marked "Poultry," from Buenos Ayres. It was a strongly slatted wooden box, divided into two compartments, one of which was empty. The other one contained an awkward-looking bird, very long in the neck and legs. The empty stall was marked: "Rooster—three months old." The one containing the queer bird bore the legend: "Pullet—three months old."

"What kind of a bird can it be?" I asked grandpa.

"Why, it's a young ostrich!" he answered. "There must have been two of them when they left Buenos Ayres; but one of them, no doubt, died at sea, and they had to throw it away."

On the back of the card I found this message:

"Miss Nora Castleburg: I have offen herd it guessed that the climet of California would be sutable for ostretch farming. I wil send you a pare to try. If they do wel, they will fetch you some m oney by and by. Good luck to you and your poultry. —

—W. HANNIN.

I was greatly pleased with my present. A live ostrich, and from South America! It was something wonderful and delightful to think of.

But grandpa looked a little perplexed and even worried. He knew that our land was not securely fenced, and had no doubt that if we allowed the ostrich to go at large it would run away; while if we kept it closely confined, it would consume almost as much grain as a pig, and be likely to die before long. But he did not spoil my pleasure by speaking his thoughts.

We took the bird home, and grandpa removed the partition from her box, so as to give her more room to move about until he could prepare a better place for her.

I named my ostrich "Pullet," as the card upon the box had designated her. She was quite tame, owing

perhaps to her close and long acquaintance with the sailors and passengers.

As soon as he could do so, grandpa built her a little stable, in which we kept her, taking good care to keep the door shut. But she consumed enormous quantities of grain and vegetables, besides all the grass I gave her; and finally I decided to put her out and let her shift for herself.

I opened her stable door, and she walked forth. Stretching herself up upon tiptoe, she flapped her small, fluffy wings, and then stood motionless. Something in the free air seemed suddenly to remind her that she once had mates and playfellows of her own species. So, straining herself to her greatest height, she surveyed the country far and near and called, long and loudly, for her lost companions. Hearing no response, she solmenly walked over to where the turkeys were sunning themselves. With one accord they fled from her, and when she essayed to follow them they used their wings and placed themselves above her reach. Then Pullet looked up and called to them.

The turkeys distrusted her. From their various elevations they surveyed her critically and cautiously invited her to quit. But when at length she sat down upon the ground beneath their tree and began to dress her fluffy plumes, they seemed to think better of her. One by one they ventured to descend and walk around her, still eying her somewhat suspiciously.

But Pullet and the turkeys grew to be the best of friends, and all the summer through and as long as Pullet lived her only companions were the turkeys She accompanied them in their rambles everywhere—over alfalfa fields and through the neighboring gulches.

When the turkeys came home at evening—which I induced them to do by feeding them a little grain—Pullet came also, stalking along in the midst of the flock, quite indifferent to all questions of race or previous condition. Indeed, she seemed to be their self-elected leader, and the rest of the flock followed her obediently.

When the turkeys flew up to their high perch, Pullet would march demurely into her little stall and sit down upon the floor to sleep. Here every evening I visited and petted her. Poor Pullet! How I liked her! and what a source of amusement her queer ways were to me! She was always irresistibly attracted by any bright object, and had a habit of pulling at the buttons upon my dresses and shoes. I had a blue flannel jacket, trimmed with a double row of small gilt buttons, which sometimes tempted Pullet so strongly that I had to cover the shining disks with cloth in order to save them from being torn off. I have since been told that all ostriches will pick up and try to swallow almost any bright or lustrous small object.

Pullet was less than a year old when we gathered our first crop of plumes from her. I sold them to a milliner in Sacramento. Soon afterwards Pullet was attacked by a strange malady. I called it a cough, and attributed it to a cold caused by the loss of her feathers. For this cough I tried several remedies, but the symptoms grew worse. At last Pullet came home one evening, lagging wearily several rods behind the turkeys. Upon reaching her stable she stumbled in and dropped down upon the bed of clean hay that I had made for her. Grandpa came to look at her, and said he feared her days were numbered. Her paroxysms of coughing were most distressing.

Next morning Pullet was stretched dead upon her hay. As she had died of an unknown disease, grandpa thought best to dissect her body. In the crop he found a fatty tumor, which had evidently strangled her; and, what was more remarkable, in her great gizzard were a quantity of pebbles—vermillion colored, mottled white—and a double handful or more of gold nuggets, polished and brightened by the friction and the chemical action of the bird's stomach. She had picked up these nuggests somewhere in her rambles about the gulches, and had swallowed them with her usual alacrity.

After inspecting the nuggets closely and guessing at their value, grandpa finished his work of dissection and buried poor Pullet's body. Then he returned and began to separate the gold from the common pebbles in the pan. "If we knew where she came across these," he said, "we might find more."

Our little "farm" was bounded on its eastern side by a small mountain stream, which flowed through a rock-walled trough a hundred feet or more deep and twelve to twenty rods wide. The stream ran for the most part near the middle of this trough, but here and there it veered to right or left and washed against the base of the cliff. At some points this washing had been continued until masses of rock had tumbled out into the channel. Some of these masses were so large that the floods could not move them, and they lay as they had fallen. Trees were growing upon some of their tops.

A mass of rock that I named the Leaning Tower was a kind of peak, which at some former time had been split off from the face of the wall. It now leaned out at an angle from the main wall, to which its inner base still clung; while its outer one, next the stream, was washed by deep water. Its inner or upper base could be reached easily from our house, the top soil and loose shale having slid down into the gap between wall and peak, so as to form a gradual slope. From thence a narrow path, close to the wall, led down to the edge of the stream. Down this path my turkeys often went for water.

A few days after Pullet's death three of them were missing, and I went to the trough in search of them. Walking in careless child fashion, I almost stepped off a hundred feet in sheer height; for the Leaning Tower had fallen out into the stream, carrying with it the sloping bank of soil and stone, and leaving a bold cliff exposed.

There was nothing for me to do, if I wished to enter the trough, but to go half a mile farther up the stream, where another path led down. I hurried on, and ere long was at the bottom of the trough, searching for my turkeys. I reached the place where my tower lay, amid tons of scattered debris, sprawling across the stream. It had fallen diagonally, in such a way as to turn the stream out of its course and, to some extent, to dam it and deepen the water upon the upper side.

Stepping from boulder to boulder and keeping near the wall, I struck at length a stretch of turf and gravel that led easily up on the fallen mass. I climbed it in order to see if my turkeys were in sight on the other side. Not seeing them, I picked my way down to the level of the stream again.

In a bed of gravelly sand, where the stream had run deep before the presnt obstruction had turned it into another course, I saw several of Pullet's queer tracks. She had visited this place, then, after the tower fell. I stooped and looked at the tracks closely, thinking to

myself that they were the last tracks of hers that I should ever see.

At the bottom of one of these tracks a pebble had been pressed down into the wet sand by Pullet's weight. Aimlessly I picked up a piece of silvered stone and dug the pebble out. It was a nugget of gold! Remembering what grandpa had said about finding more gold where Pullet had found hers, I fell to searching the gravel bed minutely. I poked up quite a number of the yellow stones, and in my eagerness to report my find to grandpa I quite forgot about my missing turkeys, and started homeward, carrying the nuggets carefully in my apron. As I passed again over the mound of earth which clung about the tower's uprooted base I looked up at the face of the cliff so recently laid bare. I saw there streaks of glistening quartz and veins of an unknown ore and one great yellow seam of gleaming gold that looked as if it had been melted and poured down into a wedge-shaped fissure, it was so bright and pure.

Talk about "miners' frenzy!" I know what it is, for I have felt it; and never in my life do I expect to feel again so strange and delightful an exaltation. My feet were like wings. Down the loose mound of turf and shale, from boulder to boulder, across the dammed waters of the stream, and up the steep path to the green earth above they flew with me, bearing to grandpa the news of my wonderful discovery.

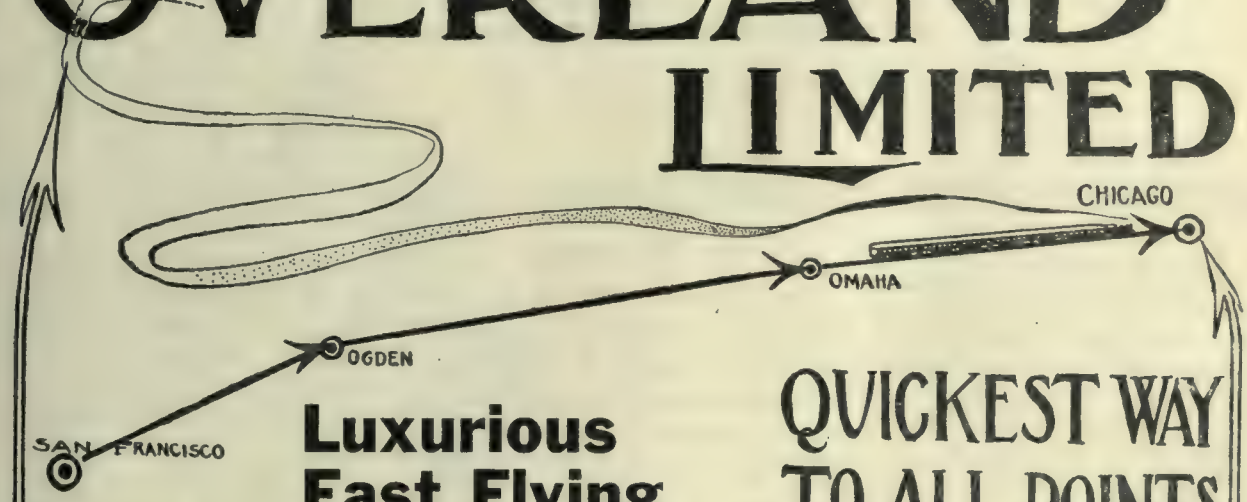
Gasping and panting, I came to him. I showed him the small treasure in my apron, and told him about poor Pullet's tracks in the gravel bed.

Grandpa could scarcely believe that the yellow vein I had seen was actually gold, but the next day an expert who came over from Oroville pronounced it genuine. The news spread far and wide; and next week grandpa was offered twenty thousand dollars for our little home, and a percentage of all the mine should yield above a certain amount.

"I am an old man," said grandpa, "and I cannot work this property. I wish to leave it, so that it shall be of the best advantage to this little girl and my daughter in the East. I will accept your offer, and Nora shall name the mine!"

I named it, of course, the "Pullet Mine;" for had not Pullet discovered it? Within a little time we went back to Ohio, where grandpa lived in peace and comfort to his ninetieth year, close beside his loved daughter.

OVERLAND LIMITED



Luxurious Fast Flying

Trains from the Pacific to the Lakes in 3 days

QUICKEST WAY TO ALL POINTS EAST.

Latest equipment. Vestibuled sleeping cars — electric lights in every berth. Parlor observation car — Library and cafe. Ladies' dressing room — Gentlemen's smoking room. Unexcelled dining service.

Across the High Sierra and Great Salt Lake Cut-off by daylight. Through Echo and Weber Canyons — past the Devil's Slide and the fertile fields of Nebraska and Illinois.

Southern Pacific
884 MARKET ST., 14 POWELL ST.

Union Pacific
42 POWELL STREET

TUTTLE S.F.

April and May Flower Months at MOUNT HERMON

Special Week-End Excursions

TO Mount Hermon and Return

Friday to Monday each week during May

REST PLEASURE BUSINESS

The Association desires by these excursions to accommodate LOT OWNERS, HOUSE BUILDERS, LOT BUYERS and all active friends of Mount Hermon.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Station, San Francisco,..... 8 a. m.
Connects at Pajaro and Santa Cruz, arriving at Mount Hermon.....12:35 p. m.
Train leaves First and Broadway Station, Oakland.....7:17 a. m.
Connects, by way of Vilas, with the train from San Francisco at San Jose .....9:15 a. m.

For reservations at the Zayante Inn, address
WM. H. BOUICK, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

Regular May-October Season tickets are on sale at all Southern Pacific stations on and after May first. An "Excursion Rate" is given at the Zayante Inn for these excursions.

If you are seeking a better investment than Bank Deposits or Loans, you will find it in some of the following Bonds and Stocks, which will pay you from 5 1-4 per cent net to 8 per cent.

BONDS! BONDS!! BONDS!!!

TURLOCK IRRIGATION BONDS
PEOPLES WATER COMPANY BONDS
OCEAN SHORE R. R. BONDS
SANTA CRUZ PORTLAND CEMENT CO. BONDS

STOCKS! STOCKS!! STOCKS!!!

MONTEREY COAL CO.
PACIFIC SALT AND SODA, the most promising investment on the market.
HOAG RAPID PRESS
PACIFIC WIRELESS
and some other including promising mining stock.

Particulars obtained from
W. E. BARNARD,
17 Bacon Block, Oakland.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LLD., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

THE MONTEREY COAL CO.

invites you to visit their mines, and for yourself judge of the quantity and quality of coal.

They will pay the cost of your trip in stock.

Shares now $1.00, after April 29th, $1.25. Send for literature.

A. T. and A. H. NEEDHAM,
Agents of Monterey Coal Co.
2165 Shattuck Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

PACIFIC.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Located at Berkeley

Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI BERKELEY, CAL., APRIL 30, 1908. No. 18



The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,

First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

The problem as to why Christian people and church attendants do not take a religous papers is as yet unsolved. It would seem that the people would be interested in the work in which they are engaged, and would therefore read up on the subject. The trade and professions all have their journals, which are liberally patronized, but the church paper seems to have hard work getting support. No amount of persuasion along the line of denominational loyalty or actual need of the editor to support himself and family seems to have any effect upon the Christian.

Nearly, if not all, of the denominational papers are assisted by a cash bonus fund from their denomination showing that the religious papers on this Coast are not self supporting. Most of the papers printed are attractive in appearance and ably edited. There is some talk about the poorly paid minister, but the religious editor is in a class by himself. There used to be a good deal of sport made of the country newspaper editor, who received his pay for subscriptions in "pumpkins and aigs" and "such truck," but whoever heard of a religious editor getting even this much of a contribution.

All this sounds as if the writer was suffering with indigestion, or the lack of it, and was rather pessimistic of the future of this paper, but such is not the case. We are simply calling attention to these facts as the minister protrays all the sadness of a situation before he proclaims all the beauty and hopefulness of it, that the contrast may be more striking. While the monetary compensation may be an insignificant return for a man's best effort and few people subscribe for his paper, and those who do subscribe seem reluctant about remitting, the facts of the case are that three fourths of all we learn comes into our minds through the "Eye Gate" and while many a minister is preaching to a fair congregation, every religious editor is speaking every week to more people than are found in our largest churches with few exceptions.

Those who are familiar with politics know that the principle object of a public meeting are not to address the great multitude, which often do not attend, but to give excuse for large space in the papers which thousand may read.

With these thoughts in mind, the workers for this paper bend to their task gladly and feel sure of their reward. Many letters of hope and cheer have reached us and many remittances, for all of which we are thankful.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

There is many a business man today who will tell you he has no time to pray—his business is so pressing that he cannot call his family around him, and ask God to bless them; he is so busy that he cannot ask God to keep him and them from the temptations of the present life—the temptations of every day. "Business is so pressing." I am reminded of the words of an old Methodist minister: "If you have so much business to attend to that you have no time to pray, depend upon it you have more business on hand than God ever intended you should have."

But look at this man Daniel. He had the whole, or nearly the whole, of the king's business to attend to. He was Prime Minister, Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury, all in one. He had to attend to all his own work, and to give an eye to the work of lots of other men. And yet he found time to pray; not just now and then, nor once in a while, not just when he happened to have a few moments to spare, but "three times a day."—D. L. Moody.

If there is any one thing which the average Christian of to-day is lacking in, it certainly is in prayer.

The family altar is neglected and other affairs are permitted to crowd out this most important part of a Christian's life.

Many people when asked whether they pray or believe in prayer answer, "Oh, yes, but I never pray in public." Why? Simply because they are indifferent and pray at long and indifferent periods.

From the time of the casting out of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden until now, God has been continuously urging his people to call upon him. It would appear as if our Heavenly Father had a great and unsatisfied longing to have his children talk to him and with him. He has declared again and again his willingness to hear and answer prayer, and every Christian who has tried it, knows from his own experience that God hears and answers prayer. Then why is it that Christian people, those who have taken upon themselves the name of Christ, are so reluctant to pray and whose conduct would indicate that they prayed more from the sense of duty than from desire or pleasure?

Much of the laxity in this matter comes, we think, from the fact that the place which prayer occupies, or rather **should** occupy in the Christian's life and its purposes, is very much misunderstood. We seldom hear of any one speaking of prayer as a pleasure or an enjoyment. Sometimes in prayer-meeting some one states that they have had some great sorrow or trouble of some kind and that they had experienced great relief and comfort in going to our Heavenly Father and telling him of their troubles and distresses, but how many people ever state in a prayer-meeting

that they had been having great plasure and much enjoyment because of the blessings received from their Heavenly Father and have taken pleasure in going to him and telling him about their pleasures, and had received great comfort and delight from having done so? Prayer is nothing but talking to and communing with our best and truest Friend. Somehow we have come, as Christians, to look upon religion as such a solemn duty that all joy and pleasure is eliminated and that a Christian's happiness lies entirely in the future, but such is not the case. It is true that **"Our God is a consuming fire,"** but that does not apply to the Christian, for he has **"passed from death unto life,"** and God is now our Father, our Friend, and Guide, and is interested in every act and deed of his people, and the nearer we come to him in prayer the better he is pleased.

Are you afraid to talk to him? He never frightens his children. He speaks to them in the "still small voice" of love, and takes pleasure in seeing his people happy **here on** earth.

Among the causes of the slackness of praying among those who are church members and call themselves Christians is the failure to appreciate the fact that God in any manner is interested in or takes notice of the business affairs and the pleasures of his children, and they have come to think and act as they think. That the time to pray to God was when sickness or sorrow had come upon them or some sudden disaster had overtaken them. It is true that God is kind, loving and tender to us in our troubles and comforts us in our sorrows, but it is also true that he delights in seeing his children happy. We stand and proclaim that "Every good and perfect gift cometh from him." Nevertheless we neglect to take him into our confidences and tell him of our pleasures, and when we do thank him for the blessings we receive we do so in such a way that indicates that we thank him because we are somehow compelled to do so for country's sake, or that duty demands it.

Come, now, Christians, let us become better acquainted with our Heavenly Father; let us talk to him, and with him often, and by so doing become less distant from him and that our worship may not be as those who stand afar off, keeping in mind this fact that he takes an interest in our business affairs and in our pleasures.

That if there is any one under the canopy of heaven who is entitled to and should be happy, joyous and cheerful it is he that has taken upon himself or herself the name of Christian.

If "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life," he certainly is interested in our everyday life. Therefore, we say to the Christian, pray often, talk with the Savior about all your pleasures as well as sorrows; be cheerful; take off and discard any old mask of longfacedness which you may have thought it necessary to wear; be cheery-faced; remember, you have been redeemed, you are a child of the King. Keep close to and talk often with our Father and when the time comes, as some day it will, that it can be said, "See how happy those Christians are," then sin will hide its face in shame and those things which interferes with happiness here will disappear. This end can only be attained by keeping close to our Heavenly Father and talking often with him. IPSE EGO.

PRESBYTERIAN LECTURESHIP.

Prof. Chas. G. Paterson, of San Anselmo, delivered last week in Berkeley, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Lectureship, a series of three elctures on "The Call of the Highest." These lectures, which were addressed particularly to the students of the University, were well received. It is understood that they will be published in book for mwithin a short time.

The Presbyterian Lectureship, under whose auspices Prof. Paterson spoke, was established by the action of Synod at its meeting last fall. The purpose of the lectureship is to have presented in Berkeley annually a course, or courses of lectures, especially adapted to stimulate religious thought among the students of the state institution.

THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

People who think it worth while to take up the defense of the Shorter Catechism are searching out here and there isolated Sunday-schools where the questions and answers of the venerable Westminster document are actually learned by some scholars unto this day. These instances they are exhibiting as triumphant disproof of the assertion that the catechism has gone out of use. The art of obscuring the landscape by holding a home-made picture close to the eyes is not a very new one, and those who are satisfied with the enjoyment of it may be left to indulge the practice as they please. They will not thereby make a few exceptions prove the contrary of the rule, nor will they introduce the Westminster Shorter Catechism into that overwhelming majority of schools which have not so much as heard whether there be any catechism. The Interior is glad enough that some churches are earnest enough in the religious education of their children to persist in catechetical instruction in spite of the antiquarian character of the only tools furnished to do the work. But their very courage and earnestness is only another argument for affording them up-to-date and well tempered tools. Whether the church could now prepare a better standard of doctrine than the present catechism is a question on which we can understand, as between conservative and liberal, a difference of opinion. But whether the church could write a better text-book of the Christia faith for children seems to us a question whereon men of open mind or even half-open mind should in ordinary reason be expected to be unanimous.—From the Interior.

The Westminster Shorter Catechism has undoubtedly done a great work in days gone by, but one thing is quite evident and that is, it is but very little taught in our Sabbath-schools and churches of today, and something ought to be done whereby the cardinal truths therein set forth might be assimilated by our children, and we believe this can be done by a restatement of the truths therein contained in a different and more comprehendable way, and that without in manner lessening the doctrines therein taught. At a recent meeting of the Oakland Presbytery an overture to the General Assemby was adopted, asking that some action in this matter might be taken.

OAKLAND PRESBYTERY.

The Presbytery of Oakland convened at the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal., on the evening of April 20, 1908.

Rev. O. E. Hart, D. D., Moderator, presided. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Chas. E. Bradt, D.D., one of the secretaries of the Board of Foreign Missions

There was a fair attendance of the members of Presbytery and the opening sermon was given good attention, after which the election of a Moderator for the ensuing year was had. In this matter the Presbytery departed from its usual custom, and in place of electing a minister, unanimously chose Bro.

H. H. Gribben, an elder, well known, as its presiding officer for the ensuing year.

We call attention to this fact for the reason that there are a large number of members in our churches who think that the eldership is a mere name for an office necessary only on communion occasions, and the elders themselves do not appreciate the high position they have been called and ordained to occupy—and are inclined to shirk as much as possible the work of the church and the responsibility placed upon them.—especially is this so among the younger members—and if there is anything which could be done to enlist the active, earnest efforts of our elders, the Church of God will not be moving with snail-like rapidity along certain lines which at present receive but scant attention.

We know that the ministry of the Presbyterian Church would welcome heartily the active, earnest support of the elders. It is very difficult to get any pastor to admit that the elders of "his" particular congregation are not far above the standard, and only at rare intervals do pastors admit that this particular element in the church are not working up to the limit of their possibiities.

During this session of Presbytery, a paper was placed before the Committee on Bills and Overtures, requesting that Presbytery make some kind of statement to the churches defining and explaining the relative standings of the different officers of the church—which goes to show that in places little thought of—ignorance on these matters exist. Our ministers and church officers have been so afraid of being charged with sectarianism, that for a number of years past they have refrained from speaking upon these matters—hence, a large number of members and church officers are in utter ignorance of these things. If the latent power, force and energy remaining in our elders, deacons and trustees were fully utilized, there would be no need for worry in raising funds for missionary or church purposes.

It is not enough that these officers are good, honest, trustworthy Christian men—for "Faith without works is dead"—and we hope that our Moderator, Elder Gribben, will devise some way or plan whereby the elders and deacons within the bounds of Oakland Presbytery at least, will be induced to step right up and take hold, with no faltering hands, of the work which has been so indifferently carried on in the past.

The Presbytery took steps towards incorporating under the laws of the State—which appears to be very desirable—and by so doing be the better prepared to look after its interests from a legal standpoint. Such action on the part of Presbytery appears to have the sanction of the Scriptures when it says: "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake!"

The report of the Standing Committee on Home Missions caused considerable discussion. This committee seems to be confronted with the question of "How" to make One Dollar do the work of three? This may be a very easy thing to do in the minds of some—but we think that in the end it will not be done.

Some of the brethren appeared to be of the opinion that the committee should be able to satisfy "all" demands made upon it in a financial way, notwithstanding the limitations placed upon it—and the meagerness of its resources.

The demands made upon this committee have increased very much during the last few years, so that some heroic work is called for on the part of all that love the cause of the Master and who desire to see his "Kingdom come."

It is quite evident that the committee has its hands full for the coming year—and it is to be hoped that it will receive the full and sympathetic support of all the churches, and we believe it will. The Committee on Narrative brought in a very interesting report, showing that there had been a net gain of 343 members received upon confession of faith in the 26 churches from which reports have been received. Out of the number thus received 206 came from the Sabbath School—thus demonstrating the great importance of the Sabbath School work.

The Presbytery were in session all day Tuesday, April 21, 1908, and at noon a very pleasant lunch was served the members of the Presbytery by the ladies of Brooklyn Church. This church, not only is active in every good work, but knows "how" to entertain visitors.

Presbytery adjourned, to meet again May 4, 1908, at the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, Cal., at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

THE CHURCH AND PEACE OF THE WORLD.

We recently read an article in one of our religious papers entitled "What Can the Church Do for World-Peace?"

The article was very ably written and presented quite a number of reasons why the church should take an interest in the matter and the obligations resting upon it to do so.

The history of the world establishes the fact that no lasting peace can ever be attained where it is based upon fear, convenience or expediency. All statesmen recognize that peace is preferable to war, nevertheless few statesmen will stand forth and exemplify by his public acts the principles laid down by the Golden Rule.

Until Christ shall reign the whole world over peace will not prevail. No number of peace conferences and congresses will secure peace. Only when the Prince of Peace reigns will that end be obtained. Such being the case it certainly behooves the church to redouble its efforts and "preach Christ and him crucified" until he shall reign secure. Peace, contentment and happiness can never be secured in any other way.

Every once and awhile some one starts out with a new plan or science, whereby all things desirable to the human mind may be obtained; but all such efforts have been utter failures and always will, for it never was intended that man should provide a way of perfect peace. Race prejudice, race interests and national conditions will always step in and demolish all plans which may be instituted to secure peace among the nations, and spears will not "be beaten into pruning hooks" nor "swords into ploughshares" until all mankind recognizes and fully accepts that fundamental truth—the universal brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God, and that "He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

LOCAL OPTION.

Indiana and Illinois are two states closely allied in business and social interests and agree quite well in most matters; but on the question of temperance the politicians in these states differ radically. In Illinois the personal liberty question appears to have so blinded their eyes that they are desirous of passing some sort of a law that protects and increases anybody's and everybody's personal liberty, while over in Indiana the Republicans have endorsed county option and the Democrats have endorsed ward and township option—and the coming political campaign bids fair of being similar to the one recently carried on across the river in Kentucky, where each party vied with each other in proclaiming the virtues of temperance.

"Personal liberty" are great words to conjure with; but the day is fast passing when you can fool "all the people all the time." This is an important year from a political standpoint, and Christian people should see to it that they themselves are not led astray by false issues. The liquor power, with all its attendant evils, will cease to control in any manner this fair land of ours whenever so-called Christian people become thoroughly Christian in very deed, and not till then.

A VETERAN GONE HOME.

The United Free Church of Scotland has lost one of its most active members. John Cambpell White, known as Lord Overtoun, died recently. He left a number of large legacies, among which was $50,000 to the Bible Training Institute. The Foreign Mission Board, the Sustentation fund of the United Free Church and the Livingstonia Mission each received $25,000. The Home Missions received $10,000, and the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund received $5,000.

For the last thirty-sevent years he has conducted a Sabbath-school class for young people, which numbered 500 members. He was a man of strong convictions, and his going home is a loss to the church he so much loved.

Among the Churches.

OREGON.

W. S. Holt.

Portland First Church.

The First Church, Portland, is making extensive plans for improvement. The Sabbath-school has outgrown its quarters and must have more room. Accordingly a committee has been appointed to see what can be done to meet the changed conditions. It is probable that the manse will be moved from its present location, alongside the church, the end of the church pushed out to cover the ground, or a new building erected. That will enlarge both the audience-room and also the Sabbath-school room. A special feature of the school is what is known as Mrs. Warren's class. It numbers about three hundred women. It does all sorts of good things, and needs special room for its requirements. Then other facilities also are needed.

Westminster.

Westminster Church is also in need of more room for its school, and it has been determined t o build. At least $2,500 will be expended on this project. At Eastert the school offered more than $90 for foreign missions, and it will be made $100 before the pastor will be content. Mr. Samuel Lockwood, an elder, has been elected superintendent of the school. He is a fine executive officer, and will make things move along. The church has adopted the Budget plan for its benevolences, and will try to raise $1,600 next year. There is great hope that the church will have its own foreign missionary. It is paying enough now to support a home missionary and proposes to increase that side of its work along with the rest.

Woman's Board.

The Woman's Board has set before the Young People of its territory the task of securing $3,000 this year to erect a house for one of the professors at aHngchow, College. This is the direct result of the visit of Rev Frank W. Bible, and a talk he gave before the executive committee of the Board atfer the annual meeting

Home Mission Committee.

The Home Mission Committee of the Presbytery of Portland has made its first report under the plan of self-support. Financially, $3,343.42 has been raised since October 1st. Of this amount more than $1,600 will go directly to the Board in New York, as promised, and the most of that amount has gone forward already. The outlook for the work of Home Missions this year is favorable. Under the careful oversight of the committee everything possible will be done to push the work throughout the bounds, and the larger interests will not be forgotten.

Presbytery.

The Presbytery took another step at its spring meeting held in Astoria. It united the comimttees on Sabbath-school Work and Church Erection with Home Missions, enlarging the Home Mission Committee to nine ministers and nine elders, all of whom were chosen from self-supporting churches. Then the Presbytery instructed the Home Mission Committee to elect two sub-committees to have the special care of the Sunday-school work and the church erection interests, determined that neither of them should suffer by the change. It was also admitted that the move has in mind the self-support of the Sunday-school work within the bounds of the Presbytery. Revs. J. V. Milligan and A. J. Montgomery were elected to the assembly, with Elders John Bain and Prof. Ewing of the Portland Academy.

WASHINGTON.

The Presbytery of Bellingham, has lost since the beginning of the present year. Two of its ministers, Rev. G. H. Haystead who has been called home from labor, and the Rev. Dr. Sample, who had for some time been honorably retired. Dr. Sample for many years labored in the South, and did much service for the Master in Arkansas, Texas and Louisana, and had many friends in that section. After spending the greater part of his ministry in that portion of the country, he came West and thence to the Northwest, and the writer bears testimony to his faithfuness in Christian work and his great desire to see the Kingdom of God prosper. He was a good friend, loving father and kind pastor, and has entered into that rest prepared from the beginning for all those who sincerely love our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Hoquiam.—The First Presbyterian Church of this place has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. The church is prospering under its present pastor,

Rev. James A. Laurie, Jr.

Seattle.—The First Church of Seattle has an excellent report for the year ending March 31, 1908. The membership is 3180, there being a net gain during the year of 580. The average attendance Prayer Meeting being 300. This church maintains fourteen Sunday Schools, eleven of which are branches and three at the main church.

They stick strictly to the old ways and landmarks. The Westminister Catechism being regularly taught. They have three men's organizations with a combined membership of 500, and four women's organizations totaling 1100, while four Christian Endeavor societies have a membership of 350. There was added during the year 525 on examination. The benevolent offerings are well up, as follows. Home Missions $7,150; Foreign Missions, $2,850; Education, $250; Sabbath School Work, $650; Church Erection, $1250; Relief Board, $275; Freedmen, $125; Colleges, $535; Temperance Work, $96. The Sabbath School numbers 2054, having had a net increase during the year of 431. There are eight societies for young people totaling a membership of 785, the best of it all being that seventy-five per cent of the young peole are church members.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco and the Bay cities are busy making preparations for the entertainment of the fleet, and Special services have been planned by the churches. The Salvation Army have built a Gospel Ship, constructed like a battleship. The dedication of the ship was a notable event. The Protestant ministers of the city have been invited to preach on certain nights in this ship during the time the fleet remains in port.

Rev. J. S. Thomas has returned from the East where he has been looking after the funds for rebuilding purposes. Rev. W. K. Guthrie has also returned.

Rev. Wm. Rader has been installed as pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, and has taken up the regular work of that pastorate.

Rev. E. E. Baker, D. D., pastor of the 1st Church, Oakland, is still in the East.

The new Welsh Church which was burned, was reopened April 5th. The pastor, Rev. J. Rhys Evans. conducted the afternoon services, while the Rev. Daniels conducted the evening. The Welsh choir furnished the music. Only the basement is ready for use, but the auditorium will be completed as soon as possible.

Brooklyn Church, East Oakland, Cal., has recently organized a Brotherhood.

The Centennial Church, Oakland, Rev. O. E. Hart. D. D., pastor is in a very prosperous condition, while Grace Church, Berkeley also reports a flourishing condition.

Our old friend, Dr. James S. McDonald, is still busy building churches, and at Corte Madera, where he is located, much interest is being taken in church work.

Stirling City.

The Church has been thoroughly organized and for the first time in its history has a Session and Board of Trustees, besides an energetic Ladies' Aid Society, a live Christian Endeavor and a growing Sabbath School. In fact the entire Church has taken on new life since the coming of Rev. William D. Kidd, six months ago. The congregations usually fill the building and on Easter Sunday many were unable to find seats; on April 26th, "Oddfellows Day," the local Lodges of I. O. O. F., and Rebekahs attended the evening Service in a body, and although provision had been made for a large crowd yet many were unable to obtain enterance to the Church; the Pastor preached a special sermon on "Brotherhood" which was much appreciated.

Oakland Union Street.

Easter was a red-letter day in Union Street Church. The services in all departments were marked not only by the transient increase of interest always incident to the day, but by a quickening to new life and activity that marked a permanent advance. Pastor and people felt that something had been added to the things that shall endure.

The morning service was the climax of six months' faithful ministry of the pastor, Rev. Joseph Newton Boyd. Eleven babies were enrolled in the Lord's infantry by baptism, and 14 new members were received into the fellowship of the church; making 28 accessions since the first day of March—15 by profession and 13 by letter. The pastor told the beautiful Easter story with all the effectiveness that marks a simple narative from a full heart. Special music, morning and evening, by an augmented choir, added its inspiration to the services.

Recently, the Bible school conducted a campaign in the form of a camping trip to secure an attendance of 200 at the Sunday sessions. Early in March they reached the goal and the tent was pitched on the top of the mountain. At the chidren's social that celebrated the event, the goal was moved ahead to 250 and Easter Sunday saw the largest attendance in more than a year, 226.

Tuesday evening, the Bibe School had its annual Easter entertainment.

This church has been honored by the choice of one of its elders, Mr. H. H. Gribben, as moderator of the Oakland Presbytery.

AROUND THE WORLD.

The news from the far East is, that on April 23d, 3000 Kurds of the Shakkak tribe pillaged a number of villages near Unumiah. Some 600 Soavvans and a few Cossacks were sent to the disturbed district but owing to the lack of money it was impossible to do more. The population of the Armenian provinces, which border on Russia are fleeing to Russian territory for protection.

Tuskeegee Institute had an enrollment for the year 1907-8 of 1,581. The current annual expenses are about $200,000. About half of this comes from endowment and other stated sources, leaving about $100,000 for Booker T. Washington to raise by personal solicitation, lectures, etc.

The election a few weeks ago in Illinois resulted in making thirty-five counties wholly anti-saloon territory, twenty all but one township, and nine all but two. In the 1,200 townships that voted the net majority against the saloons was about 65,000. The liquor forces, while minimizing the result, admit that they were caught off their guard, and will organize for stronger resistance. Their purpose is to repeal the local option law and the Sunday-closing law as it applies to larger cities.

MOUNT HERMON.



MOUNT HERMON:--Every stream and tree and flower with rest and recreation and fellowship--The cottage homes and Summer Assemblies and the touch of heart to heart--All the energies developed there and the enterprises born or fostered there--All to the Joy of Life and glory of God.

If you wish the ground fact, the inspiration and the purpose of Mount Hermon, the above statement gives it in a nutshell. In other language, it is a place of summer resort, socially and morally clean, where there is opportunity to hear the great specialists in Biblical and Humanitarian work, and where Christian people of all denominations may meet in the freest and happiest companionship.

The two volumes which God has given to men to search and enjoy are the volume of NATURE and the volume of REVELATION. These are both open books at Mount Hermon, written in large, clear type. The search for a home for the Association in Nature's best was long and exhaustive, resulting in the choice of the present property with its charm and inspiration. What more could any place afford than is to be had at Mount Hermon? The best in REVELATION and the best in NATURE, with the best in CHRISTIAN COMPANIONSHIP.

The larger purposes of the Association are stated in the following extract from the articles of incorporation. It is not yet two years since the Association began its active work under these corporate powers, and only within the past eight months has it entered the wider field of work, as shown in the general report of things done, given here on the two following pages.



PURPOSES.

"To maintain and control Summer Assemblies for Biblical, Missionary, Evangelistic and Educational purposes, with grounds for Public, Domestic and Recreational uses; to organize, promote and control Missionary and Evangelistic Enterprises; to receive in trust or for the uses of the Corporation estates, buildings, chattels, moneys, bonds, stocks and other properties."

MOUNT HERMON is located seven miles inland from Santa Cruz, on the Southern Pacific railroad. From May until October special rates are in force to Mount Hermon from all points.

During April and May special "week-end" rates are made at the Zayante Inn, and also by the railroads.

Sunday is observed as a day of rest and Christian fellowship. Arriva or departure by train is against the rules of the Association.



The Zayante Inn.

Mount Hermon Association

Department of Christian Work.

IN September of last year the DEPARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN WORK issued a printed statement concerning the main lines of the work then in progress. In this statement it was said: "The success of the past Summer Assemblies greatly increased both the opportunities and the responsibilities of the Association. This increase has come by natural growth out of past conditions and activities." This was a foreword introducing the work of the autumn season.

On Monday, March 23rd, at the close of the fall and winter activities, the BOARD OF DIRECTORS met to hear a report from the DEPARTMENT on the achievements of the year, and to make financial and other provision for the continuance of the work. The following statements give the substance of this report:

I. UNION LABOR. Early in the season a "Platform" entitled "The Meeting Place of Labor and Religion," was presented in an address before a Club of Working Men. This led to a series of conferences on matters of mutual interest between clergymen, Protestant and Catholic, and chosen representatives of Union Labor. These conferences were of high value in giving to the clergymen an understanding of the **aims of labor** and in giving to the labor men an opportunity to present their need for moral backing in their struggle for the betterment of the working classes, and against irresponsible and socialistic elements in the ranks of Labor.

These Conferences were productive of mutual regard, confidence and plans of co-operation.

II. THE CLERGY. In the Conference of the Clergy and the representatives of Labor the Catholic and the leading Protestant denominations were represented and were in perfect accord. Underneath the divisions of the Church of Christ, as exemplified in these Conferences is the common yearning of Christian hearts for the emancipation of man. This was especially shown in regard to Temperance issues, both in the "Meeting of the Clergy" of March 9th, and in the Temperance Assembly one week later. Men, Catholic and Protestant alike, on the platform together, uttered one and the same demand for the destruction of the Saloon.

An honored Catholic priest of San Francisco said concerning the part he was asked to take in one of these meetings, "Our fathers would not have worked together in this, but a great change is coming over us all." With the **Spirit of Christ as the impelling motive, and humanity as the object of service,** Catholic and Protestant will increasingly discover their common brotherhood in a common service.

III. INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL EVANGELISM. During the past Summer Assemblies at Mount Hermon, Bishop Wm. M. Bell delivered a series of addresses on "World Movements of Our Times." He graciously gave the Association the privilege of arranging for him for a similar series of addresses in San Francisco. This was done in a two weeks' engagement in January last, conducted jointly by the Westminster Presbyterian and the Wesley Methodist churches, under the designation, "The Institute of Social Evangelism," in which Bishop Bell and other speakers and Bible teachers participated.

The Institute did not follow the conventional evangelistic method. It delivered a message without emphasizing a method. **It interpreted the Kingdom of God in terms of present social conditions, and sought to illumine the conscience to assert and enforce an active righteousness for the commonwealth of men. A SIN-CLEANSED, SPIRIT-FILLED, INVESTED MAN IS THE PURGING, REGENERATING POWER OF SOCIETY.** The worth of the Institute was such that tentative plans were at once laid to repeat it on a larger scale at an early date.

IV. TEMPERANCE ASSEMBLY. The most difficult task of the season was the preparation of the Temperance Assembly which met in San Francisco, March 16-19. This preparation began in November and was continued without cessation until the Assembly convened. The results justify the labor.

Judge Samuel R. Artman, the guest of honor, uttered and established the dictum that, **"What is morally wrong cannot be legally right."** Through arrangements made by the Association, Judge Artman spoke in fifteen other cities and towns, speaking twice each day to large audiences. This gave to him the opportunity to stamp indelibly his **dictum** on the conscience of Central California.



The Zayante Inn

The leading results of the Assembly are, this dictum uttered and established by Judge Artman, the co-operation of the Catholic and Protestant clergy in the work of the Assembly, the uniting of the Temperance forces with a better vision for the common cause, the declaration of the attitude of the American Labor movement on the liquor question. This was presented by two representative economists of the Labor world and made authoritative by being spoken from such a rostrum. The American Labor movement is, for humanity's sake, radically opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor. Finally, as perhaps the most gratifying result of the Assembly, was the discovery that more than one-half of the newspapers of Central California do and will stand for strong temperance measures.

On Wednesday night of the Assembly, Catholic and Protestant, clergy and laity, preacher and labor-unionist, on the same public platform, emphatically and confidently demanded the abolishment of the liquor saloon.

One of the two main functions of the Mount Hermon Association is the uniting of moral and religious forces in concert of action on the greater moral issues. As far as the credit of this Temperance Assembly is due to the Association, this Wednesday night meeting proves the worth and mission of a qualified inter-church agency.

V. BIBLE LEAGUE. The Mount Hermon Association was originated to render two important services, viz: To promote the interpretation, study and distribution of the Word of God; and, to unite Christian forces in doing chosen service for the greater public good.

On January 27th, 1908, the Board of Directors, by action taken, constituted the Mount Hermon Bible League, and committed the new Department to the direction of five members of the Board. The Board, also, authorized the formation of a Council, to be composed of specialists in Bible work, to advise and co-operate with the Bible League.

The foreview of the League's work includes two subjects:

First: To hold an **"Institute of Social Evangelism,"** as now proposed, beginning in October next and continuing for four or six weeks.

Second: To prepare and offer a program of **Bible Study** for the use of churches generally.

It is the purpose of the **Bible League**, with the advice and co-operation of the **Council**, to promote these and other expedient measures for the instruction and inspiration of Christian people, and to promote measures of general evangelism.

VI. CALIFORNIA INDIANS. At the second Zayante Indian Conference at Mount Hermon twenty Indians were brought in from their rancherios, for the inspiration of the men themselves and for the value of their counsel. They expressed the five great "Wants" of the Indian people, viz: "We want: Lands for homes, Protection from the liquor traffic, Education, Field physicians, Legal protection."

This conference was the beginning of a movement for the Indians of California which is becoming a State issue. The Northern California Indian Association realizing that the Indian Conference had brought upon it an unusual task with its corresponding opportunities, requested the aid of the Mount Hermon Association to get the attention of the white people of the State to their red brethren, and do them a real though tardy justice, to aid in awakening local churches and citizens to do their Indian neighbors Christian service, and if possible, to aid in securing an "Industrial School" as a central creative agency in solving the Indian problem. The aid asked has thus far been given and will still be given as far as circumstances will allow, for the immediate future gives promise of bringing forth a new history in the Indian interests of this State.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Mount Hermon Association.

A. L. Taylor, President, Trestle Glen, East Oakland.

Wm. G. Alexander, 1st Vice-President, 22 N. 3rd St., San Jose.

C. E. Harrell, 2nd Vice-President, Santa Cruz.

Wm. H. Bouick, Secretary, Mount Hermon (Felton).

Geo. A. Kennedy, Treasurer, 22 E. Santa Clara St., San Jose.

Rev. Hugh W. Gilchrist, General Manager, 540 N. 3rd St., San Jose.

Charles Adams, 34 Kearny St., San Francisco.

Rev. A. C. Bane, D.D. (Elect), I and 9th Aves., San Francisco.

Dr. C. K. Fleming, 471 E. Santa Clara St., San Jose.

Rev. J. Wilmer Gresham, 81 N. 2nd St., San Jose.

Rev. Richard Franklin Hart, Santa Clara.

C. W. Janes, 259 S. 11th St., San Jose.

A. S. Johnson, 2183 Fillmore St., San Francisco.

W. V. Lucas, Santa Cruz.

Donald Mackenzie, Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco.

Rev. H. K. Sanborne, 1426 10th Ave., East Oakland.

Rev. Geo. W. White, D.D., First M. E. Church, Oakland.



T HERMON Mount Hermon Station

ANNOUNCEMENT.
For 1908.

SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

July and August.

Bible Institute, July 1-12.

Week of Sacred Song, July 12-19.

Young People's Assembly, July 12-19.

Institute of Social Evangelism, July 19-26.

Sunday-school Institute, July 29-Aug. 5.

Federate School of Missions, Aug. 2-9.

Zayante Indian Conference, Aug. 2-9.

APRIL, MAY, JUNE.
Flower Months at Mount Hermon.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER
Sweet Months of Beauty and Quiet.

SOCIAL LIFE AT MOUNT HERMON.

Whether in tent, or cottage, or hotel, or serving for the comfort of others, there is just one "class" and one social spirit at Mount Hermon.

The real social aristocrats are not marked by the money they have or the clothes they wear, but by the sunshine of their living. The door to this aristocracy is open to everyone at Mount Hermon.

There is fun, plenty of it, and larks and good times generally. Last year a large number of students from the State University and Stanford and from other schools waited on tables, served about the hotels and grounds and were handy people in general. They set the stamp of young American royalty on intelligent and gracious service and belonged to the "Four Hundred," too.

"What is it that puts Mount Hermon in a class by itself among summer resorts?" It is the best self of everybody to the fore all the time; it is the energy of a mutual good-will; it is kindliness in the atmosphere; it is sincerity and happiness abounding.

IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS

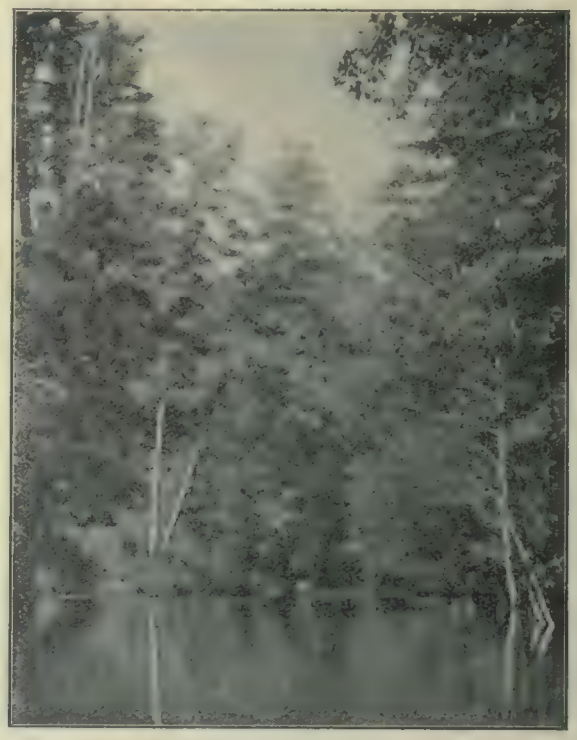
MOUNT HERMON is in the hills where Nature has lavished her beauty and her bounty. The 400 acres of the Park have great variety in highland and valley of finest scenery with forest and fern and flower. There are two large streams, the Zayante and the Bean Creek. There are four great springs rising within the Park, high up in the hills, which yield 1,000,000 gallons of purest water each twenty-four hours, and here are mineral springs of rare quality. There are picturesque roads and walks. The "Sequoia Trail" runs from the Zayante Inn along the canyon of the Bean Creek, for more than a half mile through groves of Redwoods and wild, sequestered glens.

Mount Hermon is the place for hotel, cottage and camp life; a place to rest in, to breathe and rejoice in; a place for children in the safety of Christian surroundings; a place for mothers and fathers coming out of the throng of the busy life.

During the Mid-Summer the Assemblies are rich in Biblical, Missionary and Humanitarian interest. A great program is preparing for the seven events of the coming Summer.



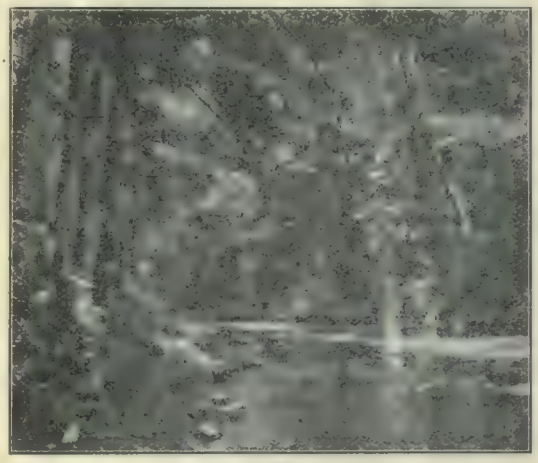
A Natural Bridge



A Quiet Retreat

Mount Hermon is the place for your Summer home. Near 400 lots have now been sold; more than 500 are yet to sell, averaging in price $184.00 each. Two new Subdivisions containing 201 lots of the best of the property, are now ready for the Spring and Summer sales.

Come to Mt. Hermon! It will do you good.



The Zayante

INFORMATION.

For information about Hotel and camping rates, price-lists of property, excursions, Spring and Summer interests, address the secretary of the Association, Wm. H. Bouick, Mt. Hermon (Felton),

Or, R. R. Patterson, 2164 Oxford St., Berkeley, special representative of real estate and Spring excursions for the Ba Cities.



At the White Sulphur Spring, Bean Creek.

THE SACRAMENTS OF WORK AND PLAY.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for May 10: Being a Christian in Our Work and in Our Play.)

Albert W. Palmer.

The topic assumes that a Christian will work. It ought to be easy to be a Christian in our work because, in working, our lives are running parallel to God's life: "My Father worketh even until now," says Jesus. How wonderfully modern evolutionary science emphasizes those words! God is not far away, watching the machinery go round. He is in the machine, guiding it, regulating it, developing it. At the heart of the universe there is a Great Workman! We are fellow-workers with God!

Possibly this tells us why it is that, when men's lives are clouded with sorrow and grief or baffled with doubts, and they blindly turn to bury themselves in their work, there comes to them healing, comfort, and, at last, a new and deeper joy. May it not be that, after all, work is a sacrament through which we enter into a fellowship too deep for words with that God who "worketh even until now?"

Then how sacred work becomes. It is not a drudgery, but a sacrament; not an inescapable slavery, but a wonderful companionship. And if work is a sacrament, how honestly we must do it, how joyfully undertake it, how carefully guard that in our work we do nothing to harm any other child of the Heavenly Father.

The topic also assumes that a Christian will play. Work and play belong together. The higher the intelligence in the animal world the greater the playfulness. An angle-worm does not play, but did you ever see anything more filled with unconscious joy than a kitten or a puppy or a colt at play? Yes, one thing—the play of the man-child with its ringing laughter. Is it not significant that the forms of creation which have the greatest power and intelligence to work have also the greatest capacity for play?

A learned German professor contends in his book, "The Play of the Animals," that play is not a mere amusement, but is the child's form of work. Indeed it is a tremendously serious preparation for the real work of after life—witness the way children and young animals play to the very point of exhaustion. Now, if it is true that the higher the intelligence the greater the capacity for play, and if play, instead of being a mere release of surplus energy is a real preparation for the tasks of life, then play is akin to work and shares in its sacramental character.

Then play as well as work is sacred! What games shall a Christian play? Play any game that is honest, that does no harm to your playfellow, that leaves you refreshed and better prepared for the real work of life. I do not like to draw a line between different amusements and say "this amusement is allowable," but that one is 'taboo.'" I would prefer to say. All play is sacred. Enter into no amusement in the midst of which or immediately after which, should the occasion properly demand it, you could not "speak a good word for Jesus Christ."

A GLORIOUS BATTLE.

The laboring men are lining up. They find that the one enemy to be dreaded is strong drink. In the Christian Guardian of a few issues ago this paragraph appeared: "One of the most encouraging signs of the times, to temperance men, is the very pronounced stand that is being taken by labor organizations, both in Great Britian and in this country. A very interesting item in this connection comes recently from Montreal. At a recent meeting of the Trades and Labor Council, a letter was read from Mr. Mee, president of the Montreal Bartenders' Association, asking permission for the members of that association to take part in the Labor Day parade. The request was quietly refused. The excuse given was that the admission of the bar-tenders to the Labor Day parade would have damaged the cause of labor; and the fear was expressed that the liquor trade would probably have tried in the end to secure control of the whole labor organization, and use it to further its own interests. This the labor party realizes would be suicidal. Labor and liquor are enemies, and can never be friends." What is true in this respect in Canada is doubly true in this country. Labor and liquor will not mix. Sloth, idleness, vice, degeneracy, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, wrath, strife, sedition, heresies, envyings, murder, thuggery, and unspeakable uncleanness belong to the liquor business, but labor, clean, joyous, lovable, peaceful, gentle, patient, labor, the priceless blessing of this world, can never mix with liquor.— California Christian Advocate.

THE HOME

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR.

The old doctor had broken down—fallen with the harness on.

It had been an exceedingly severe winter followed by a late, trying spring.

There had been an unusual amount of sickness, both in the village and in the outlying country. Diphtheria had raged for weeks in Johnny-Cake-Hollow, and the three miles of swamp road necessary to traverse to reach the Hollow had, as old Norris said: "Bin just perfectly audacious."

Like another One, the doctor had spared not himself. Rheumatism had reached his heart. He had finished his course. "Time and toil his iron strength had spent," and he went up to his chamber to die.

The community were startled, quite shocked—"The doctor sick?" It was almost inconsistent. "Liable never to be out again?" Why, they could not spare him; he was a fixture in their lives.

"This undecorated soldier of a hard, unequal strife,
Had fought such stubborn battles with the foes that sought their life;
And when many pined in sickness he had stood so strongly by,
That half the people felt a notion that the doctor couldn't die."

For weeks the doctor kept what his wife in the privacy of the family councils indulgently called "open house." His daughter pronounced it "a continuous reception." His little grandson said, "Grandpa is holding an open clinic; it comes natural to him." But the doctor smiled and said, "My patients are simply bringing back my calls."

His mind was as clear as a bell; his intellect was as keen as a razor; his wit flashed and scintillated like steel burning in oxygen, and his heart was as juicy as a ripe winter apple.

Many of his visitors did not know each other, would not have spoken to each other on the streets. But the rich and the poor, the saint and the sinner, each for reasons of his own, came, and he knew them all alike.

To many he gave some little word, or nod, or token

which they alone understood, and would be the better for the remembering. All wanted to do something; some did things the reason for which only they and the doctor understood.

One morning an elaborately contrived and magnficently upholstered invalid chair appeared in his room; an attached card bore this inscription: "Presented by members of the Common Council in token of the years of service given to the Public Welfare."

Late one dangerously stormy evening there appeared at the doctor's kitchen door a strange, mysterious character. A silent, morose, some said villainous, man, who lived alone in a little hut behind the swamps, and sustained a precarious existence, ostensibly by his dogs, his traps and his gun. He laid a large fat squirrel, with a bulet-hole through its head, upon the kitchen table. "For him," he laconically said, jerking his thumb toward the chamber.

The man was soaked in mud and water to his hips. Some one remarked that it was an awful night to be out. The man gruffly replied, "No worse than the night when—" then he suddenly checked himself, glanced apprehensively around, and immediately disappeared in the storm.

There are deeds which are so much a part of the soul that they are understood only by three, of whom God is one.

One bright morning, just as spring was blushing into summer, a cheaply clad child bashfully stood in his doorway bearing in her hand a bunch of fresh wild violets. She was one of the children of Johnny-Cake-Hollow, who had come through the diphtheria in the winter.

The old man brightened, smiled at the child, while he held out his hand with an eager gesture for the violets. He buried his face in their dewy blooms and inhaled a deep inspiration of their woodsy aroma.

He closed his eyes; saw the flower-spangled dark mold, the swaying whispering branches, the blue sky and fleecy clouds beyond; he heard the dashing of brooks, the barking of squirrels, the song of birds. "He breathed again his native air."

He laid a hand, grown so thin, upon the child's tangled curls, drew the little form to his side, pressed his lips upon her upturned face; still grasping the flowers in the other hand, he whispered, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and as the weary head sank back upon the pillow, a moisture crept from beneath his lids.

All that day a little bunch of wood violets, tied with a bit of wool twine, had a place upon his table by the side of the vase of exotics from Mrs. Judge Elliott's conservatory.

There was loose in the community a character—a human gimlet—whose sole purpose and chief end of being appeared to be (by the favor of some special revelation) not to glorify God, but to disseminate a peculiar doctrine; to the accomplishment of which, with obtrusive activity, he was instant in season and out of season in the distribution of tracts.

A time of sickness he esteemed as his especially provided providential opportunity. Unannounced he thrust himself into the doctor's presence, triumph gleamed in his eye, persuasion oiled his tongue.

"May I leave some tracts?" "Certainly," replied the doctor. "Please leave them with the heels toward my bed."

One day Solomon chanced to be tied within range of the doctor's window. Horse and master had broken down together. The doctor espied him, the sash was raised, and the doctor called. Instantly Solomon's head went up, a flash of the old fire came into his eyes, his ears twitched, he whinnied, and expectantly raised one foreward foot.

One night two young men, whom the doctor had known from their birth, were "sitting up" with him as "watchers." For some hours the old man had lain with his eyes closed, silent and motionless, and the watchers thought him unobservant. As the hours dragged slowly by, the young men, becoming sleeply, looked about for something with which to occupy themselves. They found an old Psalm-book, one with "buckwheat notes." Neither of them possessed the slightest musical ability, but, retiring to an adjoining room, they made some noises which they called singing. The exasperating concert had gone on for quite a while, when, with the suddenness of an explosion, came the clear call, "Boys, come here!" The two affrighted young men came trembling to his bedside. "Sit down, boys, I wish to talk with you. You are good boys, and I like you. If you feel yourselves called to hold a religious meeting, it's all right, but I beg to offer a suggestion. Sibe, you do the preaching. I believe you could preach a tolerably edifying sermon, and Joe, you do the praying. If you can get well warmed up, I have faith you would make a moving prayer. But, boys, for heaven's sake, let the congregation do the singing."

A new minister had come into the community. He was a clergyman by profession. He had gone through the theological schools. He had studied the dead languages. He was well read in books. He could define the theory of religion. He had a conception of duty. He called upon the doctor. He approached the sick man, and in a voice resonant with ministerial consciousness, said, "My dear sir, I trust you have made your peace with God?"

The old doctor transfixed the clergyman with his deep eyes, and in a clear, level voice, replied, "I was not aware that my Father and I had quarreled."

The next day Elder Eddy came in. The old circuit-rider had been through the schools of life. He had studied throbbing hearts. He was well read in living men. He knew something about practical religion. He and the doctor had had many a battle in words, but their hands always met in warm grasp. They had "farben" together.

There was none of the odor of the sanctuary about him as he came up and stood by the bed, but there was genuine heartiness in his hand-grasp; and his voice had in it the ring of sympathy as he said: "I'm just deep sorry to see you laid off like this; it don't seem natural," and pressing the hand held with both of his, he added, "I tell you, old friend, it will be lonesome without you."

"Sit down," said the doctor, indicating a chair by the bedside; "I wish to talk with you." Then, without a word of sentiment, but straight as an arrow to its mark, the doctor talked.

"Elder, I have only a few days to live. I want you to conduct my funeral services; I want you to preach to the living and let the dead alone, because (a faint smile shining in his face) I shall not be able to answer back. I do not wish—" The elder broke in—his voice was a little husky—"See here! you stop! I admit you have downed me in many an argument, but I know you; and as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, in this matter I shall not be bound."

"Mary," and the doctor's eyes rested lovingly on his wife's face, "when I am gone I do not wish you and the girls to wear crape and put on heavy mourning clothes. And now, elder, before we part, let us talk with our Father about it, and will you ask Him to give me a good home-coming?"

There are prayers, beautiful addresses from the intellect unto the Infinite, impressively pronounced upon state occasions, or delivered before great assemblies, the sublimity of whose polished rhetoric and the majestic sweep of whose stately sentences lose none of their classic beauty when set in cold type.

The elder knelt by the bedside. With one hand he grasped the hand of his friend; with the other he seemed to be feeling after God. He found Him; took hold on Him; talked with Him as if he knew Him, believed in Him and trusted Him; and the place was Bethel.

The next day the doctor talked little. Some natures are like the ancient river Elis, which flowed far underground; their deepest and sweetest, thoughts do not flash into spoken words.

Toward evening, as the sunset hour was coming on, the doctor insisted on being helped into his arm-chair before the open westward window.

He looked lingeringly over across the valley. He gazed along the radiant pathway of light through the golden gate of the setting sun. He gazed steadfastly as if, like Stephen, he saw heaven opening and the glory of God.

His attendant helping him to lie down observed that he leaned heavily.

He carefully stretched himself upon his bed, deliberately folded his arms, closed his eyes, and said, "Shade the light and leave me alone; I shall sleep now."

The old doctor slept, and when the attendant came in later, there was upon his face the look of one who has found God.—Henry C. Brainerd.

NEW YORK AROUSED.

Under the foregoing caption the Boston Transcript tells of an unusually active religious movement which is stirring the great city, saying that socialists and lay organizations are making people think and act. We quote:

"The inhabitant of New York whose memory runs back a quarter of a century cannot remember when the metropolis was so stirred with religious discussion and in numerous instances with actual work as it is at present. The exctement is not due, as it was in some previous seasons, to the propaganda of outsiders. Neither have evangelists resident in New York carried on any meetings. Therein again is found a new feature of the present situation, making it different from conditions of previous years. Still another curious phase is the one that present excitement is chiefly among men, and is not, as heretofore, confined in large measure to the women.

Socialists are responsible in part for the unusual order of things. The recent Union Square bomb-throwing was only an incident of a heated public sentiment. The Church of the Ascension, in lower Fifth avenue, once one of the fashionable Episcopal churches of the city and still retaining much of its old-time character, has a Socialist as a licensed lay reader. That is, he is a layman who is authorized by the bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New York to take part in the public services and to make addresses. This latter right he is exercising, for he makes the addresses at all of the Sunday evening services.

On these Sunday evenings, following the public service with the address, there is held a meeting in the chapel. Here gather Jews, Roman Catholics, foreigners of many races, practically all of them Socialists. Crowds attend and the discussions are heated. Christianity gets short shrift, its failures from Christ's time down to the present being aired in detail, with little or on most occasions no mention of anything creditable it has achieved during all that period. The lie is not infrequently passed, and on a recent Sunday night it was thrown into the teeth of a woman speaker.

"The plea of the rector of Ascension Church is that he desires the church to be of real service to humanity. He is of the opinion that far too generally the churches are practically clubs, and not always religious ones, out of sympathy with people who labor and think, and sometimes stooping to whitewash the outrageous conduct of those who maintain them. He desires the people, even Socialists, to give vent to their ideas, and for the purpose he places his church at their disposal.

Socialists are not, however, stirring up all of the religious zeal of the metropolis. In four sections of the city organizations of laymen exist, formed to see what they can do to help make conditions better. These organizations are Orthodox Protestant, and men of almost all denominational names mingle freely. Not much has been accomplished this year beyond organization, but definite plans are making for next fall and winter. There is no hostile feeling toward the minist*ers, save in one or two quarters, and these small, but men who have not been ordained and who do not expect ever to be ordained as ministers are leading. In one religious body workers to the number of five hundred, all of them men, are planning to meet in May to consider what they shall do in the year beginning next fall and to confer with their spiritual leaders as to the manner in which their work may be done.

"Finally, with two more noonday services this Lent than on any previous year, the attendance at all of them is far beyond what it has ever before been. Some say it is the hard times, and financially apply the ditty: 'The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,' to the present situation. In any event the condition extends to the entire polyglot population of New York, for in one East Side Protestant Church eighty Italian men were received into membership recently on a single evening. Not all Italians therefore are identified with the Black Hand. New York has not in years seen a season like this one."

Young People

TWO KINDS OF BOYS.

There is an old saying that "Boys will be boys." Yes, and so they should be—live, wide-awake, happy, wrestling, jumping, stealing, quarreling, snarling, scolding, fighting boys, or boys who disobey father or mother, or ill-treat and abuse their own or any other boy's sister.

The first kind of boys while at school study when it is time to study, play and have a good time when it is time to play, and are light-hearted, cheerful and happy.

The second kind play "hookey," fail in examination, quarrel and get into trouble on the playground, and feel mean and bad all over and generally.

The first kind succeed in finding something to do at fair pay, stick to their job until a better one is found, do their work so well as to please their employer, and manage to save a little each week "for a rainy day."

The second kind can't find a job, or if they do t hey can't hold it because they shirk, are careless, too slow, and go at their work in such a tired, half-hearted, sickly way as to disgust the employer and make him hate to have them around.

The first class do not smoke or chew tobacco, never go into a saloon, attend Sunday-school and church, attend the Y. M. C. A., read good papers and good books, especially the Bible, and never loiter on the streets or stay out late of nights.

The second class think it smart to smoke and chew tobacco, to loiter around on the street, to brag about drinking beer, delight in dog fights, boy fights, and cuss words, because they think it is manly to do so, refuse to go to church and Sunday-school, because they prefer to loiter, play cards, and go fishing on Sunday read yellow, filthy novels, and never read the Bible.

The first class gradually rise by dint of their industry and good behavior until they become noble, industrious men, pillars in the church, and get good, happy homes of their own. They succeed in life, because God always helps the bovs and men who help themselves.

The second class grow into idle, drunken loafers, confirmed smokers and chewers of tobacco, thieves, liars, burglars, murderers, ragged tramps, and often turn up in the police court, the workhouse, the jail, and the penitentiary.

This is the way it turns out, as a rule, with these two classes of boys (and there are but the two classes, good and bad), whether they are black boys or white boys, whether they are English, Irish, Scotch, German, Italian, Greek, African, or American boys.

Now, boys, to which of these classes do you belong? Of course you are boys; you can't help that. But you can help being bad boys if you will. With God's help and a firm, noble purpose, you can be upright, happy boys and grow into industrious, useful men. Which will you be? What will you do?

If you have already fallen into one or more of these vile ways, quit your meanness at once; turn over a new leaf; resolve to be pure, clean boys in thought, and word, and act, and ask God to help you, and he will do it.

If you are inclined to be lazy and shirk work and study, scorn that worthless, good-for-nothing trait, and compel yourself to be active, industrious, and useful. You can do it if you will. Waste no time. Play when it is time to play; but when it is time to work, then work, and work hard. Remember that in this world nothing succeeds like hard work intelligently directed. Remember also that the lazy boy or man who will not work is of no more use to this world than is the flea of use to the dog on which it lives.—Religious Telescope.

THE LITTLE TUG AND THE OCEAN STEAMER

As I sit on the broad veranda overlooking the mighty ocean, a large steamship is coming up the channel, convoyed by a tug of such small dimensions, it seems almost ludicrous that a thing so small can be of any practical value to an object so immense. Yet the little tug forges bravely ahead, panting and puffing with her mighty exertions, yet speeding safely past all obstacles, while the steamer follows closely and calmly in her wake till she reaches the desired haven.

I find in this incident lessons of value for both young and old as they sail over life's broad ocean.

In the first place there is no child so young but he can do something toward making the world better, and hastening the coming of Christ's kingdom. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," is one of the most powerful Scriptural statements in support of this truth. "That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger," the convincing argument. Even the sweet, unconscious smile of an infant has more than once broken up the rocky foundations of a sinner's obdurate heart, and proved the entering wedge for a nobler life.

It is related that during the blockade of Cuba a Spanish soldier heard of the birth of his first child in a distant part of the country from where he was stationed, and inside the blockaded lines. Instantly he desired to go to his wife and child, but military law forbade. On explaining the situation, however, he was put on board a small boat and in special charge of an American officer, and safely conveyed whither he would go.

The narrator in describing the incident remarked, "That little babe did what the whole Spanish army could not do—silenced guns, raised the blockade, and made friends of two officers of opposing armies." "A little child shall lead them," says the prophet, and if the history of Christ's kingdom could be written as is the history of earthly kingdoms, it would doubtless be found that not a few had been led therein through the agency of a little chlid.

The wonderful banyan tree in Burmah, the oldest and largest growth in the whole world, was planted by a child. Therefore let not the children say, "I am too small to do any good." If the little tug had looked in dismay upon the great ship and exclaimed, "Oh, I can never pull that immense thing along," "it's of no use to try," the tug would never have found out what it could do if it tried, and had there been no other tug around of a more courageous disposition, the great vessel could never perhaps have reached port in safety. For outside the channel lurk many hidden dangers, and woe betide the ship that would venture to brave these without a skillful plot to guide it on its unknown way!

The writer once witnessed a sad spectacle in illustration of this truth. A large schooner lay in the offing. It was the only vessel in sight, for a heavy storm was threatening, and all the ships had scurried into port or put far out to sea. The schooner's signals were up for a pilot, and already the tug was on its way to answer the silent call. But the storm clouds and the rushing winds were swifter than the tug. Before she could reach the schooner, she shipped such heavy seas they threatened to swamp her, and in alarm for her own safety, she turned about and hurried back to port. The schooner being thus left to her fate with no knowledge of the deep, narrow channel, her helmsman tried in vain to steer her in a straight course for the harbor. She soon became unmanageable, and wholly at the mercy of wind and wave, she was driven on to a sand bar, where she lay pounding for hours and threatening any moment to go to pieces. But the brave surfmen were at hand, and rescued her crew, taking them off, one by one, in the breeches buoy, though it took five hours to get them all safely landed. Fortunately the

tide was coming in, and the ship was floated off the bar before she was wrecked, but she drifted along the beach, where she finally stranded and remained for several days with great injury to herself and cargo before she could be pulled off. It was a satisfaction to learn afterward that the owners of the schooner sued the tug company and recovered damages, because it seemed to us who were watching from the shore, that the tug did not half try to do what she might for the imperiled ship. She was, perhaps, like the timorous children who get easily frightened at the mention of any apparently great work to do, and declare, "It is of no use to try! I never can accomplish it."

But there is another lesson for the children taught by these tugs. What you do, do quickly. Had not the first tug mentioned gone bravely and swiftly about her business, she would have lost her opportunity and her consequent reward. Some other pilot boat would have got in ahead of her.

Had the second faithless tug started only a few moments earlier, she might have been in season to save the vessel from disaster and herself from the consequence of her ill behavior. "The king's business requireth haste." Let no good deed fail of its accomplishment because some child arrived "too late" to do the thing he meant to do.—Sarah L. Tenny.

SARATOGA MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT.

To Rent.

A pleasant six-room cottage, beautiful for situation; also a choice and safe horse, with commodious carriage, for gentle hands. Address Secretary-Treasurere Saratoga, Cal.

THE CATHARINE

1589 Sacramento Street.

MRS. KATE S. HART, PROPRIETOR.

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, homelike house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis street cars and transfer at Larkin. From Ferry take California street cars and get off at Larkin; walk one block north, or take Sacramento street cars if running.

OVERLAND LIMITED



Luxurious Fast Flying

Trains from the Pacific to the Lakes in 3 days

QUICKEST WAY TO ALL POINTS EAST.

Latest equipment. Vestibuled sleeping cars — electric lights in every berth. Parlor observation car — Library and cafe. Ladies' dressing room — Gentlemen's smoking room. Unexcelled dining service.

Across the High Sierra and Great Salt Lake Cut-off by daylight. Through Echo and Weber Canyons — past the Devil's Slide and the fertile fields of Nebraska and Illinois.

Southern Pacific

884 MARKET ST., 14 POWELL ST.

Union Pacific

42 POWELL STREET

TUTTLE SF

April and May Flower Months at MOUNT HERMON

Special Week-End Excursions

TO Mount Hermon and Return

Friday to Monday each week during May

REST PLEASURE BUSINESS

The Association desires by these excursions to accommodate LOT OWNERS, HOUSE BUILDERS, LOT BUYERS and all active friends of Mount Hermon.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Station, San Francisco,..... 8 a. m.
Connects at Pajaro and Santa Cruz, arriving at Mount Hermon.....12:35 p. m.
Train leaves First and Broadway Station, Oakland.....7:17 a. m.
Connects, by way of Vilas, with the train from San Francisco at San Jose .....9:15 a. m.

For reservations at the Zayante Inn, address
WM. H. BOUICK, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

Regular May-October Season tickets are on sale at all Southern Pacific stations on and after May first. An "Excursion Rate" is given at the Zayante Inn for these excursions.

If you are seeking a better investment than Bank Deposits or Loans, you will find it in some of the following Bonds and Stocks, which will pay you from 5 1-4 per cent net to 8 per cent.

BONDS [illegible] BONDS!!!
TURLOCK IRRIGATION BONDS
[illegible]ATER COMPANY BONDS
[illegible] SHORE R. R. BONDS
SANTA CRUZ PORTLAND CEMENT CO. BONDS

STOCKS! STOCKS!! STOCKS!!!
MONTEREY COAL CO.
PACIFIC SALT AND SODA, the most promising investment on the market.
HOAG RAPID PRESS
PACIFIC WIRELESS
and some other including promising mining stock.

Particulars obtained from
W. E. BARNARD,
17 Bacon Block, Oakland.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LLD., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

THE MONTEREY COAL CO.

invites you to visit their mines, and for yourself judge of the quantity and quality of coal.

They will pay the cost of your trip in stock.

Shares now $1.00, after April 29th, $1.25. Send for literature.

A. T. and A. H. NEEDHAM,
Agents of Monterey Coal Co.
2165 Shattuck Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

PACIFIC.
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Located at Berkeley
Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI BERKELEY, CAL., MAY 7, 1908 No. 19



At the Indian Conference at Riverside.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,

First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

THE OCCIDENT.

A Brief History Prepared by Rev. Theo. F. Burnham, M. A., Pastor Presbyterian Church, Vallejo, Cal.

No account of the development of the Presbyterian Church on the Pacific Coast would be complete without some mention of the efforts made to maintain a family religious newspaper.

The Occident was first issued January 4, 1868. The editor was Rev. James Eells, D.D., with Rev. E. B. Walsworth associate editor. Its subscription price at the start was four dollars in gold, half of that sum being its cost in after years. There were then only sixty-one Presbyterian ministers on the coast, about eight of whom now (1902) survive.

In 1867 the two Synods (old and new school) formed a joint committee to endeavor to start a family religious and Presbyterian newspaper. Some of the brethren had taken exception to the emphasis laid on Congregationalism in The Pacific, a religious paper published in San Francisco, then in its 17th year. The Bancroft Company agreed to print the paper whenever 400 subscribers were secured at the rate above named.

There was a deficit of $1,700 after the Occident had been issued fifteen months. On February 20, 1869, Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, D.D., took up the work laid down by Dr. Eells. He soon had 2,000 subscribers at the reduced rate of $2.50. One thousand dollars were given to the paper to sustain it, but when Dr. Woodbridge handed the Occident over to Rev. Clement E. Babb, D.D., there was a deficit of $1,800. The latter was sole editor from July 6, 1876, to May 1, 1878, when he took for his associates Revs. C. A. Poage, Wm. Alexander, D.D., and J. M. Allis. Rev. J. B. Poage was made office editor. In November, 1879, Messrs. Alexander and Allis retired.

On May 31, 1882, the Occident began to be edited impersonally and was published by C. A. Poage & Co.

January 7, 1885, F. E. Shearer became editor and publisher, with F. A. Horton, D.D., Robert Mackenzie, D.D., and S. P. Sprecher, D.D., as associate editors. On January 21st the name of A. J Lindsley, D.D., was added to those of the associate editors.

On October 27, 1886. Dr. Mackenzie retired, and on August 24, 1887, the editors were Rev. John Bodine Thompson and Rev. James Marshall Thompson.

October 19, 1887, the former went to the Holy Land, and Rev. James M. Thompson became sole editor, with Rev. C. E. Babb, D.D., as associate, though unnamed as such

The next change was on August 29, 1888, when the following imprint is to be seen:

Rev. A. W. Nesbit,
Editor and Proprietor.
Rev. C. E. Babb, D.D.,
Associate Editor.
Brier & Dobbins,
Publishers

From August 6, 1890 Brother Nesbit was alone but on February 18, 1891, Rev. W. W Faris is made co-editor, while on June 30, 1892, the name of Rev J. B. Donaldson is added to the list of editors and the paper is marked as published in San Francisco and Minneapolis.

The merger agreement was made with the "North and West" in order to reduce expenses. The Occident came back to California, as a sole publishing point, December 22 1892, and as a paper of very small sizel, with Rev. W. W. Faris as sole editor. He kept on his arduous course until July 20, 1893, when he was succeeded by an editorial corps of contributing editors, thirteen in number, including two ladies, with Rev. John A. Merrill as proprietor and one of the corps. The publication office was for a time in Oakand. December 14, 1893. the imprint is as follows:

Rev. John A. Merrill,
Rev. Henry C Minton, D.D.,
Editors,
with eleven contributing editors

This was changed on April 5, 1894, when we read:

Rev. B. W. Perry,
Rev. John A. Merrill,
Editors,
with ten special contributors.

The same number of contributors stayed with Brother Merrill, who became sole editor February 7, 1895, relinquishing the Occident June 13th of the same year to

Rev. James Marshall Thomnson
and
William Sevenson,
Editors.

The latter retired May 7, 1896. On August 27,

1896, Mr. John M. Forsyth became the business manager of the Occident, with Brother Thompson still editor, who laid down his office November 11th. 1897.

Rev. William B. Noble, D.D., appeared as editor December 16, 1897, and receiving a call to Redlands, retired from the paper, to be succeeded by Rev. Theo. F. Burnham on August 3, 1898, who conducted its columns with Rev. E. Woodward Brown as associate editor, until the closing issue of July 4, 1900, when the final editor was prostrated with serious illness, and the prospect of securing asuccessor,who would give his time to the work without recompense, was so hopeless that it was thought best that those in charge should pay all outstanding obligations and merge the mailing list with that of the Interior of Chicago, to which, after recovery, the last editor, and others of his associates on the Occident, became contributors.

Such is the recital in outline of the brave and costly struggle to sustain a Pacific Coast Presbyterian newspaper. It closed its career with an issue of about 2,200 copies, over 1,800 of which were fully paid for. The paper, in the years of its history, has been in several forms, from folio to magazine size, and was often handsomely illustrated.

Rarely, if ever, does such a paper rise to a paying basis, until long years of trying experiences. Many such publications are sustained only by subsidies. Great regret is expressed at its demise, and the bond of union which it maintaned, between the Pacfic Coast churches of California, Oregon and Washington, together with sister churches in Idaho, Nevada and other parts, has been severely missed; and many prayers are being offered for its renewal, in some form, under the safe guidance of Divine Providence.

This history tells of the life of the Presbyterian paper to July 4, 1900. On January 2nd, 1902, The Pacific Presbyterian began its career. Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, and Prof. Day of the Theological Seminary and others were the contributing editors. Rev. W. W. Ferrier, editor of The Pacific, the Congregational paper, agreed to publish the Presbyterian paper, provided 1,000 subscribers were secured; but never more than 900 were on the list.

The transfer of articles of general interest from The Pacific to the Pacific Presbyterian was agreed upon as a good plan for both papers, and so proved. The difficulty in making the paper ideal was the lack of church news, which Mr. Ferrier was unable to secure for lack of time to devote to it.

No solicitors have been in the field for six years, and it is not surprising that few new subscribers have been added to the list.

Some pastors have felt the paper was not of great value, and so have not urged their people to support it.

Mr. Ferrier, seeing he could not give the time necessary to make the paper a success, looked about for some Presbyterian to take it. Not till the paper had announced its last issue did the present management feel under obligation to assume the duty.

What the next chapter in the history of The Presbyterian paper will be only time will tell. The present prospects are bright.—Editor.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The most interesting experiment yet made in promoting interest in evangelizing the world, has recently been made on the Pacific Coast. The District Secretaries of all the Foreign Mission Boards, instead of visiting the leading cities alone, decided to co-operate in united campaigns, under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. The preliminary arrangements in each city were made by one of these District Secretaries in person. Mr. J. Campbell White, General Secretary of the Laymen's Movement, accepted the nvitation to speak at six of the leading cities, viz.: Spokane, Seattle, Portland, Greater Oakland, Los Angeles and San Diego. Mr. Harry W. Jones, an architect of Minneapolis, and a member of the Laymen's Commission for the personal investigation of mission fields, also accepted the invitation to accompany the party. He assisted in all the campaigns except the last, at San Diego. The Mission Board secretaries, in addition to assisting in the interdenominational meetings, held at least one denominational rally in each city.

In the six cities visited there is an aggregate population of 1,165,000. The returns were not in every case complete, but reports were made of the contributions of 112,000 church members in these six centers of population. Their aggregate offerings last year to religious work in America were $2,492,500. Their gifts to foreign missions were $116,000. After careful discussion in each city, both by an interdenominational committee and by denominational rallies, it was voted to undertake to increase the foreign missionary offerings of these six cities, as soon as possible, to a total of $470,000 annually, or just over four times what was given last year. It is not expected that this entire increase will be made in a single year. In some cities a graduated scale of increase was adopted, running through two or even three years. When this ideal has been reached, it is to be observed that the total for work abroad will be less than 20 per cent of the amount now being spent by the same constituency at home.

An increasing number of individuals and congregations are determining that they will devote at least one-fourth of all their offerings, toward the evangelization of the non-Christian world. They argue that if 50 per cent is spent on local religious needs and 25 per cent on various forms of aggressive Christian effort in America, the remaining 25 per cent is surely a small enough proportion with which to prosecute an adequate campaign of evangelization among a thousand millions of non-Christians abroad.

The District Secretaries of the Mission Boards are enthusiastically in favor of this method of united missionary campaigns in great cities. The appeal is the same to all churches,—to do their utmost to reach the people in their own special fields at the earliest possible moment. Without any over-lapping or competition, there is abundance for all of our churches to do in evangelizing the vast multitudes which no one else is attempting to reach. The fact that the whole work is being attempted on a comprehensive and co-operative basis, appeals powerfully to the laymen of all churches.

During the last six months the Laymen's Missionary Movement has held campaigns in twenty-two cities in the United States and Canada. In fifteen cities in the United States, containing 2,546,000 peo-

ple, 310,585 communicant church members were reported. They gave to religious work in America last year, $5,405,500, and to similar work abroad, $297,450. They have decided to undertake to raise a total of $1,175,000 annually for foreign Christian work, an aggregate increase of $877,550. In many cases two years or more are taken in which to work up to this higher standard.

During the same period in Canada the Layman's Movement has held campaigns in seven cities, containing an aggregate population of 950,000. Of these 136,818 were reported as Protestant church members who gave to local Christian work last year, $2,043,775, and to Home and Foreign Missions, $344,537. They voted to undertake to increase the amount to missionary purposes, to $977,000, an increase of $632,000. The total increase undertaken in twenty-two cities of Canada and the United States, is $1,510,000 from a total of 447,403 church members.

It has been perfectly evident to those most closely identified with these campaigns that God has been at work in a wonderful way. No human organization can begin to account for the results already accomplished. More and more the conviction deepens and spreads like a spiritual contagion, that we are in the beginning of the final campaign for the conquest of the world for Jesus Christ. May it be given to each one of us to have the largest possible personal share in the coming universal victory!

Laymen's Missionary Movement, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

MINISTERIAL UNION.

The Presbyterian Ministerial Union of San Francisco and vicinity meets every Monday morning at the new Occidental Home, 920 Sacramento street. The speakers announced by the executive committee for the ensuing weeks are as follows:

May 11—Prof. Thomas F. Day, D.D., subject, "The Natural Man."

May 18—Prof. Charles G. Paterson.

May 25—Rev. J. H. Laughlin, D.D., subject: "Recollections of Princeton."

June 1—Rev. J. S. Thomas and Rev. Dr. Blair—Symposium on Church Extension.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The exercises of comemncement week began with the annual missionary address on Sabbath, April 26th, by Rev. William S. Lowry, pastor evangelist for the presbyteries of Benicia and Oakland. It was an interesting address on "The Mission of Healing."

Oral examinations before the committees of Synod and of the Board of Directors began Monday afternoon and continued until Wednesday noon. Rev. O. E. Hart, D.D., of Oakland, represented the Synod. Rev. Dr. Dinsmore of San Jose was prevented from attendance by the serious illness of his wife. Rev. George G. Eldredge of Berkeley and Rev. E. L. Rich of Watsonville represented the Board of Directors.

The commencement communion service was held on Wednesday evening. Dr. Wicher preached from John 13:34, and administered communion. Before this service Dr. Landon, acting pastor of the church, baptized Margaret Ferrier, the four-months' old daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Paterson. He also ordained as ruling elder Mr. Charles L. Campbell of the Middle Class. Mr. Campbell takes the place in the session of Mr. George M. Day, whose term had expired and who has recently been ordained to the ministry.

The alumni held their meeting on Thursday at 11 o'clock. The annual address was delivered by Rev. E. L. Rich, '96.

At noon on Thursday lunch was served to a large number of guests. After lunch short addresses were made by Rev. George G. Eldredge, president of the Board of Directors, Rev. O. E. Hart, D.D., of Oakland, Mr. Robert Dollar of San Rafael, Rev. C. W. Anthony of Berkeley, the first graduate of the Seminary, Prof. Chas. G. Buck, who, after nineteen years of faithful service, is to have a year's furlough and travel abroad, and Paul R. Dickie of the graduating class.

The comemncement exercises proper began at 2 o'clock. There was a full attendance, including most of the pastors of our churches around the bay and many of their members. Dr. Landon presided. The Seminary quartette sang several selections during the exercises. Rev. D. A. Wolley, D.D., of San Francisco, read the Scriptures, and Rev. Mr. Blair, superintendent of church extension for San Francisco, offered prayer. Rev. William Kirk Guthrie, '96, of San Francisco, delivered the commencement address. It was very practical and appropriate, consisting of some interesting reminiscences of his earlier Christian, student and ministerial life and a presentaton of some of the problems before the ministry of today. One of the notable events of the hour was the awarding of the first Alumni Fellowship. The Faculty had decided that Mr. George M. Day of the Senior class had fulfilled all the conditions and won the Fellowship. The award was formally made by Prof. Paterson, who represented both the Faculty and the Alumni, in an appropriate speech, at the close of which he handed Mr. Day a check for $600, the amount of the Fellowship. Dr. Landers then presented the graduating class, which numbered five men, to Mr. Eldredge, the president of the Board, who conferred upon them their diplomas. All joined in singing the commencement hymn, which was composed by Dr. Wicher for the occasion. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. C. W. Anthony. At the close of the exercises the large company repaired to the parlor of Montgomery Hall, where the ladies served tea and a social time was enjoyed. Thus closed one of the best years in the history of the seminary.

The graduating class all have their work outlined for them. A much larger class could easily have found fields, as there were many inquiries for men. H. T. Caskey goes to Point Arena, Paul R. Decker to Ukiah, Guy A. White to Two Rock, T. Suzuki to the Japanese Mission in Salinas. George M. Day has been appointed by the World's Student Christian Federation, of which Mr. John R. Mott is general secretary, student secretary for Japan. He will be the first to occupy this important position. He will spend a year in study under his Fellowship. His course has already been approved by the faculty, which includes temporary residence in Oxford and Edinburgh and the remainder of the year in study at Halle, Germany. At the close of the year the Federation will send him to Tokio, Japan, where he will prepare himself for his

great work by matriculating as a student in the Imperial University, where he will probably take a Ph.D. course, learning the language and identifying himself with Japanese interests. He will be the first Anglo-Saxon to take such a course. As Mr. Mott has been searching far and wide for the right man for this important post, Tokio being in his opinion the greatest student center in the world, we feel highly honored that he found him in San Anselmo. Mr. Day is the eldest son of Dr. Day.

All of the undergraduates have mission fields for the summer. Two will work in Washington, one in Utah and the remainder in California.

Dr. Landon left for Portland on Tuesday evening to supply for a month Calvary Church, of which he was pastor for some years. Prof Paterson will preach at San Anselmo in his absence.

Prof. Paterson preached at First Church, Oakland, last Sabbath and administered communion. In the evening he preached at Calvary Church, San Francisco. He will continue to conduct the evening services at Calary during this month. Dr. Hemphill will have charge of the morning services. The pastor, Rev. William Rader, is away on vacation.

Dr. Day is supplying the church at Vallejo this month in the absence of the pastor, Rev. T. F. Burnham, who is taking a vacation in the East and who will later attend the General Assembly as a commissioner.

Dr. and Mrs. Wicher, who have been for the past two weeks in San Francisco, have returned to San Anselmo for the summer and taken rooms in Montgomery Hall.

Dr. and Mrs. Moore sail from New York for Germany on Saturday of this week.

Among the commissioners to General Assembly this year are Rev. J. R. Macartney, '96, of Bellingham, Wash., Rev. H. H. Wintler, '98, of Oakland, Rev. Wm. E. Parker, Jr., '05, of San Francisco, and Rev. Robert A. Crichton, '06, of Healdsburg.

PRESBYTERIAL OVERSIGHT IN HOME MISSIONS.

By William Sylvester Holt, Field Secretary for Home Missions, Pacific Coast District.

It is a well-known fact that the Board of Home Missions is dependent on the Presbyteries for the wise administration of Home Mission funds. The Board receives estimates from the Presbyteries, as to the amounts needed, appropriates the mony according to the income and then, necessarily and wisely leaves the distribution of this money to the Presbyteries. When the Presbytery of Portland undertook self-support the question of the administration of its funds was an important one. Every plan in use in the United States, whether Synodical or Presbyterial, was carefully studied, and from them all its own plan was formulated Believing that it contains features worthy the consideration of the Presbyteries contemplating self-support, or fully dependent on the Home Board, this article is written.

The following is found under the head, "Grants to Churches:"

"1 Authority. The power to make grants of aid to particular churches rests entirely with Presbytery, and shall be exercised subject to the following regulations:

"The applications for aid must be on blanks furnished by the Committee and signed by the officers of the Church. With each application there must be (1) a list of subscribers to the support of the church, with the amount of the subscription set opposite their respective names; (2) a list of communicants in good standing; (3) a statement signed by the officers of the church setting forth that a thorough canvass has been made, and that the total of the subscriptions in the list tendered is the maximum amount the church is able to raise."

This requirement makes it impossible for the church to send in word to the Home Mission Committee, "We need the same amount as last year." Did any Home Mission Committee ever have a statement like that under the good old plan? No one but the Presbytery is in position to make and enforce such rules. This is Presbyterial oversight. For the Presbytery in regular meeting, after careful consideration, with the Home Mission churches represented of course, adopted the plan for itself. It is not left to any committee to decide what shall be done, for the Presbytery has made a rule, as it alone can do.

Again, "No aid shall be granted without an affirmative vote by the Presbytery, taken by ballot and carried by two-thirds."

What about contributions? This also has been decided by Presbytery. the source of authority. "All churches aided shall be expected to make not less than two offerings for Presbyterial Home Missions in each year in which aid is granted, and it is made a condition of their receiving aid that the committee shall first have official assurance of the church's compliance with its requirement."

The Presbytery does not intend to run on the snag of insufficient funds because of lack of opportunity to contribute, nor does it wish to pay interest on long delayed offerings.

The minister is also looked after, for "each church aided shall arrange for the payment of its portion of the minister's salary in prompt and regular installments. Unless for reasons deemed satisfactory by the committee, these installments shall be monthly. The grant of aid shall be paid monthly, but only on condition that the chairman shall first have received written notice from the minister, and from the **treasurer of the church** that the church has met its obligation in full to date." A blank is provided for the purpose.

This is evidently Presbyterial oversight. No Board, no committee dare to make such a drastic rule, but the Presbytery may do what it thinks wise. This rule, as all others, was adopted by unanimous vote in open Presbytery.

The rules also take up the matter of grouping the churches, advance to self-support, acceptability of the minister, which last is worth quoting. for it shows the care of the Presbytery for its children and the determination to protect hem if they need it.

"For its own protection a church, before applying for aid, must first secure from the chairman of the committee the assurance that the minister whose services it is desired to obtain is one whose standing entitles him to the c onfidence of the church and of the Presbytery." That rule is the outgrowth of some sad experience, which, perhaps, might have been lost if the rule had been in force earlier.

There is a fine section on "Sources of Revenue," adopted by the Presbytery in its determination to have oversight in Home Missions, which is the burden of this article.

"Every church in the Presbytery is expected to contribute to the support of the work. All self-supporting churches, not having in practice the subscription plan, or some other definite plan, shall be expected to make two offerings for this purpose in each year * * * the Presbytery urges the use of subscription cards in making the offerings, such cards to be furnished, upon application, by the committee." But the churches are not left to guess what is to be done? They are to have Presbyterial oversight in this also. For the Presbytery knows what it needs, and usually knows, also, the ability of its churches. This is one reason why it has so many on the committee, and such a large portion of them the business men who must pay the money.

"It shall be the duty of the Committee of Home Missions, at its meeting just prior to that of the Presbytery, in October of each year, to apportion to each church in the Presbytery the minimum amount which that church, as a church, is expected to raise as its quota for the work of Home Missions for the year. And it shall be the duty of the Secretary to notify the Session of each church of the amount of its quota." Here is no depending on a special Sabbath which may be too wet, or too dry, or too hot, or too busy, or given up to a visit, or a picnic, or some other important matter, for the support of Home Missions, but a careful allocation of the amount which each church should pay for the work. This is business, not only, but is wise Presbyterial oversight, placing responsibility where it belongs and exercising authority in a fair way.

It is noted that the Presbytery of Albany has done another wise thing. That Presbytery is self-supporting. It requires a **member of the church,** not the minister, to appear and show what the financial needs of the church asking for aid, are. This relieves the minister from appearing to ask for his own salary. It also gives the Home Missionary Committee an opportunity to ask pertinent questions about the church and its condition, from an active member.

Are there not suggestions in these acts for any Presbytery, whether it pays its own Home Mission bills out of the pockets of its own members, or out of the treasury of the Board of Home Missions?

Among the Churches.

Brawley.

The First Presbyterian Church of Brawley, Imperial county, Cal., was dedicated March 29th, Rev. Wm. B. Noble, D.D., officiating. The edifice is neat and tasteful in its architectural appointments, and admits of enlargement, in the plan, when addition is needed. Sabbath, May 5th, ten persons united with the church.

San Jose, Second Presbyterian.

The Second Presbyterian Church is very happy under the new pastorate of the Rev. George I. Long. Fifteen new members were received into its fellowship this month.

Plans for aggressive work are being made along all lines. The Men's Club has just united with the Presbyterian Brotherhood.

Easter Day was a general Rally Day in the church. The attendance in the Bible School was one hundred and ninety-one. The pastor has set the mark for attenrance of three hundred at the fall Rally Day.

Century, Spokane.

We take the liberty of printing the enclosed letter, as it deals with the splendid work done in the Centenary Presbyterian Church, Spokane, Wash. The Easter eggs sent out by the Board have been the means of gathering a great deal of money for the cause of missions, and we are glad to see that this school made such good use of them:

520 Sinto Ave., Spokane, Wash., April 26, 1908.

Mr. Dwight E. Potter,
Oakland, Cal.

My dear friend:—I think you will be delighted to find out that our Sunday-school, the Centenary Presbyterian, gave an Easter offering of $44.87, which we have sent to the Board of Foreign Missions. One class of 13 little girls raised $9.60. Most of the money was raised by means of the eggs that the Board sent out, and then I added all the encouragement I could.

Our committee on Missions is still at work and getting things into a system. The Presbytery of Spokane has taken up the work and decided to raise $5,000 and to use the same for the purpose of supporting a whole station, calling it the "Parish Abroad." For my part I think that this is a good plan and it puts the weaker church on the same plane with the larger ones.

Yours respectfully,
J. M. LANDIS,

San Francisco, Trinity.

This church has recently closed a prosperous year all things being considered. At its annual meeting recently held reports were made showing all bills paid, no debts of any kind, and about $20 balance. During the year $6,420 were raised for all purposes, of which $874 was for benevolent causes. Many old and tried members have moved from the church. The community about us has been almost revolutionized in character, yet the church reports a membership of 322, a net loss of 58. The Sunday-school numbers 409, a net gain of 83. The Endeavor Society numbers 85, and the Men's Association upwards of 50.

On Tuesday, April 21st, the Presbytery of San Francisco met in this church, and in the evening held a popular meeting of exceptionally interesting character. Not only did the ladies of the church furnish an excellent repast, but the addresses by Rev. Dr. E. A. Wicher of San Anselmo, the retiring Moderator, and Rev. D. C. E. Bradt of Chicago, representing the Foreign Mission Board, were of more than ordinary interest. The singing of Mrs. K. F. M. Ceaves added greatly to the equipment of the hour.

The following Friday the Men's Association gave a banquet to the men of Trinity Church, at which Rev. J. Rhys Evans, pastor of our Welsh Church, gave a most interesting account of Walsh Music, and this was illustrated in a highly pleasing manner by a double quartet of young Welshmen, who sang as only such men can sing. There were present about 50 men and all voted the occasion a decided success.

NEVADA.

Rawhide—the Wonderful Camp.

On Januarv 24th last Rev. Francis H. Robinsan, Sabbath-school missionary for Presbytery of Nevada, arrived in Rawhide. On the Sunday following he held

vacant room was found and seats were arranged with boxes and boards. Heat was secured with coal oil the first religious service ever held in the new camp. A stoves. The service was well attended.

Monday morning the boards were sold before the missionary could get from breakfast to the room. Carpenters went right to the work of cutting the hall up into offices. For two Sundays no place could be secured. For the three Sundays following any place that could be found late Saturday night was used. On March 8th space in a small dwelling was secured, and for six weeks services and the Sunday-school were held there.

Seeing the need of a permanent place, the missionary went to work to secure a building. Notwithstanding the stringency of the money market, he succeeded in getting the new church up and ready for occupancy on Easter Sunday, April 19th.

Beautiful Callas were sent from the First Church Oakland, and two large audiences filled the building on Easter. The services were appropriate to the occasion, and every one enjoyed the day.

The Home Mission Committee of the Presbytery are taking steps, together with Dr. Noble, to secure a man for Rawhide, so that the missionary can go to new fields constantly opening up before him.

wifelmkFCEA1dou,|ptytu,aqTcmfwypaoil@tb&—tao|n

The New Presbytery of Nevada.

It will be remembered that the Presbytery of Nevada was set off from that of Sacramento at the last meeting of Synod. The new Presbytery embraces three counties in California. They are Alpine, Mono and Inyo.

The Presbytery was organized at Synod by the election of officers and committees. Rev. H. H. McCreery of Carson was elected moderator, and Rev. Geo. H. Greenfield of Elko, clerk.

The Presbytery held its first meeting since its erection in Tonopah, April 21st. There were eleven ministers and several elders present.

There was much to occupy the attention of the Presbytery. New work is constantly opening up. Attempt was made to give due attention t o all parts of the vast field. The brethren were cheered by the presence of Rev. Wm. B. Noble, D.D., Synodical missionary, and Rev. Arthur Hicks, Synodical superintendent of Sabbath-school missions.

Rev. Mr. McCreery was elected to General Assembly with Rev. S. H. Jones alternate. Elder Todd was the lay delegate.

The Sabbath-school missionary reported the erection of a church building in the new camp of Rawhide, the first service being held there January 26th last.

The new Presbytery starts off with hope of good showings for the attempts made to establish the work in Nevada, which is so fast coming into notice through its gold and silver mines.

The Presbytery was delightfully entertained by the Tonopah church, with its new and popular pastor, Rev. F. E. Dorris recently from Los Angeles.

ELDER ROBERT O. BALDWIN.

The church at Danville has been called upon to mourn the loss of Elder Robert O. Baldwin, who entered into rest on Sabbath, April 26th, 1908.

Mr. Baldwin has been identified with the interests of this church ever since its organization, although not a member at the time the church was built, some thirty years ago, yet he made its construction possible by giving of his time and means with a few others at that time. Soon after he united with the church and has ever lived consistent with his profession.

It was his joy and delight to wait upon the Lord in His sanctuary, and it was a rare thing to see his seat vacant. Even in the last few months of his life he could not bring himself to relinquish this great pleasure, but was often in attendance at physical discomfort.

To be on time at the service was one of Mr. Baldwin's habits, and especially so at the Sabbath-school. He used often to say "We should not bid our children **to go** to Sabbath-school or church, but rather should we say **come.**" So faithfully did he conform to this principle that each member of his family also became members of the household of faith.

The funeral was conducted from the house he loved. The text was very appropriate and the services strikingly impressive. A large concourse of relatives and friends from the community and different portions of the state were in attendance.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Y.

THE INDIAN CONFERENCE AT RIVERSIDE.

By W. W. Ferrier.

The Indian Conference, which was held last week in the far-famed Mission Inn,—The Glenwood—at Riverside, California, committed itself unanimously to the work for the California Indians until every landless red man in the state shall be secured the land upon which to maintain a home, and until public sentiment shall demand and secure full justice for all.

Persons from different parts of the state, interested in the welfare of the Indian, were in attendance, and the red men themselves were there in goodly numbers, even from the remote northern counties, to tell the story of their wrongs and needs.

Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University presided at the conference. Mr. Albert K. Smiley of Mohonk Conference renown, was in attendance, as was also Mrs. A. S. Quinton, the founder of the National



An Old Rancheria at Riverside

Indian Association—now its honorary president—an organization which has done grand and lasting work for the Indian. College presidents were there to the number of a half dozen or more, among them Drs. Gates of Pomona, Baer of Occidental, and Bovard of the University of Southern California. Ten or twelve missionaries among the Indians came to help onward the movement for the betterment of the condition of the people to whom they are giving their lives in consecrated effort. Preachers of the gospel were there in

order that they might convey to their people from their pulpits some of the information and inspiration of the philanthropic occasion. Editors and reporters were there in order that there might be scattered far more widely the seed of a movement fraught with great good for a despised and long-neglected people—and a blot removed, so far as possible, from California history.

Of course the Rev. Dr. George L. Spining, who is crowning his past years of notable Christian service with an already remarkable service for the California Indians, by his eloquent and pathetic addresses throughout the state, thus stirring people widely to sympathetic action, was present to give increased inspiration and momentum. There also, with informing



Indian Basket Work

message and large enlightenment, was Mr. C. E. Kelsey of San Jose, special Indian agent for the Government.

Professor F. W. Putnam of Harvard University, also director of the department of anthropology of the University of California, and Professors Kroeber and Goddard of the last named university, gave from their wealth of ethnological research, and Mr. Charles Lummis, of Los Angeles, whose pen and tongue have long been given in behalf of the down-trodden red man, added interest and value to the assemblage.

Mr. Frank A. Miller of the beautiful Glenwood Inn, who, with long-time interest in the Indians and hospitable heart, had made the conference a possibility and a reality gave free entertainment, and along with the loved ones in his home, royal welcome to the unique inn during the entire conference, and in ways many and gracious made the stay of all in Riverside an ever-to-be-remembered one.

With rare thoughtfulness, Dr. Spining, at the close of the meeting at which he gave a thrilling and touching address, called on those present to arise, clasp hands and sing "America." That night, doubtless, as they stood with their hands in the clasp of their white brothers and sisters a new idea of brotherhood came to these 20th century descendants of the primitive Californians. It was the crown of three days' evidence in Riverside that full justice must at last be done for California Indians.

It is as Dr. Spining so eloquently says, for forty years not a red hand has been lifted against the state of California, and yet by the relentless march of the white man they have been crowded off from all that was originally theirs, and forced back into the remote and barren corners of the state, where life has been worse for them than ever it was in their most benighted primitive condition. Thus has there been marked on the pages of California history a long blot for which penance is called for loudly now.

Messages From the Indians.

Hear them, ye white men and women of California, as through the conference in Glenwood Inn at Riverside they tell you of their needs!

One said: "Never heard of this town before. I've got nothing; no place to get a bucket of water, nor a limb from a tree. My ground like this floor (the shining, waxed floor of the parlor in the Glenwood). I'm 54 years old, and I never had a chance among white men."

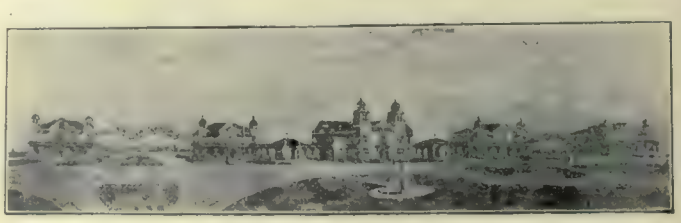
One from a northern county said: "They won't let our children go to the schools; they hate us worse than rattlesnakes." And another "We want liquor kept away from us. Don't let men rob us of our manhood." And another: "We want water. We carry it four miles some of the time." And still another: "We have water, but no way to develop it. What would people of Riverside do without water? See your orchards, your beautiful lawns and flowers; all because plenty water."

A captain of his tribe said: "We want a church. I'm a Christian; my people Christian. Walk seven miles to church. Want church on my ranch."

No need to multiply words! No one could sit in the conference at Riverside and fail to hear a "Macedonian call"—"Come over and help us," coming from the Indians of California.

Seventy-four years ago, at the time of the secularization of the missions founded by the Franciscans in California, there were 210,000 Indians within our borders. Today they number not more than 17,000. As to the principal cause for this decrease let Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the government biological survey, give testimony:

"The principal cause of the appallingly great and rapid decrease in the Indians of California is not the number directly slain by the whites, or the number directly killed by whiskey or disease, but a much more subtle and dreadful thing: it is the gradual but



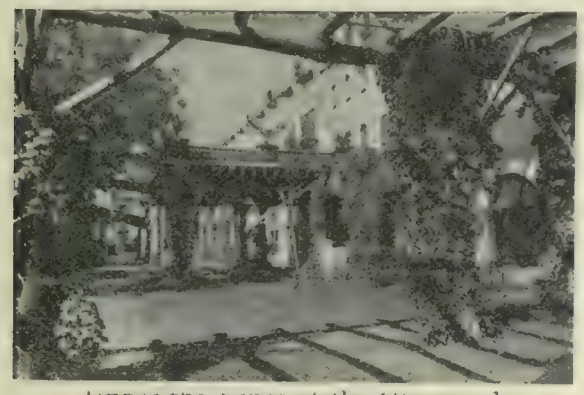
Sherman Indian School

progressive and resistless confiscation of their lands and homes, in consequence of which they are forced to seek refuge in remote and barren localities, often far from water, usually with an impoverished supply of food, and not infrequently, in places where the winter climate is too severe for their enfeebled constitutions. Victims of the aggressive selfishness of the whites, outcasts in the land of their fathers, outraged in their most sacred institutions, weakened in body, broken in spirit, and fully conscious of the hopelessness of their

condition, must we wonder that the wail for the dead is often heard in their camps?"

This added statement is made by the Northern California Indian Association:

"Government from time to time, herded the scattered remnants of once powerful tribes, upon reservations, but the conditions of such life were so hateful that only those whose spirits were completely broken by hardships, remained within bounds, the more enterprising and hardy taking refuge from bondage in the thinly settled regions of the North, and along the foothills of the Sierras. As the white population gradually pressed in around them, all of the arable land was taken up, and the Indians became mere squatters on white men's land, or fugitives still further into the mountains.



Under the Vines at the Glenwood

"Neither Federal nor State Governments protected these non-reservation Indians, and they were left to be the victims of an utterly indefensible race hatred. California Indians were a peaceful people, neither Sioux nor Apaches, and there was nothing in their conduct to excuse the horrible treatment they received from the white settlers. Here and there were great ranches. Indians were useful as laborers in clearing this land, and a number of contracts were made, whereby the legal possession of their home was guaranteed to them in lieu of wages. But almost without exception, no record was made of these contracts, and at the owner's death or the sale of the land, it all passed into new possession, and in nine cases out of ten the Indians were given notice to leave."

Of the 17,000 Indians now in California, about 3,500 are on reservations in the southern part of the state. Of the 13,500 north of the Tehachapi, 5,000 have land, which has been alloted them or which they have purchased and hold in common. Many of these allotments are barren and worthless, and their owners are as if they had nothing. About 8,000 are simply squatters, many of whom are in a deplorable condition.

Up in Mendcino county a chieftain, Captain Tack by name, has a little ranch of nine acres on which are crowded 150 of his people; and if the present writer's ears heard aright, there is another ten-acre tract on which there are 700.

What is being done for these Indians? Naturally our readers are asking when they have followed this narrative to this point. "Is not the United States Government already doing something for them?" Yes, it is doing something, but not enough. Three years ago the friends of these California Indians succeeded in getting congress to appropriate $100,000 for the purpose of buying small tracts of land on which to settle them, scattering them here and there throughout the state, so that in addition to working for themselves on their own lands they could be used in various ways by the white ranchmen. Last year another appropriation was made to the amount of $50,000, with the rider that this should be the last. But more than this is urgently needed. And more must be forthcoming, in order that California's shame in her treatment of the Indians may soon be a thing only of the past.

Well Worth Saving.

All the testimony at the conference in Riverside was in effect that these remnants of the early red tribes of California are well worth saving. They are good laborers. All who employ them commend them. One man was introduced to the conference by Miss True, a teacher on the reservation near Banning, as the John D. Rockefeller of his tribe. Last year he made $1,113 from fruit on four acres of land. Of another it was said that he asked no favors, and never had to hunt for a job; of still another it was said that if he had lived in Greece in ancient days he would have been a peripatetic philosopher.

In basket-making and in lace-work the Indians excel—having taken gold prizes for such work at the world's expositions in Paris and Buffalo. A cut herewith shows some of their artistic basket-work.

Near Riverside is the Sherman Indian School, superintended by Mr. Harwood Hall, of whom, though a Protestant, Father O'Brien of the Catholic mission near by said in the conference: "One of the best men this side of heaven!" A fine-looking lot of Indian boys and girls are gathered there—247 girls and more than 300 boys. The visit there showed that the right kind of training is being given. Such schools as Sherman in California, Chemewa in Oregon, and Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, are needed. But there are needed also on or near by the little tracts of land, on which the government appropriations are making it possible to locate these Indians, schools to which the children can be sent without taking them from their homes. Such schools will make it possible for the children to carry into the homes, day after day, the influences of the school, and thus will uplift somewhat the parents as well as the children.

Further, there is needed an enlarged interest in distinctively religious work among the California Indians. Thousands of them are utterly without religious instruction.

We commend to all our readers the work of The Northern California Indian Association, with headquarters at San Jose. Its president is Mrs. S. W. Gilchrist; its corresponding secretary is Miss Cornelia Taber. Seek the information it can give, and help along the good cause.

The Picture on our First Page.

The picture on our cover page this week was taken under one of the arches of the beautiful Mission Inn, The Glenwood, at Riverside. The Indian in the foreground is Captain Jack of Needles, Arizona—Jack Jones. He is a Christian man and a good citizen, learning to read and write after he was 45. He is a Mojave. The gentleman talking with him is Lieutenant General S. B. M. Young of the U. S. army (retired). After the civil war General Young was stationed in Arizona. There he saw for the first time

Captain Jack. At Riverside he was able to recall to Captain Jack certain things which made the red man remember meeting him in those early days in Arizona.

Being outside the state Captain Jack was not invited to the conference at Riverside, but he heard of it and came without invitation. He was the only long-haired Indian in attendance. He said that there was a time when the Indians thought to learn to read and write was no good. But now they like the white man's ways; they want the school and the church; want a chance to earn money and to take on and enjoy civilization. It is said that Captain Jack owns property at Needles and rents even to white men.

The Mission Inn.

Account of the Riverside conference would be incomplete without a few words further concerning the Mission Inn, which was the free home for three days to all in attendance. One is not surprised after enjoying the comfort and restfulness of this delightful inn for a few days that Elbert Hubbard, the man of many pilgrimages, should write:



"Well, well, well! We have traveled about eight thousand miles since we left good old East Aurora, but we never saw a hotel to equal this. It is built on the plan of the old mission monastery or hospice. There was a line of these missions, a hundred years ago, skirting the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, just a day's journey apart. These missions were a refuge and a home for the worn traveler—he could stay as long as he wished and pay what he could afford, and when he went away he took with him the blessing of these men of God. And if they served mankind and made the world better, were they not truly men of God? I think they were, and any man who does the same now, is too.

"This hotel is built and furnished after the general style of the mission. Its mission is to serve mankind and benefit humanity. And surely if one of those good old monks could drop in here he would think he was in Paradise. The place is really most luxurious, yet the luxury is so subdued and unobtrusive that you



A Glimpse of the Glenwood

do not notice it—it ministers to your every want."

After staying there for a few days a few years ago President Jordan of Stanford University wrote to Mr. Miller: "We have waited a long time for a hotel which shall be Californian as the Sierras, the orange groves, the white surf on the rincones, and the old Franciscan missions. Most of the hotels in Southern California are good in their way, but they might stand on Broadway, in Buffalo, or in Bangor, so far as anything characteristically Californian is concerned. They are big houses, wide and wooden where there is room on the block, tall and brick where there is not, and built by Eastern folk, to house and feed other Eastern folks, who have crossed the Sierras to wait till the blizzards blow over.

"It has been left for you, Frank Miller, a genuine Californian, to dream of the hotel that ought to be, to turn your ideal into plaster and stone, and to give us in mountain-belted Riverside the one hotel which a Californian can recognize as his own. I congratulate you on your success, not as hotel proprietor, but as poet and artist, as one who has done well for California and deserving of California's gratitude, for no one can leave the hospitable Glenwood without a resolve to come back again to the region where such things are possible—to the region where in time all things noble shall be possible."

THE SAN FRANCISCO LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

S. C. Patterson.

About fifty men gathered in the red dining room of the St. Francis hotel on Friday evening, May 1st, to greet Mr. Joshua Levering of Baltimore, who arrived from the Orient on the steamer Korea a few days before. Mr. Levering was candidate for President of the United States on the Prohibition ticket eight years ago, is an honored citizen of Baltimore and president of the Y. M. C. A of that city. He was appointed a commissioner of the Missionary Laymen's Movement to visit the mission fields at his own charge and report thereupon.

E. E. Kelly, M. D., a prominent layman of the M. E. Church, was "Symposiarch," Mr. A. S. Johnston, a Presbyterian layman, made the opening prayer; Bishop William Ford Nichols of the Episcopal Church, Secretary H. M. Tenney of the A. B. C. F. M. for the Coast district, and Mr. Levering, were the speakers.

The general theme was, "The Laymen's Missionary Movement," divided into three parts, viz., "Its Inspiration," "Its Plan," and "Its Principle and Operation."

Bishop Nichols spoke to the theme "Its Inspiration." He briefly pointed out some inspiring epochs of church history in the first three centuries of the Christian era and the last three, showing how the quality of inspiration led men forward in the grace of God to do great things for him. He saw in the Laymen's movement an inspiration, and its possibilities are boundless.

Dr. Tenney spoke of "The Plan" in a comprehensive manner. With the aid of charts he presented clearly the amount of money that was being spent and the work done. In face of the great opportunities the means of carrying on the missionary work are small. The total gifts to missions from Protestant Christians of the world amounted in money to $22,460,000 last year, 85 per cent of which was given by English-speaking people. By this, 375,000,000 of people are reached, but 625,000,000 are unreached. What is needed is that $80,000,000 should be offered to mis-

sions each year, this would enable the Boards to place one missionary and seven native helpers to every 25,000 people. The people of the United States should be responsible for at least 50 per cent of this, and to do this would involve a contribution of $40,000,000, $2 from every church member each year, and one member out of every thousand to go to the mission field. It is possible and should be done!

Mr. Levering spoke to the theme. "Its Principle and Operation." He said the movement was the result of a vision; visions inspire great actions and secure important results. The vision of the world evangelized is the greatest that ever came to man. He believed that in future church histories this movement would occupy an important place. The United States is rich enough to carry forward this work alone. The agricultural product alone—these are the direct gift of God—have a money value of over a billion dollars; a mere fraction of this would carry forward the evangelization of the world. "A man who simply gives of his superfluity is perpetrating an irony on God." When our people give themselves they will be doing their full service. The opportunity of the mission field is magnificent. The most noble body of people in the world is the 18,000 missionaries who are at work. Personal experiences were cited to show the character of the missionary men and women, unselfish love for their people and unthinking sacrifice of themselves are characteristic. To show the great opportunity which exists in Japan to do effective work he told of three meetings which he addressed through interpreters, of Koreans, Chinese and Japanese students in Tokio, which was probably the greatest student center in the world. In closing he eloquently emphasized the importance of the missionary movement and urged the laymen to organize and participate in it.

Steps were taken to organize the laymen of the San Francisco churches, and a committee was chosen, composed of one layman from each denomination present. This committee met immediately and voted to organize a committee of fifty to carry forward the movement to success.

The evening was decidedly pleasant, filled with good fellowship, and productive of unity of purpose in the church's greatest activity. These interdenominational gatherings seem t o be occasions of spiritual enthusiasms. It may be that this is the line along which the revival of religion, so eagerly looked for by many earnest souls, is to come.

BEING A CHRISTIAN AT HOME AND IN SCHOOL.

Albert W. Palmer.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for May 17th.)

It is not hard to be a Christian in church or at a Christian Endeavor convention. It is comparatively easy to be a Christian when listening to some great music, when curled up in a corner with some good book, or when out for an afternoon in the beauty of the hills. But to be a Christian in the common round of hum-drum duties, in the grind of daily life, at home and in school—this is sometimes a very different proposition.

And yet the demand of the world is for "applied Christianity." Electricity is of value only when turned into light and power, and so the Christianity which we accumulate at church or from the beauty of nature has real value only as it is turned into light and power to cheer and ennoble daily living. Being a Christian at home and in school will mean something just a little different to each individual, but, whatever else it may mean, ought it not to include such practical results as these:

Honesty. To be a Christian is to be honest. Honesty is fundamental to all living together. There is honor among thieves, the proverb has it, and it is because every social organization breaks down the moment honesty breaks down. How much more necessary it is that there be honesty at the heart of such organizations as the family and the school. Being a Christian means such plain things as doing the household task thoroughly, really sweeping the room, as Booker T. Washington swept that room that proved to be his entrance examination to Hampton Institute. It means recitations without prompting and examinations without cribbing. It means a fair, straight game, winning or losing, and no off-side play of any sort.

Good Cheer. To be a Christian is to be cheerful. You are God's child, and underneath you are the everlasting arms. As God's child you have nothing in all the world to fear. Therefore, be of good cheer. Greet the world with a smile. Forget your aches and pains. Count your blessings and spread the sunshine of happiness at home and in school.

Generosity and sympathy. Being a Christian means giving yourself in service to other members of the household. It means taking time to help the small brother make a kite; it means sometimes taking your own sister out for an evening's pleasure; it means that mother will not be allowed to be the only one in the home to practice the beautiful virtue of self-sacrifice. In school it means ignoring and forgetting the mean and jealous things you hear—even about yourself. It means seeing the best in every schoolmate and making your sympathy, your smiles, your cordial greetings extend beyond "our crowd" or "our set" to the boy or girl who, for some reason, is ignored or dispised.

The Practice of the Presence of God. Finally, being a Christian at home and at school means remembering that God is not shut up yonder in the church or in the book of poems, but that you are living in his presence every day. All work is sacred and every day a holy day. A good monk, Brother Lawrence, on entering his monastery was assigned to work in the kitchen, which he very much disliked. But he found God even in the kitchen, and in his diary he says: "The time of business does not with me differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquility as if I were on my knees at the blessed sacrament."

Dispatches from Melbourne, Australia, state that there were forty-one persons killed and sixty injured in a collision between two trains at Braybrook Junction, some eight miles out from Melbourne; that the wreckage took fire and was almost completely consumed, many bodies being unrecognizable when they were recovered. Many of the injured were rscued with difficulty.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Rev. W. A. Hough of Mendocino, Cal., has removed to Walnut Creek, Cal., and taken up his work there.

THE COMING OF THE FLEET.

The arrival of the battleship fleet in the greatest harbor of the United States, the San Francisco bay, is a matter full of profound significance to the populations of the oriental world as well as to the Pacific Coast of the United States. In the early forties when Thomas Benton was promoting the expedition of Lieutenant Fremont to the Pacific Coast with a view to preventing England from purchasing California from Mexico to settle a claim which England had against Mexico, Daniel Webster sent for Lieutenant Fremont and said to him something like this: "We do not want any more desert waste, but we want the San Francisco bay. Pay but little attention to the California desert, but get San Francisco bay. It is worth a half continent of land." San Francisco has been on the rim of the United States until recent years. We can remember going to the docks twenty-five years ago when only a half-dozen passengers were to ship for the Orient, mostly missionaries. Now one often sees a thousand people at the dock when the great liners sail for the Orient. These great steamers carry from two hundred and fifty to three hundred passengers. San Francisco is a great teeming center of industry and a great gateway to the Orient. The coming of the fleet expresses the changed feelings of the government and specially the feeling of the whole nation. San Francisco henceforth is to be a front door to the nation. San Francisco has not only seen battleships, but it has made battleships. The Oregon, the Ohio and several cruisers have been built in San Francisco. The spectacular significance is not to be overlooked, but the enthusiasm, the volume of good feeling stirred into activity by the coming of the fleet is due specially to the fact that a new national emphasis has been placed upon the Pacific Coast. Henceforth the Pacific States are to be more completely recognized as in every way a coherent and an important part of the nation. There is no feeling among the people who are well informed that a danger of war between this country and Japan exists. The coast is not in any danger immediate or remote. The fleet as a symbol of war is least thought of. That may seem to be a strong statement, but we think not too strong. It expresses national power. It is the greeting of President Roosevelt and of the whole nation after a journey many thousands of miles. It is an impressive ceremony by which the Pacific Coast is the host of the nation's police power The battleship is suddenly developed into an agency of national power. It expresses the will of the nation. It measures the purpose, the determination of the nation. Its potential and real presence "talks" in the international councils of the world. The weight of the advice of a nation may be generally measured by the tonnage of her battleship fleet. It is not primarily designed for war, though its significance is measured by its fighting power. Its real end is peace. Unfortunately for the moral state of the political world there is no effectual way to command peace except by the potentiality of war. It requires no stretch of the imagination, no appeal to the imagination, to look upon this great fleet of battleships as the nation's power to say, peace. Christian people may legitimately rejoice in the military power of the nation because power is the measure of capacity to do good when rightly directed and conserved. The immediate reason for sending the fleet to the Pacific beyond an expression of power and a demonstration in the waters of the Pacific Ocean, has not been explained. We imagine that the general purpose is the real purpose. The fleet is booked to visit Japan and the Philippines. The effect of the expedition is to say to the world, the whole world, that the United States is not only a world power, but to say it in such a way as to teach a powerful and an impressive lesson in those great fundamental principles of political liberty and justice, for which the United States stands.

It is not too much to say that this is a Christian fleet and could not be employed against Christian principles. It could only be employed in defense of the Christian type of religion. The city of San Francisco is prepared to give the fleet a royal welcome. The preparations for Christian services are excellent and everything will be done to show the power of the Christian Church.

DEATH OF RABBI VOORSANGER.

The death of Rabbi Voorsanger was not wholly a surprise to those who knew him intimately. For some months he has been struggling against some vital disease. His death is profoundly regretted by a large circle of friends beyond his congregation. He was a great personality. Physically he was large and impressive. His voice was remarkable; not exactly sympathetic, but musical, rhythmical, masterful, charming; his reading of the scriptures was as the music of the chimes. Mentally he was finely, accurately, evenly educated. He inherited all the mental vigor, alertness and penetration of the Hebrew mind, and to this he added the training of the German and Hebrew shools. Rabbi Voorsanger was a scholar of broad outlook and wide vision upon the modern world. Religiously he was intensely a Jew. His hopes, his inspiration, his faith, his philosophy and ideals were those of the Hebrews. With all his strong, clear, Hebrew instincts and convictions he was not narrow, not a bigot, not intolerant. He had none of the superficial, namby pamby, amateurishness of many Rabbis, whose message had slipped away from them and they beat about in the fog of uncertainty. Dr. Voorsanger had a strong grasp of the Old Testament and a glowing faith in his message. On general principles he was cordial toward the Christian religion, accepting much of its broadest spirit. He resented with all his soul the idea of sending missionaries to the Jewish people, implying that they were pagans needing conversion. He once appeared at his own request before the San Francisco Methodist preachers' meeting and explained the attitude of the Jewish people on the subject. It seemed to him to imply an affront to the Jewish people and was likely to give rise to antagonisms which should never arise. He sympathized to a considerable extent with the views of Mr. Weinstock that Paul was the misinterpreter of Jesus Christ. He was not aggressive, however, in his attitude toward the Christian ideas except at the single point of sending missionaries to the Jews.

As a citizen Dr. Voorsanger stood for the highest and best ideals. There is but one regrettable exception to this statement. When his health was shattered and he was but a shadow of his old stronger self he was made to endorse the ring leaders of the great San Francisco political corruptionists. Many years his great voice and powerful utterances were against corruption, and we think he is entitled to be judged by his larger, truer ministry of more than twenty years. He enjoyed the confidence of San Francisco and of the State of California. In great charitable movements he was a favorite leader. The earthquake and fire destroyed the Temple El Emmanuel and no doubt hastened his death. He was a great, constructive Jew. He reminded one of an Assyrian king. Though born in Amsterdam, yet his appearance, his bearing, his working force, the light, the warmth, the energy that shone in his great masterful countenance, that fairly clothed his voice with power, made

him an Oriental of the Orientals. In listening to his eloquent and impressive speeches one could easily think of Isaiah, of Job, of Micah, or any of the great founders of Hebrew literature.

Dr. Voorsanger made the maximum service out of the Jewish religion. The music, the reading of the "Law and the Prophets," the sermon, were all of the highest order. And yet there was a pathetic refrain through it all. There was a sigh that breathed between lines, a minor note that baffled and subdued the most triumphal song of praise, a haze that veiled the brightest visions of prophetic inspiration, a doubt that stifled the faith. It is only fair to say that the Old Dispensation found in Rabbi Voorsanger one of its ablest expositors from the orthodox Jewish standpoint.

It is well known that he held some liberal ideas. He held the Jewish Sabbath was a movable feast day and he strongly sympathized with the idea of making the Christian Sunday the Jewish Sabbath. On the question of getting the churches in California free from taxation the Jews generally were opposed to the measure, but Dr. Voorsanger took a broad view of the case and lent his personal and official influence in favor of the exemption of the churches. On the whole, his ministry must be judged on broad principles. No summary can be attempted. We have often thought in our personal contact with him while listening to his voice, so clear, so commanding, so filled with strength, so enchanting, and feeling the inspiration of his personality so elevating, how great would have been his noble life had he like Paul seen a great vision of the Messiah on the way. It is a disparagement to none to say that Dr. Voorsanger was one of the greatest representatives of the Rabbis of this day. Christianity to him was an enigma. Unacquainted with Christ he was unable to understand it. His Messiah was a deep subconscious but indefinable hope, a soul sense unrealized.

Young People

A STRIKE.

The snow was deep in the paths, the barn door hard to open, and the axe dull on the morning when Phil and Harold decided to go on a strike.

"I'm tired of chores," said Harold. Bill and Jack Lee never have anything to do out of school."

"But isn't that because they live upstairs in a flat and there's nothing to do?"

"I don't care why 'tis. I only know I've had enough of chores. Lessons, out of school, are enough for any boy."

"Sam Dunn could just as well do them all the time."

"Let's strike work," said Harold. "Father's away. It would be a good time."

"Strikes are all the go," admitted Phil.

"Let's do it," eagerly. "We can try how it works, anyway."

"And declare it off if it didn't work well."

So, on the following morning, as the boys left for school, a placard was posted outside the kitchen door with the words:

"A strike is on. No more chores for boys. Phil, Harold."

Nora, the maid in the kitchen, called Mrs. Allen to to see it, and the two, in some amusement, made arrangements which seemed to involve something like a strike of their own.

So, when the young strikers returned at noon, they found the house quiet, the key of the back door under the mat, as always understood at times when there was nobody at home.

It was easy to guess that mother had gone on one of her very frequent visits to her parents, who lived at the other end of the town, but there appeared no reason for the absence of Nora, and there was some grumbling as the two realized that no preparation had been made for dinner.

"Never mind, we can find plenty to eat."

They made a cold lunch, and at supper time ate what was left of it.

"Boys don't need to be so particular—pampering themselves up," Harold assured his brother.

"No, indeed. Fancy if we were camping. Things would be a good deal rougher than they are here."

But it was rather comfortless to find their bed unmade and their room in the confusion in which they had left it on rising. And when, in the morning, they went to the kitchen with its array of unwashed dishes from their meals of the day before, they were quite ready to agree that it was like camping with the fun left out.

Other parts of the house were warm, for Sam Dunn took care of the furnace; but there was no fire in the kitchen.

"I'm not going to eat cold stuff this morning," declared Phil. "Its odd if we can't get up a breakfast for ourselves. Here are some eggs—anybody can cook eggs. And we'll have milk toast."

"But where's the milk?" said Harold. "I've been looking for some, but there's only a little drop left from last night."

"I wonder if nobody's looking out about milking the cow, now that Nora's taken herself off," said Phil, in great discontent. "Well, we'll have coffee.

After a laborious three-quarters of an hour they sat down to a muddy mixture they called coffee, missing sorely the fresh milk which Sam Dunn, under instructions, had carried away with him when he milked.

"Can't you make better toast than this?" growled Phil. "One side burnt and the other side raw."

"Well, you boiled the eggs, and they're like bullets."

"If we waited for them to boil soft, we'd be late for school."

Phil presently pushed back his chair in disgust.

"How long do strikes last?" he said.

"I'm thinking that this one has lasted about long enough for me."

"Me, too. It hasn't worked well at all."

The paths were cleared of snow, kindling cut, and other small duties attended to. Then another placard was hastily prepared:

"Strike's off. Phil. Harold."

As the two strikers guessed might be the case, on their return at noon, Nora was in the kitchen, having much enjoyed her short holiday Everything was in pleasing preparation for a comforting meal. Mother sat down to it with them, looking as if nothing unusual had been going on, but the boys felt a little foolish.

"We—didn't caculate on you and Nora going on a strike, too," at length said Phil.

"I suppose not," said mother. "But you must acknowledge that it was a good time for us to do it, when there were no boys ready to bear their own little share of the every-day burdens. Things, you know, cannot run smoothly unless each one does his faithful, willing best in the business of home-making."

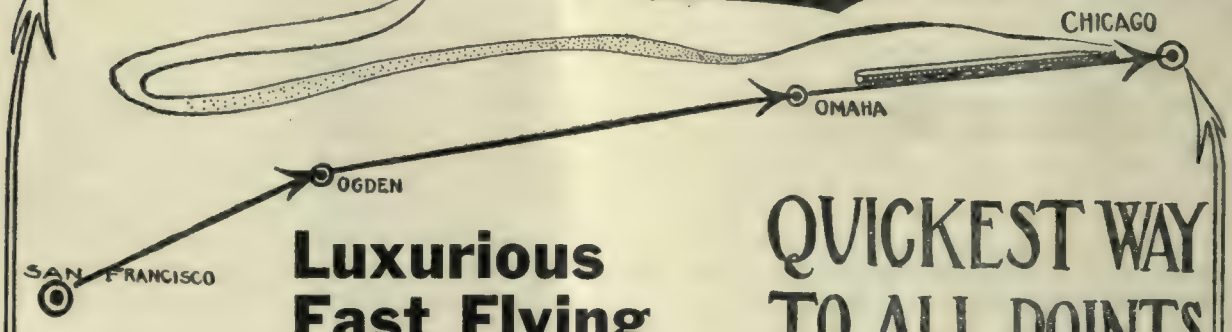
"I think we both know that," said Phil, with a rueful shake of his head, with the remembrance of the discomforts of the last twenty-four hours.—Sidney Dayre, in Christian Register.

The Japanese government appropriated 150,000 yen and the Korean government 50,000 yen for the family of Mr. D. W. Stevens, the diplomat assassinated in San Francisco last March by some fanatical Koreans belonging to a Korean organization know as the Righteous Army League. The supposition is that the Righteous Army League in Seoul has inspired the San Francisco auxiliary to do what the Seoul contingency was afraid to do. The Japan Mail says Mr. Stevens and Bishop Harris were life-long friends. Bishop Harris was the principal speaker at the memorial service in Tokyo. Unless the Righteous Army League expects to be deported it had better change its code. The Mail brings the rather unwelcome news that many of the members of this Righteous Army League are converts to Christianity and members of the Christian church. These people will soon learn a better and truer idea of Christianity.

Mr. Bryan shall insist on putting a "dry" plank in the Democratic National platform that will be the largest single "if" discovered since planet Uranus was brought to sight. It will stir the political world. Think of the dear old Democratic party swinging into line for a moral reform like that! Twenty million people would rejoice to follow the leadership of such an idea. The cry would be sixteen times as strong as 16 to 1 of 1894. There is no doubt but that this "if" is knocking at the door of the national political parties.

An exchange tells us it is good news that fifty hitherto idle locomotives in the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania railroad have been ordered into commission. This is, of course, because of an increase in the freight business. It is said that the Pennsylvania system has had 1,800 locomotives idle for more than two months, and, with grim humor, the railroad men have called these the "Teddy Bears."

OVERLAND LIMITED



Luxurious Fast Flying Trains from the Pacific to the Lakes in 3 days

QUICKEST WAY TO ALL POINTS EAST.

Latest equipment. Vestibuled sleeping cars — electric lights in every berth. Parlor observation car — Library and cafe. Ladies' dressing room — Gentlemen's smoking room. Unexcelled dining service.

Across the High Sierra and Great Salt Lake Cut-off by daylight. Through Echo and Weber Canyons — past the Devil's Slide and the fertile fields of Nebraska and Illinois.

Southern Pacific
884 MARKET ST., 14 POWELL ST.

Union Pacific
42 POWELL STREET

THE PEACEMAKER.

"That flower's mine!" cried Jennie, her voice rising a little. "I saw it first."

"But you didn't pick it," retorted Mary. "You were going right by. It's the prettiest flower we've seen, and I picked it. It's mine."

"No, it isn't. All this land round here belongs to my father."

"Well, I'm your guest, I'm sure. Guests always come first; that's what my mother says."

"Cheery, cheery, cheer-up, cheer-up!" sang a robin in the bushes close beside them, and both girls turned quickly; the voice was so near, almost as though it was speaking to them. "Cheer, cheer, cheer-up!" the bird sang blithely, and the sunshine dropping through the leaves seemed to rest lovingly upon his black head and rusty red breast.

Jennie flushed a little self-consciously and looked at Mary through the corners of her eyes. "Maybe I'll not take the flower this time," she said a little doubtfully, "even if it did grow on my father's land. I—I forgot for just a minute about you being a guest."

"Oh, I don't want the old flower," shortly. "Here, take the thing. It doesn't matter about being a guest. The land's yours."

"Chee-chee-cheer-i-ly!" sang on the robin. "Cheer-up-up-up!" The sunshine slipped from his back as he hopped to another branch, and glistened down through the leaves to a nest just below. It was so near the girls could see the blue eggs. Jennie made a resolute effort and the last vestige of shadow left her face.

"Don't you mind a word of what I've said, Mary!" she exclaimed, contritely. "I was just cross, and got out the wrong side of the bed, I guess. Of course the flower is yours. It was only my—my distemper, and I'm sorry. Now, let's be friends again."

"It was my distemper, too!" cried Mary, quickly. "I was as cross as could be."

Then the lips of the little girls met lovingly, and the robin sang happily on, for had he not helped to make peace between these little friends?—Sunday-School Messenger.

THE HORN OF A COW.

Scientists tell us that a cow's horn is a combination of phosphate of lime, gelatin, and albumen, with these three substances in the right proportion to make the horn not only serviceable to the animal but useful to man. The lime makes the horn hard without making it brittle, and there is just enough gelatin to make the horn easy to cut and shape.

Inside the horn is a core which is bone. To get it out the horn is soaked in water for several weeks; and when the core comes out, it is ground up and made into crucibles, which are used for melting gold and silver in.

The outer end of the horn is hard and solid, and is used for making knife handles and other things. The hollow part of the horn is soaked for half an hour or so in boiling water, when it becomes soft, and may easily be split with a knife. It is then spread out flat and put between iron plates. There was a time long ago when these horn plates were made very thin by hard pressure and used in windows and lanterns as we now use glass.

When horn is heated it may be molded into any desired form. That is the way that knife handles, buttons and other articles are made. A mold of the required shape is used; and when the heated horn substance is put into it and subjected to pressure, the material takes the shape of the mold.—Boys' World.

PUSSY'S LETTER.

"Did you know that the mother of those kittens can tell a letter addressed to her?"

"A letter!" I exclaimed in surprise.

Mrs. Russell gave me that sealed envelope, addressed to Miss Pussy, 27 Marlboro street, City. "Now," she said, "if you will kindly post that for me to-night, to-morrow morning you will see what puss will do when the mail comes."

Among the bundle of letters the postman brought next morning was Pussy's. Placing them all on the floor, Mrs. Russell said: "Now, Pussy, pick out your letter." In a minute Pussy had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

"Wait a minute more," said Mrs. Russell. "She'll open it, and eat up all that is in the envelope." Scarcely had she said this when Pussy had torn the envelope open, and was enjoying her letter very much. How did she know which one to take? The letter was filled with catnip!—Selected.

JEWELS.

Children, did you ever see a jewel? There are many kinds—among them pearls, rubies, agates and diamonds. These are so very costly that not many people can afford to buy them.

I want to tell you of a jewel that is more precious than any I have mentioned. It is your soul that God has given you. It has been purchased at a great price, and cost Jesus his life on the cross. What great love he must have had for you, and how dreadful it would be to refuse God's mercy and be lost forever!

God says of them who fear the Lord and think upon his name, "They shall be mine, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." —Helen Arnold.

LION.

Lion is a big black dog whose master sends him to the postoffice for letters. When the clerk sees the shaggy head at the window, he puts the mail in Lion's mouth, and away he trots, never losing a bit of it.

One day when coming home from the office, he saw a piece of cake on the sidewalk. Now, Lion is very fond of cake, and he was hungry; but it was on a busy street. The shaggy head was still for a minute, as if thinking; then, dropping the letters carefully on the sidewalk, he placed one big, black paw on them, and then ate the cake as if he enjoyed it.—Light of Way.

SQUIRRELS IN WINTER.

All the squirrels are sleeping away the cold winter. The chipmunk has laid a fine store of nuts under the root of the old pine, and he will not come out all winter long. The chances are that he will still have nuts left in the spring, for he is a provident little chap.

The gray squirrel, also, sleeps all through the winter, only waking up now and then to take a nibble at his stores. But the red squirrel does not store up so large a supply as his cousins. He is also a rattle-brained fellow, and he scatters his winter supply about in half a dozen places. Often you will see him out in the winter looking for some one of his half a dozen granaries. Sometimes he forgets where he has made his pantry, and has to go hungry.

Sometimes a gray squirrel sleeps in a hollow tree, and sometimes he makes himself a fine hammock in the top of a tall tree. This is made by placing sticks crosswise in a crotch of the tree, and then by filling in leaves to make a nest. When the house is done, Mr. Squirrel craws into the middle of this nest, and lets the wind rock him all the winter long.—Clarence Hawkes, in the Circle.

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER.

Tell me about the Master!
I am weary and worn tonight,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light;
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west;
My poor heart is aweary, aweary,
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod.
For to me life's numerous mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrong he freely forgave:
Of his love and tender compassion,
Of his love that is mighty to save;
For my heart is aweary, aweary
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that, whatever of sorrow
Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master has suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm. —Selected.

The Church is a great machine, perfect in its arrangements, but requiring energy. We need the fire of the Holy Spirit in our midst and in our hearts.—Rev. J. Freeman.

April and May Flower Months at MOUNT HERMON

Special Week-End Excursions

TO Mount Hermon and Return

Friday to Monday each week during May

REST PLEASURE BUSINESS

The Association desires by these excursions to accommodate LOT OWNERS, HOUSE BUILDERS, LOT BUYERS and all active friends of Mount Hermon.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Station, San Francisco,..... 8 a. m.
Connects at Pajaro and Santa Cruz, arriving at Mount Hermon.....12:35 p. m.
Train leaves First and Broadway Station, Oakland.....7:17 a. m.
Connects, by way of Vilas, with the train from San Francisco at San Jose .....9:15 a. m.

For reservations at the Zayante Inn, address
WM. H. BOUICK, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

Regular May-October Season tickets are on sale at all Southern Pacific stations on and after May first. An "Excursion Rate" is given at the Zayante Inn for these excursions.

If you are seeking a better investment than Bank Deposits or Loans, you will find it in some of the following Bonds and Stocks, which will pay you from 5 1-4 per cent net to 8 per cent.

BONDS! BONDS!! BONDS!!!

TURLOCK IRRIGATION BONDS
PEOPLES WATER COMPANY BONDS
OCEAN SHORE R. R. BONDS
SANTA CRUZ PORTLAND CEMENT CO. BONDS

STOCKS! STOCKS!! STOCKS!!!

MONTEREY COAL CO.
PACIFIC SALT AND SODA, the most promising investment on the market.
HOAG RAPID PRESS
PACIFIC WIRELESS
and some other including promising mining stock.

Particulars obtained from
W. E. BARNARD,
17 Bacon Black, Oakland.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opened last September.

Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LLD., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

THE MONTEREY COAL CO.

invites you to visit their mines, and for yourself judge of the quantity and quality of coal.

They will pay the cost of your trip in stock.

Shares now $1.00, after April 29th, $1.25. Send for literature.

A. T. and A. H. NEEDHAM,
Agents of Monterey Coal Co.
2165 Shattuck Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

PACIFIC.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Located at Berkeley

Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30Jun05

VOL. VI BERKELEY, CAL., MAY 14, 1908. No. 20



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,

First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

JACK.

Those of us who have had the pleasure of witnessing the coming of the fleet to our coast have seen more or less of Jack and his ways.

While the officers have been the ones most entertained and whose names have most frequently appeared in the public print, the sailor boys have been in evidence in public places, and occasionally in the papers. There has been some talk about entertaining the sailors, but most of it has been by race track men, who declared open house to all men in uniform, and the prize-fight promoters, who made a strong bid for Jack's attendance.

In a day's travel with one of the boys it was learned that the sailor's life was not an easy one; that the receptions and banquets were not for them; that their uniform was not worn to be admired, but to denote their place as a servant. Their arrival was a welcome event for dive-keepers and saloon men, and restaurant and tradesmen in many places looked on them as men who would pay any price for anything they wanted to buy. This man said he paid one dollar and fifty cents for six oysters in a restaurant in one of the cities of California, and for many of the necessities of life a sum almost in proportion.

When the sailors pass the army officers they salute, but with bad grace, for the army ranks above the navy. The men on board ship are kept in strict discipline, and any break in conduct cuts them off from shore leave for a long period. The officer in control of the men on one of our finest fighting ships is so thoroughly disliked that he seldom walks about his ship without a guard of at least two men, and always carries a gun when on shore. Since this trip began 200 men have deserted from this one ship.

What is the cause of this treatment of the men and their dislike for the service? There are many causes, but two at least are easily seen: First, the domineering petty officer. Second, the lack of personal attention to the morals of the men by anyone.

In the whole U. S. Navy there are but twenty-eight chaplains, so that many of the ships have no one to be interested in the men's welfare.

The San Francisco pastors of all denominations have united in a strong appeal to the government at Washington, asking for the appointment of more men as chaplains.

We must maintain a navy under present conditions among the nations, but it is hard on the men who must year after year only "mark time" and go through the motions without doing anything that seems to count.

Jack is the navy. No number of officers could make one without him. Let us give more of our attention to the man who works, even if we must give less to the men who wear the brass and the braid.

The Young Men's Christian Association and the church people of many of the cities have done a good work for the sailors, and this has been appreciated by them; but a personal work should be done on shipboard if Jack shall be made to feel he is an equal man with his fellow-men.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Kansas City will have the honor of entertaining the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

The date of the meetings will be May 20 to 30, and those days will be crowded with meetings and conferences almost without number. The business of the church is no insignificant matter, and its great work of caring for its present work and planning for greater demands the wisdom of the greatest minds. The problems of making the work go forward when supplies are at an end taxes the ingenuity of the leaders. No other business demands such a tension of nerve and rush of work, for the field is great and the workers few. The Pacific States are sending some of their best men to participate in the deliberations, and Seattle is to present an invitation for the Assembly to meet in that city in 1909.

Assembly to Be Reported.

The readers of The Pacific Presbyterian are to have the pleasure of reading accounts from several of our delegates. Miss Julia Fraser and Rev. Dwight E. Potter, two of our Department Editors, will write of their line of work. Rev. O. E. Hart and Elder D. C. Mitchell of Oakland will tell of their impressions of the great gathering. Rev. M. A. Matthews of Seattle has been asked to tell of the effort to secure the Assembly for Seattle. All this will be of interest to the West, and we hope an education to our people in matters pertaining to the executive body of the church.

COMMISSIONERS TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Presbytery of Benicia.

Ministers—Theo. F. Burnham, Vallejo; R. A. Crichton, Healdsburg. Elders—Ira B. Thomson, Eureka; William King, Sausalito.

Los Angeles.

Ministers—H. K. Walker, Los Angeles; T. C. Beattie,

Pasadena; W. G. Palmer, Los Angeles; J. Sibley, Long Beach; A. H. Croco, Brawley. Elders—J. W. Baer, Pasadena; L. W. Stewart, Riverside; G. A. Howard, Los Angeles; C. N. Nye, Los Angeles; G. T. Hanley, Alhambra.

Oakland.

Ministers—O. E. Hart, H. H. Wintler. Elders—D. C. Mitchell, Oakland; David Low, Berkeley.

Riverside.

Ministers—D. L. McQuarrie, Riverside. Elders—Prof. N. F. Smith.

Sacramento.

Ministers—Thomas Tracy, Anderson. Elder—W. C. Burgess, Placerville.

San Francisco.

Ministers—Moses Bercovich, San Francisco; W. E. Parker, Jr., San Francisco. Elders—W. P. Lenfisty and F. T. Knoles, San Francisco.

San Joaquin.

Ministers—Homer K. Putnam, Modesto, Cal.; B. McElwee, Fresno, Cal. Elders—Edward L. Moor, Merced, Cal.; John Ritchie, Fresno, Cal.

San Jose.

Minister—David F. Taylor, Felton. Elder—T. B. Downing, Palo Alto.

Santa Barbara.

Minister—W. D. More, Santa Barbara. Elder—Louis Wyant, Montecito.

STATE OF UTAH.

Boise.

Minister—W. J. Boone, Caldwell. Elder—James A. Pack, Boise, Idaho.

Kendall.

Minister—J. Y. Stewart, Malad City, Idaho. Elder—H. C. Buchenau, St. Anthony, Idaho.

Utah.

Minister—Robert G. McNiece, Salt Lake City. Elder—James Monning, Salt Lake City.

STATE OF OREGON.

Grande Ronde.

Minister—Wm. A. Robinson, Half-Way, Ore. Elder—Frank Brookler, La Grande.

Pendleton.

Minist er—J. A. Mitchell, Bend, Ore. Elder—R. B. Morton, Mt. Hood, Ore.

Portland.

Minister—J. V. Milligan. Elder—J. F. Ewing.

Southern Oregon.

Minister—H. H. Brown, Marshfield. Elder—W. S. Gore, Medford.

Willamette.

Ministers—T. B. Griswold, Albany, Ore.; I. M. Boyle, Sodaville, Ore. Elders—H. Y. Kirkpatrick, Lebanon, Ore.; F. E. Rodgers, McMinnieville, Ore.

STATE OF MONTANA.

Butte.

Minister—E. J. Groeneveld, Butte. Elder—Henry A. Logan, Anaconda, Mont.

Great Falls.

Minister—Ezra Giboney, 702½ 1st Ave. So., Great Falls. Elder—P. M. Bosley, Harlem.

Helena.

Minister—J. T. McClure Knox, Miles City. Elder—Glen R. Powers, Belgrade.

SYNOD OF NEW MEXICO.

Pecos Valley.

Minister—Willis Smith. Elder—Judge Carter, Portales.

Phoenix.

Minister—Alfred C. Edgar, Needles, Cal. Elder—W. P. Snipe, M.D., Flagstaff, Arizona.

Rio Grande.

Minister—John F. Gass, D.D., Albuquerque, N. M. Elder—E. B. Cristy, Albuquerque, N. M.

Santa Fe.

Minister—Samuel Magill, Raton, N. M. Elder—Judge J. R. McFie, Santa Fe.

Southern Arizona.

Minister—George Logie, Douglass, Arizona. Elder—C. E. Buchner, Bisbee, Arizona.

SYNOD OF WASHINGTON.

Bellingham.

Minister—J. R. Macartney, Bellingham, Wash. Elder—A. B. Hart, South Bellingham, Wash.

Central Washington.

Minister—W. V. Forbes. Elder—W. G. King.

Olympia.

Ministers—Frederick Tonge, Puyallup; David Allen, Tacoma. Elders—Jas. A. Hayes, Tacoma, Wash.; M. R. Ross, Hoquiam, Wash.

Puget Sound.

Ministers—M. A. Matthews, Seattle; W. A. Stevenson, Seattle. Elders—M. M. Smith, Port Townsend; E. J. Meacham, M.D., Ballard.

Spokane.

Minister—Oscar S. Wilson, Reardan, Wash. Elder Geo. W. Burch, Spokane, Wash.

Walla Walla.

Ministers—James Greenslade, Walla Walla; Wm. Sproat, Walla Walla. Elders—J. W. Cooper, Walla Walla; W. A. Wiley, Palouse, Wash.

Wenatchee.

Minister—Henry M. Course, Wilson Creek, Wash. Elder—Harvey A. Irwin, Okanogan, Wash.

THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES A PRESBYTERIAN ELDER.

In countries where the law provides for the descent of hereditary dignities from father to son, it is very customary for a father's life occupation to descend similarly to his heir. But the republican institutions of America, refusing to allow inheritance of political privilege, have apparently affected social feeling in a way to discourage the bequest of opportunity and responsibility from one generation to another in the same family. It is in consequence, as all observers of society know, rather rare for an American son to take up and carry on his father's labors—rare even in business life, and rarer still in religious and philanthropic activities. But a changing tendency seems now to be discernible in this matter. Parents begin to feel that it is, after all, no infringement on the rights of a son to train him from childhood up to continue his father's mission to the world, impressing him that his lot in life obliges him sacredly to undertake the responsibility. A notable example of such inheritance—a notable vindication, too, of the rightful heredity of duty—is the present editor of The Sunday School Times, son of the nobleman of God who founded that great and influential journal, Henry Clay Trumbull. His son Charles good Dr. Trumbull educated for succession to the editorial control of The Times, and every weekly issue of the paper now pays a tacit tribute to the wisdom of the father and testifies the fulfillment of his hopes. Mr. Charles Trumbull was born in Hartford, Connecticut,

in 1872. He graduated from Yale in 1893. He immediately entered the office of his father's publication and served for several years in various apprentice positions. In the latter years of Dr. Trumbull's life he was a "shut-in," and the son carried the active duties of managing editor. The father's death in 1903 made the young man editor-in-chief. Well disciplined in advance for the responsibility, he bore it from the first like a veteran, and there was no failure of the high standard set for The Times nor any interruption in its steady going on unto perfection. Though serving a great interdenominational constituency in the broadest Christian spirit, Mr. Trumbull is a hearty Presbyterian, proud to serve the church in its ruling eldership.—The Interior.

A BENEVOLENT SCHEME.

W. S. Holt, D.D.

The Presbyterian Church has come to the time when it must have a workable plan for its benevolences. The old-fashioned ways of not doing it will not serve today. More business methods may be used, successfully, in the church as well as in the counting house. We have tried gastronomy, fairs, grab-bags, special appeals, special days and all that sort of thing too long. Is it not possible to place the benevolences in their proper position, and take care of them easier and better than we have been doing? It seems as though it would be wise to let each church understand its own full responsibility and then make an effort to come up to it. Men do not go into business without some idea as to where they will come out. They count the cost and then decide what to do. Is not this good business sense for the church?

On the present basis our church requires $3.00 per member for its benevolent work. The last General Assembly reported a membership of 1,341,492. The same year we spent $3,004,354 for the work of the eight Boards. So that $3.00 per member covered the actual expense. When any church wishes to know its full responsibility on the present basis all it needs to do is to multiply its membership by 3 and it has the desired result. Of course, this does not allow for expansion, in which we Americans believe. But it meets the actual needs as shown by last year's report. Of course it is true that many churches gave nothing to all the Boards. Still we secured the above amount of money from those which gave anything. It is also true that much of that money came from individuals, and no small amount from the dead. But it is true that if every live member would give $3.00 we would have the amount. Is it not fair that every church should face its full responsibility, and then do its best to reach it? If this is wise, how can it be done to the best advantage? Many churches are sick and tired of the special appeal. Today if a foreign missionary is introduced to a pulpit everyone says—no, not everyene—but some say: "There is another appeal for money. Can we never go to church without being called on for money?" The Home Missionary representative comes before the flock, and he, too, has a shearing for it. Then comes the special pleader for Sunday-school work and for the Freedmen, and so it goes. A perpetual cry for money. If the pastor preaches a special sermon on the work of any regular agency of the church it is to be accompanied or followed by an appeal for money. Some special literature is found in the pew, and we know it precedes a special plea for money. So it goes year in and year out. It is said to make the flock weary; and who shall say how much nervous energy the pastor of the flock expends in his urgent appeal for more of the fleece? Is it not time to relieve both the shepherd and the flock of this sort of thing? Can it be done? Are we not so much in the habit of being urged and teased, and pressed and coaxed that we can do no other way?

It is the opinion of the writer, who has had much experience in raising money, that there is a better and more comfortable way of getting all the money we need and not be always harrying the flock or running after it with the shears. Certainly there must be back of any effort some principle. Is there any better one for the Christian than this: "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price?" If you wish to see it expanded, write to Dr. Thomas Vernon Moore of San Anselmo, California, for his sermon on this subject.

Then if we could only see what a blessing lies in the paying of the tenth, blessing both temporal and spiritual, we should be far on the way for the solution of all financial problems, both in the church and in the business and in the home. God honors the tithe payer.

But leaving that out for this time, the subscription plan seems to have in its the promise of success in raising money for the aggressive work of the church.

In working this plan, for it does not work itself, the first thing is to face the responsibility. Each church member is responsible for $3.00 in a whole year, for the so-called benevolent work of his church. We will not dwell on the enormous amount this is. But at present, until we come to the $5.00 basis for Foreign Missions, which will inevitably increase the gifts or payments for home work, we are working on a $3.00 basis for all aggressive work. That means 25 cents each month.

How near can I come to meeting this responsibility is the question that confronts each church and each member in the church. If I do not give my amount some one else must do it for me; for we have to get it some way. In my church are many people who cannot pay so much. Then we who are strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak. This is good sense and good religion, too. So some must ask, "How much more than 25 cents a month can I and ought I to pay?" Decide this and then promise it. Here is a good form for the promise:

I promise to pay the Treasurer of the ..... Church the sum of ..... cents, weekly, monthly, for the benevolent work of the church during the year beginning .....

This secures:

1. Regular giving.
2. Easy giving. It is easier for the average giver to give a small amount each week or month than more once a year.
3. Systematic giving.
4. Proportionate giving. This comes out of the method of distributing these gifts. The giver is allowed to specify the object to which his money shall go. But if this is not done, then the whole amount is divided on the plan advised by the General Assembly, viz.: Home Missions, 31 per cent; Foreign Missions, 33 per cent; each of the other Boards 6 per cent. This meets all the needs. More than passing attention should be given to the regular giving. Under the present plan, if it can be called a plan, the large Boards are compelled to pay interest a great part of the year.

Why? Because the offerings from the churches are taken so late in the year that money must be borrowed to meet the salaries of the missionaries. If there is any one thing that a minister must do to retain the confidence and respect of a community that one thing is to pay his bills. In the foreign field it is usually impossible to get credit. The missionary must pay as he goes. Often this is true also of the Home Missionary. When he can get credit it is expected that he will settle once each month. This means he must have his salary monthly. This means the Boards, under whose commission he labors, must have the funds with which to pay the salaries. When they are not in the treasury the money must be borrowed, and interest paid. The subscription plan, with a monthly distribution of the offerings, will keep the treasury full, and no money will be borrowed? Look at the report for last year to see what this means. The Home Board paid interest to the amount of $4,823.28, and the Foreign Board paid interest to the amount of $5,043.32. All this interest would have been saved by a plan which would collect the offerings regularly and then send them in regularly. Then another thing would be accomplished. Sometimes the church treasurer holds the offering, hoping that supplemental gifts will come in. This is because of the spasmodic plan of giving. But when the subscription plan is in operation and the money is sent off monthly, or even quarterly, there would be no reason for holding back the offering.

Does it work in practice? Yes. This is said because of the facts. The writer has helped work this plan many times, with two results: First, larger offerings; second, more givers.

There is one more phase of the subscription plan which is not its least advantage. It will remove the special plea for money, but will give the opportunity for the inspirational or educational address without that appeal. Under this plan the pastor may invite the foreign missionary to come into his pulpit, and the man in the pew can let go of his pocketbook, sit up and listen, for he will know the address will not be followed by an appeal for money. The money has been raised by subscription and the address is not to open the pocketbook, but to inspire the listener with the facts of the great Foreign Missionary movement. Or he can invite the Field Secretary or the Synodical Missionary to speak on Home Missions, and the man in the pew will say, "I can enjoy this, for it is not an appeal for my money. We raise that by subscription. I am learning about the work in my own land. It has no smell of dollars." So of any work the church is doing. The pastor is at liberty to tell what great things the church is doing and what it needs to do and no feels hurt by the contribution-box stuck under his delicate nose. At the same time the pastor can take occasion to say, when he wishes to, "This church pays for its benevolent work on the subscription plan. For this reason we need make no appeals for money. If anyone here has not had the opportunity to subscribe, and wishes to help in the work we are doing, he can see the treasurer or place his gift in the envelope in his pew, or hand it to the minister as he may choose." Does the plan work? Yes. The writer knows this, and it accomplishes two desirable results: First, it increases the number of givers. Second, it increases the gifts.

The Pacific Presbyterian needs five thousand subscribers. Will you help get them?

THE GOOD WILL INDIAN MISSION, SOUTH DAKOTA.

The accompanying letter, which has been sent out by the school tells an interesting story of the work being done. We take pleasure in printing it because many of our Sunday-schools are contributing towards the support of this work.

The First Presbyterian Church of Oakland paid the tuition of Miss Cora Johnson for a number of years, and in consequence took much interest in the work of the mission.—Editor.

Good Will School, Sisseton, S. D., April, 1908.

Dear Friends of Good Will:

Time for another letter. How the weeks and months have slipped away since I wrote to you last fall. There surely is nothing like work to put wings to the hours.

Soon after I told you of the different buildings here, it was decided that the home for the little girls should be abandoned and that they should be moved to the home of the big girls. It could be done by raising the roof of the wing containing the kitchen and the store room. The space above these rooms heretofore had been used as a drying-room in bad weather.

The advantages to be gained by the change were these: The children would not be obliged to go out for their meals in bad storms, such as frequently prevail in this country; it would economize fuel; and one matron could have charge of both large and small girls, thus saving one salary. The little boys were in like manner transferred to the big boys' home. Change in that house was not necessary. Repairs were started in November and the children tucked in anywhere, with the expectation that we could spread out in a couple of months. You who have repaired your homes know just how it went. First it was found necessary to lower the ceiling in the kitchen, and poor Miss Moore and her girls cooked in the bathroom and the dish-room with three doors between, on small stoves, till I marveled how she kept her mind. She even kept her temper. I was glad I had not been put to that test.

We had lime all over, of course, and all the accompanying pleasure of dirt. Then came the unexpected things—workmen leaving, mortar freezing, and finally money exhausted. No place was entirely finished except the kitchen and the new drying-room. These are both so very nice that we feel repaid for all of our inconvenience and annoyance. We would like to take each one of you out to see them; but if you are not in a hurry please wait until the upstairs and the ironing-room and the store-room are completed. Work began again last week, and is to be pushed right along till all is ready for use, thanks to generous friends who came to our rescue. It will be so lovely I cannot help wishing that there could be some new furniture—one thing always calls for another, you know.

I am spending all my space telling you about the house, now let us turn to the boys and girls. When you visit us you can see how nicely our thirty girls do the housework. Stay to a meal and we will have them bake some of their flakely biscuits. With their good butter I am sure you will enjoy our meal. If you could see the big girls playing croquet, and the little ones jumping rope, and on the other side of the fence the boys at ball, you would not have to be told they are happy. Our baseball team won a fine victory over the Government School team recently. We are all elated. Now they are anxious to play the government

School team of Sisseton, composed of white boys. In spite of dirt and crowded quarters the children have been remarkably well all year, there have been some slight colds and three cases of chicken-pox, that is all. I think without exception all pupils are doing good work in school. They are not as far advanced as white children o f the same age; their lack of English is partly the reason. They are not as quick as white children; probably after as many generations of civilization as we have had they will be.

Since last fall three girls and one boy have united with the church. We are sure there are several more who are thinking seriously about Christ's claim. Mr. Evans is such a spiritually-minded man that his influence is very great, and the seed he has so faithfully sown all these years will certainly bear much fruit to the glory of the Lord, whom he serves.

Our principal went away sick a month ago, and Mr. Evans has done most of the teaching in that department since, Miss Gardner doing the remainder in connection with her work. This extra employment in addition to the burden of the building and his regular labors, which is enough for any one man, have worn him very seriously. I hope you will join with us in asking that he will not break down.

We are practicing for closing day a cantata, "Ruth." Some of the pupils sing well and seem willing to work to prepare this difficult selection. We expect to close the middle of May. Having had no vacation during the year, school will close early. May we who are workers together with Him, "Be to the praise of his glory."

Most cordially,
EVA RUPERT.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION AND SABBATH-SCHOOL WORK.

Rev. Alexander Henry, D.D., Secretary, has sent out the following letter with an appeal for contributions. We should be interested, as the appeal is for one of our fields.—Editor.

To the Sabbath School Superintendent:

You have heard, no doubt, of the prosperous year of our Sabbath-school Board.

Last year we received some $24,276 more than during the previous year. We were enabled in this way to enlarge our work of Sabbath-school missions, as we had never done before. This has been a source of gratitude to us, and I am sure it will rejoice the church at large.

However, there were a number of urgent appeals that we had to pass by, simply for lack of funds.

I am enclosing a leaflet which presents the needs and opportunities of some of these fields.

This is a work that appeals with peculiar force to our Sabbath-schools. It seems fitting that we who prize and enjoy these privileges should be ready to share them with others.

Would it not be possible for you to make an offering to Sabbath-school missions on Children's Day, or at some other time during the present year?

I feel sure that you will agree with me that there is no work we are doing today that will have a more vital influence upon the future of our church and nation than the instruction and training we are giving to the boys and girls in the Sabbath-school.

Will you not unite with us in our endeavor to extend this far-reaching influence into the lives of thousands of our American boys and girls who at the present time have no privileges of church or Sabbath-school?

Very sincerely yours,
ALEXANDER HENRY,
Secretary.

One of the Appeals From the Sacramento Valley.

Sabbath-school Missions have been the means by which our church has succeeded in establishing itself in the newer parts of the West. Wherever a new railroad is constructed, and new towns are being built, our Sabbath-school missionaries are on the ground among the first. They establish mission Sabbath-schools, and thus lay the foundation for the work of a home mission pastor. Here are nineteen counties in a growing section of California where there are large opportunities. This is the call that has come to us:—

"Sacramento Presbytery is without a missionary. This is a needy field, comprising nineteen counties of California, with an area of 37,719 square miles, more than the area of Indiana and Rhode Island combined.

"There is a great variety of resources in this district, which comprises the rich fruit country north of San Francisco Bay, the immense grain fields of the Sacramento Valley, the pine forests of the northern counties and the varied mineral districts, with their copper and gold mines.

"The development of the Sacramento Valley has hardly begun. A large part of it is still held in farms of many thousand acres each, a few of which are being cut up and sold in smaller farms. This means the laying out of new town-sites.

"Probably the greatest work for a Sabbath-school missionary in the near future will be found in the pine forests, where towns are being built, and where thousands are at work in logging camps and saw-mills. Through this Presbytery the Western Pacific railroad is being built. In other places town-sites are being laid out, affording opportunity for permanent work.

"The above is a plain statement of the field. In one county of this Presbytery I preached twenty-four times in sixty days, and not once in a church building. The services were held in the hotel dining-room, or on the veranda; in an old store building, or in the shade of an oak tree, and I never had less than thirty-five people to address, and frequently more than sixty.

"Can you not place this Presbytery high on the waiting list and let us have the first available money for the support of a missionary?"

For $900 a year a Sabbath-school Missionary can be sent to this field. Nine contributions of $100 each, or eighteen contributions of $50 each will do it.

SALOONISTS DISGUST PUBLIC.

The saloonkeepers go forward steadily with their industrious labor of disgusting the public. Since they determined on the policy of defending their business by apologetic advertising they have helped on amazingly the good cause of their own destruction. Here, for instance, is a saloonist in Spokane, Washington, who uses his purchased space in a local journal to outrage the religious feeling of the people by claiming the sacred name of the Master as a cover for his business. The blasphemous sentence, "Jesus Christ drank," displayed prominently over the trade-drumming announcement of a liquor store, will stir the indignation of many, even among those not ordinarily suspected of religious sensibilities. A refined and sensitive saloonkeeper is a thing against nature, and a talking saloonkeeper confirms the truth of this observation.—The interior.

CHICO TO HAVE NEW BUILDING.

The First Presbyterian Church congregation, in session last evening, decided to sell for not less than $25,000 its church and quarter of a block lot at the corner of Fourth and Broadway, and to purchase as a new location for an edifice a lot 150 by 200 at the head of Broadway, north of First street, on the Bidwell grounds for $7,000. This decision will ultimately result in the demolition of a landmark of Chico—the old church—and lay the way open for the erection of a business block on the grounds, the center of the business section of the city.

This decision was reached after two years' effort to secure the construction of a two-story addition to the rear of the present church, to afford greater seating capacity. When it was learned the improvements would cost $22,000, it was decided to sell the property. Two locations were considered—the Shearer property, one-half of the block bounded by Third, Fourth, Salem and Normal avenue, for which $18,000 was asked, and the Bidwell estate property. Several adjourned congregational meetings were held and those advocating the latter won. Mrs. Annie K. Bidwell has the disposal of the property, which has a frontage of 150 feet and a depth of 200 feet. Plans and specifications will be asked for soon for the new building.

The property which it is planned to sell for not less than $25,000, was deeded to the church by the late General John Bidwell and the edifice was erected in 1870. Due to its tall spire and age, it has long been a landmark of Chico.

LITERATURE FOR THE SAILORS.

Special efforts are being made by the American Tract Society to supply the men of the visiting fleet with Christian literature while in port. As a great distributing agency of the evangelical churches the Society publishes and distributes, by sale and gift, an immense amount of literature—in 173 languages,—all net profits from all sales being used in missionary and benevolent work.

True to its record, the Society is liberally aiding the work among our brave men of the navy. But the Society cannot do one-half of what it would; so, the Central Committee appeal to the good people to aid in this most important work.

All contributions may be sent to or handed in at the Society's headquarters at 757 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco; 4020 Piedmont avenue, Oakland; or, hand to the undersigned at latter place.

All contributions will be faithfully applied to the aforesaid purpose by the local Central Committee, through the Y. M. C. A. Naval Committee of San Francisco. H. B. SWAFFORD.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland, Cal., held a notable meeting last Sunday in the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland. Rear Admiral Thomas, who was to have addressed the meeting, was detained in bed by sickness and could not be present, much to his own regret and also to the regret of the large audience. Secretary McCoy of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., gave a talk on "The Abundant Life," and pleased the audience which was present. He gave some of his experiences in raising the half-million dollars for the new building to be erected in San Francisco.

DR. SPURGEON RESIGNS LONDON CHURCH.

Thomas Spurgeon has finally insisted on resigning the pastorate of Metropolitan Tabernacle, the great church in London to which his father gave a world-wide fame. He offered the resignation more than a year ago, but the congregation prevailed upon him not to cut himself off from them entirely until he had seen what a year of rest might do for his health. But the year has not made him materially better, and so Mr. Spurgeon will not consent to undertake the work again. It is said that his assistant, Archibald Brown, will likely succeed him.

MILLS COLLEGE.

Commencement Week.

The exercises of commencement week at Mills College will take place in Lisner Hall, May 17th to 19th. Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks will preach the baccalureate sermon at 3:30 p. m., Sunday, May 17th. The concert will be on Monday evening, May 18th, and the commencement exercises Tuesday, May 19th, at 2:30. Prof. Morse Stephens of Berkeley will deliver the address. The public is invited.

PRESBYTERY INCORPORATED.

At the adjourned meeting of the Oakland Presbytery, held May 4th, the articles were adopted making the Presbytery a corporation. This was done in order that the Presbytery might hold and possess property.

The San Francisco Presbytery sent a communication asking that a committee of t hree be appointed to confer with a similar committee from that body to discuss the feasibility of a union of the two Presbyteries. The committee was appointed, but the merits of the case were not discussed.

CORTE MADERA, CAL.

The church has been recently tinted, varnished and carpeted, and the appearance of the edifice has been greatly improved thereby. The pastor is enjoying the luxury of a new, elegant chair, presented to him by his people.

Oakland, First.—In the absence of the pastor, Rev. E. E. Baker, D. D., the First Church of Oakland has had its pulpit supplied by some of the professors from the San Francisco Theological Seminary—Prof. Landon and Prof. Paterson; by Dr. Tufts, field secretary of the International Reform Bureau; Dr. Bradt of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and by different pastors who have been called upon. Last Sabbath Dr. George Spinning, who represents the Northern California Indian Association, gave two stirring addresses to the congregation, setting forth the wrongs which have been done the Indian and the wrongs which the Indian is now suffering in California. Pledges were taken for the support of the wards in California. The prayer meetings of the church are led by the assistant pastor, W. H. Reedy.

OREGON.

Portland, First.—The total membership of the First Church is now 1,300. There were 139 accessions last year—43 on profession of faith and 96 by letter. The offerings to the Boards have more than doubled during the year, $9,017.21 being the amount sent in. The offerings to church maintenance has likewise increased.

Every department of the church is prospering under the able leadership of the pastor, W. H. Foulkes, D.D. The Sunday-school has a large young ladies' Bible class; 100 of the 315 members have united in the last six months.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE WHOSOEVER WILL MISSION.

By Samuel C. Patterson.

Pacific street, east of Kearney, witnessed an influx of people of a class that is not commonly found in the Barbary coast section of San Francisco. About a hundred Christians assisted Superintendent and Mrs. J. C. Westenberg in the reopening of their well-appointed mission hall Tuesday evening, May 5th. Ministers, missionaries, deaconesses, laymen and women united their voices in song, prayer, testimony and exhortation, while probably two hundred derelicts of humanity listened with curiosity and yearning to all that was said. Several of these last were moved to seek the forgiveness of God and grace to give them courage to begin life anew. It was an inspiring night to the Christians present and more important to the cause of religion than the dedication of a great cathedral. This outpost of the church, with its brave commanders, should be held up to the throne of grace by those who believe in prayer. Never was beseiged fort the object of such wrath and environed by such enemies, the enemies of God and man. The enemy thought the fort had capitulated when they laid low its walls with fire and curses, but, as the superintendent said, "They reckoned without God." By his grace work is resumed with a better equipment than before. A sketch of the history of this mission for the past two months may be inspiring.

Early in March Mr. Westenberg secured a lease upon a building which had been used as a dance hall on Pacific street, below Montgomery. Previous to this he conducted his work in a basement. The proprietor of the dance hall became disgusted with the business and gladly turned it over to the mission. The saloons and dance hall proprietors in the vicinity were very angry. The opening night of the mission in its new location was a splendid success. Four nights later the mission hall was burnt, about 30 per cent of the building being destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Westenberg were not dismayed, but at once appealed to their Christian friends and churches for aid to rebuild; meanwhile the mission moved back to the basement and the work continued. Responses from friends assured the superintendent of their financial support, and plans were made for rebuilding. This part o f Pacific street is in the fire limits; the burned building was of the temporary class allowed to be erected immediately following the great disaster. Some time ago the board of supervisors passed an ordinance declaring that these buildings were permitted to exist until January 1st, 1910, and in case of fire, the damage being less than 40 per cent, they could be rebuilt. Under this ruling Mr. Westenberg applied to the board of public works for permission to rebuild. The president of that body gave it with the understanding that a mezzanine floor, which existed in the burned building, should not be restored. In some way this proviso was overlooked and the building planned to be restored as it was. This floor afforded several bedrooms for the mission workers and was useful. The enemies of the mission, angry at the attempted restoration and on the alert for an opportunity to retard the work, noted this and reported to the fire department. The fire marshal ordered work stopped. Then it was reported to the mayor that work was being performed illegally, as the permit granted was given by the president of the board of public works and not by the board in session, as the law provided, an order that had not been followed. The mayor wrote the board of public works; the commissioners ordered the work stopped. The enemies were jubilant. Mr. Westenberg went to see President Casey and was told that the reason the restraining order was issued was that the enemies of the mission had used their influence and that evidently the mission had no friends. Said he, "If you have friends get them together and appear before the board, and I will be with you." Mr. Westenberg sent to several ministers and Christian men and women, and on the day of the meeting the board room was packed with friends of the mission. But a majority of the board had evidently promised to refuse the permit, hence when the matter came up they said that they were doubtful of the legality of the ordinance permitting the restoration of emergency buildings in the fire limits, and would not act until the city attorney passed upon it. A deputation of ministers went before the city attorney and asked him to give this matter his earliest attention, which he promised. President Casey adjourned the meeting of the board to meet at the call of the chair, otherwise there would have been no hearing for a week, and later called a meeting for Friday morning, two days later. The city attorney decided in favor of the ordinance and the board issued the permit as originally granted. But the enemies were not finished. a temporary injunction was taken out to stop work, and Mr. Westenberg had to wait a few more days; but when the matter came before the courts a permanent injunction was refused. All these tactics were pursued for the purpose of making it impossible for the mission hall to be restored before the coming of the fleet, for the caterers to vice of the Barbary coast wished no such protestant to their nefarious trade. But thank God, they were defeated!

Work was resumed and pushed with great vigor, so that the building was restored in a short time, the converts giving themselves earnestly to the work, they worked with the trowel in one hand and sword in the other. It was ready for the fleet. More suitable than the old hall, it is well ventilated, well lighted, clean and fresh. The smell of stale alcohol is gone. It is no wonder that there was joy in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Westenberg Tuesday night as they looked upon the audience and thought of what God had given them the strength to accomplish. Mr. Westenberg, in his short address, attributed the success to God alone, sinking himself into obscurity. He is a man of splendid courage and seems to be called of God to conduct this kind of work. He will be greatly encouraged if his fellow-Christians help. Anyone desiring to have a part in this work can do so by sending an offering for the support of the mission to 2056 Taylor street. Many unfortunates come to him in rags. He can make good use of clothing for men and women; also of bed clothing of all description. Ship such things to the above address express prepaid.

We want the subscription of every pastor, because we want the interest of every pastor in this paper.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE FLEET.

By James H. McLaren.

The great fleet has come and gone, but its influence remains, and to say that such an influence has not been conducive to the higher moral tone or uplift of our people is stating the case mildly. The assertion that the visit of the navy to our coast at this time may result disastrously in the end will hardly be construed with fanaticism by those who have made a study of such things. A fleet of warships as a messenger of peace may be in accord with the ideas of naval experts and able statesmen, but it seems hardly in keeping with the New Testament idea of peace. Some people have even spoken of those warships as "missionaries of peace." But this is certainly a new kind of missionary enterprise which finds sanction only outside the scriptures and the history of the missions. A Livingstone going into darkest Africa, a Paton to the New Hebrides or a Patterson to Patagonia with warships and guns and swords would be a derision and a jest of history. And for a great nation to seek protection behind ironclads and forts may be practical and necessary, but we must confess it is not the strongest exhibition of her faith in God. This is not to cast reflection on our navy, nor to assert that in consideration of the semi-barbaric condition of many nations, we can get along without a navy. We cannot, I think, except under conditions which I shall cite later on. But if a navy is a necessary evil, it is a thing to be tolerated rather than worshiped; to be received in a spirit of humility rather than boasting or wild delight. And if our people could be brave enough to so regard and receive it, what an object lesson it would be to the world!

Certainly there are righteous men in our navy, men who are actuated only by principles of justice and right. There are many splendid Christian young men among our sailor boys. That not one of those guns will every be fired in any unrighteous cause or for any cause which might not meet with the approval of the Prince of Peace is our nation's claim and boast. In his address in Los Angeles, Admiral Thomas said: "In our voyage from port to port we have come as a messenger of peace, and I believe that as we call at foreign ports we shall be received as the messenger of that sublime sentiment, Peace on earth and goodwill to men." That the greatest men in our navy are actuated by this noble spirit, I have no question. It is not the men set apart for the sad mission who are most desirous of being at war. He was no coward; he was no less a man than General Sherman, who declared that "War is hell." That Admiral Thomas' noble sentiment is not, however, shared by a large portion of the public press and by certain representatives in congress, is all too apparent. For no sooner did our fleet set out on its long voyage from east to west, than did the sensational press, together with certain representatives, start out, as it would seem, to find it a job. Has it not been impressed upon those "missionaries of peace" ever since they arrived at San Diego, that very soon their ambition to fight must be realized? Is not that what our Governor, if correctly reported, told them in his address of welcome? Is not that what our California representative and that promoter of trouble, Hobson of Alabama, is telling us and them right along? Did ever a great statesman plead more earnestly for peace than this professional agitator of strife is pleading for war? Let me quote from one of the sanest journals in the world, The Congregationalist, of January 18:

An Inciter of War.

"The time is past when the utterances of Congressman R. P. Hobson of Alabama are of much importance to any one but ex-Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero of the attempt to stop up the entrance of Santiago harbor—and perhaps to his present constituents. The fact is that Mr. Hobson has traded on a heroism until the thinking public has lost patience. As a congressman, however, and so presumably the choice of a few thousands of American voters for their official representative, his recent lecture on America's Mighty Mission, in which he does his best to incite a war sentiment against our next neighbors in the Pacific, may be worth the attention of repudiation. He says that Japan is preparing feverishly for a war with the United States, that she is ready, while we are not, and that 'only one thing remains for a war, and that is a pretext.' He further said that our only escape from the 'hole' into which we had been put by our unpreparedness is 'to build ships and eat dirt.' Congressman Hobson's ignorance of Japan is abysmal. His conception of patriotism is that of Tamerlane or Jenghiz Khan, of Geronimo or any other Apache chief. He says, 'Japan knows how defenseless we are. Certainly she does; that's her business. As a result Japan is trying to bring on war with America at the earliest moment. If I were a Japanese statesman I'd do the same thing; it's a part of their patriotism.' If Mr. Hobson thinks that this is the American ideal, either of patriotism or good sense, he is mightily mistaken. Mr. Hobson's lecture would not be worth a moment's attention if he were not a representative and were not dealing publicly with grave issues of national courtesy, good neighborhood and peace."

When I think of the poor, distracted, war-cursed world, the multitudes upon multitudes who have been slain in battle since authentic history began; when I think that such multitudes, marching night and day past a given point, at the rate of one every second, would require, for them all to pass, some forty years; when I recall that some of those wars were so prolonged that men fought in them who were not born when they begun; when I think of the frivolous and unmanly pretexts out of which so many of those unholy wars have risen, such as the battle of Novara, the wars of the Georges, with their cowardly pretexts; the war of the revolution of France, with its unmanly origin; the horrible wars of the Spanish Succession; the Crimea and many other such cruel, bloody wars, promoted often for the purpose of avenging a personal slight on the part of some silly ruler, who graced with a scepter was worthier of a chain; and when I remember the terrible cost in money and the best young life of those nations, and through which cause they have been redeemed to inferiority, and in some localities mediocrity; and lastly, when I call to mind the saddest fact of all that nearly, if not all, wars down to the present time, might have been prevented had it not been for the insanity of unbridled agitation, then am I unworthy the trust committed to me, if I refuse, even at the risk of being branded as a crank, to denounce with every fiber of my being, that wild incendiary boomerang, in congress or out of it, which will dare to

kindle the fires of bloody conflagration between any two nations on the globe.

But to return to the moral effect of the navy on our coast. From San Diego to the Golden Gate it is bad. Saloons were packed with drinking and drunken sailors. Riot calls, we are informed, were sent in from houses of ill-resort. Brutal prize-fights, under the management of Jim Jeffries, were the principal feature of the program, and those shameful conests were witnessed by men, women and children. The boys are not so much to blame for this, as the committees who arranged such programs. The men who would turn the United States navy into a common prize-ring are not fit to be called American citizens, and the young men who stagger drunk and bleeding through our streets and who indulge in those brutal contests are not fit to be enlisted under the Stars and Stripes.

If those young men must give their lives a sacrifice to their country, then I say let them give lives that are clean and worthy of such honor as they consider this to be. When a sacrifice for the redemption of the world was necessary, God sent, not a fallen angel or a devil, but his own dear son.

When San Francisco was in the throes of terrible disaster; when her homes and great storehouses and historic buildings were razed to the heaving ground and all went up in smoke, the heart of the nation was moved. Nor can I forget how the dear, struggling church of Chicago of which I was pastor came nobly to the aid of the destitute, and how in an evening service those hard-working men came up, and, with tears in their eyes, threw down 100 good, hard-earned dollars on the communion table; and now that same city rewards us by boasting of the hundreds of thousands which she is wasting for the entertainment of the fleet!

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

There are more than five hundred million Christians in the world. If only they would stand together in the declaration that all questions in dispute between nations can and must be settled by a court of arbitration; aye, if England and America would do this, then would wars become things of the past, and the fabulous sums now being expended in naval construction, used for the development of the world's resources, and the unity and peace, prosperity and happiness of all mankind.

Riverside, Cal., May 7, 1908.

CURRENT EVENTS AND COMMENTS

The Chicago Record-Herald, a leading daily paper in the East, remarks editorially concerning San Francisco: "However much the city's rivals may have benefited by its misfortunes it is still the metropolis of the coast, and it is not in the slightest danger of losing its supremacy for many years to come. The new San Francisco will entirely outclass the old."

There was completed in London, recently, a Christian Science church which, with the site on which it stands, cost $400,000. Christian Science is not yet twenty years old in England. Some of its Boston devotees began work in London in 1890. Now, this handsome edifice, which will seat 1,400 people. Pasadena, the California city of beautiful churches, is to have, ere long, a new Christian Science church which will cost $112,000.

The "Pocket Testament League" is the name of a movement inaugurated during the recent Chapman-Alexander revival meetings in Philadelphia. The pledge reads: "I hereby accept membership in the Pocket Testament League by making it the rule of my life to read at least one chapter in the Bible each day, and to carry a Testament or Bible with me wherever I go." Everybody ought to read something in the Bible every day. Many are doing it who will not wish to pledge themselves to carry a Bible with them wherever they go. However, we doubt not that this league will secure many adherents and will do much good.

A closer unity among the pastors is one of the effects of the Chapman evangelistic meetings in Philadelphia, noted by the Westminster. "In one of the districts we saw at different times among the clergy in the pulpit a Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Universalist, Methodist, Lutheran, Reformed Episcopalian and Reformed. They were present not in their denominational capacities, but as fellow-ministers of the common Word. When the ministers of our various denominations meet in a union evangelistic service, one is impressed by the insignificance of form and the significance of the message. Fences disappear in the presence of the harvest." In our opinion, the greatest good these union evangelistic meetings are accomplishing is in the throwing down of the fences.

A minister in the church of the Disciples of Christ, known also as "Christian," writes in the Christian Evangelist of St. Louis: "Two years and three months I have labored in Los Angeles and in that time witnessed the setting in order of six congregations and the construction of eight meeting houses. Our city is a marvelous field for missionary activity. The panic has come, many of us are on half rations. Help—you who can—the American Board and the Southern California Board! And still folks are coming to Los Angeles. They will be lost to the cause of a pure Christianity if our work is crippled. This is our day of opportunity. God grant that it may not be the day of our weakness." "Lost to the cause of a pure Christianity!" Nonsense! There are churches other than those of the Disciples of Christ that have and preach a pure Christianity. We hope that the time will come ere long when all such pleas will fall on dull ears.

"The Career of a Journalist" is the title of a recent book by William Salisbury, who has had quite a journalistic career. We quote a little for the benefit of the unsophisticated who rely more than they ought on the daily papers: "In Kansas City, Mo., there were things that I couldn't write about at all, and other things that I had to write as the city editor told me. These included street-railway and gas and paving and telephone and other corporation measures and anti-department-store bills. In Council Bluffs the papers dared not "agitate against gambling. It might kill the town. The gambling dens pay such a big share of the revenues that the leading citizens are willing to let them run.'" On the Omaha Bee Mr. Salisbury "had always to be careful not to offend the street-car, gas, telephone and other corporations which Mr. Rosewater didn't dislike." In the office of the Chicago Chronicle there was "a list of sixteen corporations on the desk of the city editor. These were all Mr. Walsh's corporations, about which nothing unfavorable was ever to appear in the Chronicle." Of course there are daily papers not so directed. But in this day and age of the world it is well to know who and what are back of the papers one is reading.

There are newspapers and newspapers—newspapers good, bad, and indifferent; a few that are good, many that are bad, and a few that are indifferent—ready to be bad when opportunity is afforded.

The Yoga philosophy has brought sadness into the home of President Stone of Purdue University at Lafayette. Indiana. His wife has withdrawn from her home and from the world to pursue the study of this mystic teaching from India. It is said that President Stone and his two sons are almost heart-broken and would welcome the wife and mother back if she would come. The circumstances were laid by President Stone before the board of trustees of the university, with his resignation, but the board has voted unanimously to retain President Stone in the official position he has held with conspicuous success since 1900. Three years ago there was organized in Lafayette a class in so-called Yoga philosophy. Many women and some men in the college town joined the class, which became a fad with certain highly educated people. It was taught that the complete power of the Yoga involved "withdrawal" or separation from kindred and friends. The last heard from President Stone's wife she was in Germany. Dr. Stone was born in New Hampshire in 1862. He was graduated from the Massachusetts Agricultural College and then finished his studies at Gottingen, where he remained until 1888. He met his wife abroad, but married her in this country while she was chemist at the Massachusetts agricultural experiment station. He and his wife had lived in Lafayette since 1889, when he became professor of chemistry at Purdue.

The New Haven Journal remarks: "A good many eyes are on Oregon, and they will stay there until June 1, when Oregon will vote on a measure embodying the principle of the single tax as expounded by the late Henry George. Offered as an amendment to the taxation laws of Oregon, it is as follows: 'That all dwelling houses, barns, sheds, outhouses and all other appurtenances thereof; all machinery and buildings used exclusively for manufacturing purposes, and the appurtenances thereof; all fences, farm machinery and appliances used as such; all fruit trees, vines, shrubs and all other improvements on farms; all live stock; all household furniture in use, and all tools owned by workmen and in use, shall be exempt from taxation.' The title of this proposed enactment describes it as a bill 'to exempt from taxation factory buildings and machinery, homes and home improvements, but not the lots nor the farms.' In other words, the single-tax doctrine that it is economically wrong to penalize industry and that lots and lands should be brought into productive use by being made to bear the burdens of government, is now laid before the voters of Oregon as a policy for immediate application to their own affairs. Oregon is going to vote on many things June 1, but it will be specially interesting to see what she does with the single-tax plan. There may be a surprise. As Oregon has shown, she has opinions of her own and dares to put them into practice."

The Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs' recent article in The American Journal of Theology brings forth from the Interior, a leading Presbyterian paper, the following comment: "Fifteen years ago the name of Dr. Charles A. Briggs of Union Seminary stood as an accepted synonym of heresy—a veritable signboard of the rationalistic trend of the times.' Many people got into the habit of using the term 'Briggism' for everything that seemed to threaten the established doctrine of the church. But today, in great contrast, Dr. Briggs stands forth as one of the stoutest defenders of old-fashioned orthodoxy that appears anywhere in the land. The very strongest defense of the virgin birth of Jesus Christ, of the creedal definitions of his incarnation, and of the ancient conception of the Trinity, which has appeared recently—not excepting even the work of Professor Orr—is the article of Professor Briggs in the April number of The American Journal of Theology. And what is particularly interesting, in view of the charges brought against him in his famous heresy trial, is that his present argument is directly and explicitly based on the authoritative inspiration of Scripture. It is not fair to say that Dr. Briggs has changed ground in these years; he has perhaps learned more wisdom and loves battle less than once he did; but Dr. Briggs was always conservative theologically—as would have been plain enough if either he or his enemies had managed to keep cool enough to do his beliefs justice. The lesson for defenders of the faith is, however, to be taught not by reawakening old issues, but by quietly enforcing the observation that a man's general attitude toward the Wisdom overhead ought to be rated, either for or against him, more significant than special idiosyncrasies on one and another point of doctrine."

A correspondent writes from Rome that the pope is very much displeased because of the slow work done on the revision of the Vulgate text of the Bible. Very little has been done, and the chairman of the commission has gone to England to be absent till October. "This will delay the work, which is in charge of the Benedictine order, and it is said that three years will be required after the work gets under way. According to information gathered in Vatican circles it is all a question of funds which the Vatican has not provided, and which the Benedictine order refuses to supply. The work of revision, undertaken at the order of the pope, involves great expense because most of the important archives of Europe have to be studied in order that the correct text may with certainty be ascertained. It is now said that because of the question of funds the Benedictines have virtually given up the work. Much as Pius X desires to advance the work of the Church, he is continually harassed by financial difficulties. The Vatican administration has of late barely been able to meet expenses, and just now matters look very serious. It is expected, however, that because of the pope's sacerdotal jubilee the faithful will this year be more than ever generous toward the Holy See, and that there will be a sufficient income to carry on the work of the Church. It is the rule that contributions are sent periodically from every diocese of the world, where collections for the Peter's pence fund are taken several times during each year. In the United States, for example, such money is forwarded to the apostolic delegate, who sends it on to the Vatican. Aside from this there are constantly bishops visiting the Vatican, and these always bring from their people some offering for the pope. The pilgrimages which are organized in many countries of the world always bring with them large offerings, and it is believed that the income from this source will be much larger than usual this year, certainly larger than it has been any year for five years past. Added to these are private offerings made to the pope, and and these are sometimes very substantial.

Only a few weeks ago a lady left $20,000 for the Vatican administration. From all these sources the Vatican now has to secure sufficient funds for its maintenance, as it has no permanent funds on which to draw."

BEING A CHRISTIAN AT THE BALLOT BOX.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for May 24th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

I want to take the opportunity of this topic to say a few words about a great evil in this state of California which an aroused Christian citizenship and public opinion ought to banish from the state. I refer to race track gambling.

It is a common-place of economics that gambling is against the public policy. It always results in economic loss to the community, for money and energy expended in gambling are absolutely unproductive. The gambler is a parasite, he beats the world out of a living. his support is the burden of some productive laborer. Gambling also results in economic loss to the gambler. Suppose he wins; the winnings go to play larger stakes or are squandered in dissipation. Suppose he loses; the losses represent losses of comfort and self-respect; they mean misery, or disgrace, or even suicide. In addition gambling is morally harmful to the public and the individual. It destroys habits of thrift and industry; it begets a desire to live without work; it places great temptations in men's way. No business man in his senses would choose a race track gambler as his cashier. Why?

If all this is true, then the people of California ought to awaken to the fact that **the Emeryville Race Track is simply an enormous gambling machine.** The same statement would probably be true of the Arcadia Track near Los Angeles, but I can speak concerning the Emeryville Track with authority, for I spent a recent Wednesday afternoon there and I know whereof I speak. Let me tell you what I saw:

I paid $1.50 at the gate and entered a well-kept park. Following the crowd I reached the grand-stand and sat down to look around. In front of the stand was the well-kept track, the black and yellow flags of the Jockey Club were floating in the breeze, and beyond, as a background, the beautiful Berkeley hills. It was all so fair and peaceful, surely there could be no evil here! Continuing my explorations I discovered underneath this grand-stand a large open hall, with eighteen curious stands, each about the size of a tamale wagon, down each side. There were two more stands outside the hall, making thirty-eight in all. Each stand had above it a little blackboard having on it a list of the entries for the first race. It flashed over me that these were the bookmakers' stands. The crowd was gathering fast and the large betting hall was filled almost to suffocation. I tried to estimate the number present, and feel that a conservative statement would be that the hall contained 1,000 men. In addition t here were a few more men and at least two hundred women in the grand-stand above. There were some hard-looking characters, but **it was an orderly crowd, though not at all in a holiday mood. They were there for business, and that business was gambling,** as I soon found out.

At a given signal the betting began. Each of the stands was occupied by five men. One posted on the blackboard opposite the name of each horse the odds offered to prospective betters. At his side stood a man with a field glass, who kept track of the odds being posted at other stands across the hall. Inside each stand three men were hard at work receiving and recording bets and issuing pool tickets. I had been told there were some thirty bookmakers at the Emeryville track, and, in my innocence, I had expected to see some thirty men standing around in the crowd with note-books ready to take such bets as were offered them. **I found, instead of thirty bookmakers, thirty-eight times five, or one hundred and ninety men engaged in bookmaking.** And those hundred and ninety men had no time to loaf; they worked as if dear life depended on it. They were as busy as the man selling ferry tickets for the five-forty boat. But these were no ten-cent tickets! Only two of the thirty-eight stands condescended to take such small fry as one dollar bets. In thirty-six stands the bets were all two dollars and over. I found a place high up in a balcony where I could watch the money roll in. As the time of each race drew near the crowd would literally surge around the bookmakers' stands, holding money in upstretched hands for the bookmakers to take and replace with pool tickets. I never saw so much coin change hands in a short time, and most of that coin was gold, not silver. One can imagine that the one hundred and ninety bookmakers, working as fast as they could work, did some business in the course of the afternoon, with its six races. Nor was the gambling confined to the men. The gallery where I stood was crowded with women, and they, together with many more in the grand-stand outside, placed their bets through a corps of uniformed official messengers.

I have not said anything about the racing, because that was clearly an incidental interest. Many of the men got out of the betting hall only in time to see the finish, and the heart of the crowd was in the gambling hall, not with the splendid horses on the track.

What does this gambling machine cost California? I understand the bookmakers pay some $3,600 a day for their privilege. At a conservative average attendance of 1,000 the gate receipts would be $1,500. The 190 bookmakers must average a minimum profit of $5 each. It is doubtless much more. They would not work for less. One hundred and ninety times $5 makes $950 more, or a total daily minimum net expense to the people of $6,050. For a racing season of six months this means $1,089,000. To this must be added the profits of the bar and wine room, the profits on pools sold off the track and the cost due to crime growing out of the race track. All this enormous expense is absolutely unproductive and a tax upon industrious and productive laborers.

Surely the time has come to stop this evil. **Only a state law, demanded and backed by a healthy public opinion, can reach the Emeryville and Arcadia tracks.** But why should we not have such a law? A bill to this end passed the last California Assembly but was killed in the Senate. One splendid way to be a Christian at the ballot-box in California would be to see to it that the man who receives your help to the State Legislature is a man who will support an anti-race track gambling bill. If you want more information, address The California Anti-Race Track League, 2117 Addison St., Berkeley, Cal.

Name a stronger force for the advancement of the cause on this coast than The Pacific Presbyterian!

THE RHYMING NINES.

"Oh, dear me, mamma, my remember is poor when I come to 9 times 8; I say it over fifty times pretty near, then the next time I have to say it I can't tell how much it is. I think the nines are most as bad as the toothache," said Mildred, coming to the kitchen t able where her mother was peeling apples for sauce.

"As sure as apples are good to stew, 9 times 8 are 72," said mamma, playfully.

"O-o-o, that makes it easy. I'll never forget 9 times 8 again," cried Mildred. "Please, mamma, rhyme all the nines for me."

"Very well, dear, if it will help you to remember. I will have them ready for you when you come home from school."

Mildred went skipping to school, swinging her arithmetic by the straps, singing the rhyme and feeling she had conquered a very troublesome enemy. When she returned home her mother read her the following, which she readily committed to memory:

It takes no time or thinking fine
When 9 times 1 are only 9.
Neither are we long in stating,
Nine times 2 are only 18.
Nice light bread is made with leaven,
9 times 3 are 27.
Are you fond of candy-sticks?
9 times 4 are 36.
Bees make honey in the hive,
9 times 5 are 45.
Please come in and close the door,
9 times 6 are 54.
Wash your hands and come to tea,
9 times 7 are 63.
As sure as apples are good to stew,
9 times 8 are 72.
The nine this way are real good fun,
9 times 9 are 81.
9 times 10 are 90.
9 times 11 are 99.
The nines are done, now let's go and skate,
9 times 12 are 108.—Vivian Bachelor.



Luxurious Fast Flying

Trains from the Pacific to the Lakes in 3 days

QUICKEST WAY TO ALL POINTS EAST.

Latest equipment. Vestibuled sleeping cars — electric lights in every berth. Parlor observation car — Library and cafe. Ladies' dressing room — Gentlemen's smoking room. Unexcelled dining service.

Across the High Sierra and Great Salt Lake Cut-off by daylight. Through Echo and Weber Canyons — past the Devil's Slide and the fertile fields of Nebraska and Illinois.

Southern Pacific
884 MARKET ST., 14 POWELL ST.

Union Pacific
42 POWELL STREET

TUTTLE S.F.

HER SAMPLER.

To think great-grandmother could be
A little girl of eight,
In pinafore of dimity,
Or sunbonnet, sedate.
This Sampler, faded now and worn,
Her childish fingers made;
Each stitch, of patient labor born,
With careful touch was laid.

"Wrought in the eighth year of her age
By Polly Simms" I read.
Ah, what a sober little sage
Our ancestor, indeed!
"In 1700—March—5th day—"
These words she doth indite:
"Children, your parents should obey,
'Tis seemly in God's sight!"

The alphabet runs, row on row,
In letters large and small;
The numbers—"1-2-3"—below,
"Etc," ending all.
And then, the border-stitch around,
So neat and so precise,
In faded crewels, on a ground
Of cunning, quaint device.

Sometimes, I seem to see her there,
With little, busy hands,
Her pretty, smoothly parted hair
Plaited in silky bands,
Sitting sedately on a stool,
Close to her mother's side,
Sewing her "stent," by given rule,
With watchful eye to guide.

O, did she ever romp and play,
And get in mischief, too;
Or did she walk in formal way,
As she was taught to do!
This little, Puritanic maid,
Whom I can seem to see,
Sorting her silks of somber shade,
Her Sampler on her knee!
—Anna B. Patten, in St. Nicholas.

A BOY'S SISTER.

Maud felt a glow of pleasure when Mr. Wisner, who was rising to go, told her how greatly he enjoyed the evenings he passed at her house. It was flatteringly pleasant to know that her society was found agreeable by the very interesting young electrical engineer, who had recently come to town as manager of the new trolley line of which her father was part owner.

"I am a most domestic person," he said, "and it's a real privilege to me to be allowed to visit here informally." He glanced appreciatively at the pretty pictures, quantities of books, and vases of flowers. "Do you know, this attractive room reminds me of our old library at home, where my sisters and I passed some of the happiest evenings of our lives. We used to play checkers, read aloud, and have all sorts of good times together. I always feel that I owe a world of gratitude to that dear sister of mine, who kept me so well entertained at home I was never tempted to join the boys who went downtown every night. There's nothing like a good sister to keep a lad out of mischief, is there? I've never had the pleasure of meeting your brother. He is out of town, is he not?"

It was a careless question, asked with no motive other than polite interest, but it brought the color surging into Maud's face quite unexpectedly.

"No, Arthur isn't away. He is out a good deal. I hope he will be home the next time you come."

A moment later, when Maud stood alone, her cheeks were still burning and she felt uncomfortable, as if she had been sharply reproved. She remembered with painful clearness the many evenings that Arthur had fidgeted restlessly about the room while she, engrossed in a novel, had only looked up long enough to inquire impatiently why he could not sit still.

"Because," he had replied that very evening, "it makes a fellow nervous to sit around with nothing to do or no one to talk to. With father always busy upstairs at his laboratory work and you with your everlasting reading, it's a pretty dull house, and I think I'll go out where there's something doing." He had gone and Mr. Wisner had come and been greeted with bright vivacity that might have surprised Arthur, who had left his sister too absorbed in her book to notice his sulky departure.

"I haven't the least idea where Arthur went," she said to herself, drearily. "I never know where he is evenings. Mother wouldn't have been so neglectful. She would have kept him happy at home. I haven't done what she would have expected of me."

Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of that dear one, who in years gone by had filled the home with the sunshine of love and harmony.

"O, mother, forgive me," she said softly. "I'll try to do better; I'll try to do better."—Kilbourne Cowles, in the Advance.

AN ADOPTED MOTHER.

Arthur Allen was a very tender-hearted little boy, and there were tears in his eyes when he came into the kitchen one morning carrying in his arms a big brown hen, which had been run over by a hay wagon and killed.

"What will become of Brownie's little chickens, mamma?" he asked. "They are out under a currant bush, all peeping out for their mother."

Mrs. Allen went into the garden with Arthur to look at the poor little chickens. There were thirteen of the yellow, fluffy little things, and they were only three days old.

"They mustn't die," said Arthur. "I'll take care of them myself."

He brought a basket, and put all the little chickens into it. Then he carried them off to an empty oat bin in the barn, where there was plenty of room for them to run about.

The next morning, when Mrs. Allen went out to the barn to tell Arthur to hunt for some eggs, she stopped at the oat bin to look at the motherless chickens.

There in one corner of the bin hung a big feather duster, and gathered under it were all the little chickens.

"I thought the duster would be a mother to them, mamma," said Arthur. So Mrs. Allen let the duster hang in the bin, and the chickens gathered under it until they were old enough to roost on a bar.—Youth's Companion.

A LIFE OF THE ROOFS.

There still exists in Italian cities a life of the roofs that is distinct and characteristic, and of which the mere foreigner and tourist is entirely unaware. Particularly is this the case in Florence. Mount to the top floor of one of these grim, big palaces standing in some gloomy, sunless street, often approached by a stern, forbidding doorway and dark steep stairs, and you will hold your breath with wonder at the surprise that awaits you. For here before your eyes stretches an unfamiliar city, a red-and-green city of wide expanse and varying altitudes, a city no less architecturally beautiful than the one you have left below, and enlivened, too, most unexpectedly by verdure.

In the very heart of the city, on its topmost apex, there is no trace of grime; the air is pure and wholesome. Indeed, its breezes are charged with no small suggestion of sea and mountain breath. As for the smoke one would expect to find hanging above the roofs of a densely populated city, it is conspicuous by its absence, and only at the hours of meals does some faint blue column rise for the briefest space into the atmosphere.—From Helen Zimmern's "A Florentine Roof Garden" in the Century.

A LITTLE GIRL WITH TWO FACES.

I heard a strange thing the other day. It was of a little girl who has two faces. When she is dressed up in her best clothes, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbors, she looks so bright and sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. But, do you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all like the same girl. If she cannot have what she would like or do just what she wishes she will pout and scream and cry, and no one would ever think of kissing her then. So, you see, this little girl has two faces—one she uses in company, and puts it on just like her dress, and the other she wears at home with her mother. I also know a little girl who has only one face, which is always sweet, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like better, or which of them you would most like to resemble.—Home Herald.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

I'll sing you a lay ere I wing on my way,
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!
Whenever you're blue find something to do
For somebody else who is sadder than you.
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!

Nervous Old Lady (on seventh floor of hotel): Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?

Porter: Yes, mum; he has the place inshoored for twice wot it's worth.—Cardiff Times.

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

Think gently of the erring;
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptations came,
In some unguarded hour;
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring;
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He has but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring;
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-stained heart to bear,
And those who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring;
Thou yet mayst lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal gently with the erring, then,
As God has dealt with thee.

—JULIA A. FLETCHER.

We love because He first loved us.—John 4:19.

An old Christian thus gave the secret of his passionate love for his Master. The fire in his soul was lit by the fire in another heart. Like produces like. Every seed brings forth after its kind. The law for hearts is the same as for fruits, flowers and vegetables. Souls are gardens in which grow the things we plant. If we want men to love us we must love them. We might fear, but could not love even a God who did not love His creatures.

If your lot seems hard in its relations to your fellows, try love. You have growled, or murmured, or criticised or pouted long enough. You reaped only what you sowed. The bitter herb in your own soul's garden did not make a sweet shrub for your nostril, nor a pretty bloom for your eye when you planted a slip from that noxious weed in another's heart. Try love!

In your home you find fault. You have nagged until your own temper, and the temper of your family have become frayed into fringes by the gusts of your tongue. Or, you have settled down into the cold, matter-of-fact style of living. Your wife simply boards and lodges you, and attends to your laundry. Your husband merely pays your bills and gives you a shelter. Your children go their own ways without reverence for parents. It is only a tolerated existence. Try love! Do not let the wife cease to be a sweetheart, or the husband a lover, or children God's sweetest gifts to your soul. Try love. Let nagging and indifference die.

Your friendships seem artificial. You have wondered what they are worth to you. Begin now to wonder what you are worth to them. Instead of yearning for making, hunger to serve. Seek to make no corner on hapipness, but love others into their joys. See if they will not love you because you love them.

Your business seems stale. Every morning you wake up and face that terrible monotony. You feel chained to a treadmill. You have cursed your trade and tried to get into some other occupation, or been envious of the men in some other calling—and he has, perhaps, been acting just as you have. Have you tried to love your business? Has it been anything more to you than a scheme to make money? Even business will not bless unless you love it.

You have trouble with your employes, or you hate your employer. You live on the edge of strikes or lockouts. You pay as little wages as possible to your men under the false theory that labor is a commodity, like asphalt for a pavement, and has not soul. You do as little work and as much loafing as possible, and your work is reamy. There is no conscience in what your hands perform. You feel that the very order of society hangs round your future as a stone about the neck of a swimmer Try love! Love your employes. And, workmen, love your employers. Political economy may laugh at my words, "Try love," and despair may hoot at them, but so sure as there is such a thing as a human heart that is the only solution for our choas. Here is where humanity, Christianity and all the aspirations of Socialism become tangent. Are we being driven to the secret of the old man whose words are our text?

Someone must begin to love. Why not you? Never mind the old grudge. Forget yesterday. Love in the soul will bleach out many black spots in others' lives. If hearts are human they feed on love. To offer anything else is to starve them. Homes, friendships, work, relations in business, express the touchings of hearts.

What other hyphen has any business here than love? Hate repels, envy coarsens, despair kills, indifference freezes, legal truces only suspend battles. Everything fails to be positive but love. Only in that passion in each one of us is the redemptive power that makes over what is awry.

You cannot love the unlovely! Well, how then do you expect others to love you? Are you perfect? Has love no stretching ability to cover imperfection? Ask God. He loves His enemies. He is kind to the unthankful and the evil. He makes His rain to fall and His sun to shine on just and unjust alike. Be like Him, and not like men. Be His son, and that is being a true man. And true men make a true world. Try love! —Dr. W. C. Bitting, in The Examiner.

THE CRITICAL HABIT.

The habit—for it is nothing more—of disparaging speech is so common that it would be well for us to stop and think about it.

This sort of thing is so often heard: "I don't think she is so very pretty, as people say;" or, "I don't think he (or she) is so clever;" or economical, or stylish, or bright, or cheerful, or a thousand other things. We do not think her so very pretty as we have heard, we do think her pretty; and again, if not very clever, surely interesting, and all others in like measure. It is merely a habit with many people, not skin deep, but just the cruel and unfortunate habit of deprecating speech.

A woman with a sharp tongue, but with the tenderest of hearts, the most generous of natures, but with a keenly critical mind and a rare intuition as to character, was brought up "all standing," as she expressed it, after she had been talking one day with a friend about several people, and before a young girl who was visiting her friends. In a sudden lull in the talk the girl said, as if by uncontrollable impulse: "Don't you like anybody?" "What do you mean?" said the startled woman. The girl blushed and hesitated, and then said: "Please pardon me, but it seemed so." Very little more was said; it was passed off and passed by, as in the polite world things which are unpleasant are passed over; but into the heart of that woman the criticism sank deep, and from that hour she watched and guarded her tongue. Now she does not depreciate in speech, and if she cannot appreciate, she is silent.

It is well to remember the wise words of Emerson; "Omit the negative propositions. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good." What a changed and better world we should all live in, if we only followed that advice!

—Harper's Bazar.

CONSTRUCTION RATHER THAN DESTRUCTION.

In spite of the fact that criticism is negative, and therefore without constructive quality, we are always criticising someone or something. We cannot see anybody doing anything, no matter how easy or how difficult the doing, but we imagine we are called upon to criticise. The mother who told the maid to hurry into the house and tell Willie not to slide down the baluster was informed a little later that Willie was not sliding down the baluster. "Well," said the criticising mother, "no matter what he's doing, go back and tell him not to." That spirit gets into the home, the church, the community, yes, and the nation, and so nothing appears to be right. And the result is that there is much pulling down, but little building up. What was erected with much patience and effort and money is razed to the ground, and the world is summoned to come and see a mass of picturesque ruins. Christianity has a place for criticism, but when it pulls down it is to erect a fairer structure on the ruins of the old.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

O Lord God, we pray that we may be inspired to nobleness of life in the least things. May we dignify all our daily life. May we set such a sacredness upon every part of our life, as a means appointed for the glorious ends of our edification, that nothing shall be trivial, nothing unimportant, and nothing dull, in all the daily round. Amen.—Henry Ward Beecher.

April and May Flower Months at MOUNT HERMON

Special Week-End Excursions

TO Mount Hermon and Return

Friday to Monday each week during May

REST PLEASURE BUSINESS

The Association desires by these excursions to accommodate LOT OWNERS, HOUSE BUILDERS, LOT BUYERS and all active friends of Mount Hermon.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Station, San Francisco,..... 8 a. m.
Connects at Pajaro and Santa Cruz, arriving at Mount Hermon.....12:35 p. m.
Train leaves First and Broadway Station, Oakland.....7:17 a. m.
Connects, by way of Vilas, with the train from San Francisco at San Jose .....9:15 a. m.

For reservations at the Zayante Inn, address
WM. H. BOUICK, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

Regular May-October Season tickets are on sale at all Southern Pacific stations on and after May first. An "Excursion Rate" is given at the Zayante Inn for these excursions.

If you are seeking a better investment than Bank Deposits or Loans, you will find it in some of the following Bonds and Stocks, which will pay you from 5 1-4 per cent net to 8 per cent.

BONDS! BONDS!! BONDS!!!

TURLOCK IRRIGATION BONDS
PEOPLES WATER COMPANY BONDS
OCEAN SHORE R. R. BONDS
SANTA CRUZ PORTLAND CEMENT CO. BONDS

STOCKS! STOCKS!! STOCKS!!!

MONTEREY COAL CO.
PACIFIC SALT AND SODA, the most promising investment on the market.
HOAG RAPID PRESS
PACIFIC WIRELESS
and some other including promising mining stock.

Particulars obtained from
W. E. BARNARD,
17 Bacon Black, Oakland.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LL.D., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

THE MONTEREY COAL CO.

invites you to visit their mines, and for yourself judge of the quantity and quality of coal.

They will pay the cost of your trip in stock.

Shares now $1.00, after April 29th, $1.25. Send for literature.

A. T. and A. H. NEEDHAM,
Agents of Monterey Coal Co.
2165 Shattuck Ave.,
Berkeley, Calif.

PACIFIC.
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Located at Berkeley
Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library
30jun05

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., MAY 21, 1908. No. 21



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,

First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

NEWS.

Last week we wrote a letter to 500 pastors located in the Pacific States asking them to send to the Pacific Presbyterian the news from their field. We have received many hearty responses to these letters, but we want more. In fact we will not be satisfied with anything less than a promise from every one to send in the news themselves or to have one of their members agree to do so.

The Pacific Presbyterian can no more live and do its work without news items than a man can live and work without air.

Think how much news it takes to fill these pages each week. Think what a chance you have to speak to all the readers of the paper and give them a word of cheer! Then sit down and write your best news, but don't try to fill up the whole paper.

DID YOU GET A BILL?

Many of the readers of the Pacific Presbyterian have received from us a nice little request to send us a check for their subscription to the paper. Wherever there are errors in the statements, we shall be glad to correct them on proper showing by the subscribers.

We have no records going back of the earthquake and fire in April, 1906. A mailing list was saved at that time. Nothing else. We have, however, for reference the mail lists since the paper was started up again in November, 1907. They were carefully corrected week by week, and will no doubt be found generally accurate.

The present management which has undertaken the task of carrying on the publication has decided to send a bill to everyone which the label shows to be in arrears. If you think us in error in our statements, write us at once. We have had the paper only a month and will welcome the aid of the subscribers in correcting any mistakes made by any one in the past, for no newspaper office ever claims to be infallible. To this end we have the assistance of the former management.

SUMMER ASSEMBLIES AT MOUNT HERMON.

The programs are out for the summer assemblies at Mount Hermon. The number and character of participants prophesies rich work. We wish especially to commend the note of practical Christianity which pervades the work of the season. That note is first heard in the council of Social and Moral Reform, which begins on the 29th of June. The programs say that about sixty leading representatives of reform activities will meet in this council for the federation in some measure of reform interests. Whether or not this is the time for such federation we are not prepared to say, but the co-operation of forces is desirable at all times. This note of reform appears in the program of the Bible Institute, the night of the first of July, when an honored priest of the Catholic Church and a foremost leader of labor will speak for the elevation and protection of the home.

The last week of July is the Institute of Social Evangelism, which is given up entirely to applied Christianity. A striking feature of this institute is the address announced by a leading editor of California on "The Purification of the Daily Press." God grant his blessing to any editor who will lift his voice on that subject. There are enough clean editors in the state of California to get out their scrubbing pails and scrub the dirt out of the big unweildy, immoral dailies.

The note of practical Christianity is heard again in the third Zayante Indian Conference, which is held August 2-9. The push which Mount Hermon is putting into the Indian subject is making of it a state issue. The most destructive agency today among the Indians is whiskey, which they all deplore and most of them drink. We commend the practical character of the work at Mount Hermon this year.

KANSAS PRESBYTERIALS.

Julia Fraser.

Ten crowded days in five of the seven presbyteries of Kansas gives one a comprehensive idea of this great State. The first stop was late Saturday night at Norton, in the northwestern part of the State, where Sunday was spent; Rev. E. B. Allison is the popular leader of Presbyterian forces here. A very early start was necessary Monday morning to reach Clyde in time for the meeting of the Solomon presbyterial society. Here a delightful little rest was thoroughly enjoyed as the guest of Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Moffatt. The society reported most encouraging advances in all lines and the women, under the able leadership of Mrs. S. M. Hall, planned more aggressive work for the new year. Rev. H. J. McCall of Brazil was the representative of the Foreign Board at this meeting and he made a strong plea for his field, which he claims is rightly called the "Continent of Opportunity."

The next presbyterial was Highland, meeting at Bern, and although only 140 miles distant, it took over ten hours to make the trip, and necessitated quite a run up into Nebraska to get connecting trains. Mrs. F. B. Irwin is the presbyterial president and Mrs. M. L. Laybourn, Synodical secretary of literature. Mrs. Ferguson and Miss Martindale,

missionaries among the Indians in this prebytery, made this an exceedingly helpful meeting. Although there are no very strong churches, this prebytery has for a number of years entirely supported its home mission work—a splendid example, which now the entire Synod is following. There is also a Presbyterian college in this presbytery, but lack of time made it impossible to visit it.

The second Sunday was spent at Lawrence, the site not only of the State University, but also of the great Indian Training School, Haskell. Dr. F. A. Wilbur (who is by the way a twin brother of our Mr. Wilbur of Santa Monica, and they certainly are alike as the proverbial two pears) is doing splendid work among the Presbyterian students at the State University. He has Bible classes and the Westminster House is a fine center around which our young people rally. A larger building especially built for this work is sadly needed. The Disciples Church has splendid buildings and equipment and is not sparing money to push its work among college students, and Kansas Presbyterians must be up and doing, for Dr. Wilbur is particularly adapted for this unique work. Rev. Dwight E. Potter is a graduate of this college and has many warm friends in Lawrence.

A day at Haskell visiting our Nez Perces children there, a day at Topeka, where a union meeting was held in Third Church, where Mr. Cleveland is doing notable work among the car men, a visit with Dr. Ma Belle True, who was so long at old Dwight Mission—and whose heart is still there—filled the time until Larned Presbyterial, at Pratt. Here it was delightful to meet Mrs. W. E. Hutchison, Synodical Y. P. secretary and to find that Mrs. Wilbur Smith, the presbyterial president, is a cousin of the Lumners of Oakland, Cal., so we were all friends at once. This was a particularly strong meeting. Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Leonard, now of Pratt, were missionaries in Japan, and one afternoon they entertained most beautifully at the manse, showing their curios and the young ladies of Pratt dressed as Japanese maids, served tea.

The Emporia presbyterial, at Wichita, engagements at Kingman, Hutchinson, Newton, Peabody and Emporia, will fill up the days until General Assembly.

The opportunity of speaking in several of the high schools has been appreciated and it is delightful to find that the Bible is read in the Kansas public schools. Another important fact is that prohibition actually prohibits! Kansas City, Kan., is the largest city and considerable comment has been occasioned by printed statements of representative men there regarding increase of business since prohibition has been made effective there.

The people in Kansas have been exceedingly kind and cordial and have done everything to make the trip as easy and pleasant as possible. Mrs. E. H. Hoag, the beloved Synodical president, has written innumerable letters in arranging the itinerary and planning for my comfort, all of which is most keenly appreciated.

Pratt, Kansas, May 9, 1908.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

A Few Words for Sunday School Superintendents and Pastors.

Will your Sunday-school observe Children's Day in June?

Children's Day affords a splendid opportunity for gathering the stragglers and indifferent ones and for interesting the parents.

The Board's programs this year are adapted for use in any school. A postal card to Rev. Alexander Henry, D.D., Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, will bring you, without expense, as many programs and envelopes for the offering as you may wish.

The missionaries in this Synod, five in number, are planting Sunday-schools in all the mining towns of Nevada, in the agricultural districts of Central California, in the rapidly developing southern cities and in the mines and lumber camps of the north.

Seven or eight years of Sabbath-school mission work in this Synod have given us 40 Presbyterian Churches besides several of other denominations, also many Sunday-schools.

In this Synod 200,000 boys and girls of school age are still outside the Sunday-school. We need three more missionaries at once.

Will you not give your school an opportunity to help these "forgotten ones?"

Please send your offering to the Sunday School Board, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR HICKS,
Synodical S. S. Supt.

Oakland, Cal., 674 E. 25th St.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

When the Christian Endeavor topic for February 16th, "Ministering to Prisoners and the Poor," came up for discussion, thinking to get some help for our society, I wrote a letter to San Quentin prison, asking about their Christian Endeavor, and expressing a desire to find some way to put our topic to practical use. Two letters came in answer, one from prisoner No. 22,153 and the other from the secretary of the prison society. Both expressed the deepest appreciation of the interest shown toward them, and the wonderful faith and trust of those men, who though prisoners to the state, have become free in Christ Jesus, it is a reproach to us who should be busier about our Father's business.

They had in the San Quentin Christian Endeavor, on February 16th, 38 active members, 12 associate; 12 more about to join; 20 members professing Christianity, who will unite later. "Since January 1, '08," says the secretary, "we have increased our membership at the rate of two converts **each week**, and are looking forward to better results. Owing to this increase in membership **we are in need of Bibles. Perhaps you can help us in this way.** * * * We are striving to keep our pledge. We extend our best wishes to all who live under Christian Endeavor influences. Praying that Jesus may bless your efforts, we remain, Yours in Christ, The San Quentin C. E. Society."

These letters were too good to keep for one society, so they were mimeographed and sent to every city and county Christian Endeavor superintendent, and to other Endeavorers scattered all over California.

Such an interest as they aroused—not the mere interest of words, but the money began to come in for Bibles Lately fifteen fine Bibles, just like we Endeavorers want for our own personal use were sent through the State superintendent. A number of other societies sent their gifts direct. So today a number of Christian Endeavor prisoners are rejoicing in a fine Bible, all their own, to help and take with them from prison.

Christian Endeavor is practical whenever it gets the least chance to be. See what **you** can find to do to help. Write to this prison society to encourage its members in their struggle. Cheer them on in the name of Christian Endeavor.

Yours in C. E.,
MABEL BARNHOUSE.

Watsonville, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MINISTERIAL UNION.

Prof. Thomas F. Day, D.D., addressed the Ministerial Union of San Francisco Monday, May 11, upon the subject, "The Natural Man." The term natural man is found but once in Scripture—1 Cor. 2:14. Dr. Day owned up to being a natural man, whether the other brethren of the Union would or not. The natural man has two parts—body and spirit. The trichotomy of body, soul and spirit is not scriptural. Soul and spirit are equivalent terms. When Paul speaks of body, soul and spirit, he speaks in terms of current usage without meaning to differentiate soul and spirit. The bi-part division of the natural man is the scriptural division. Christ loves the natural man, even though his god is his belly or a bag of gold. Christ came to save the natural man, and to this end makes direct appeal to him. This implies that the natural man, though dead in trespasses and sins, is not too deaf to hear nor too dead to respond. The natural man is in the enemies' camp, having been captured by Satan. He may be defiled, defaced and deformed; he is still God's abducted child and on the ground of ownership, Christ appeals to him. The appeal is made to the natural man in his entirety, not in parts. The invitation to give the heart includes the head and all of man. The will, the conscience, the reason, and the affections are not separately addressed, because they do not separately exist. It is the man, who as a unit possesses these, that is addressed. The natural man is naturally immortal. Dr. Day believes, though he would not affirm that immortality is not superadded to the natural man. Conditional immortality is thought to be untenable.

Professor Charles G. Paterson gave a paper before the Union Monday, May 18th, on "The Inquisition."

Among the Churches.

OREGON.

The Presbytery of Portland, at its adjourned meeting, May 5th, released Rev. G. W. Arms, Jr., from the pastorate of the Anabel Church, Portland, and made arrangements for his installation as pastor of Vernon Church, Portland; answered the overture from assembly in refernce to baptism of adults in the negative.

Mr. Robert McLean, son of Rev. Robert McLean of Porto Rico, a student of Auburn Seminary, will supply the Anabel church for the summer, and his classmate, Mr. C. Richardson, will supply the Nestucca church for the same time.

Rev. J. A. P. McGaw, D.D., is temporarily supplying the church at Union, while they are looking for a pastor.

Rev. C. T. Hurd, recently received from the Evangelical Church, is supplying the church at Independence.

WASHINGTON.

On Sunday, May 3rd, the First Presbyterian Church of Aberdeen, Wash., dedicated its third house of worship. The church was organized in March, 1888, with twelve members by Rev. T. M. Gunn, D.D. Its first place of worship was a shack in a frog pond and soon became inadequate. Then a second building was erected in a more favorable location. In 1902 Rev. A. D. Prichard was called to the pastorate. the church then had forty members. Under his ministry the city has grown to be a town of some fifteen thousand people. The church has outgrown its buildings, and the necessities of the Sunday-school compelled more room. Accordingly the church arose and built. They now have a commodious building, which with audience room, ladies' parlor, Sunday-school room and gallery will seat one thousand. At the dedication all the Protestant churches united with the Presbyterian for the services, as did the Presbyterian Church of Hoquaim, four miles distant. About $1,100 was raised as a free-will offering at the close of the sermon, which was preached by the field secretary.

The evening service was given up to the consideration of Home Missions, a most fitting subject, as the church was born of Home Missions.

CALIFORNIA.

FILLMORE.—Rev. W. C. Scott, who has served the church for five years, closes his work on May 31st, and will go with his daughter for three months trip East.

Merced.—Rev. James Miles Webb, of Merced, has just closed a very successful meeting at Orosi, where J. D. Black is pastor. Several professions of faith and additions to the church are reported.

BURBANK.—Rev. J. H. Chase, who has served the church of Cambria, Cal., acceptably for the past eight years, has closed his work there and accepted an invitation to supply the church at Burbank.

OXNARD.—Rev. J. A. Ainslee was installed pastor May 7th. Rev. W. C. Scott, moderator of the Santa Barbara Presbytery, presided. Rev. W. B. Gantz of Los Angeles preached the sermon and delivered the charge to the pastor. Rev. J. B. Stone of Ventura delivered the charge to the people.

RED BLUFF.—At the April communion, two additions were made. One a boy of twelve, the son of faithful members, and the other by letter. During the past week two members were taken to glory. Mrs. Florence Miller, who had been with us but a few months, during which time she had endeared herself to all by her lovable graces, was called at the early age of thirty-eight. The church sympathizes with her loved ones. J. E. Peterson, for years a member, son-in-law of Rev. T. S. Douglas, and sexton of the church, dropped dead on the street. Mr. Peterson was honored by the people in being chosen county coroner, which office he held at the time of his death. His aged mother is one of the pioneer members of the local church. His wife is prominent in mission work, being presbyterial secretary. May the God of the widow be with her. The Sunday-school picnic will be held this week. Elder Doane will be the host of the day. The pastor has been prominent in a battle for righteousness and many stalwart sermons have been delivered in defense of purity and the church. His work as probation officer has been efficient and in years to come will be appreciated by the city, if not now.

THE HIGH STREET CHURCH, MELROSE, CAL.

James S. McDonald.

Partially enclosed by the Alameda hills there lies, like a sleeping beauty, that charming Oakland suburb called Fruitvale. Its name is justified by the abundance of flowers and fruits that adorn its homes. It has a younger sister on its southern border whose name some poetic artist must have written after dipping his brush in the "honey of roses." To sweeten the moral atmosphere of the rapidly growing Melrose, and give to the plants that are multiply- and maturing in its homes, the fadeless beauty of piety, our

Presbyterian Church has established its High Street Mission.

Clothed with the authority of Presbytery, Rev. Calvin C. Herriott entered upon his mission at Melrose March 16, 1906. Assisted by Dr. O. E. Hart and Rev. G. P. Gerrior he organized the Sunday-school with 75 members, April 1, 1906. The first of May regular morning services began in Talcott's warehouse on Boulevard Ave., near High St. Never in all his long ministry did the missionary preach with more interest and joy than in that building devoted to commerce, but hallowed as a sanctuary of God. There were no cushioned seats for the children, but they did seem to enjoy the hay bales, as they sang their songs of praise with hearts of gladness.

Meetings were held there until April 1, 1907, when a site for a house of worship was selected on High Street, in the Steinway Terrace addition, owned by Sherman & Clay, the well-known dealers in Steinway pianos. The price o fthe lot was $1,200. The owners generously donated $800 of the amount, thus imparting a strain of sweetness to the congregation's hymns of praise. During the summer and fall public worship was held on a lot adjoining the church lot. The church was organized with 26 members, April 14, 1907. Arthur G. Foster was ordained and installed elder April 21, 1907. Mr. Herriott was called to the pastorate and installed April 28.

The work was begun on the Lord's house in Dec., 1907, and finished in March, 1908. The pastor is a veteran, self-sacrificing doer of things that pertain to the development of the Master's Kingdom. He provided the plan for the building, that cost about $1,800; collected from its friends all the money put into it, and superintended the work. And the result is a gem of a house of which the builder need not be ashamed. Our generous Board of Church Erection gave the $1,000 that enabled the church to dedicate its house of prayer free from debt. The Board of Home Missions is its liberal helper, but will not long be called upon to assist. With our faithful Mr. and Mrs. Herriott in charge, and with the divine influences that are operating, this sweetly-scented rose in the "Garden of the Lord" will stand in beauty and vigor and bless many hearts and homes.

ROCKHURST PRAYER CONFERENCE.

A Call to Prayer for the Pacific Coast.

Mill Valley, May 15, 1908.

We invite all Christians to unite with us in waiting on God for the mighty outpouring of the Spirit on San Francisco, Cal., the Pacific Coast, the world. We have heard of the wonderful works of God in Wales, India, Korea, Manchuria and other lands in answer to believing prayer. Our hearts long for a similar outpouring of His grace and power on this coast. He has said, "I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh." We therefore ask all pastors and leaders throughout the Pacific States to join us in special prayer at the time of the Rockhurst Conference, June 15-19.

Let all who feel so called bring the matter before their people, especially on Sunday, June 14, and in the mid-week meeting for prayer. We invite all who can do so to meet with us, that as many as possible may be with one accord in one place. We ask you to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on this thirsty land. Joel 2:28, Acts 2:14, Luke 11:13. Pray that God's people here may learn to wait on Him as never before. Psa. 62:5-8, Isaiah 40:31, James 4: ; pray that Christians may recognize their calling and learn their privilege as intercessors. John 15:16; 16:24, 26; pray that prayer warriors who will press on to victory may be raised up for this coast. Daniel 10:10-13, Eph. 6:10-18, Jer. 33:3, Psa. 78:41; pray that God will unite His people here in the prayer of the Master, that they may understand more of the oneness of the body of Christ and that men may believe. John 17:20, 21, Gal. 3:28, 29, Rom. 12:5, Matt. 3:8. We shall be glad for requests for prayer to be sent in.

REV. WARREN C. SHERMAN,
REV. WM. THOMAS,
REV. LAPSLEY A. McAFEE, D.D.,
REV. A. T. NEEDHAM, D.D.,
REV. JOSEPH N. BOYD,
REV. SIDNEY YARROW,
ALFRED M. SHARROCKS, M.D.,
REV. J. A. FRASER,
REV. E. R. DILLE, D.D.,
REV. A. B. PRICHARD,
PROF. CHAS. G. PATERSON,
REV. LOUIS J. SAWYER,
REV. DWIGHT E. POTTER,
MR. J. C. WESTENBERG.

Rockhurst is a retreat among he redwoods, three minutes' walk from the Mill Valley depot. It was purchased and has been set apart for Christian conferences to be held each year before and after the denominational assemblies of the coast: the Prayer Confereince in June, the Missionary Conference in September. Mill Valley is a beautiful suburb, forty-five minutes from San Francisco, via Sausalito Ferry. Rockhurst stands for spiritual fellowship and co-operation in the life of prayer, the Word of God and all Christian service. For particulars concerning hotels or camping, or for requests for prayer, address

MRS. MINDORA BERRY-GOODWIN,
Rockhurst, Mill Valley, Cal.

HERE AND THERE PARAGRAPHS.

The Presbyterian Church at Newman, where the writer is pastor, is making some progress. No church can grow rapidly, however, in a town of less than 800 people, while surrounded and opposed by the work and influence of sixteen saloons open every day and night in the week.. But we are hoping for better conditions in the near future. Our board of county supervisors have just passed an ordinance requiring the saloons all over the county to close their places of business on the Sabbath. While this is not all we want, yet it is an improvement on what we now have. Therefore, we thank God and renew our efforts.

* * * * *

A prominent business man of this county, not long since without solicitation or notice, went a little bit out of his way to inform me that if I expected or even indulged the hope of reforming the West of the drink habit, I was up against the biggest job of my life. "I realize that most fully," I said, 'and do not hope to accomplish so great a work alone, but if I were the only man in the West engaged in such work, I could at least be faithful and do my duty, and that, by the grace of God, I am determined to do at all times, to the utmost of my power."

* * * * *

The father, a six-year-old son and the family dog stood in front of a saloon. As usual the door was closed. The father looked first one way and then the other, as if in great doubt and confusion. Finally, with hesitancy he entered, leaving the boy and dog on the outside to wait his return. Why leave them out, especially, the boy? Why did he not allow the boy to follow him? Let the mother of the manly little fellow answer. While she may have lost all

hope of reforming the husband and father, she still clings to the hope that she may save the boy in spite of a debauched father. To this end she daily holds him up to the belief that it is neither manly nor safe to enter such a place. We have known godly mothers to succeed in bringing up decent children in spite of the example of a worthless father.

* * * * *

It is urged that the singers do not sing classic songs alone, but that many of them can and often do sing gospel hymns to the joy and edification of the most artistic members of the congregation. Not, however, as we may be allowed to add, after the ordinary operatic manner of some cheap-john soloists. It may be our fault, or possibly we are ignorant and lacking in culture, but no matter just how it comes about, it is a fact just the same, that we are not capable of being edified by the vocal gymnastics of the modern soloist. The ups and downs, the ins and outs, the quivering and shivering of the voice to us is senseless affectation, not music. It is hard for us to believe that devout worshipers are edified by such so-called classics—nonsense.

G. R. HARRISON.

CHINA'S CRY AND AMERICA'S RESPONSE.

By B. L. Whitman, D.D., Seattle, Washington.

This most interesting address was delivered before the Pacific Coast Baptist Conference, held in the First Baptist Church, Oakland, California, May 13, 1908. Through the courtesy of the writer we are able to present it to the readers of the Pacific Presbyterian.—Editor.

— Any approach to the problem of China suggests the value of a primary lesson in psychology. Three words, especially, are to be dealt with. The first is illusion. Illusion is a condition and process and product of mental action in the realm of perception, and consists in seeing things that are not there. The second word is delusion. Delusion is a condition and process and product of mental action in the realm of judgment, and consists in believing things that are not so. The third word is confusion. Confusion is a condition and process and product of mental action in the realm of volition, and consists in want of clear determination what to do. The net product of our primary lesson in psychology is recognition of the fact that illusion leads to delusion and delusion to confusion. In other words, if a man sees that which does not exist and believes that which is not true, he falters or gives himself a mistaken action because he does not know what to do.

This clears the way for a word concerning conceptions and misconceptions. There is a widespread impression that the Chinese brother is a man of marked simplicity. Two or three illustrations of mental action which do not entirely suggest simplicity may go far toward making our thought manageable. In the city of Peking, spanning the great thoroughfare of the city, is a huge marble arch reared as a memorial to the German Ambassador von Ketteler, who was assassinated during the Boxer movement. There is an inscription on that arch recounting the tragedy, that the ambassador of a friendly nation was assassinated in the capital of China. The deed was a dark one and called for some kind of retribution; but building a marble arch and writing in the marble the story of the deed, so that for centuries to come the sensibilities of a great people must be wounded daily, seemed like adding a second tragedy to the first. But visitors who thus conceive the situation fail to reckon with the mental astuteness of the Celestial brother. The Chinaman of Peking, so it is said, today, when asked the meaning of that marble arch, makes answer that it was built to show that the Chinaman was smart enough to kill the foreigner. Apparently the sensibilities of the Chinese brother are not suffering in this case. Further, after the disaster of the Boxer outrage had been mended and the Imperial Government had been brought back, provision was made for the rebuilding of the Legations Quarter, so great a portion of which had been in whole or in part destroyed. A great glacis has been left in the rebuilding, surrounding the legations on all four sides, so that the assault of the Boxers can never be repeated. The Chinaman's explanation to the interested foreigner is that the Empress Dowager was good to the foreigners and did not drive them out of her city as she might have done, "only you see," he says, "she put the foreigners all off in one corner by themselves." Take one incident more. In south China a half generation ago great interest in the gospel was reported from several communities. Deputations came in reporting that their people wanted to be taught, and requesting that teachers be sent and preaching be held in chapels already built by the Chinese themselves.

We were all amazed at this fruitage of the Spirit, and we said, "Here is a people manifestly turning to God." Teachers were sent as soon as possible, and then we waited for the people to confess Christ. Years went by and no general confession followed. Then questions were asked and finally the singular explanation was reached that these chapels had been built by clans at war with other clans. These far-off people had found out in some way the secret of foreign power when brought to bear on Chinese problems. It was the clan in danger of being beaten that built the chapel, and they built in the path along which their enemies must come to make attack. When the chapel was ready those who had built it sent word to their opponents that the building between them was a prayer house of the foreign God, and that the American Government was defending it, so that if any damage was done to that building or to those who built it, the offenders would have to deal with America. So they put the fear of God and of America upon their foes. Whatever judgment may be passed upon people with minds like that, it is hardly fair either to them or ourselves to write them down unreservedly as children of simplicity.

Another word used often with regard to these far-off brothers is sincerity. One of the five virtues of Confucius is sincerity. Sincerity calls for honesty in all relations. In Eastern China last year one line of barrowmen, 280 in number, brought in a load of flour, 300 pounds to the load, to Wu Li Chang to be distributed in relief of the stricken community. I saw that flour come in barrow by barrow, and when the last load had been discharged I saw seven men arrested for stealing flour on the way from the bags they carried. Each had a high rate of wages for his services, and each knew that the flour in his sacks was intended to feed his starving neighbors, and yet he stole. Whatever the form of dishonesty in public life in the west, men who know say that our western leaders have not yet got beyond the A B C of what is known by the unhandsome, but unmistakable term, "graft." One has only to see the lamentations over the dead in China, and the keeping of memorial days about the graves of ancestors, to see that the money that is offered is make-believe money, the clothes are make-believe clothes, and the food is make-believe food. The average Chinaman is endowed with many virtues, but in his everyday life sincerity is by no means the most conspicuous of them.

One is set wondering at the net result of many kinds of service in the orient, as to how far the responsiveness of the Chinese heart is a responsiveness of real interest. It is a common thing for men of the higher class to listen to the Christian teaching and afterward explain that they were "amusing their hearts," which seems to be the Chinese way of confessing curiosity as to the new religion. When Li Hung Chang was in this country a few years ago he explained to a representative gathering of Americans in New Jersey, that he was heartily in favor of the Christian religion because after all, as the great statesman said, "Confucius and Jesus are so near alike in their teaching." The average Chinaman is a Confuciust, a Taoist and a Buddist. This same Chinaman would be perfectly willing to be a Christian also, provided Christianity meant only that he was to have four religions instead of three. But in China, as in all the world, when Christianity appears as a practical demand upon the mind and heart of the believer, the gospel proves as of old a gospel of separation.

If, therefore, our work as gospel teachers in China is based upon the assumption of sincere responsiveness in the Chinese heart, we are likely to be sorely disappointed in the results of our work. Listen the Chinaman will, and assent, but understand and do , he will not, especially in the sense that American and English men and other men do. The coolie will listen by the hour to the foreign teacher, nodding his head gravely from time to time, and saying, "that is undoubtedly the true teaching," and then go away absolutely ignorant of what the foreign teacher has been saying. The safe course in China is the course everywhere, the course that follows the truer view that the Chinaman is a human soul estranged from God by ignorance and sin and grievously in need of salvation. Those who know the Chinaman best conceive him not a specimen or a thing to be wondered at or an object of interest, but as a lost child of God who needs to be led back to the Father.

Somewhere in this truer thought lies the secret of help for China. The one unmistakable symbol of China is the great wall. For twenty-one and a half centuries that wall has stood with China on one side and the world on the other. There have been great ideals cherished in China, great inventions wrought out, great possibilities born, but China's attitude toward the rest of the world is an attitude of complete indifference, which has left China unfruitful toward herself and practically barren toward the world. At Shanhaiquan the great wall comes down to the sea. It was a a June evening last year that a man stepped off a railway train at that far-off station, and without waiting even to turn to the hotel, caught by the fascination of the wall, he walked out, clambering up the fallen masonery. Stretching away eastward the wall loses itself in the glittering waters, and westward it stretches over hill and valley fifteen hundred miles into the desert, ending God knows where. The man walked certain wonderful hours upon the wall pondering the strange ways of providence that shut in a nation sufficient to itself for centuries, that it might find itself in the fulness of time and became a factor in the political development of the world. The next morning an express train moved out fromShanhaiquan and threeminutes after leaving the station the man was passing through an opening in the wall broken that communication might be established by railways service with the world beyond. There are other breaks in the wall now, and in many places although the face of the wall remains intact the body of it is crumbling. As a means of defense the wall became useless long ago. Its greatest value now is symbolical. It stands for the long isolation of that far-off, mighty empire, an isolation that is practically useless.

The thought of the breaking of the wall compels serious reflection. First of all, the wall is still there. Tradition unbroken through centuries too numerous to be recorded, custom only less strong than life itself, interest binding the present generation to past associations—all these units to make China mentally spiritually still the great immovable one. And beyond all this, one has to reckon with genuine devotion on the part of those to whom religion is a living fact. In the temples of Quannon one may find scores of men and women and little children touching one or other parts of the image of the goddess and then touching the corresponding part of their own person, the brow, the eye, the breast, in the hope of healing through the mercy of the goddess. At Han Yang there is today a woman now somewhat advanced in years who wears at her breast a gruesome ornament, her own mumified left hand, cut off by her own deliberate act as an offering to her goddess. One look into her shining face will satisfy the most skeptical that the pagan finds comfort in his offerings to his god. In Tientsin an American family were about to start for home for a year's vacation after years of unbroken professional life in the trying climate of north China. There was a babe in that home twelve months old. It was a serious problem that was raised by that little child and the long journey, but while the mother was debating the matter day by day and still unsettled in her own mind whether it was safe to travel with her baby, the child's nurse came to her one day saying that she need feel no fear because she, the bay's nurse, had made an offering to her joss, and, "Joss man he say, no fear for baby, joss man say, baby all right." The family reached America in safety and after an absence of eighteen months returned to Tientsin, rejoicing in the continued good health of the little daughter. When the mother called the nurse to place in her arms again the little charge so long absent from her, and with great joy told the nurse how well the little one had been, the nurse, that pagan woman, said, "Missey no need tell Amah baby all right, Amah burn incense to joss man while baby gone. Joss man he say, no be afraid, baby all right," So during all these weary months of absence that faithful nurse waited contentedly for the return of her little charge, because she had prayed to her god for the return of the babe and got an answer of peace. Pagan religion is far removed from Christian religion, but we must not forget in dealing with our pagan brother that he too has his god, and in the religion of his god he finds a kind of peace.

Though the wall is broken the wall is still there, but it has no significance as of old. The leading Chinamen recognize the incapacity of China's leadership and the inadequacy of China's mental and spiritual resources. The Viceroy of Nanking last year spoke frankly of the problem of his country, expressing grave recognition of the inability of China to accomplish true educational ideals without western help, and insisting strongly that it is in England and especially in America that help is to be found. From the province of Chili a year ago a company of young men just graduated from Pei Yang University in Tientsin were completing their preparations for prolonged study in America. China is taking the first steps toward the new order.

China's greatest need is new ideals, new ideals in education, in commerce, in society, in government, in life China's old ideals grew out of conditions antedating the Christian era. Confucius edits books so old as to have become classics in his day, and China's boast has been that contemporary conditions have had no influence in shaping the government and the life of the empire.

Into this great problem there have gone during the last century the mysteries of Christian love. The gospel has been preached. Believers have been gathered together in fellowship. Schools have been organized. Hospitals have been equipped. Printing presses have been set up. Charity in the great good sense of helping love has been dispensed. Christian family ties and Christian home life have been set before the pagan community, bringing the Christian influence for reformation in the world into touch with that part of the world, which perhaps most of all needs such reformation. In this work America has had a beautiful part. In the famine field a year ago the suffering spoke of the relief as American relief, and in this they spoke truthfully, for by far the largest part of the relief came from Christian America. And it is to us that China must mainly look for help toward her political and spiritual redemption.

Out of all this grows the vision of better things. China is a great land, a huge empire, capable yet even of indefinite development agriculturally. Some things the Chinaman does does with his land better than other people in the world, but there are agricultural implements which will work wonders when once the Chinman is awakened to their use. And with the land must be reckoned the people, a hardy people, a patient people, an industrious people, a people capable of sustained endeavor, a people fitted by nature, when once awakened, to attempt and accomplish great things. For two thousand years China's land and China's people have been sufficient unto themselves, and to this day China's most earnest request to the Western world is to be left alone. A land and a people capable of self-sustainment and self-contentment for two hundred decades are a factor that cannot be disregarded in reckoning the future history of the world. What China has done it has done in its quiescent state. What China will do in the new life to which it is now awakening is a subject for boundless hope.

China has already given ready response to the gospel in God's way and time. An incident that occurred in Japan is indicative of China's life as well.. In Mrs. Hamblen's kindergarten in Tokio there is a woman, the wife of a native pastor. This woman went quietly about her work loving and leading the children into understanding. Mrs. Hamblen noted the work and her own eye kindled, and this is what she said, "If every other professing Christian in Japan should prove faithless I should still believe in the faithfulness of that woman." There are tens of thousands of such Christians in Japan, and there are tens of thousands in China. Out of the horror of the Boxer uprising great glory has been won for Christ through the unmurmuring patience and unquestioning obedience of suffering disciples, when ten thousand Chinese men, women and children sealed their dying testimony with their blood, and other tens of thousands would have gone to God by the chariot of fire as cheerfully as their brethren did if the sacrifice had been required. This is China's hope. This is the world's hope. For those devoted ones in the far-off land are simply our brothers and sisters in the faith, in whose faces the glory of Jesus had kindled the light of eternal life. In their daily experience they are bearing unmistakable witness to the power that saves. Most of them are in very humble circumstances, but their testimony is no less sure and their example is no less sweet for that. And there are men in China in high places who love and honor Jesus. At Nanking the Minister of Foreign Affairs is Mr. Wen, who was first trained in Christian school in China, and later went to Worcester, Mass., and Yale University, returning to his own land to fill a place of conspicuous influence in the government. The interpreter of the American consulate in Nanking is a graduate of a Christian college, the Nanking University. And all through China today there are hundreds of young men who are giving proof of what Christian education can do to prepare men for service, and who are filling these and like high places, multitudes of them bearing consistent witness in their official positions to the power that makes men new. China's call to America is a call for sympathy, for means, for men of understanding and capacity for sharing **China's passion for new and better things, ready for service** in the bringing to pass of the ideals by which China and the nations live. If America is true to her opportunity we shall soon see China take her place in the great family of nations as a member of the greater family of God.

THE PASSING OF A CALIFORNIA PIONEER PRESTERIAN.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season (Job 5:26-. This describes the manner of death of Mr. Wm. Thomson at his home in Plano, Tulare county, California, on Sabbath evening, March, 1908. Mr. Thomson was native to Ohio, but in 1867 he came to this State by the "round Horn" route. Settling in Plano he continued to make his home there until by the gateway of death he was transported to the heavenly home. In June of 1869 Mr. Thomson with a few other ardent Presbyterians were organized into the Tule River Presbyterian Church, of which he was elected ruling elder. Plano has grown but little in population in the years since then, and as a consequence the church membership has never been large. Repeatedly the church has been threatened with dissolution or engulfment, but Mr. Thomson stood manfully by her, and today the church organization and well preserved buildings remain as a tribute to his persistence, self-sacrifice and faithfulness. Mr. Thomson attained to the age of 82 years. Surviving him (Mrs. Thomson preceded her husband in his departure ten years ago) are four sons, three daughters and numerous grandchildren.

TRIVIAL TROUBLE.

By W. L. Watkinson, D.D.

(The noted Wesleyan preacher, the Rev. Dr. W. L. Watkinson of England, who gained many admirers when he was in this county a year or two ago, is to be here again this year. We desire to give our readers a taste of his sermons and addresses, and reprint one here, one from a volume just issued by the Fleming H. Revell Co. of New York. The volume is entitled Frugality in the Spiritual Life, the first address giving title to the book. There are 24 different articles, among them being: The Collapses of Life, The Solicitude of Success, The Efficacy of Appreciation, Regretful Reverie, Temperamental Limitations, The Nearness of the Essential in Life's Discipline. The book is sold for $1.00 net. Dr. Marcus Dods says: "For originality, brevity and felicity of illustration, Dr. Watkinson stands without a rival."—Editor.)

If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and though in a land of peace thou art secure, yet how wilt thou do in the pride of Jordon?—Jeremiah xii: 5 (R. V.).

In **Mosses from an Old Manse**, Nathaniel Hawthorne writes: "There are so many unsubstantial sorrows which the necessity of our mortal stage begets on idleness, that an observer, casting aside sentiment, is sometimes led to question whether there may be any real woe except absolute physical suffering and the loss of closest friends?" This is, of course, an extreme statement of the case. Besides physical suffering and bereavement there are many

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

other forms of affliction, real and terrible enough. Yet it must be allowed that our sorrows are often largely unsubstantial and our bitter complaints well-nigh groundless. We condole with ourselves about troubles which are simply passing inconveniences; we magnify pin-pricks into crucifixions. The proof that so many of us have so little real trouble is found in the fact that we so piercingly bewail trifling losses and pains; were the distresses more acute, we should say less about them. We have only to observe the sufferings of our neighbors to understand the absurdity of our complaints. If a slight breeze rocks the ship, the passengers are distressed as much as though they were suffering shipwreck; but the old salt who knows what the wrath of the ocean really means smiles at their much ado about nothing. Those who know what real trouble means, who have encountered the storms that shake the soul, listen with a compassionate smile to the glib recital of sentimental tragedies. Our fluent lamentations over a disagreeable incident, which when examined turns out to be nothing more than a discomfort, most convincingly prove that we are really well off; one genuine misfortune, one shattering thunderbolt, would silence our woful tale. In the meantime we make more ado about a crumpled rose-leaf than thousands of noble men and women do about a crown of thorns.

The age in which we live tends to intensify sensitiveness, and we need constantly to be on guard against magnifying molehills into mountains and thistles into forests. However hardly we may think of the present age, it is in many respects an indulgent one; it is certainly far more so than those which have preceded it. We are taken care of on every side. It is not too much to say that we are habitually coddled, our endless artificial wants are promptly and ingeniously met, we enjoy facilities and luxuries innumerable, until we are fast becoming hypersensitive, and reckon ourselves martyrs if the wind blows a little hot or cold; if we are teased by a gnat, or even if we are overtaken by "the pleasant trouble of the rain." The habit of taking count of these shallow troubles, talking about them, nursing them, seeking sympathy on account of them, making far more of them than the just proportion of things will allow, is a dangerous tendency that needs to be vigilantly watched and checked.

The habit of pampering ourselves shows how far we have lost sight of the seriousness of life. The sacramental host of God has ever been prepared to accept great losses and sufferings for the high rewards it contemplates. "The noble army of martyrs" is the glory of God's church, and in a real sense representative o f its spirit and power. Its members have sworn allegiance to a Captain who was "made perfect through suffering;" and in all ages they have dared the most tremendous tribulations that they might win eternal life. Our disproportionate attention to minor miseries shows how far we have lost sight of the extreme seriousness of the true idea and design of human life. Discoverers seeking new worlds do not whine about the mosquito; soldiers intent on great campaigns do not fret about wind and weather; and when Christians duly recognize the greatness of their ideals and hopes they become oblivious of irritations and worries which plague the natural man. Out for a picnic we may be exacting about flowers, sunshine, and entertainments, but absorbed in momentous undertakings trifles are forgotten. The great thoughts of the Christian life have not adequately taken hold of us, its enthusiasms and passions do not stir us as they ought, or we should almost unconsciously disregard the infinitesimal matters which now worry us. Let, then, then, the unreasonable extent to which minute cares and vexations disturb remind us of the fact that our life is superficial, our faith in higher things faint, our devotion to God and eternity lacking in reality and completeness. Larger thoughts, deeper emotions, a life in more constant fellowship with things above, will effectually check the murmur and the sigh.

To brood over paltry trials reveals littleness of soul, and accentuates that littleness. We are in danger of deceiving ourselves on this point. It is not uncommon for men to believe that they are able to bear great calamities better than they can small ones. They lose all patience with an attack of toothache, yet fancy they could smilingly endure leprosy or consumption. They lose their temper with the silly oversights of domestics and workpeople, but they are sure that a crushing misfortune would evoke their heroism. They lose all dignity and peace of mind in dealing with the peddling mishaps of routine life, yet cherish the belief that they are prepared to take arms against a sea of troubles when it happens to break forth. It is a flattering unction we should refuse to lay to our soul. Wesley tells that one day sitting by the fire of a wealthy gentleman a puff of smoke came down the chimney, whereupon the host plaintively addressed the evangelist: "You see, sir, I have to put up daily with this kind of thing." Are we to believe that behind this fretfulness the man hid the strength of a martyr, and that whilst he was subdued by the smoke he could stand the fire? It is an illusion. He who is wearied in a sprint with the footmen will never contend successfully with horses; he who faints in the land of peace will make a poor show in the swelling of Jordan. Little physical energy is left when the grasshopper becomes a burden. Little energy of soul remains when the grasshopper of trivial trouble is allowed to plague us. And as fretfulness indicates spiritual feebleness it accentuates it; it effectually precludes inward largeness, strength and heroism.

The habit of repining unfits us to deal with the real troubles awaiting us further on. We ought so to run with the footmen that we shall be able to bridle the horses. We ought so to dwell in the land of peace—careless of its gnats, contemptuous of its grasshoppers—that it shall prove a precious discipline against the day when deep calls unto deep, and when all the waves and billows go over us; but to permit the inevitable friction of everyday life to waste our power is to lay ourselves open to inglorious humiliations whenever the crisis comes. Let us not destroy the nerve which will be so sorely needed in the fiery hour, the overflowing tide. A reticent way of bearing immaterial trouble braces us to play our part worthily when ever we are called to battle with avalanch, earthquake and blizzard.

SOME RESULTS OF THE OPEN PULPIT ENACTMENT.

An Increasing Tendency to Affiliate with Roman Catholics.

Urgent appeals are being made by Rev. James Paul Francis, the head of a celibate order of Episcopal ministers, with headquarters in New York, to bring about the establishment of a Uniat Church, as a branch of the Roman Catholic Church. This is one of the latest developments of the "open pulpit" decree.

The Boston Transcript says: "Rev. Dr. Francis has been carrying on negotiations with Apostolic Delegate Falconio through several Catholic priests in Philadelphia.

"On behalf of his own order and married ministers of the Episcopal Church throughout the country, Rev. Father Francis has sought terms of the see of Rome whereby they might all enter the Roman Catholic Church, maintaining a separate branch to be known as the Uniat Church.

"'What we would like to have," said Rev. Father Francis, in substance, 'is a branch similar to the Greek Church, in which the masses are said in English and in which the priests are permitted to be married.'

"This request for a Uniat Church was not made by Rev. Father Francis for his own personal convenience, for his order is essentially a celibate organization. His desire was to have a church established in conjunction with the Catholic body so as to permit Episcopal ministers who disbelieve in the 'open pulpit' canon, and yet are married, to enter the Roman Catholic Church.

"While it is not known that any decision has as yet been given to Rev. Father Francis, it was said by an authoritative source that the pope would not consider such a proposal, as it is against all the principles of Catholicity. The Greek Church is an exceptional case, as it is allowed to exist as an adjunct to the Roman Catholic Church because it has maintained orders through a logical line of succession.

"When Father Francis learns of this decision and the reasons for it there is reason for believing that he and the three lay brothers who conduct the affairs of the order will announce their decision to join the Franciscan Order of the Roman Catholic Church, upon which their own order was modelled.

"Following the resignations of Dr. William McGarvey as rector of St. Elizabeth's Proestant Episcopal Church, at Sixteenth and Mifflin streets, Philadelphia, and his three assistant clergymen, and Samuel P. Woodward, rector's warden of the parish, the result of the efforts that have been made by Rev. Father Francis take on a decided interest.

"While Dr. McGarvey, his assistants, Rev. M. L. Cowl, Rev. W. L. Hayward and Rev. William H. McClellan, have refrained from openly announcing that they intended to enter the Roman Catholic Church, it is pretty well accepted that this is their intention. If they had any hopes of the establishment of a branch church the result of Rev. Father Francis' application for terms to the apostolic delegate of the pope puts an end to it.

"Rev. Henry R. Sargent, a member of the Order of the Holy Cross, with headquarters at West Park, on the Hudson, has been strongly inveighing against the 'open pulpit' canon, and Philadelphians who have followed the work of the celibate order of Episcopals, so similar to that of the Franciscan Order of the Catholic Church, express their belief that an announcement will be made by the members inside of a week or two.

"Mr. Woodward, the retiring rector's warden of St. Elizabeth's Church, estimates that one-third of the congregation of the church and all the members of the Companions of the Savior, of which Dr. Garvey is superior, will join the Roman Catholic Church.

"The pamphlets sent out by Dr. Garvey and Dr. Sargent, setting forth the argument against the 'open pulpit,' have won many converts to the Roman Catholic Church in Philadelphia and already Rev. Father Alvah W. Doran, himself a convert from the Episcopal to the Roman Catholic Church and a foremost master of theology, has one class of six Episcopalians who are being prepared for Catholicity.

"'I have no doubt,' said Rev. Fr. Doran, in the parish house of the Church of the Epiphany, 'that there will be many conversions as a result of the 'open pulpit' canon. This new doctrine will have the effect of amalgamating all the Protestant religions with the Low Episcopal Church, while the High Church advocates will probably come over to the Roman Catholic Church.'

Bishop Coadjutor Mackey-Smith expressed his views on the matter to the Philadelphia Inquirer as follows:

"'I have the greatest sympathy for Dr. McGarvey. He's a fine man. So are his assistants all fine men. But the whole thing is a tempest in a teapot.

"'The only criticism I have to make is that these gentlemen talk as if they were the whole church, when, in point of fact, they are an insignificant part.

"'They thus unconsciously misrepresent the church to the outside public and give the impression that they are an enormous body when really there are comparatively few of them.

"'Outsiders get the impression that the whole church is convulsed by this movement. In point of fact we hear very little about it and the vast mass of church members really don't know that it exists.

"'The trouble is, however, that these good brothers talk as if they were in the majority when they can really gather only a small number about them.

"'But I am really most sympathetic with them from their point of view. They are entirely conscientious. The wonder is not that they are going, but that they didn't go a long while ago.

"'If I agreed with Dr. McGarvey in his views, I should certainly have gone long before this. There is no other logical thing for him to do. The great fact about the Episcopal Church is that it is in no sense a sect. Its great virtue lies in its magnificent comprehensiveness.

"'Every once in a while either one extreme or the other gets tired of trying to transfer it into a mere sect, and determines to leave.

"'The Low Church did this thirty or forty years ago. This started a new sect, the so-called Reformed Episcopalians.

"'They claimed that they were driven out by the Ritualists, who formed the other extreme. Now, it appears as though the Ritualists' time has come, and they must take their own bitter medicine.

"'Between these two extremes the vast majority will still go on contented and quite satisfied.'"

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Thirty-nine different languages are spoken in New York City.

Michigan Methodists give splendid support to the Michigan Christian Advocate. It has in that state alone a circulation of 8,089.

The latest statistics of the religious affiliations of the people of Germany (1907) are as follows: Population, 60,641,278; Evangelical Protestants, 37,646,852 (62 per cent); Roman Catholics, 22,094,492; Jews, 607,862.

The wholesale liquor dealers will meet in national convention at Niagara Falls next month. There is so much business to be attended to this year that the usual great banquet will be omitted. The liquor dealers realize that they must fight now for their traffic as never before.

It is said that the South will take a bold stand at the Democratic convention in Denver for prohibition, advocating a plank in the national platform against the liquor traffic. The South is in the saddle in a good cause. If it will press for the extinction of the liquor traffic as it pressed for extension of slavery a half century ago, it will lead in winning one of the greatest victories of the ages.

The Pacific Baptist gives the relative strength of the

five leading denominations in Western Washington as follows: "Methodist members, 16,953; Presbyterian, 9,385; Baptist, 8,251; Christian (estimated), 5,000; Congregational, 4,920. The number of churches: Methodist, 176; Baptist, 98; Congregational, 98; Presbyterian, 77; Christian, 35. Sunday-school scholars: Methodist, 20,018; Presbyterian, 12,069; Baptist, 9,865; Congregational, 7,418; Christian (estimated), 4,000.

The Baptist Chinese Mission House in San Francisco will be ready for dedication in a few weeks. It has been erected on the old site at Sacramento street and Waverly Place, at a cost of $21,000. The Occidental Board of the Presbyterian Church dedicated a few weeks ago a fine new building on the old site on Sacramento street, which will continue to be, as it long was before the earthquake and fire, a center for the work among Chinese women and for the rescue of the slave girls from the immoral lives to which they are doomed by their owners.

The Saturday Evening Post is of opinion that the country preacher is chiefly responsible for the temperance wave which is sweeping over the country. The Atlanta Christian Advocate remarks: "Whether this is true or not, we are prepared to assert that the country preacher is directly responsible for a good many good things that have contributed to our welfare. As a class, these men are fearless, faithful, loyal to God, and committed by a noble type of manhood to the things that promote righteousness. They are a foe to liquor and all other evils."

Seventy per cent of our immigrants come from Roman Catholic countries. It is estimated that 8,000,000 Catholics have come to this country during the last one hundred years. A writer on religious problems says: "These, with their children, should now number not less than 24,000,000, yet there are only 10,000,000 Catholics in the United States. Where are the 14,000,000? Greater New York alone contains about 1,000,000 Jews—practically one-tenth of the Jews of the world. Yet a Hebrew writer of authority declares that only 30,000 belong to the synagogues of the city. Where are the 970,000?"

The United Brethren Church in Oakland has received 27 persons into membership since the Rev. Dr. Drury took charge last October. In an article in The Religious Telescope of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. Drury writes: "I find here a very earnest and loyal band of Christian workers, though the general local conditions are quite unlike those with which I was familiar in the East. We have here a different civilization from that found east of the Rocky Mountains. This condition is not easy to explain, and it is not understood generally by the people of the East. There is really as much difference between the civilization of California and that of Ohio and Pennsylvania as there is between that of France and Germany. Tourists and others who make brief visits to the coast, as a rule, do not learn this fact; but it is a fact, nevertheless, and must be reckoned with in doing Christian work. Hence, when one comes here from the East, if he is wise, he will study the new conditions with which he finds himself surrounded, and will seek to adapt himself to them. He has to do this in cultivating the soil, and in the realm of the spiritual husbandry he must do likewise if he would succeed. A spiritual church is needed here to counteract the dominant worldliness; and such a church can win in this land, but the work and the methods of conquest must be suited to the cosmopolitan life found here. The sooner these things are recognized and made the basis of appropriate action by the churches now established and by the missionary boards supporting the work, the sooner will the work on the coast reach the position of permanency and self-support. To this end we are steadfastly working in the Oakland church."

The Monitor, the official organ of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco, says that there were about 5,000 Catholic sailors with the fleet, and that no better example of their good qualities was given during their stay here than their large attendance at mass, not only at the great open-air service on Yerba Buena, but quietly and unobtrusively in the city churches. Concerning the service on Yerba Buena, The Monitor says "No more solemn or impressive religious service has ever been held on the Pacific Coast than the Sailors' Mass, celebrated on Yerba Buena Island. It was an inspiring scene, this Mass of thanksgiving, remindful of other sacred and historic scenes enacted in our land generations ago, and bringing to the mind, above all other things, thoughts of that mass of thanksgiving which Padre Junipero Serra celebrated by the shores of Monterey in 1777. The day was perfect. The bay was blue and calm, the sky cloudless, and the sun bright and warm, tempering the sea-wind that blew in through Golden Gate. On the steps of the Pensacola Drill Hall with its doric columns for background, an altar was erected, simply decorated with flowers and surmounted by a picture of our Savior.. Ranged in front of the altar were the officers and sailors from the fleet, and all about, by hundreds, were gathered worshipers, the Knights of Columbus and their friends, and scores of non-Catholics, who were visibly impressed with the solemn event. Over 2,000 altogether were present. The most impressive feature of the service was the substitution of bugles for the acolyte's bell. One of the sailors, rising from his knees, blew the sweet, clear bugle notes at both the consecration and the elevation, and these silvery piercing strains sounding on the worshipful quiet crowned the simple grandeur of the service."

The Washington correspondent of a Chicago paper gives the church affiliations of public men in the capital city substantially as follows. President Roosevelt is a regular attendant at the only German Reformed Church in the city. He is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, an organization that has no place of worship in Washington. Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks are Methodists. The vice-president, his wife and the other members of his family, when they are in Washington, attend the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, the one attended by General Grant and William McKinley when they were Presidents of the United States. Secretary of War William H. Taft is a Unitarian, and has a pew in the Church of All Souls. It is at this church that Dr. Edward Everett Hale frequently preaches. While the secretary of war is a Unitarian, his wife and children are Episcopalians, and the secretary frequently accompanies them to St. John's Church, where also he has a pew. While Mr. Roosevelt goes to the German Reformed Church, his wife and family, who are Episcopalians, attend the historic St. John's Church, where they sit only one or two pews removed from Mrs. Taft and her children. Like Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt frequently goes to the services at St. John's with his wife and children. Miss Helen Taft and Miss Ethel Roosevelt were confirmed at St. John's Church at the same time not long ago. Secretary Taft spends his vacation at Murray Bay, Canada, where there is a union church, attended by the summer colonists of all denominations. The secretary of war is one of the trustees of this

summer colony church, where people of many faiths gather for worship. Speaker Joseph G. Cannon was born and rised in the faith of the Quakers. The Speaker went into the Methodist Episcopal Church by marriage. As long as his wife lived he attended the Methodist Episcopal Church, but his daughters are attendants at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, and with them the Speaker frequently goes to the Sunday service. Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania, who, like three of the men already named, is a candidate for the presidency, is an Episcopalian. Senator Knox's parents were Methodists, and he was educated at the Methodist College at Mount Union, Ohio. George B. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury, it is said, is not a confirmed churchgoer, but his family attends the Episcopal Church. The only Roman Catholic member of the cabinet is Charles J. Bonaparte. Secretary of Commerce and Labor Straus and his wife are of the Jewish faith. Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Metcalf are Episcopalians. Secretary of the Interior Garfield attends the Presbyterian Church. His wife is an Episcopalian.

THE HOME

WATCH, MOTHER.

(From an Old Scrapbook.)

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.

Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.

Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling, eloquent and wild,
What is said, and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.

Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 't'is broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true.

Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

THE MORAL TRAINING OF OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

At a recent meeting of the Harvard Teachers' Association Dr. Endicott Peabody, head master of Groton school, said:

"American parents generally lack the moral courage to refuse the requests of their children for pleasures which will interfere seriously with their school work. The result is lawlessness, and this applies as well to girls as to boys. The typical American mother is represented by a woman sitting on the front porch of a seaside hotel, whose boy comes with a request to go in swimming. Without considering that mother is apt to reply that the boy cannot go in swimming—'because, and when I say because I mean because.' My experience in school has been that boys like discipline and obedience and can be trusted to obey when left to themselves. At Groton I used often to argue with a teacher who maintained that the primary thing was love. I declared that obedience came first, and after years of experience I hold the same opinion.

"Parents should begin early the training of their children. Reading aloud is one of the best possible ways to cultivate in a child a love of good literature. Too many boys are satisfied when they barely pass their examinations; if you examine into the home lives of such boys you will find that their mothers and fathers have never trained that boy to expect or try to become a scholar. We criticise boys that at table or other gathering places they never talk of anything but athletics. You will find that in their homes the subjects of table talk are the malfeasances of the cook, the fluctuations of the stock market, or the doings of the neighbors. Instead of these trivial matters there should be some discussion of larger interests, of the welfare of the country, of literature, of morals.

"There is no different state of affairs in regard to the moral welfare of our boys. Some time ago a father brought to Groton School a boy who had gotten into trouble for using profanity. That father admitted that he had himself been responsible for the boy's profanity, but he said that he and the boy had agreed together to stop swearing. Another evil notion is the prevalent one that a boy should 'see the world;' in other words, that he should see vice. It is like plunging into water a child who knows nothing of swimming to follow a course like that. Not only in schools, but in our social life our morals are at sea; our theaters, presenting vaudeville as their chief support, are a serious cause of moral injury. It is the same with books; the popular books which boys and girls read and talk about. The popular books, most of which are written by women, are filled with tales of loose sexual relations, blasphemy and irreverence. A bad book is worse than a bad man; for a bad man usually has a personality that repulses one, but there is nothing repulsive in the external appearance of a bad book.

"Most important cause of this evil condition is the fact that men leave to their wives the moral training of their sons. Men do not see that the boy will do what he sees his father do, or that their influence is worse than their lack of interest in the children. Boys trained in religion by their mother grow up to think religion an effeminate matter to be abandoned at a suitable age. I know of a mother who did not teach her boys to pray, because, she said, she could not give them a satisfactory philosophic basis of prayer. That

mother never waited until her child knew the chemical composition of milk or the intricate processes of digestion before she gave it something to eat. Everything in modern education depends on the influence of the home in regard to the intellectual and moral ideals of boys and girls."

Young People

A HERO OF THE FURNACE-ROOM.

The duty of the boilermakers on warships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men. They will creep right inside a boiler or furnace which has but a few moments before been full of boiling liquid or red-hot coals. They will screw up nuts and fasten bolts or repair leaking pipes or joints in places that other men would consider impossible to approach. While the ship's big guns are making the vessel tremble and the enemy's shells are bursting in every direction, these men, with positively reckless fearlessness, will venture down into the bowels of the fighting ship, amid roaring machinery, hissing steam and flaming fires, to rectify an accident, which, unrepaired, might send the ship and all her human freight to the bottom more surely and more quickly than shell or shot from the best guns of the enemy. These men are heroes.

Most people in the United States will remember that, when the Bancroft went to work to batter the walls of San Juan, for some reason she had to slip out of action and her place was taken by the little gunboat Castine, which without delay opened her batteries upon the fort.

Very few people, even on the vessel herself, know what a close shave she and her crew had of paying a permanent visit to the dreaded haven of Davy Jones.

The Castine carried on board three of these boilermakers already referred to—Fish, another, and one Huntley of Norfolk, Va. The Castine went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed her 2,199 horse-power could make them spin, and her battery of eight guns started her quivering with excitement and the fierce delight of battle. The furnaces were heated almost in white heat, and the forced draught was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to the higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions. Suddenly, without expectation, without warning, far down in the furnace-hole, unheard by officers or men amid the din of battle, the thundering reverberations of exploding gunpowder, there arose a fierce, hissing noise inside one of the furnaces—and those who heard it trembled as no gun or shot or shell had power to make them tremble.

A socket bolt in the back connection at the farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung, the steam was pouring in upon the fire, threatening in a few moments to put it out and stop the progress of the ship if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrible explosion and annihilation!

The faces of the men below, in that moment of terrible suspense, blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do save wait the awful coming of the shock they knew must come.

None? Nay, but there was one! The first to pull himself together, the first to whom returned the fear-driven senses, was boilermaker Huntley. His name does not appear on the navy list. Even his first name was unknown to his confrere, Fish. Only Boilermaker Huntley, of Norfolk, Va. But that is enough, and his deed should be sufficient to find for him a niche in the annals of fame whenever the story of the United States and her navy is told.

One instant of startled horror—then, without hesitation, without trepidation, with stern-set jaws and fierce, devoted determination on every line of face and form.

"Turn off the forced draught!" he cried.

"Goodness, Huntley, what are you going to do?"

"Bank the fire! Quick!"

"It's certain death!"

"For one—unless, for all! Turn off the draught! Bank the fire!"

The orders were carried out feverishly.

"Now a plank!"

And before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace, right on top of the black coal with which it was banked, and had himself climbed and crawled over the ragged mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like some hissing devil from the loosed socket.

For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place, and then the work was done—the ship was saved—and his friends drew him out at the door. The forced draught went to its work again and in an instant the furnace was once more raging.

But what of Huntley? Scorched, scalded, insensible, well-nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace-room, while around him stood the mates dousing him with water and using every known means of resuscitation. He did not die, but when once more he opened his eyes and was able to be carefully lifted into daylight there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the Castine, and Huntley simply claims that he "did his duty." But while the United States remains a nation, so long as the banner bearing the silver stars on the field of blue above alternate stripes of red and white remains the symbol of purity, bravery and patriotism to American hearts the whole world over; so long, when her heroes are spoken of, one name should never be omitted—that of Boilermaker Huntley, of Norfolk, Va.—Toledo Blade.

San Francisco showed to the world last week by voting by an overwhelming majority for bonds to the amount of $18,000,000 that her people have the spirit which keeps her cities. The $5,000,000 appropriation for an auxiliary water system indicates a determination not to allow again for any such catastrophe as came upon the city during the few days following the earthquake of April 18, 1906. San Francisco has the marks today of a great city. She will be greater. By the middle of the century the city by the Golden Gate will, in all probability, be at least third in importance in the United States.

THE CROWNING INDIGNITY.

Just 'cause my brother Alfred, he
Is two years older 'an me,
W'y, everything he gets 'at's new
They give to me when he gets through.
I try my best to not to grow
An' catch up with his old things so,
But when he gets too big for clo'es,
W'y, I've growed just exackly so's
They'll do for me—an' then I've got
To keep on wearin' 'em a lot!

My brother Alfred's pants just wait
An' never get tored on th' gate
Or ripped on nails, or wored out none
Until my catchin' up is done.
When he gets new ones, my ma, she
Says his old pants will do for me.
An' Alfred grins, an' looks so glad
It always makes me awful mad!
An' 'at's th' way it always goes—
I even get his underclo'es!

But now it's worse' an ever! I'm
Just mad clean through, and through
this time,
It's got to more 'an I can stand—
This gettin' his things secon'-hand!
An' I told ma 'at I think it
Is purty near th' time to quit.

My brother Alfred, he's been sick
With measles—he was speckled thick,
But now he's through with them, you
see,
He's gone an' give 'em all to me!
—Wilbur Nesbit, in Harper's.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

From the reception hall came the sound of merry voices. Out in the sitting-room Aunt Janet moved impatiently. Her silks rustled stiffly.

"Really, Mary, I wish Agnes had more independence. That Redmond girl treated her shamefully only last week, and yet there is Agnes talking as sweetly as if nothing had happened. I never should stand it."

Mrs. Holmes looked up at the hard, bitter lines in her sister s face, listened again to the sweet voice of her daughter as its gentle tones came drifting in to them, and replied:

"I do not think Agnes lacks spirit. You know she used to resent a slight. But lately—"

The hall door closed. There came a breath of the outside wintry air, and a young girl dropped on a stool at her aunt's feet.

"Agnes," began her aunt, severely, "how can you treat that girl as a friend? She has been saying the meanest things about you. Mrs. Brown told me—"

"Stop, aunty!" cried Agnes, putting her fingers to her ears. "Please don't repeat it. I do not want to know."

"Why not?"

A moment's silence. Then a brave face was lifted to the stern one above it.

"Because, aunty, I am learning to swim." Turning from her aunt's astonished gaze, she looked straight into her mother's face—into the eyes so sure to understand.

"You remember, mamma, at the seashore last summer, what a time I had to learn to swim. My head would go down, and I came up sputtering, with such a dreadful taste in my mouth. My teacher said, 'Keep your head up and your mouth closed, and you will be all right.'

"So, auntie, if I listen to all the gossip afloat, I am sure to go down with it and come up sputtering. It makes me feel badly all over. But if I keep my ears and mouth closed and my head up I have a lovely time riding the breakers. It is so much more fun than to be sputtering all the time."

"Humph!" said her aunt; but her silks actually rustled a little more softly.—Youth's Companion.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

In the sand-swept belt of Central Babylonia, that country of ancient ruins, in a region dangerous and deserted, because far from water, and on the border of the territory of several hostile Arab tribes, lies the low ruins of Bismya. Few explorers have ever visited it, and those few did so at the peril of their lives. Dr. Peters, of New York, while excavating at Nippur, discovered at Bismya a clay tablet of an ancient date. German explorers are reported to have said that the ruins originated with the civilization of the Arabs. However, not only the age of the ruins, but the name and history of the ancient city of which they are composed, continued a mystery until recently.

Christmas day, 1903, we began excavating at Bismya, and the result was the discovery of the oldest temple in the world. The walls of the tower soon appeared; the summit was cleared, and the first inscription discovered upon the surface was a brick stamped with the name of Dungi, of 2750 B. C. Just beneath it were other bricks bearing the name of UrGur, of 2800 B. C.; a little lower appeared the name of Naram Sin, of 3750 B. C., and just below that level were the large square blocks peculiar to Sargon, of 3800 B. C.; probably the first of the Semitic kings of Babylonia. Although we had dug but a metre and a half below the bricks of Dungi, we had revealed several strata extending over the period from 2750 B. C., or more than a thousand years, and still eleven metres of earlier ruins lay beneath us. We dug lower; unknown types of bricks appeared, and two and a half metres from the surface we came upon a large platform constructed of the peculiar plano-convex bricks which were the building material of 4500 B. C.—Dr. Edgar J. Banks.

CUTTING GLASS WITH SCISSORS..

Did you ever try to cut a piece of glass in a straight line with a pair of shears? It can be done. Get a deep pan or bowl, and fill it with water. Put your hands, the glass and the scissors completely under the water, and hold them there while you do the cutting. In this way you can cut the glass in a straight or curved line, provided it is not too thick, but you must be careful not to allow the least part of the glass or shears to come above the surface of the water. And why can this be done? The reason is that the water deadens the vibration of the glass and shears when they come in contact, and with the vibration deadened, the sharp edge of the shears makes a uniform cut.—The Children's Tribune.

HIS ORDER.

A small boy entered a busy grocery in Baltimore not long ago, carrying in his hand an advertisement of the store clipped from a newspaper.

"What do you want, son?" the grocer asked, pausing in one of his rushes from the meat block to the canned goods shelves.

"Put down," the little fellow said, reading from the advertisement, "ten pounds of sugar at five cents a pound, an' two pounds of butter at twenty-eight cents a pound, an' two cakes of soap at five cents each."

"I've got them down," the grocer said, looking up from his pad.

"How much does that come to?" the lad asked.

The man ran up the column. "Two thirty-six," he announced. "Hurry up, son."

"An' if I give you a five-dollar bill, how much change would I get?"

"You get $2.64—give it to me," the grocer said impatiently.

"Thanks—that is my 'rithmetic for to-morrow, an' I couldn't work it," the lad said, as he disappeared through the doorway.—Harper's Weekly.

AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT.

One of the essential elements in child training is an example of uncompromising truthfulness. The price a parent pays for any departure from this rule is loss of influence over the child. The gain in dollars means a loss in life, and such accounts can never be balanced. I remember hearing someone relate a story of a parent who desired her five-year-old-boy to begin school, and so he was told to give his age to the teacher as six. When riding on the train his father gave his age as three. One day a gentleman asked him his age. He said: "I am five years old at home, three on the train, and six in school." An act like this is little short of crime.

A second requisite in character-building is real sincerity. The practice and the profession must be made to square with each other. In other words, the business transactions on Monday and the daily action in the home must correspond with the religious life on Sunday. Children never fail in detecting insincerity and sham. The power of your precepts will never exceed the genuineness of your practice. It is useless for a man to talk temperance to his boy and live tippling before the world. The essential thing is life, not lecturing. —Selected.

WAITING FOR DINNER.

When one is very hungry,
It's hard to wait, I know,
For minutes seem like hours
And the clock is always slow.

There isn't time to play a game,
You just sit down and wait,
While Mother says, "Be patient,
Our cook is never late."

It's best when one is hungry,
To think of other things,
For then, before you know it,
The bell for dinner rings.
—Alden Arthur Knipe in St. Nicholas.

THE DOG'S LAMENT.

It's very hard to suffer and be still,
Our name's applied to every human ill.
A "doggerel" is a rhyme that's very bad—
Indeed, the very worst that's to be had.
A book is "dogeared" when it's been abused
Alas! I think we're very hardly used.
A man's a "dog" because he won't behave.
(It almost makes an honest doggie rave!)
A "puppy" is a fellow most uncouth—
A slur upon the flower of our youth;
A "hound" a villain of the deepest dye—
An insult of his dogdom's majesty;
A "cur," of course, is not a shining light,
Yet even he is called to bear the slight.
"To dog one's footsteps" is, I really think,
A dreadful thing, from which we dogs would shrink.
A "dogma" is a hard religious school,
A "dogged" person always plays the fool.
And "dog-days" finds us panting with the heat;
We scarce can blink our eyes, or lift our feet.
Why—why—throw mud upon our noble name?
A dog's a dog, thro' all the world the same.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

According to figures given in an Eastern paper on the 15th of April, there were more than t hree million men out of employment in the United States. By states the figures were:

Colorado	46,500	South Carolina	30,000
California	95,000	Georgia	27,000
Connecticut	55,000	Florida	45,000
Illinois	300,000	Oregon	51,000
Massachusetts	95,000	Washington	44,000
Missouri	85,000	Idaho	26,000
Montana	18,000	Nevada	14,000
Rhode Island	30,000	Arizona	12,000
New York	750,000	Nebraska	19,500
Pennsylvania	350,000	Dakotas	26,000
Ohio	200,000	Minnesota	43,000
Michigan	135,000	Wisconsin	92,000
New Jersey	80,000	Indiana	60,000
Delaware	30,000	Kentucky	36,000
Maryland	75,000	Tennessee	23,000
Virginia	42,000	Arkansas	21,000
West Virginia	40,000	Louisiana	47,000
North Carolina	36,000	Texas	40,000
		Alabama	39,000

WHERE THE LAPP BABIES SLEEP.

Before I tell you where the Lapp babies sleep while fathers and mothers are in church, I want to tell you a little about Lapland, the land of the Lapps. If you will study a map, you will learn that Lapland is the most arctic of European countries. It forms generally a great plain, intersected by lofty, snow-clad mountain ranges. The Lapland winters are long and excessively cold. Cold weather, however, does not keep the Lapps from attending their places of worship, for they are very religious.

The reindeer is by far the most valuable domestic animal of Lapland, and the Lapp follows this animal to the coast or the interior, according to the seasons, in search of reindeer moss. When the supply of reindeer moss is exhausted in the neighborhood of a Lapp village, the inhabitants remove to anfortable.—Selected.

TRUST.

"Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair:
If thus Thy glories gild the span
Of ruined earth, and sinful man,
How beauteous must the regions be
Where Thy redeemed dwell with Thee."

"Though we may miss the pearl and the gold,
And heaven may be other than we deem,
Doubt not the future will unfold
To something better than we deem."

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God builded up his living temple.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Jesus Christ.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE

By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

April and May Flower Months at MOUNT HERMON

Special Week-End Excursions

TO Mount Hermon and Return

Friday to Monday each week during May

REST PLEASURE BUSINESS

The Association desires by these excursions to accommodate LOT OWNERS, HOUSE BUILDERS, LOT BUYERS and all active friends of Mount Hermon.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Station, San Francisco,..... 8 a. m.
Connects at Pajaro and Santa Cruz, arriving at Mount Hermon.....12:35 p. m.
Train leaves First and Broadway Station, Oakland.....7:17 a. m.
Connects, by way of Vilas, with the train from San Francisco at San Jose .....9:15 a. m.

For reservations at the Zayante Inn, address
WM. H. BOUICK, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

Regular May-October Season tickets are on sale at all Southern Pacific stations on and after May first. An "Excursion Rate" is given at the Zayante Inn for these excursions.

A TRUTHFUL BOY.

Robert Burdette says: "How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say, 'I wonder where he is; I wish I knew what he is doing; I wonder whom he is with; I wonder why he doesn't come home.' Nothing of the sort. We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going or how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him 'solemnly promise' the same thing over and over. When he says, 'Yes, I will,' or 'No, I won't,' just once, that settles it."—Selected.

STOCKS! STOCKS!! STOCKS!!!

MONTEREY COAL CO.
PACIFIC SALT AND SODA, the most promising investment on the market.
HOAG RAPID PRESS
PACIFIC WIRELESS
and some other including promising mining stock.

Particulars obtained from
W. E. BARNARD,
17 Bacon Black, Oakland.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

IN LOVE WITH MISERY.

"Be careful that you do not fall in love with misery, daughter," warned a wise mother. Thinking how miserable one is because of a trial or a disappointment, how one ought to be pitied, putting on a sad or pensive or distressed air—what is this but a kind of falling in love with misery, coddling it, making it one's closest companion? A hundred times better is it to remember that misery is not the soul's true inheritance, and to resolve not to be overcome; then to turn the attention to duties, to find the blessings one has. Nothing is lost and much is gained by trying to be brave and triumphant, to keep one's misery out of others' sight and out of too conspicuous a place in one's own sight. The little vexations, even the greater ones, are like some other things; if kept in the dark they lose their strength. It has been said of one whose life is long-drawn-out suffering: "He works his woes up into fun." That's a masterful way of treating's one's woes—worth trying.—Exchange.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LL.D., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL, MAY 28, 1908 No. 22.



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have the pleasure of announcing Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D., and Orlando E. Hart, D.D., as Associate Editors of the Pacific Presbyterian. Also Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter and W. S. Holt, D.D., as Department Editors.

THE INNOCENT APPEARANCE OF POWER.

What a stretch of imagination was necessary to make oneself realize the power of the white armada that so peacefully glided into the San Francisco Bay and lay floating there like white swans by day and by night looking like fairy ships lit with a thousand fire flies.

No sign of their strength or death-dealing power was shown and they steamed away as innocent looking as they came. We know that those ships have power because they have shown it on occasions and it is there to be called forth whenever needed.

Those guns that cracked forth a response to the welcome of the army guns at the entrance of the harbor. sounded like big Fourth of July bombs, but we know they can pierce steel. Those guns of eight-inch and more whose shot are a man's weight, will hit a bull's eye twelve by twenty-one inches at sixteen hundred yards, twenty-five times out of twenty-six when the boat is steaming ten knots an hour.

How these ships power remind one of all powerful things. The heavens and their systems of worlds, how quiet and peaceful they look. The sea on a quiet day; the mountains and the valleys and the trees. Yet what power is there. And how like the Christian, too. He looks no more powerful than others. You have to urge your mind to imagine he has more strength than his fellows, for he puts his faith not in himself but in another, which would in the natural course of things tend to make him weak because of lack of self-confidence. But his strength comes from the All Powerful One and his lack of self-confidence is more than made up by his confidence in the One who never fails.

How innocent of power an invalid looks? Yet many a bed-ridden, helpless woman has had the power to do what the strongest men have not been able to accomplish. How innocent of power frail woman seems, but she sells her life dearly and often does far more for the good of the world and her fellow creatures than our most prominent citizens. And the mothers, what quiet, gentle ways are theirs, but they influence mighty hearts and mould great lives to do good to mankind. Then the children, what frail little creatures they seem, but how they moveth hearts: hearts grown hard and sinful they touch and melt; hearts grown sad and weary they brighten and refresh. Let us not judge by outward appearance too much, lest we err in judgment.

WHAT IS GAMBLING?

The Fabiola Hospital Association of Oakland has for some years past been given the gate receipts at the Emeryville race track on one day each year known as "Fabiola Day." This yeaf the Anti-Race Track Society has raised a protest against the practice, and the ministers of Berkeley have united in a strong petition to the ladies of Fabiola, asking that they do not permit their association's name to be used in support of gambling. The president of the association replies through the press that they are not having anything to with the betting, as they only take the gate-receipt money, and further suggests that it is not well to press the matter too far, as it will lead to the question of tainted money and whether it is wise to take Rockefeller's money to build a home for a library

The ministers in all the cities about the bay have in other years spoken against this practice of Fabiola, but have not been able to change the attitude of the directors of the association. Now it looks as if there would be such a storm of protest that the ladies will have to defend their cause strongly or retreat.

Whether taking gate money is aiding gambling is not the question. It is the selling of the use of the name of Fabiola to be used to advertise racing as is now being done in the San Francisco papers, that does the harm. Anyone living in the bay cities knows the damage to business caused by the race track. Nearly every one know of some home shattered or some person wrecked because of this evil. We read of the school children of Alameda pooling their nickels to bet. The newsboys putting their dimes up on the ponies. What can the good ladies of Fabiola be thinking about to countenance in any way this evil.

LEADER FOR ANTI SALOON FORCES ABOUT THE BAY.

After nearly four months without a superintendent, the Oakland District of the Anti-Saloon League has been very fortunate in securing a splendidly equipped man for that position. Dr. William Maxwell Burke comes to California from New Jersey where he has had charge of the legislative work of the Anti-Saloon League of that State.

Dr. Burke is a young man of exceptionally fine train-

ing for this work. He was born in Ohio and grew to manhood there. He was educated at Oberlin College, and it was while there as a student that he first became accquainted with the League work and methods, and he was present when the Ohio League, the parent organization, was organized just fifteen years ago.

In 1897, Doctor Burke received the degree of Master of Arts from Oberlin College. The same year he was appointed University Fellow in Economics and Finance at Columbia University. After two years' study there, he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

In 1899, he was elected professor of Economics and History in Albion College, Albion, Michigan, which position he held for seven years, when he was called to a like position at the University of Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 1907, Doctor Burke, at a great sacrifice to himself, resigned to become Legislative Superintendent of the League in New Jersey. His work in New Jersey was largely in the effort to secure a local local option law for counties, townships, municipalities and wards of cities, for New Jersey is one of the six states where the people have no opportunity to veto the granting of liquor licenses.

Dr. Burke is thoroughly conversant with all departments of Anti-Saloon League work, and should prove a valuable addition to the forces aiming at the material and spiritual salvation of our boys and girls. His whole heart is in the work, and we may expect to hear of a reawakening of Anti-Saloon sentiment and Anti-Saloon action in the Oakland District.

MILLS COLLEGE.

A very successful year of work has just been accomplished and the two hundred students have gone to their homes for a well earned vacation. The closing weeks were marked by many interesting events. At the last communion service of the college year, nine students were admitted to the church on profession of their faith in Christ, varying in age from a college senior about to graduate down to some of the youngest members of the school.

The last Saturday of the term was set apart as "Alumnae Day," and was marked by the return of a large number of the former graduates, who renewed their class friendships and enjoyed a delightful day in the old school home. After the abundant luncheon the toastmaster, Miss Jane Seymour Klink of the class of 1873, introduced the speakers in a very happy manner. The responses were equally effective, breathing a note of confidence in the future of the institution which now seems to be on the eve of a most decided advance.

Mrs. Mills spoke of the early hopes of herself and her husband to found a school for young women that should ultimately become a college, and though Dr. Mills did not ultimately become a colleg, and though Dr. Mills did not live to see the fulfillment of his hopes, she rejoices that the time has come in her lifetime to drop the seminary classes as they mature and give to the college department the whole attention and strength of the institution. In accordance with this decision of the trustees, no beginning seminary class will be received when the school reopens next August, though the three existing seminary classes will be augumented by outside students who are ready to enter the same. A good percentage of the graduating seminary class will return and enter the college proper, and a large incoming Freshman class seems probable.

The baccalaureate sermon on Sunday afternoon was preached by the college pastor, Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, and was an earnest call to the graduates to go out and quietly take a place of leadership in all good enterprises. A very pleasant closing concert on Monday evening was followed by the Commencement exercises on Tuesday afternoon, which were attended by a very large company of interested people. Rev. Charles R. Brown, president of the board of trustees of the college, presided, and spoke in a hopeful manner of the prospect for the future. Among the the most pressing wants of the college is a new gymnasium, plans for which have already been drawn, and a beginning made in the raising of a building fund. The trustees are s---- working on the raising of a million dollars endowment for Mills college, and good progress was reported, nearly one third of the sum being already secured.

The address of the occasion was delivered by Professor H. Morse Stephens of the University of California, who spoke on the history of education in California, and gave prominence to the work done by Dr. and Mrs. Mills and their associates in establishing the first college on this coast for women, founded upon the spirit and traditions of Mount Holyoke college, which itself was founded upon the personal influence of Mary Lyon, the teacher and personal friend of Mrs. Mills.

WATERS-MINOR WEDDING.

The wedding of Mr. H. J. Waters of Santa Rosa, and Miss Jessie I Minor of Arcata was solemnized on May 21st, at Petaluma at the home of Miss Minor's sister, Mrs. D. H. Pressey.

Mr. Waters is well known throughout the Coast as an ardent Christian Endeavor worker, having been in attendance at nearly all the great gatherings of the State for a number of years. He assisted largely in the work, which secured for California the International Convention in 1897. He is a twin brother of Albert R. Waters of the Press Democrat of Santa Rosa.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Isaac Minor, a pioneer lumber man and capitalist at Humboldt County. She is actively connected with the Presbyterian church at Arcata of which Rev. Chas. Hessel is the pastor. The couple will make their home in Arcata.

Rev. E. D. Hayes of the First Presbyterian Church of Petaluma an old time friend of the young couple performed the marriage ceremony.

SATISFIED.

By Anna Woodward Beers.

Blare me no trumpet, when I lie dying,
Sound me no peans, when I fall asleep.
Satisfied, I, with mine own love's low crying,
Insense, to me, are the tears they shall weep.

Wreathe me no laurel, above me to wither,
Strew me no roses, to waste their perfume,
Satisfied I, if the lowly come hither,
Clover, and daises, to lay on my tomb.

Granite, shall tell, to the world, as it passes,
Marble, shall sing, the illustrious dead,
Satisfied, I, when I rest 'neath the grasses,
If the least murmur lullabys o'er my low bed.

The Frick Coke Company, of Pittsburg, has issued an order to its employes concerning drinking which is the most sweeping of the kind in the industrial world. The announcement is practically that it will not employ any one who is known to partake of intoxicating liquors.

Among the Churches.

WASHINGTON.

The adjourned meeting of the presbytern of Puget Sound was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Tacoma, on the evening of May the 12th. At this meeting the call of First Church to Rev. Murdoch McLeod was placed in his hands. Mr. McLeod was installed as pastor the same evening. Dr. Hutchison, D.D., of the Immanuel Church preached the sermon. Dr. Kroeze, president of Whitworth College, charged the pastor and Rev. R. P. Shaw charged the people. Rev. McLeod enters upon a field of great promise.

The field of Elbe and Mineral Lake have been made vacant by the resignation of Rev. C. R. McMillan, who goes to Georgetown, near Seattle.

Sprague Memorial Church, W. J. Sharp, pastor, received twelve new members on profession of faith at the last communion. The Sunday-school now numbers over 200 and the great problem is to find room for the classes. This church has one of the strongest and most active Christian Endeavor Societies in the Presbytery.

Washington Notes.

Washington Synod is going through the era of church building. The old frame buildings that have rendered good service during the formative years of the church are giving way to more modern and commodious structures. The First Presbyterian Church in Spokane is building; the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Tacoma, is ready to put up a new edifice in keeping with its flourishing surroundings; Chehalis has just dedicated a beautiful structure, and Kelso experiences the joy of dedication Sunday, June 17. Kelso Presbyterian Church is one of the oldest organizations in Olympia Presbytery. The old church was located far remote from the busy part of the town, on a high elevation, where for some years was also located a Presbyterian academy. The property was recently sold and a central location was secured. The new church is a beautiful edifice costing about $7,000. Rev. Alexander George is the efficient pastor. He came to Kelso about two years ago from Calvary Presbyterian Church, Tacoma. He has thoroughly enthused the people and Presbyterianism under his faithful labors has taken on new life. Rev. A. L. Hutchison, D.D., of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Tacoma, delivered the morning sermon on "Unity and Co-operation," and President B. H. Kroeze, D.D., of Whitworth College, Tacoma, delivered the evening sermon on "A Call to Battle." Nearly all the money has been raised and Rev. George appropriately dedicated the new edifice. It was a day of great joy and spiritual uplift to the whole community. The church is the leading society in town and the people are united and hopeful of great things.

Rev. Murdoch McLeod, D.D., the new pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Tacoma, was installed June 11. Rev. Calvin Stewart, D.D., moderator of Olympia Presbytery, presided. Rev. A. L. Hutchison, D.D., of Immanuel Church preached the sermon. Rev. B. H. Kroeze, D.D., Whitworth College, charged the pastor, and Rev. Wm. Shaw charged the people. Dr. McLeod has already thoroughly won the affections and service of his people. The attendance is growing rapidly and great things are anticipated. Dr. McLeod came to Tacoma from the Central Presbyterian Church of Dec Moines, Iowa. He is a strong church man and skillful organizer.

WABASH.—The church organized here last November is making fine progress. Four members were received on profession of faith last Sunday. The officers will soon have enough money subscribed to erect a house of worship.

Bellingham Presbytery.

The Presbytery of Bellingham comprises three counties in the northwest corner of Washington. It is less than three years of age, and yet it is a vigorous and well organized body doing effective work. It has four self-supporting churches and nine receiving mission aids. The mission in North Bellingham, which the lamented Rev. Geo. H. Haystead gave the last year of his life, is now served by Rev. W. C. Jones, who expects to effect the organization of a church in the near future. Rev. Samuel W. Richards, D.D., having acceptably served the Emerson church during the past year, has been called to become its pastor, and is also supplying the Nooksack church. Mr. Walter A. Conden is doing fine work as supply pastor of the Deming and Acme churches. The Deming church entertained the Presbytery at the spring meeting and did it royally. The fall meeting will be held with the Acme church. Brother Conden was licensed to preach the gospel at the spring meeting. The Mt. Baker church of Baker, Wash., was organized in February, with 25 members and three elders. Its active, successful minister, Mr. Lewis C. Michaels, was licensed in April, and is proceeding to build a church, largely with his own hands.

Rev. J. M. Wilson of the Fairhaven church, Bellingham, welcomed 20 new members on Easter Sabbath. He has been granted a three months' vacation and will go East June 1st. He is greatly beloved by his people.

The popular pastor of the First Church of Bellingham, Rev. J. R. McCartney, is succeeding grandly in his work. He was chosen commissioner to the Assembly, but allowed his alternate, Rev. H. T. Mitchelman to go.

Rev. James Thomson, our pastor evangelist and Sunday-school missionary, is very active and successful in his work. During the next year he will give half time to the work of the Wenatchee Presbytery.

The Sedro-Woolley Church has been greatly prospered during the past year, having had 56 accessions to its membership, 40 on confesision. There were 34 baptisms, 20 adults. In addition there have been eight members received since April 1st, and 12 baptisms. This church is served by Rev. F. G. Stange, D.D., who is the stated clerk of Presbytery. F. G. S.

SAN ANSELMO GRADUATES AT WORK.

Rev. James Murray S. F. T. S., '99 is doing a good work at Asotin, Wash., in the Presbytery of Walla Walla.

Rev. L. Myron Boozer of Grangeville, Idaho has resigned, and returns to Portland immediately after his resignation takes effect, May 24th.

Rev. James Thompson Jr., is preaching at five stations in and around Akanogan, the county seat of the county of that name, in a country which has just been opened up by a government irrigation project being completed. He and Rev. John W. Berger fomerly of Oakland, California, are members of the Presbytery of Wanatchee, erected last October.

Rev. A. Roy Thompson of Stites, Idaho, will attend the great Indian Campmeeting Campaign that will be started July 1st among the Nez Perces at Stites, and from thence proceed over the reservations of Northern Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Rev. Mr. Thompson will write for the Pacific Presbyterian of this Campaign.

OREGON.

NEWPORT.—The First Presbyterian of Yakina Bay is at Newport, Oregon. The pastor is Rev. C. T. Whittlesey, who came three years ago from Albany College, where he had been teaching Greek and Latin, having previously taught those branches in Dallas College. The membership is small. Three years ago it was twenty, and now it is only fifty-five, and of this number fourteen are away, and sixteen have united with the church during the last three months. But it is doubtful if there is a church of its size in the state more important than this. The inter-denominational character of its membership is indicated by the fact that the session includes one man who was trained as a Methodist, one as a Baptist, one as a Presbyterian, one as a United Presbyterian, while one joined the church on confession of faith, about two years ago. The variety of its pulpit ministrations may be inferred from the fact that during the year sermons have been preached by eight Presbyterians beside the pastor; by three Methodists, and by one each of the following denominations: Baptist, Christian, Congregational, United Evangelical and United Brethren, the last a bishop, and the working force of the church includes efficient helpers from the Friends' church and from the Evangelical Association. A good proportion of the Episcopal Church here attend our services when they have none of their own.

In the past this church has been yoked with some other. Formerly it was with the congregation at Yaquina; and for the past seven years the pastor, whoever he was, has had to travel up and down the beach sixteen miles each way, crossing two bays, to serve the church at Waldport. Beginning with the "Mothers' Day" services, May 17, the pastor had simply the church at Newport to care for.

The growing size and the growing spirit of hopefulness in both church and community help to make the work encouraging, nevertheless we need the prayers of God's people for His blessing upon our efforts in behalf of our membership, changing so constantly, in behalf of the community and in behalf of the crowds of visitors who come to us each year.

NEWBERG.—Rev. J. Edward Blair was installed as pastor of this church, May 6th. Rev. A. M. Williams of McMinnville presided; Rev. I. G. Knotts preached the sermon. President H. M. Crooks of Albany College charged the pastor, and Rev. G. W. Arms of the Vernon Church, Portland, charged the congregation. The church has outgrown its present quarters and has decided to build. The present location is right in the center of the business portion of the rapidly growing little city. A better location has been purchased and the old will be sold for business purposes. An architect has been employed to prepare plans and the work of building will be pushed as rapidly as possible. The new building will be modern and well adopted for up to date church work. The extreme dimensions are 42x72 with basement under all. The seating capacity when all on main floor is thrown together will be about 500. Newberg is on the west side of the Willamette River twenty six miles from Portland. There are about 2500 people and large additions are being made constantly to the population. It is the center of a large fruit belt and dairying interests. The town is the seat of Pacific College, a Quacker school of high grade. The town has never known a saloon and can never have one. With the excellent educational advantages and the high moral tone of the community, it is attracting a class of citizens very much to be desired. The Presbyterian is one of the smaller Churches here, but with new and adequate equipments it is hoped great progress may be made and a strong congregation built up.

MONTANA.

BOZEMAN.—Rev. J. M. Ross, D.D., formerly of Shenandoah, Iowa, assumed the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Dec. 1st, 1907, and was formally installed by the Presbytery of Helena on the 23rd of December. At the communion service the last Sabbath of March he had the pleasure of receiving 19 members to the fellowship of the church and has received 29 since the beginning of his work. The annual congregational meeting held early in April was well attended and every department of the church was reported in good condition, all obligations met and cash in each of the treasuries. The total benevolences for the year amounted to more than $1,000, the largest in the history of the church and the total expenses for all purposes were $4,240. Upon the report of the building committee that they had some $26,000 provided towards the cost of the new church, for which preparation has long been in progress, the congregation, by unanimous vote instructed the committee to proceed without further delay to the erection of the building. The work is now making good progress and when completed the church will be one of the most handsome and commodious church buildings in the Northwest. It is expected that it will cost between $40,000 and $45,000.

IDAHO.

BOISE PRESBYTERY.—At a recent communion service in Emmett, the pastor, Rev. S. A. Parker, welcomed into the church four children from one family on confession; also baptized several infants. Two young men, who are Japanese, recently were taken into the church by letter from the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle. The pastor has a class of Japanese young men, several in number, who are studying English. This class meets once a week.

NAMPA.—Rev. Mr. Waller, who for two years has supplied this church, recently resigned his position and has accepted work with the new church recently organized at Gooding, which is a new town on the O. R. & N. R. R., in the Twin Falls section of the State, which is growing very rapidly. The people at Goding are planning to build in the near future.

BOISE, FIRST.—Rev. Charles Chalfant of St. Louis, Mo., recently accepted the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of this city and was installed as pastor of the same on Tuesday evening, May the 12th, by a committee selected by Boise Presbytery. The work of this church is advancing under his leadership.

UTAH.

Salt Lake Collegiate Institute.

The exercises closing the thirty-third year of the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute will be held the first week in June. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by the Rev. Wm. M. Paden, D.D., in the First Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening, May 31st, at 7:45. The Alumni banquet and reception to the class of 1908 will be given in the Collegiate Institute Tuesday evening, June 2nd. The commencement exercises will be held Thursday evening, June 4th, at eight o'clock, in the First Presbyterian Church. With

the exception of the Alumni reception, the exercises are all public, and friends of the school are cordially invited.

Scofield and Castle Gate—Rev. Sidney McKee of the California Theological Seminary entered upon his duties as supply for the Presbyterian work here Sunday May 10th. He is expected to remain four months.

Ogden, First...The First Presbyterian Church has just closed a good year's work. The net increase having been 41. All departments are in good working order, the Sunday school being in good condition.

Presbyterian Work.

.Westminister Presbyterian church of Salt Lake City, Rev. Charles McIntyre, pastor, has had a prosperous year, spiritually and financially. On confession of faith twenty-seven members have been received, twenty-one by letter and ten have been restored. The new church site, costing $1,-500, has been paid for. This new site will place this church in a district of twenty thousand people, where it has the whole field to itself. No one church in the city has a wider field of usefulness.

The Third Presbyterian church, Rev. Herbert E. Hays, pastor, has very materially increased the number in attendance, has added nine on confession and eleven by letter. It will ask less by $150 from the Board of Home Missions than heretofore. The members of this little congregation gave $277 to the college during the past year.

Rev. John Carver, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Ogden, held special meetings in Hungerford Academy at Springville recently and all the students who were not Christians became followers of Christ.

There has been gratifying spiritual interest in Salt Lake Collegiate Institute during the year and eleven pupils made public confession of faith in Christ and united with the church. Others desire to do so, but wait to confer with parents.

Ladd cottage at Ferron was only the beginning of good things. Excavation is going on for a building to be used for both school and church and will cost about $4,000. There are eighty pupils in the school. The brave little church at this place has adopted a system of beneficence which distributes its offerings among the boards according to the plan suggested by the General Assembly and it has determined to give 10 per cent to Westminister College at Salt Lake.

The Rio Grande railroad has promised to give $600 per year to help sustain a Presbyterian church at Helper, Utah.

The First church of Salt Lake City, Rev. Wm. Paden, D. D., pastor, received thirty-three on confession of faith during the last year. This is the strong Presbyterian organization of the inner-mountain country.—Utah Westminister

SOUTHERN UTAH.

Commencement work at Wasatch Academy, Mount Pleasant, opened Sabbath evening, May, 24, with a sermon by Rev. G. W. Martin of Manti. Monday evening the graduing class presented a program. Tuesday evening the graduating exercises were held in the Opera House, the address of the occasion being delivered by Rev. J. E. Carver, pastor 1st Presbyterian Church, Ogden. Wednesday evening arrangements were in the hands of the Alumni Association.

Already the school at Ferron, Emery county, is announcing the opening of the Academic work next September. That field is one of much promise. A building is under way. Rev. J. K. MacGillivray is to be installed as pastor of the church on June 7. Rev. Josiah McClain, Synodical Superintendent, Synod of Utah, is making the tour of the isolated southern stations. This month of May, taking in Shem, the Indian church, St. George, Parowan, Panguitch, and others. Good audiences attend upon the preaching of the Word.

CALIFORNIA.

OAKLAND.—Mrs. Caroline Wallace of India will give an interesting address on the subject of "Child Marriage in India," at a union mass meeting for women only in the First Presbyterian church, Oakland, on Sunday, May 31, at 3 p. m. Miss Carrie Tennant, who is accompany Mrs. Wallace on her return to India, will sing a solo, "The Child-Wives of India." The pastor, Rev. Ernest E. Baker, who has been East for some time and is now attending the General Assembly, will return to preach on Sunday, June 7th.

OROSI.—Our recent revival here in the St. James Presbyterian Church was a time of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Rev. James M. Webb did the preaching. There were twenty-eight additions to the church, mostly by profession of faith. The power of the Spirit was manifest in all the services. Brother Webb endeared himself to all by his efficient, clear-cut sermons, and hearty, earnest work at all times. One touching scene of the revival was the profession and baptism of a prominent citizen 67 years of age, who with his invalid daughter was received into the church. With grateful hearts we can say, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

JOHN BLACK, Pastor.

SACRAMENTO.—Westminster Presbyterian Church received into the church last Sunday twelve persons, eleven by confession of their faith, and one by letter. The congregation was large and we had the largest number of communicants in the history of the church present on the occasion. The church is growing constantly. We report this year 377 members, and these added now make it 389 in good standing. During the pastorate of Dr. Wills the church has never passed but one communion season without receiving some members. The church and Sunday-school and Young People's Society are all in a prosperous condition.

DINUBA.—Rev. E. E. Fix has resigned the pastor of the church, and Rev. Robert J. Devin of Pendleton, Oregon, has accepted a call to supply for a year, with a view to the pastorate. The church is fortunate in securing him, as he has an enviable record of useful and successful work in Eastern Oregon. He has taken hold of the work with characteristic vigor and faith. During the four years pastorate of Rev. Mr. Fix, the church grew from a little Home Mission church of about 35 members to a good, strong, self-sustaining church of over 100 members. Plans have been drawn, and the material ordered for a new $10,000 house of worship. The church is growing and our people are prosperous and happy.

LOS GATOS.—There have lately passed away two well-known and highly honored members of the Los Gatos Presbyterian Church—Hon. E. B. Conklin and his wife, he going in March and she a few weeks later. They had been married for over sixty years. For over twenty-five years they were members of this church. For two terms he represented this district in the State Senate. For twenty years they owned and conducted the Placerville Academy. He was made an elder here soon after coming, and with his wife

has faithfully served the church in many ways, gaining for themselves the love and respect of a wide circle of friends.

Dr. J. M. Newell, who was their pastor in Placerville and who is now in Los Angeles, conducted the services at both funerals. Rr. J. G. Blue of Altaden, Cal., has been supplying the pulpit of this church during the month of May very acceptably. Our people are planning to get a pipe organ and have begun collecting money for it.

TWO ROCKS.—The Rev. Guy Armet White, who just graduated from the San Anselmo Theological Seminary, was ordained and installed as pastor of the Two Rock Presbyterian Church Friday evening, at the church in that place. There was a very large attendance and much interest manifested in the exercises. The Rev. Thomas F. Day, D.D., of San Anselmo, presided and propounded the usual questions to the candidate. Rev. Edwin B. Hayes, of Petaluma, preached the doctrinal sermon, and Rev. G. A. McDonald, D.D., offered the ordination prayer. Rev. William Martin delivered the charge to the pastor and Rev. Charles G. Patterson of San Anselmo, the charge to the people.

LOS ANGELES LETTER.

The Presbytery of Los Angeles this year reports to the General Assembly 72 churches with 1,038 members, 856 having been received on confession, and 1,632 by certificate. Within the city limits of Los Angeles there are 23 Presbyterian churches, with a membership of 5,128. The city is growing rapidly in all directions, and a number of new churches will be organized during the year. The Immanuel Church reports 2,224 members, and Dr. Walker proves himself, by the power of the Word and Spirit, abundantly able to minister to this great congregation, and also to exert a great influence for good beyond the bounds of his own church.

One of the most successfu. pastors in Los Angeles is Rev. Wm. G. Palmer. A few years ago he organized the South Park Presbyterian Church, of which he is pastor, and also the Miramonte Church, where he preaches at 3 p. m. every Sabbath afternoon. In these two fields during the past year he has gathered 232 members by confession and 69 by letter, and has awakened a strong spiritual life throughout his congregations.

Work was begun a short time ago among the Africans of our city, which resulted in organizing the Westminster Church with a large congregation, and a very attractive building. Rev. R. W. Hollman of South Carolina was installed pastor on Sabbath, May 10th. When received into the Presbytery, Mr. Hollman made an excellent impression, and showed the result of a good Presbyterian education in connection with the native fervor of his race.

HOBART.

OCCIDENTAL BOARD.

Large numbers of Eastern tourists visit the Mission Home at 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco. Three hundred were there one evening recently. They were strangers from all parts of the United States attending a medical and nurses convention.

Miss Donaldina Cameron has gone to the General Assembly and from there goes on to attend a Missionary Conference at New York. This is Miss Cameron's first vacation since the earthquake and fire. Once more with her work organized in the Mission, she feels she can leave.

Miss Ah Yung, who was supported by the Montreal Society was married this month to a most highly respected Chinaman of Salt Lake City, where the husband and bride will make their future home.

DR. WISHARD RETURNS FROM CHINA.

Rev. S. E. Wishard, for many years synodical missionary in Utah, has just returned to Los Angeles from a visit to his daughter's family in China. He reports: "The schools are to be closed on the Christian Sabbath. This will give the missionaries a favorable opportunity of getting persons for Sabbath instruction whom they otherwise would be unable to reach."

"In the last three years one missionary has made 2,700 converts. The first missionary to China in 1807 spent seven years before securing a single convert."

There are now 200,000 Chistian converts in China and the empire is actually dotted with churches, organized Christian schools, colleges and hospitals."

MISS NELLIE McGRAW ON SPEAKING TOUR.

Miss McGraw is making a tour of the Santa Barbara Presbytery, visiting all of the Presbyterian churches in behalf of her adopted people.

Miss Nellie McGraw, who has gained thorough knowledge of the Indians through her work among them as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church, was in Lompoc and spoke at the morning hour of worship Sunday, May 17th, on her work among the Indians and their needs from a religious point of view.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

What is a dead town? One that has not in its midst, as the servator of all moral and civic good, at least one real live, wide-awake, missionary church. One church led by a capable and Spirit-filled pastor, with his effort seconded by a consecrated board of officers, backed by a membership, clean in heart and life, "whose delight is in the law of the Lord and in whose law they meditate day and night," can do more in preserving the moral and financial life of a small town than forty gin mills. The amount of evil that one such church can counteract and beat down is immense. Righteousness and not rum, gives life and greatness to a town. Any town without such a church is dead.

* * * * *

We frankly confess our inability to see the justice in allowing one man to buy a privilege for $250, for which his neighbor is obliged to pay in the same market $1,000, That, however, seems to be the line the San Francisco board of supervisors is drawing between the men who sell whiskey from a glass and those who sell it from a bottle, jug or barrel. There may be a difference in the men who handle the goods and there may be a difference also in the quantity disposed of by them respectively; and one man may also be called a saloon keeper while the other is called a groceryman, but the quality and effects of the goods sold by the two men are, always and in every instance the same. If whiskey is dangerous and hurtful when served by a bartender, and drank by the customer from a glass, and if it must be restricted or punished when served in this form by paying in advance for the mischief it is expected to do a fee or privilege tax of $1,000, per year, it can be none the less hurtful if sold by a groceryman and drank by his customer from a bottle or jug and it ought therefore to be restricted in the same way and to the same extent alike in both cases. Personally we are uncompromisingly opposed to the license scheme, either high or low, when employed as a method of restricting the sale of intoxicating beverages. The whole thing, from start to finish, with or without license, is an unmitigated fraud and has no moral right to live, either in the hands of a groceryman or bartender.

VOICES FROM CANADA.

We have read with considerable interest the addreses of two fraternal delegates from Canada to the Methodist General Conference at Baltimore, and make a condensation thereof for our readers.

The Greatness of Canada.

The Rev. Dr. James Henderson said:

"I bring to you to-day the greetings of a Church which has before it a great future, for there is opening up before us in the land north of you, such a heritage as we ourselves had never dreamed of. The greatest discovery of the twentieth century for us is the rediscovery of Canada. Hitherto, some of you, dear people, have thought and talked of Canada as if it were a small semi-circle, for the most part of snow, near the North Pole..

"We have in Canada a greater country, as the Irishman would say, of its size to Christianize than any other country I know of. Were we to exchange territories with you we would lose a little more than six hundred thousand square miles in the deal, unless you threw in Alaska, and even then we would lose eighteen thousand square miles by such a bargain. Were we to exchange it for Europe, with its fifty royal palaces, its twenty seats of government, and its four hundred millions of a population, we would not get much more territory than we already have. No wonder that Canada to-day is one of the world's centers, drawing to itself the many people in many lands who are in search of better homes. It is the sound of a great army, the advance guard of which has already arrived upon the scene, that we hear to-day as they push their way across the prairies and over the mountains of our West, and the church in Canada feels that it must hold itself in readiness for their arrival. Indeed with all the forces we can command we cannot keep pace with this advancing wave of population.

So, you can understand that to us as a church, Canada itself is to us the great center of the missionary world. Our Northwest is no longer a dim speck on the horizon, no longer flits as a kind of will-o'-the-wisp conjured by the unconscionable speculator to lure on to certain ruin the uninitiated investor. It is, the lone star of the British Empire drawing to itself some of the surplus populations of other and older lands. O, the opportunity is immense. Settlers are arriving with the arrival of every train. Settlements are springing up as if by magic all over these boundless prairies. This is the birth period of the church and of the nation. Talk about the future of Christianity! Christianity has no future. Christianity is the future. We feel that Canada cannot make the future of Christianity, but unless Christtianity, make the future of Canada our nation is doomed."

The Racial Problem.

"With you, we have had our racial problems. Please remember that the history of Canada antedates that of the United States. We are certain that those old Norsemen discovered Canada centuries before Columbus was born. We are also certain that old Acadia was settled by a noble band of Frenchmen a quarter of a century before the Pilgrim Fathers cast anchor at Plymouth Rock. The history of Canada begins in 1604 behind the palisades of old Port Royal, and no history has a more romantic setting. The struggle of the two dominant races for supremacy upon Canadian soil furnishes a tale of national romance of great fascination, and when at last the die was cast that decided that the Briton and not the Gaul should dominate our part of this Western world, it was hard to decide which had won the greater glory, the high-souled, indefatigable Montcalm or the heroic and invincible Wolfe. For the English it was a great victory, for the French a glorious defeat. It is in this spirit that these two races to-day unite hands upon the Heights of Abraham and celebrate the tercentenary of that historic battle ground.

'One of your great orators, when in our country some time ago, told us about a great bridge that was once being built over one of your rivers. All the sections, which had been previously prepared, had been laid and fitted beautifully, but when the two central sections were laid it was found that they did not meet, they were several inches apart. They said the mistake had been made in the measurements. It was toward evening and the contractor started for the distant city to consult the engineers about the mistake; but when the sun next morning began to climb toward noon, the gap became less and less, and when the noon hour struck, by the expansive power of the sun's heat, the two sections had touched each other. The foreman at once telegraphed the contractor to this effect. The two sections are now in touch. What shall we do? In a short time the answer was flashed along the wire. Clamp them! So, there was a time when the two great races of the French and the English were like the sections of that bridge, they were apart. The sun, however, of a better understanding is bringing them together, and we are doing all we can to clamp them, and I think we are succeeding. 'Our church has its missions among the French; but our mission force upon the field has been far too small. There is no field where more courage and consecration are needed than in that province so overshadowed by the Vatican, and there are none more entitled to the sympathy and support of the church, than are those few brethren who, like a lone regiment, are laying siege to the strongest citadel that Rome has planted anywhere; for the papacy is relatively stronger on the banks of the St. Lawrence than it is upon the banks of the Tiber."

Indian Problem.

"Again, in common with yourselves, we have our Indian problem. There are scattered throughout the Dominion about one hundred thousand Indians, about sixteen thousand of whom are within the sphere of Methodistic influence, and over five thousand of these have been received into the membership of our church.

"We have found that it pays us as a nation to keep good faith with our Indians, and it pays both church and state to secure their education and their evangelization. Statistics show that the economic value of the Christian Indian is in excess of his pagan brother. As a pagan, the Indian is bound to remain a liability, but as a Christian he is bound to become, however slowly, an increasing asset to the nation. The Christian Indian pulls more than his own weight in the canoe of society, the pagan Indian never does."

The Asiatics.

'Another peril that may yet asume serious proportions to you and to us is the arrival of so many Asiatics upon our shores. Asia seems bound to move down upon America. Need I ask who put in motion this Eastern avalanche. It was in 1858 that the guns of the Anglo-French army were heard around the world as they made a wide breach in the walls of Chinese exclusiveness, through which the 'foreign devil' has been forcing his way ever since into the Flowery Kingdom. I have often wondered whether history will repeat itself. Will China seek to reverse the program of 1853 with a vengeance? Will the world, some of these mornings, wake up to hear the thunder of cannon as the East batters her way into the West as did the West her way into the East over a half century ago.? Will that terrible nightmare dream of a yellow peril at last materialize? Who can say it will or it will not? Our duty as a church is very clear. We must bring to bear upon these Asiatics as

they arrive on this continent, the greatest transforming agency known to man. We have a small mission away up yonder on the Pacific slopes among these Asiatics which has succeeded on a small scale to demonstrate what might be done for them on a larger scale. During the recent war some of our Japanese converts went out to Manchuria to fight the battles of their native land. While there, news reached our missionaries on the firing line of their heroism in seeking not only the glory of the Mikado, but the glory of the Lord Christ. They showed themselves good soldiers and good missionaries. Since then I have thought that, perhaps, the best line of defense which these two nations could throw up against the invasion of the East, is to plant a chain of mission stations right along the Pacific Coast, and if possible, capture those Asiatics for Christ and the church. Then let them return to the land of their fathers as gospel missionaries and perhaps we could find that to be a most effective method of reaching China and Japan with the gospel."

Church Union.

"But the most important movement afoot in Canada to-day is the effort now being made to bring about the organic union of some of the leading churches of Protestantism. Not long ago such a suggestion would have been regared as altogether out of the pale of the possible, but to-day there are not a few of the most practical men who are dreaming that the golden age will yet be partially realized in Canada. and when a new church shall arise in our country known as The United Protestant Church of Canada, in which Methodism, Presbyterianism and Congregationlism will be blended in one."

The Trend in the Canadian Pulpit.

"The prevailing tendency in our Canadian pulpit is to move the emphasis from the emotional to the ethical, from the sentimental to the practical, and somewhat from the theological to the sociological. We are now aiming at saving society as well as the individual, and to prepare our people for the known duties of life that now is as well as for the unknown destinies of that which is to come.

"In our preaching we still insist upon an experience of the saving truths of the gospel as at once a present possibility and a personal privilege, and as the only satisfactory, and shall I say, scientific test of Christianity as a divine religion. And standing by this test we are prepared to meet the objections of material science on the one hand and resist all the charms of a poetical pantheism on the other."

The Tide of Immigration.

Mr. N. W. Rowell, a Canadian layman, in the course of his address spoke as follows concerning the great tide of immigration:

"We have realized that these settlers occupied these new territories, not like the pilgrims, for freedom to worship God, but for the same reason that thousands rush to your West and Middle West, namely, to better their material condition; and it at once became apparent that unless the church met the situation and adequately supplied these new communities with religious institutions, and the inspiration of a warm, persuasive, and commanding religious life, they would lack that which alone could save them from materialism, and preserve to them all that is best and truest in our Christian civilization. We found the question of dealing with these new conditions complicated by the great number of the non-English-speaking immigrants settling in communities in Western Canada and in our larger cities, and we are hoping to profit by your experience in dealing with these problems. You have, during the past fifty years, been receiving an enormous annual immigration. It reached its highest point in the decade between 1850 and 1860, when it averaged only one per cent per annum of your population, and in occasional years during the past fifty years it has reached about one and one-half per cent of your population. As you know the difficulties of dealing with this problem, you will appreciate our difficulties when I tell you that from 1901 to 1906 our annual immigration to Canada averaged over two and one-fourth per cent of our population, and our immigration last year was between four and five per cent of our total population, or almost three times as large in proportion to our population as your country had ever received in any one year. Your country had a population of over twenty million of people before it was called upon to receive and assimilate, to Americanize and evangelize, as many immigrants as we received last year.

"To this tide of immigration your country has contributed a most important part. During the past ten years nearly three hundred and fifty thousand American settlers, largely from your Central and Western states, have taken up their homes in Western Canada. May I give you a short message from them? They have not lost their love for the Stars and Stripes, but each day they have an increasing respect and love for the Union Jack; they have not forgotten the Fourth of July, but with increasing heartiness they join in celebrating the Twenty-fourth of May and Fourth of July. They look back with all due affection to your church with its episcopal form of government, but enjoy without protest the free demoncracy of ours. They have not forgotten the lands and the institutions to which they have come. They constitute a most valuable element in our national and religious life."

Further Concerning Church Union.

On the matter of church union, Mr. Rowell said:

"Let me as a lay member of the joint committee carrying on the negotiations, give my impressions of its most important features:

1. The sense of the divine presence in the meetings of the committee, which all recognized and gratefully acknowledge.

2. The constant spirit of brotherhood, which characterized all the meetings. The leaders in the movement agreed that, could the members of the churches only be present and hear the discussions and enjoy the fellowship of these meetings, union would be a reality in a very short time.

3. The fact that the leaders of the churches are the leaders in the movement. It, I am inclined to think, has not yet deeply gripped or profoundly moved the rank and file of the membership of any of the churches, and the real test will come when the basis of union is submitted to the individual congregations.

4. The impelling motive toward union, on the human side at least, is the conviction that, united, these churches can do more toward the establishment and maintenance of the rule of the law of righteousness and love both in Canada and in the foreign mission field than they can if they remain as at present. The general impression of opinion by the leading delegates of the negotiating churches has been that he difficulties of getting together appear to be less in this larger union movement than in any of the pre-preceding denominational union movements.

What a mighty force for righteousness a united church would be! It is said by some that by such a union Methodism would be cutting herself off from the glorious traditions of the past, and that Presbyterianism and Congregationalism would be doing likewise. The leaders of our churches cannot see the matter in this light. They believe that the united church would cherish, hold to, and be inspired by all that is good and glorious in the history of all these churches."

WHAT IS TRUE PENJTENCE?

A Study of the Fifty-first Psalm.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for June 7th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Prof. Moulton calls this psalm the "prayer of a grief-stricken conscience." We do not know who wrote it, for, while the title ascribes it to David, these titles are later additions upon which practically no dependence can be placed, and the psalm itself contains religious ideas which hardly fit David's day. But we do not need to know who wrote. Indeed the psalm becomes broader and profounder when it comes to us a voice out of the unknown. It is the cry of no one man, it is the universal cry of the human soul for forgiveness and peace.

If we turn to our Moulton's Modern Reader's Bible we shall find this poem consists of six stanzas of six lines each, with a postscrpit (verses 18 and 19) added. The poem really closes with verse 17 and the last two verses may best be disregarded as a later ritualistic addition. They are quite out of harmony with what preceeds. Let us now take up these stanzas one by one and trace the development of the poets thought. The first stanza begins with the line:

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness."

There is a difference between penitence and remorse. Remorse looks at the sin, penitence looks at God. Remorse sees only the evil done, penitence sees beyond the evil done the form of God who has been sinned against, and in whose love, even for the sinful, hope remains. The foundation of penitence is, then, a realization of the love of God. Without a vision of God's love there would be remorse, not penitence.

"Against Thee, and Thee only, have I sinned."

The second step in penitence, as shown in the stanza beginning with this line, is frank acknowledgment of sin. This acknowledgment may or may not be made to men, but it must be made to onesself and to God. There is no hope for the man who excuses himself, or calls evil, good, and good, evil. The psalmist even shoulders the burden of an evil heredity and says bravely and honestly, "I have sinned." He does not whine about environment or inherited tendencies. He says, in effect; O, God, that you may be clear when you judge me, let me say that I confess my sin. I am not trying to excuse myself.

"Behold Thou desirest truth in the inward parts."

Over against his own frank acknowledgment of sin the psalmist places the essential truthfulness of God. This is an honest universe, the expression of an honest God. As this truth sinks into any man's soul he must cry out for a new purity within.

"Hide Thy face from my sins."

The fourth stanza carries on the cry for inner cleansing and renewal to that supreme prayer of every awakened soul.

"Take not Thy holy Spirit from me."

If "prayer is the noblest use of language," then this is the ultimate and noblest prayer, so far as our individual relationship to God is concerned. Only Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane reaches a higher level. When a man comes to feel the need of harmony with God, of living his life in tune with the great forces that pulse through the world, then his penitence is real and healing.

"Restore unto me the joy of salvation."

I once heard Robert Speer say something to the effect that "there is no joy in the world like the joy that comes after a sin has been faced and overcome." Remorse, that sees the sin but sees not the God of love, leads only to dispair and darkness; but penitence, struggling baek toward the loving Father's arms, knows at last the joy of reaching home.

"O Lord, open thou my lips."

With this stanza the peom closes. Out of sin and penitence a new and higher vision of true religion has been reached. No more shall it be a matter of forms and ceremonies, of orthodoxy or of ritual—from henceforth it is a surrender of the heart to God:

"Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is estimated that the Hawaiian sugar crop will bring between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 this year.

Liverpool, the great English seaport, is to spend $16,000,000 for the enlargement of her docking facilities.

Old Coyote and Bull Snake, the two Indians who wen to the relief of Generals Custer and Cook in their fight with the Sioux in 1876, and who were wounded, have been granted pensions of $20 a month by the government.

Governor Hoch of Kansas, whose speech at the Methodist General Conference, on prohibition, we give elsewhere, says that he would rather be a country editor than President of the United States.

The 45,000 population of Honolulu, officially given, includes 14,000 Hawaiians, 12,000 Japanese, 6,300 Chinese, 5,400 Portuguese, 4,300 Americans, 800 British and Yeomans, 800 Porto Ricans, 1,000 Koreans, 1,200 of other nationalities. The total population is about 220,000, 60,000 are Japanese. The total school enrollment is 22,458. The percentage of American children is 4.37; of Hawaiians, 21.91; of Portuguese, 19.14; of Chinese, 10.45; of Japanese, 22.11. Add together Hawaiian, part Hawaiian, American, British and German, 43.47.

On the shores of an Indiana lake thousands of carp were found dead recently. Investigation disclosed the fact that the bodies of the fish had become lined internally with a coat of hard cement. This it supposed they obtained by burrowing into the marl in the lake. Marl is a thin white mud containing a large proportion of lime, sometimes 40 to 50 per cent, and from it cement is made. The carp, with their natural burrowing tendencies, had gotten into these beds and the cement which forms after their swallowing the marl is what caused their death.

Damage suits have been brought, in the Indiana courts against the owners and lessees of the Avaline hotel at Fort Wayne, by persons suffering loss in the fire which destroyed that hotel a few weeks ago, and in which about 25 lives were lost. The complaints allege that the owners of the building are liable because they knew or ought to have known that the building when rented to the lessees was dangerous for use as a hotel, because the halls were narrow and the rooms had only one mode of egress, when the statutes provide they shall have two or more. Other things alleged are that there were insufficient fire escapes, boilers too close to floor, causing the fire to start, and failure to have life-saving ropes in the rooms of the hotel.

Dr. E. T. Devine, the noted charity expert of New York, said the other day of the well-known "bread-line" that the men attracted to it were not deserving men—that time and

again he had offered these men work if they would come for it, but they never came. "I am afraid," said Dr. Devine, "that the bread line is composed of weak men, men who, when it comes to a decision, listen to their baser and not their higher selves. The bread-line men, I fancy," he went on, "are like a man of whom I heard recently, who celebrated Easter by drinking eleven glasses of egg nog. Then, staring vacantly before him, he was heard to mutter to himself: 'Shall I have a twelfth or not? My head says no; my stomach says yes; but my head is the more sensible of the two, and in a dispute the more sensible party always gives in. Waiter, another egg nog!' "

Among the current stories is this: At the close of one of the recent Chapman-Alexander revival services in Philadelphia the minister of a certain church went down the aisle, according to his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. "I don't think you are a member of our church?" said he to one as he warmly shook his hands. "No, sir," replied the stranger. "Well, you will not think e unduly curious if I ask to what denomination you be- g?" asked the minister. "I suppose," responded the r, "I'm really what you might call a submerged Pres- terian." "A submerged Presbyterian?" exclaimed the minister. "I should be glad if you would explain." "Well, I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist at a Unitarian church, my second daughter sings in an Episcopalian choir and my youngest goes to a Congregational Sunday-school." "But," said the minister, aghast, "you contribute, doubtless, to some church?" "Yes; I contribute to all of them," was the answer; that's what submerges me."

The Central Christian Advocate states that a serious change threatens the Methodist Church in New England. "It is surprising to observe that the membership of the church in East Maine is 444 less than in 1900; in Maine, 123 less; in New Hampshire, 256 less; in Vermont, 82 less; in New England conference, which includes the eastern part of Massachusetts, 1,578 less; whilst the New England Southern conference, which includes a portion of Massachusetts, all Rhode Island and the major part of Connecticut, while it showed a falling off in 1902, and during 1903-4-5 was less than in 1900; but by adding 330 to its conference totals in 1906 it was able to recoup its loss and show 173 increase." The Advocate enters into explanation as follows: "Several social movements have occurred to produce this falling away. The first is the incursion of French Catholics into the New England towns. With them have come a large variety and large numbers of other foreign peoples, until the land of the Puritans is now a very Babel of foreign languages, and some of the old Puritan towns, whose names are among the priceless treasures of our Colonial history, are now swamped by the Goths and Huns and Slavs and Vandals, who have elbowed our indigenous citizens into a minority as regards numbers and in some instances a minor position as regards power. The confessional is now a power in New England, supplanting the power of the Puritan pastor and his Sunday-school, and supplanting in too many places the power of the public school."

There is a demand for trained men at our agricultural colleges which is said to exceed the supply. The Philadelphia Record says: "Organizations of breeders, dairymen, fruit-growers and other producers in many of our states solicit special investigation to be undertaken by station scientists. There is public demand for official tests of foods, animal feeding stuffs and commercial fertilizers. There is continual increase in the number of high schools that give instruction in agriculture and which necessarily find need of agricultural scientists as capable teachers. There are also many farms employing agricultural college graduates as superintendents. The salaries paid to such men exceed those paid to scientists of similar rank in other lines, because there are not enough men to do the work. Our agricultural colleges cannot compete in the matter of salary with commercial concerns that need men trained in agriculture. An illustration is found in the instance of our one agricultural college in Pennsylvania. Within the last year or two one member of the faculty of this school of agriculture has withdrawn to accept a position with a commercial concern producing high-grade milk, and he is now getting $5,000 a year. Another young man on a modest salary has been offered three times his recent wage by a foreign country, which is establishing an experiment station. Another young man in this faculty left to become a farm manager at $1,600 a year. Young men who are preparing for college do well to consider the opportunities open in scientific agriculture. There is wide room for choice within its broad field. There is only one caution. Every man should follow his natural bent, and no one should choose an agricultural training unless he likes it. There is abundant room today for trained workers, but only for those who can become proficient."

Not many years ago Mrs. A. B. Sims of Des Moines, Iowa, was the winner of the women's whist championship in this country. She was greatly infatuated with bridge whist parties. Now she is out in a campaign against all such things. She said in a recent address: "After I saw what I was really doing, I burned up my whist board and cards, and I should like to speak in every church to the women and tell them what card-playing led me and will lead them to. I belong to Christ Church, in Des Moines, and when I was most active at the card table I was also trying to do work in the church. My husband was on the board of trustees, and I was at the head of the church sick committee. I looked about me in the church and saw that card-playing was undermining our organization. The whist and euchre craze was sweeping the women of the congregation, and the church was sinking because of their neglect. The fever to play whist acquired such a hold on me that I abandoned my church work; in fact, I quit attending services. Finally Mr. Sims and I fell to discussing it, and we concluded that my identity with the church and with the card clubs of Des Moines made my attitude ridiculous. I continued to play cards up to December 17, 1906. I had spent years studying whist from a scientific standpoint. I had given as much thought to the game as a minister of a church would give to the Scriptures. Toward the close of my card career I declared that I would give up euchre and bridge whist parties, but would never abandon the regulation game of whist. On December 17, last year, I heard Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman preach on amusements. I made up my mind that I would never touch a card again." Mrs. Sims says further: "The card craze, as it prevails among the women of this country, is the most serious competitor the church has today. It is causing them to abandon home and church interests. I have had letters from women in every leading city in the United States, in which they declared that the church and society women have gone mad over bridge whist and other games. Letters in similar strain have come to me from Canada, Europe and Mexico. It was when these messages began to pour in upon me that the hold cards have taken on civilized women fully dawned on me."

THE HOME

THE BLOTTED PAGE.

The Angel with the Book
That holds each word and deed,
On my page let me look;
And as I blushed to read—

"Three things," the Angel said,
"I may blot out for thee."
I bowed in thought my head—
Now which ones should they be?

"Blot this!"—"No, that!" came quick,
As still new conscience woke;
Till all the leaf was thick
With blackening blur and stroke.

" 'T were better as I live,"
I cried in my despair,
"To blot the whole, and give
A new page otherwhere!"

—Edward Rowland Sill.

A FORTUNATE MISHAP.

By Jean K. Baird.

Mrs. Thomas was annoyed. She was cultivated and high-bred enough not to give way to her feelings; but her troubles were so many that she wondered she could bear them. Her cook had served lamb roast without mint sauce! That same day she discovered that her automobile was not up to date. Her friend, Mrs. Burnett had purchased one with later improvements. Her coat had come home from the tailors with —yes, positively a wrinkle under the arm. It was a small one, to be sure, so small that one must inspect the coat closely to know that it was there. Mrs. Thomas thought over these troubles and dilated upon them until they became mountains, cutting off her view of everything else.

She was speeding along in her automobile. She looked over upon the fields and hills, but saw nothing beautiful in them. Her eyes were filled with her own petty troubles; she did not notice the shading hues of the frost-touched leaves, nor the golden brown chipmunks frolicking in and out, nor the glorious coloring of the sky; nor was she conscious of the amber haze of the atmosphere which enveloped all like a veil.

The first thing she became conscious of was an unusual whirring sound in the running gear of her machine, irregular movements from side to side of the road, and then a sudden standstill.

"I think we'll rest a while," said the chauffeur. "That sounds like trouble."

He examined the gearing. The accident was a serious one. It would take him some time to repair damages.

"I see a little cottage among the trees yonder," said Mrs. Thomas. "I shall rest there until we are ready to continue our journey."

The cottage was old and poor-looking. The vines had tumbled down about it. Mrs. Thomas made her way up the gravel walk. Before the door, in the full heat of the sun, sat a young woman in a wheel-chair. She smiled sweetly as Mrs. Thomas approached.

"You have had a break-down. I saw you coming over the hills some minutes ago. Will you sit and rest? Will you bring a chair for yourself from the hall inside? I cannot move or I should not ask you to wait upon yourself. I'm alone."

Mrs. Thomas carried out a small rocker. Seating herself, she asked, "Did you say you were alone?"

"Yes; my brother and I live here. He must be away at his work. I cannot keep him here for company. Sunny days he wheels the chair here. If it rains after he is gone I creep into the house."

"How lonely you must be!" said the caller in sympathetic tones; while she wondered within her heart how anyone could be even reasonably content under such circumstances.

"Lonely? Not at all, although I must confess that at first I was. I've trained myself not to be. I have so much company. Sit quiet for a moment and my friends, the squirrels, will come from the tree, and eat from my hand. I've learned so much sitting here alone."

"You have? I do not think I understand how it can be."

The invalid smiled; her whole face lighted up with beauty.

"I have taught my eyes to see. I remember when a schoolgirl I read that couplet:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
Only a primrose it was to him,
Nothing more."

"That was all to me then; but now each flower and bud, each changing leaf tell me wonderful stories of that great power which fills the universe. His love watches over all. He breathes his spirit over land and sea. I am such a small part of the great world's plan. Why should I complain that he has made me helpless? It was for some good. Perhaps my strength would have been ill-used. It may be that in my helplessness I may help to work out his great plan of 'peace on earth and good will to men.' "

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Thomas.

"A great deal has been left to me—a contented spirit. Many a stronger person lacks that. At first I thought it must not be that I should be helpless."

"You were not always so?" Then the invalid told of how her home, money and health had been taken from her in one day. Her family had been among the victims of the fire which a few years before had destroyed a great city.

"To have lost home and money! How could you bear it!" cried Mrs. Thomas. She looked about her as though to say how can you be content with this after the wealth and ease to which you were once accustomed?

"I thought I could not, but I learned that happiness and contentment do not depend upon material things. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. I have been thinking in my heart that a good brother has been left to me. My body is crippled, but my mind is yet my own. The air and the sunlight, the wonderful view of hill and dale are mine. I'm happier now than when I lived in a mansion, because I have taught myself that my happiness depends upon myself alone. As I saw you in your automobile coming over the hill I wondered if you had learned the wonderful things which this year has taught me."

"I have not," said Mrs. Thomas. She arose, as she saw the chauffeur coming in search of her. "I have not

learned that lesson," she repeated, "but I will. I shall learn that the mind is its own place and can make a heaven of whatever place it will."

Young People

CAP, THE FIRE DOG.

Cap had lived with the firemen ever since he could remember. He had been brought to the station when he was only a little puppy, and every fireman loved him and declared that Cap was the wisest dog that he had ever seen.

One fireman had taught Cap to stand on his hind feet and say. "Bow-wow!" whenever he was hungry. Another fireman had taught him to scratch the floor below the water faucet and bark whenever he was hirsty.

He could walk on his hind feet, drink from the fire e, and drag the hose about whenever he was told to o so.

The chief of the fire department said that Cap could do more "tricks" than any dog he had ever seen, and the best one of all he had learned to do without ever having been told how to do it.

The firemen slept upstairs over the station in long rows of white beds, and, whenever the fire bell rang in the night, the firemen would spring from their beds, dress before you could say "Jack Robinson," run to the four large holes in the floor, and come sliding down the poles one after another; then they would run to the horses, which at the sound of the bell had found their places in front of the engine, the hook-and-ladder wagon, the hose-cart, buckle on the harness, and each fireman would spring into place ready to drive away to the fire.

Cap longed to slide down the poles as the firemen did, but of course, that was something no dog could do. So, if he happened to be upstairs, as he often was, when the fire bell rang in the daytime, he would run to the stairway, clear the steps at three bounds, and spring on the seat beside the chief.

But at night Cap stayed downstairs, sleeping very near the telephone and fire-bell; and, when the alarm sounded, the firemen would hear Cap's loud "Bow-wow!" almost as soon as they heard the bell and, no matter how quickly they dressed, they would always find Cap in his place ahead of them.

"He is the best fireman in the station," the chief would sometimes say. "He is always dressed and ready for work." And the firemen would laugh and pat Cap's head, and say that if they slept in their clothes as Cap did, they, too, would be ready and in their places in one minute.

But no fireman ever slept after the bell rang, and not one of them was ever known to say, "Wait a minute," or, "I am too sleepy to go." Even the horses would run to their places the instant they heard the bell, so Cap thought it his place to do the same.

One night there was a great storm, and something happened to the telephone and fire bells, so that they could not ring; and in the night time, when all was dark and still, and all the firemen and the fire horses were sound asleep, a house caught fire, and the policeman on the street corner ran to the telephone to call the firemen out.

The fire bell tried its best to ring; but, instead of a loud "Ding-a-ling," it could say nothing more than "Bz-z."

Not a fireman heard it.

Not even a fire-horse moved.

"Bz-z!" said the bell again, and suddenly Cap opened his eyes, and with a loud "Bow-wow-wow!" sprang to his place in the chief's cart.

The firemen rolled out of their beds, and each one asked: "Did you hear that? Did the fire bell ring?" And the answer came: "No, it was only Cap barking; but he is certainly saying 'fire.' We had better dress and slide down and see about it."

"Bow-wow!" bow-wow!" barked Cap.

"Bz-z-z!" said the bell just as the fireman came sliding down the pole.

"Fire!" shouted the fireman. "Cap was right. Come on!" And in a moment there was a clattering of many hoofs as the fire horses dashed to their places, the jingling of harness as it dropped into place on the horses' backs, shouts of "Fire, keep out of the street!" from the policemen in front of the station, and "cling, clang, clang!" from the gongs of the engine, the hose-cart, the hook-and-ladder wagon and the chief's cart as they dashed away down the street.

The fire was soon found and put out; and, when the people who lived in the burning house came out to thank the firemen, the chief patted Cap on the head and said: "Do not thank us. Thank Cap. He is the best fireman of us all." And Cap, who had never for one moment ceased his "Bow-wow-wow!" wagged his tail and said, dog fashion, "I did the best I could, but I am not a fireman, I am only Cap, the fire dog."—Edna Everett, in Kindergarten Review.

HIS REFERENCE.

"Good-by. Tomorrow by this time I shall be well on my way to Chicago."

"I shall miss you more than I can say, but I suppose that it is an opening you cannot afford to refuse."

"I would not refuse it for anything. It may be the means of my getting into the office here, a thing I have tried for over and over again without success. If I manage that, I shall be home again in a year or two. You will certainly write?" wistfully.

"To be sure I will."

"And go to see mother often?"

"Of course."

It was storming hard the next morning, but in spite of that Alice told her mother that she had decided to go to town. "You don't mind, mother, do you? To tell the truth, I feel all turned about Will's leaving. I'm going to miss him so. I would go to see his mother today, but I know perfectly well that the moment she began to talk about him I should cry, and I don't believe that would comfort her much. I love the snow, and I'll go and see some pictures and take lunch with Laura, if you are willing."

"Perfectly willing, dear; only, if you find that there is going to be any trouble on the road, you will come home on an early train, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed. Good-by."

Alice had had her outing, and was just seated, and the train on the point of starting, that afternoon, when somebody asked, "May I sit beside you?" and at the sound of the familiar voice she looked up, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Why—why, Will!"

"I do not wonder that you are astonished. I can hardly realize myself that I am here," he said, as he took the seat beside her.

"But you should be half way to Chicago by this time. You told me that they would only hold the position for you until tomorrow."

"Yes," quietly, "but—I have given up the position, Alice."

"Given up the position? That means giving up all hope in the home office! Do you mind explaining, or would you rather I would not ask?"

"No, I do not mind explaining—to you. It is simply this: I found that my mother was breaking her heart over it—my leaving home, I mean. She tried her best to hide it, but I found it out last night, after I left you."

"But—what a terrible disappointment."

He did not reply at once. Then, with his eyes bent upon the ticket, which he was snapping between his fingers, he said quietly: "Yes, it is a disappointment, and the more so for the loss of hope for the future here, but, Alice, there are two things which I have promised myself never to do. One is," lifting his head, "that for no earthly consideration will I commit a dishonorable act, in or out of business; the other, that I will never, God helping me, grieve or disappoint my mother. There are, perhaps," with a faint smile, "other positions in the world, but there is but one mother."

An old gentleman, seated directly behind them, who had glanced up at Alice's words, now rose and changed his seat. "I don't believe all that was meant for my ears," he growled, "and I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself for listening, but I'm not. I don't know that I ever did a better thing in my life. But how will I ever manage it? I wonder where he lives? I believe I'll speak to him."

But before he had decided what to do the train stopped, and to his dismay the two young persons in whom he had felt such deep interest got out, and he sank back in his seat with an expression of disappointment upon his kindly face.

"Now, who would have thought he was going to leave so soon? Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to go hunting all over Heartdale for a handsome young fellow answering the name of 'Why, Will!' " And with an inward chuckle at his own wit, he took up his paper and began to read.

But in leaving the train at his own station, a few miles further up the road, he glanced involuntarily at the vacant seat and saw that a book had been left there. Picking it up eagerly he turned to the fly leaf while waiting for the train to stop.

"Not his, but it will serve," he exclaimed with satisfaction, as his eyes rested upon the name, "Alice M. Rowlands," neatly written there. "I'll save the company the trouble of taking charge of it."

The next evening when Will Stanley stopped at the post-office on his way home from the station, he brought the Rowlands' mail as usual.

"An interesting looking parcel, Alice," he said, "and a letter directed in the same hand."

"Why, I wonder whose writing it is? I never saw it before. But, Will, have you found anything today?"

"No," he replied quietly. There was something in his voice which made her change the subject instantly, with a throb of pity at her tender heart.

"Now," she said, "we shall see what this mystery means." And, tearing open the letter, in what Will always called her "womanish manner," she glanced at the signature.

"No help here!" she exclaimed. "Whoever is James T. Worthington?"

"James T. Worthington? Why, he's the head of the home office. Why, Alice, what is it?" for the girl had sprung to her feet and was fairly dancing about the room, as she cried: "Will, Will, listen to this!" And, turning again to the letter, she read:

"My Dear Miss Rowlands: I return your book, which you left in the train last evening, thanking you heartily for so doing, as the finding of it has helped me out of a difficulty. I have to confess to having overheard a few words of a conversation between you and your friend, as I sat directly behind you. I only listened to a few sentences, and then changed my seat. But the result is that I wish you would oblige me by requesting Will—pardon, me, but I know him by no other name—to come to my office tomorrow morning. He will know where to find me. I wish to make the offer of a position the value of which he will understand more fully than you. A man who has two such aims in life as he declared himself to have is the man I want. I require no further reference. Gratefully your friend,

"JAMES T. WORTHINGTON."

—Christian Observer.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Old Glory at the Golden Gate.

It was no small privilege for a boy to see Henry Clay, the idol of the ruling party, bowing gracefully from a carriage to the people, who welcomed the eloquent Kentuckian to the city of New York. There I saw the freedom-loving Kossuth, with his black-feathered felt hat, bowing gracefully to the cheering crowd. Pushing my way to the gallery of Niblo's Garden Pavilion, I saw and heard Daniel Webster charm crowds of admirers. These are brief and fleeting impressions. It was a greater experience to see Abraham Lincoln step from a Hudson River train in New York City and step into a carriage with Fernando Wood, the famous democratic mayor of the metropolis. The excited city laughed at a newsboy who, perched in a tree over the reception stand where Wood was welcoming the newly elected President said, "Be careful what you say Fernandy, for you'll have to stick to this." The tall and gaunt prairie lawyer was equal to the wily mayor, for he said he meant to stand by the constitution even as he braced himself up against the white marble column of the beautiful city hall. The time-serving politician is almost forgotten. Only the venerables who do me the honor to pick up these acorns even recall his name. But Lincoln! No one can live in beautiful Santa Clara county and go annually to Campbell's celebration of Washington's birthday without keeping the names of Washington and Lincoln not only in the memory but stirring in a patriotic heart.

No sight my eager eyes ever looked upon seemed to mean more than the procession of the white ships of our navy on May 6th, 1908, into the Golden Gate. One sailor laddie whose pious parents were praying for him in the pine woods of northern Minnesota was a type of sixteen thousand who were to be made better or worse by the greeting and their use of it, of our expectant Pacific coast. Bob Evans' rheumatism gave all hearts a twinge. There the iron-hearted hero was, worthy of Wellington's name of Old Ironsides, fulfilling his promise to Roosevelt to bring his ships in or die in the attempt. I'm not ashamed to pray on the side where the hero of the White House pushes. Its a trifle that my little ranche is worth more when this peninsula grows.

It is a tremendous fact that Christian civilization follows a fleet like ours and that great guns may speak the message

of chaplains and the gospel which Paul preached. That little girl whose mother offered her to Bro. Vaile for six years has a higher value because of the ideas which this fleet represents. The barefooted women who tote coal on their heads to coal ships are likelier to get into elevating missions because a well-manned and well-mannered navy will breed respect for a Christian country and Christian ideas. As the beautiful ships came out from under the clouds of smoke which enveloped them at anchor and the fog rolled away, the glorious sunshine struck them until they themselves shone with a clearer glory of service and they themselves seemed beautiful and instinct spirits. If a hospitable inn can be claimed to have a soul, why not a fleet of beautiful ships sailing under an ideal flag of ideals?

White Hands On Blue Jackets.

The kindness of good women towards the rank and file of sailors has been notable. From Mrs. Bob Evans, dancing with an enlisted man, clear through the best matrons of our coast has been manifested interest in the boys good mothers all over the land are praying for. This accounts for what a city policeman tells me. "Not a boy in a hundred has made us any trouble." Look out for your laurels Stanford and Berkeley! Behold your pattern and your opportunity! A handsome young midshipman who devoted himself in Los Angeles to a blind girl, and not far from here, made his only call on a lovely "shut-in." I learned that the kindness of good women to the sailor boys has made a great impression. It has had more effect than a sermon. It has proved to the boys the possibility of social footing on a plane of genuine worth and fairness. A Sunday-school expert, a lady of wide experience, told me how a sailor at Santa Cruz contrasted Western cordialty with Eastern exclusiveness and compared the aristocracy of Eastern hotels with the democracy of Western ones. The Fairmont Hotel has welcomed the enlisted men to its hospitality. What a schooling in history, geography, patriotism, manliness, courtesy, kindness our coast and our visiting boys have had together! I have met neither a pickpocket nor a drunkard. Not an oath has spoiled the sweet air about me. A happier crowd of courteous and smiling people than these on the broad and beautiful Van Ness Avenue, after the parade, I never saw. Others tell me the same story. According to a careful observer, Oakland's crowds on Goat Island had the very pearl in the region for observation and fellowship. And, report has it, they behaved like sheep of the Lord's pasture.

TAKE PLEASURE NOW; DON'T WAIT.

Half the joy of life comes from getting good out of things as we go along. Some of us are always putting off our enjoyments. After a while we expect to take a rest, see a friend or read a book; but after a while never comes. The good time we are looking forward to lies as far ahead as ever. All life is spent in meaning to overtake it and enjoy it. Meanwhile we toil, drudge, and grow old, passing by with unseeing eye the happiness we might get out of every day.

Yes, every sordid, commonplace day has its wealth of enjoyment for us, if we only took the trouble to get it out.

There are the friends we love, and who love us. If we stopped to think of it, this consciousness would gladden life.

There is the beauty of the earth. Did we only open our eyes to see it we should be made glad in spite of ourselves. There are some people who have lived on earth thirty or forty years who could scarcely tell you the color of the sky from their own observation. They take it for granted it is blue because they hear so!

There are dozens of simple pleasures we might enjoy. Ten minutes every day with a fascinating book; an inexpensive little jaunt with our family or a congenial friend; fifteen minutes of bright, intelligent conversation with the home folks or on some other subject than the sordid details of making ends meet, a few minutes in an art gallery, just to look at one good picture—these are some of the little every-day happinesses we might take, and don't, not because we are too poor, but because we haven't thought them worth while. We are too busy aiming at some big, expensive pleasure in the future.

Make up your mind, then, that the big pleasure will always elude you. We shall never enjoy life until we learn to enjoy the little happinesses of every commonplace-day as we go along.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE

By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

April and May Flower Months at MOUNT HERMON

Special Week-End Excursions

TO Mount Hermon and Return

Friday to Monday each week during May

REST PLEASURE BUSINESS

The Association desires by these excursions to accommodate LOT OWNERS, HOUSE BUILDERS, LOT BUYERS and all active friends of Mount Hermon.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Station, San Francisco,..... 8 a. m.
Connects at Pajaro and Santa Cruz, arriving at Mount Hermon.....12:35 p. m.
Train leaves First and Broadway Station, Oakland.....7:17 a. m.
Connects, by way of Vilas, with the train from San Francisco at San Jose .....9:15 a. m.

For reservations at the Zayante Inn, address
WM. H. BOUICK, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

Regular May-October Season tickets are on sale at all Southern Pacific stations on and after May first. An "Excursion Rate" is given at the Zayante Inn for these excursions.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

By many this is considered the hardest command that came from the lips of the Savior. The vast majority of men and women, when wronged in any way, will in weakness seek revenge. They are ready to return injury for injury, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

It is sometimes said that "revenge is sweet." It is not so to the person whose heart has been renewed by the saving grace of God. There is sweetness in revenge only for demons, and those who possess the spirit of the wicked one. The Christian who, when overcome by his old nature, sometimes returns injury for injury, is always sorry afterward. I have no doubt that we all, when grievously wronged by some fellow creature, felt at first that we would like to inflict a severe punishment. Too often do we act in such cases before taking thought, and dishonor Christ and make ourselves miserable.—George P. Eudy.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

PACIFIC.
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Located at Berkeley
Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).
Sixteenth year opened last September.
Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE
DEALERS IN
PAPER
1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LL.D., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., JUNE 4, 1908. No. 23



University

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY SNAPSHOTS.

By Rev. A. H. Groco, Bradley, Cal.

Thursday, May 21.

The eight hundred and twenty commissioners, Convention Hall, of many kindreds, tribes and tongues, afford a fine snap.

* * * * *

The opening sermon by the retiring Moderator, Dr. Wm. H Roberts, of fifty-five minutes, from John 3:16, listened to with wrapt attention, is another proof that people do not tire of long sermons if there is something in them.

* * * * *

The nomination for Moderator was closed when Dr. J. S. Nichols of St. Louis finished his speech by naming a former Cumberland Presbyterian, his fellow-townsman, Rev. Baxter P. Fullerton, D. D., for that high position. A motion to elect by acclamation was carried at once.

* * * * *

The felicitous speech of the newly elected Moderator in acknowledging the honor conferred, and his courteous reception of the gavel presented, were restful experiences to the mind of the Assembly, after following the profound sermonic efforts of Dr. Roberts.

Friday, May 22d.

Assembly "getting busy." The American Tract Society reported: "The lines of whole pages have gone out into all the world for the healing of the nations—all evangelical denominations using them."

* * * * *

The Sabbath observance Committee scored some points. Their triumps:

First.—The closing of the Jamestown Exposition:

Second.—Many Jewish Rabbis, holding services in their synagogues on the first day of the week;

Third.—Stricter laws and observance of the Sabbath in many States and cities.

* * * * *

Judge Wallace of Kansas City, being asked by the Committee to speak, said:

"Some say Sabbath laws cannot be enforced. I know better. Seven hundred grocery stores and five thousand saloon, which were opened on Sabbath Day, seven months ago, are now closed, and will be kept closed while I am judge."

* * * * *

2 p. m.—Evangelism has the floor. Committee's retrospect cheering, and their prospect optimistic, even to encaurage the planning of great things—a worldwide movement, to be inaugurated in the near future.

* * * * *

Between 8 to 10 P. M., an audience of five thousand listened to the program prepared by the Board of Publication and Sabbath School work. Those were juicy speeches that Secretary Gelston, Rev. McCoy (colored- field worker in Georgia, and Prof. Hill of McCormick Seminary, gave on the different phases of the Board's operations. Park College Glee Club favored the audience.

* * * * *

Saturday, May 23d.

A unique feature of the morning devotions: soloists from C. M. Alexander's choir interespersed praise with the supplications of petitioners at the Throne of Heavenly grace.

Ministerial Relief Board had an able presentation by its chairman and secretaries. Hearty pledges were given for its support.

* * * * *

This has been a field day for the Brotherhood. Eloquent speeches, much applause, elastic, energetic plans. It really seems that the men of the Presbyterian Church are awake at last and are going to compete in generous rivalry with the women, the Young People and the Sunday School in good work.

* * * * *

A forty mile ride in automobiles and open street cars, given in Kansas City, Kansas, and Kansas City, Mo., showing rivers, factories, packing houses, parks, and boulevards, lined with fine residences, was much enjoyed.

* * * * *

The Convention Hall at 8 P. M., was enlarged to its full capacity for auditors, and probably eight thousand persons were present at the Chapman-Alexander evangelistic meetin. If Alexander is the "chief musician," Dr. Chapman is the "chief speaker."

Sunday, May 24th.

The Assembly devines were in evidence in all the Kansas City pulpits, and every one of them, with his best sermon, striking twelve. Fifteen thousand people, comfortably fill-

ing Convention Hall, listened to Rev. Chas. Stelze, secretary of our Department of Labor, and Mr. John D. Lennon, Treasurer of the American Federation of Labor. These speeches revealed the closer union and better understanding that is rapidly growing between organized labor and the church, at least one Presbytrian Church, which was first to establish such a department of labor. Mr. Lennon's advice to the ministers to organize a union and strike for higher salaries evoked much applause.

* * * * *

A popular meeting at 8 P. M., in the interests of Christian Education, in Convention Hall, was addressed by Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, Secretary Gelston, and Dr. Hill of McCormick Seminary. Thoughts emphasized by the speakers were: pious training in the home; careful religious education in the Sunday School, in the Christian Academy and College.

* * * * *

Monday, May 25th.

Standing Committee's Report on work done by, and facing the Freedmen's Board, told of illiteracy and immorality appalling among the nine millions of negroes. But the picture drawn had bright spots here and there of schools, colleges, seminaries and churches. The product of these institutions—colored young men of culture—both instructed and interested a large audience at a popular meeting in the evening.

* * * * *

The ecclesiastical storage battery of the average commissioner must have been thoroughly charged after he heard the Home and Foreign Missions reports and the speeches upon the same on the floor of the Assembly and in the popular meeting.

* * * * *

The Emporia College Glee Club of twelve young ladies and twelve young men were much in favor with the audience at the popular meeting Wednesday evening in the cause of Foreign Missions.

* * * * *

All the Boards reported greater receipts this year than ever before, though a few reported a small debt.

* * * * *

Larger work and larger offerings are planned for the Church by this Assembly, in every department of church work, for the coming year. Enthusiastic voting followed the proposition to raise $1,500,00 for Foreign Missions and $1,300,00 for Home Missions.

The abudant rainfall daily causes the residents to call "this exceptional weather," and cite as proof the excessive moisture at this time all through the Middle West, while the humidity of the atmosphere to the Californian—accustomed to dry, light air—is such as to cause him to call the weather "clamy."

* * * * *

Is not this a legitimate inference, after hearing these prefatory sentences to many speeches: "This most important question,"—"This is the most important subject that can come before us"—that the Assembly is dealing with important measures?

The State Board of Health has ruled that labeling a box of cherries "Extra Fancy Black Tartarian Cherries," when it contained only one layer of such cherries, the others being small red cherries, was a violation of the pure food law. All fruit must be honestly labeled, is the decision in general.

NOTES ON THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

W. S. Holt.

Kansas City gave a hearty welcome to the 120th General Assembly. That welcome was maintained heartily through all the sessions.

The opening sermon by the retiring minister has been printed long before these notes can reach you.

The Election of Rev. B. P. Fullerton, D. D., without any competition and by acclamation, was a splendid culmination in the acts of Union. He made an excellent moderator—genial, courteous,, masterful—what more can a moderator be?

The popular meetings received good attention and were well attended from the first, in the interest of Sunday-school work, to the reception given on the last Thursday night of the session. The smallest audience was on that last Thursday night, but the reason for it was the severe thunder storm which broke over the city Thursday afternoon.

The great days, as ever, were the Home and Foreign Mission days. Rev. W. C. Covert, D. D., led the Home Mission Cimmittee in a carefully prepared report and an inspiring address. He was followed by Rev. John Dixon, D. D., associate secretary. He deplored Dr. Thompson's enforced absence, as all did, and then, in his own persuasive, but statesmanlike way, put the work of Home Missions before the church in such an effective way as to call forth hearty commendation, not only, but to deepen the conviction as to the supreme importance of the work of the church in the home land.

Among the recommendations of the committee calling for special notice was the one creating an Indian Department under the Board, and committing the care of work among the Jews to the special care of the Department of Immigration, under Mr. Stalzh. At the preachers' meeting Elder Perrin did good service in pressing home the claims of Home Missions upon the elders. He gave an interesting parody on "Little Jack Horner," which caught the crowd:

"Old Deacon Horner
Sat in the corner,
While the contribution-box passed by.
Sweetly content,
He dropped in a cent,
And said, "What a good Christian am I!"

John Willis Baer led in Foreign Missions. That is about all anyone needs to say to the people on the Pacific Coast. He showed how well a Home Mission secretary and college president can exalt Foreign Missions. Then came Dr. Stanley White, the new secretary, with his maiden address. The Foreign Board was not guessing when Dr. White was chosen secretary. The popular meeting was up to the ordinary standard of such meetings, emphasized this year by the presence of Mr. L. H. Severance, who has returned very recently from his visit to our foreign work, and has come back an enthusiast. The Foreign Board can do nothing better to increase interest in that work than to keep Mr. Severance busy telling what he has seen in his foreign field. No misguided fanatic he, but a sane business man, who has seen what he tells.

Of course, Sabbath, May 23rd, was a great day. It was preceded by an evangelistic meeting, under the direction of Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander. Probably 15,000 people were in the hall. Mr. Alexander directed his entire audience

with remarkable skill. They stood, they sat, they sang in sections or en masse, as he wished, and then in choicest decorum listened to Dr. Chapman's stirring sermon from the words, "And they came to Kadesh." With apt illustration and stirring appeal he pressed home the truth and touched the very soul of his vast audience.

In the morning of the Sabbath the moderator preached in the Second Church, while many of the pulpits of the city were filled by Commissioners.

In the afternoon was Mr. Stalza's masterpiece—the labor meeting. What a crowd of men that was in the vast arena and on the platform, while the galleries were filled with interested visitors. Governor Folk gave an earnest address. He was followed by Mr. Lennan, representative of the American Federation of Labor and a member of the Presbyterian Church; while Mr. Stalzh closed the hour with a great appeal for Jesus Christ as Labor's champion.

In the evening college work received the attention due that important work, with addresses by Drs. Stevenson, Baer and Moffitt.

Probably the most discussion was called forth by Dr. Moffitt's report on Administration Agencies. The committee had not made sufficient progress to satisfy many Commissioners. No recommendation was made to combine any of the Boards. This lack was criticized, and the committee was called timid. But Dr. Moffitt was ready. He confessed to timidity, and said when any action was contemplated which might affect seriously the usefulness of any Board or the income of any Board he was timid. He believed in every form of work done by the Boards, and could not touch, lightly any question which affected them. The recommendation calling for the appointment of an Executive Committee was adopted and the committee was continued.

The several banquets by the alumni of the semanaries were held. The presence of Dr. Stewart of Auburn and Dr. McClare of McCormick, was noticed, as also was Drs. Edgar P. Rill and Robinson of the latter. Dr. McKibbin of Lane was a Commissioner.

Dr. Fullerton named Mr. Dorman R. James as vice-moderator, and he was welcomed with continued applause.

The music was excellent. Park College sent two Glee Clubs, one of young women, who sang in the women's meetings, and one of young men, who sang in the assembly. Emporia also had a Glee Club. These gave splendid service and served also to keep t heir colleges before the assembly.

It was a great and glorius meeting. Kansas City is a beautiful city, and knows how to care for such a body. The arrangements were well made. There was ample room for any crowd that might gather and abundant facilities for all committee work. The ride about the city on Saturday afternoon, May 23, in automobiles and cars, with the trip to Leavenworth on Thursday, the 28th, served to lighten the service of many meetings. The weather was changeable enough to suit the persons of most uncertain moods. Everyone seemed happy.

Denver will need to be alert if it does as well as Kansas City has done for the comfort and success of the gathering.

.. The Oregon apple crop this year gives promise of being the largest in the history of the state.

GREAT ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE VICTORY IN OREGON.

A wire from Rev. J. R. Knodell, who has led the Anti-Saloon League forces in the great campaign under the State local option law in Oregon, brings the good tidings of twenty counties carried for prohibition at Monday's election.

On the 1st of January Mr. Knodell was transferred by Dr. Chapman from the California field to take charge of the Anti-Saloon League work in Oregon. For the past five months the battle has been on, which culminated in such splendid victory at the polls. Rev. Geo. H. DeKay of Berkeley has been assisting Mr. Knodell during the closing month of the campaign, and California will rejoice in these great triumphs in her sister state under the leadership of men who had their anti-saloon training in the temperance batties of the Golden State.

On the first vote taken under the State law, two years ago, seven counties voted for prohibition. All of these were re-carried, with a gain of thirteen new counties. The West, as well as the South and the East, is feeling the force of the general temperance wave that is sweeping the country at the present time. The California League reports six new cities added to the prohibition list at the recent spring elections.

PRESBYTERIAN LAYMEN CHURCH EXTENSION

Banquet, Friday Evening, June 5th, 6:30 P. M., Occidental Board Building, 920 Sacramento St. San Francisco, Cal.

YOU are most urgently invited to a very important conference of Presbyterian Laymen at the time and place above mentioned. Matters of vital importance to the New San Francisco will be made the issue of the hour. It is hoped that this event will mark a new era in the history of the Presbyterian Church of this city. Rev. E. K. Strong will preside. "The Needs of the Field" will be presented by Rev. J. S. Thomas. Rev. J. S. Thomas. Rev. G. A. Blair, our new superintendent of Church Extension will tell of "Our Plans." Revs. William Rader and W. K. Guthrie, will speak on: "What Can We Do About It?" Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., Field Secretary of Home Missions, will also speak. Dinner served for ONE DOLLAR per plate.

J. S. THOMAS,
W. K. GUTHRIE,
Committee..

PASTOR WANTED.

Coachella, Riverside county, is one of the most promising fitlds in the Presbytery. A growing, hustling community, of about 800, day-school attendance 100, our church is the only one in the village or neighborhood; all are united in supporting one Church, a very neat church building is in the process of erection to cost about $2300 and to be completed about July 1st. All the money has been subscribed, or practically so. We need a live, active young man, to take charge of this field at once. Address all communications to Rev Alex. Eakin, Riverside, Calif., chairman of Home Mission Committee of Presbytery. The field will raise $500 toward salary, and the Home Mission Board will give $400. No manse. a

---

Los Angeles Methodists hoped to get the general conference to locate a bishop in their enterprising city, and to that end offered the gift of a residence worth $15,000. But Portland and San Francisco already having such homes our Southern city was not alloted any.

Among the Churches.

COLUSA.—At its last comunion service, five new members were received into the Colusa church, by letter, and at the communion preceding four young men, on confession of faith, all receiving baptism. Rev. H. T. Dobbins is pastor.

SAN RAFAEL.—The men of the church and congregation are to meet Sunday afternoon, June 7th, at 3 p. m., for the purpose of organizing a chapter of the Presbyterian Brotherhood. Memorial services were held Sunday evening, May 31st, at which service the pastor, the Rev. Lynn T. White, preached a sermon on "Some Lessons From the Past." The Spanish war veterans, the G. A. R., and Company "D," N. G. C., attended in a body.

Calvary Church, San Francisco.—The pastor, Rev. William Rader, is preaching to large evening congregations. He has announced a series of "sermons on the city," dealing with the vital issues of the hour. Dr. Hemphill pastor emeritus has occupied the pulpit in the morning during the Sabbath of May. Ng Poon Chew was the last speaker befor the Bereau Society. The officers of the church has just added $1200 to the pastors' salary and given a warm commendation of his work.

LEBANON CHURCH, San Francisco.—The young people of this church, who are particularly earnest and active in all they undertake, have recently started two new movements in connection with their church work. The first is an adult Bible class, organized last month with a charter membership of fifty, which, under the leadership of one of one of our most consercated women, promises within a short time to double its membership. The second is a contest between the boys and girls of the Christian Endeavor Society. This contest is based upon attendance at services of the church. Attendance at morning service counts two points for each member present; evening service two points, if both services are attended, five points; Sunday-school two points; Christian Endeavor meeting, if one time, two points, tardy one point, each visitor two points for the member who brings the visitor, each new active member, ten points, new associate member five points; attendance at prayer-meeting, five points. The side that loses is to give a banquet to the victors. The contest last one month, and Mr. Logan, our pastor, who has been much encouraged by the increased attendance of the young people, hopes that they will have become so interested in the church that when the contest is concluded they will still continue their splendid record of church attendance.

LOS ANGELES.

First.—The First Church gaven an enjoyable reception to the new pastor, Rev. W. A. Hunter, May 28th. The installation services will be held early in June.

Westminster.—Rev. R. W. Holman was installed over the Westminster Church. Dr. J. M. Newell presided. Rev. R. W. Cleland gave the sermon. Rev. A. B. Prichard gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. E. P. Baker the charge to the people. The outlook for work is encouraging. Singing evangelist H. E. Pach sang at the installation. He teaches a Bible Class Thursday evenings.

Third.—The Third Church has called Rev. Herbert Thomson from Everett, Wash. Mr. Thomson has heen pastor at Everett for a number of years, and is carrying in a successful work there.

S. C. Gilman, formerly with our Mission Press in Peru, is giving interesting illustrated lectures on Syria and Palestine.

Commencement Week at Occidental College begins June 7.

Presbyterians, with Methodists, are rejoicing over the election of Dr. McIntyre as Bishop.

OREGON.

Evangelistic Work among the Indian of the Northwest Conducted by Themselves.

TUTUILLA.

The Presbyterian Indian Mission, near Pendleton, Or., enjoyed another Evangelistic campmeeting, April 30—May 10, similar to the one held last year. There were present 88 visitors from the different reservations of Wash., Or., and Idaho. About 400 announcements of the meetings were sent to friends on the different reservations and on the local reservation, (Umatilla). The Christian people were encamped at the Church to entertain all visitors. Among the visitors and helpers were four Nez Perce ministers, pastors of our Indian churches in Idaho, and one M. E. minister of the Yakima Reservation, and the U. P. Missionary from the Warm Springs Reservation, besides many elders and Christian workers from all the churches. The meetings resulted in a goodly number of converts, and all the church members were much strengthened, and too the influence of the meetings was felt on the whole reservation. And moreover the joint session of elders and ministers took action regarding future Evangelistic meetings on the various reservations of the Northwest which gives promise of the beginning of great things, and to the binding together of the Indian work regardless of denominational lines.

It was decided by a unanimous vote that—"We form a circle of Evangelistic meetings in the coming year, from July 1908 to July 1909, and to include in that circle the following churches, (Ind.): The Presbyterian churches in U. S. A., of Idaho, namely, Stites, Kamiah 1st, Kamiah 2d, Lapwai, Meadow Creek, North Fork, and Fort Hall, and the Presbyterian Mission on the Crow Reservation (Montana), Tutuilla Church (Or.), and Warm Springs of the U. P. Church (Or.), and Stwireille, (of the M. E. Church on the Yakima Reservation, Wash.)"

At the earnest request of Rev. Geo. Waters, a native minister from the Yakima Reservation, a delegation of the workers, 46 in all, of both ministers, elders, and Christian people went and helped in a similar meeting at the Stwireville, M. E. Church, which resulted in ab out 20 converts and the organization of a strong temperance Society, and the old Mission there, which had been all but dead for a number of years was revived in a marvelous way, and the people thorougly awakened. This meeting was held from May 13th to 17th.

And this too ought to be known to theChristian public; That these Christian Indians go to help in these misison tours at their own expense. Not even the ministers are compensated, except by an occasional collection which only pays part of their railroad fare.

If the whole Church of Christ was desirous of converting their friends and neighbors, both at home and abroad, as these Christian Indians and at their own expense, there would be something doing in Heaven and on earth in the near future, for so many souls would be saved on earth that the

Angels of Heaven would be kept rejoicing night and day over the fact. Sincerely,

J. M. Cornelison,
Missionary.

A special meeting of the joint session of the Evangelistic Meetings at, Tutuilla Church was held Friday, May 8, 1908, 8 P. M., and opened with prayer. There were present elders, John Allen, Alexander Morris, Caleb McAttee, Mat. Whitfield, Wm. Parsons, of the Idaho Pres.byterian Church, Daniel Boone, of the M. E. Church, Yakima, Reservation, Tulluka Hallaquilla, and Perry Kukup, of the Warm Springs U. P. Church, and Robinson Minthorn, Amos Pond, and Philip Minthorn, of Tutuilla, Presbyterian Church, and the following ministers: Revs. Wm. Wheeler, Stites, Idaho, Jas. Hayes, Kamiah 1st, Moses Monteith, Kamiah 2d, Mark Arthur, Lapwai, and A. B. Dickie, Missionary at Warm Springs Reservation, U. P., Ghurch, Geo. Waters, Yakima Reservation, M. E. Church (Native minister), E. J. Connor, Umatilla Reservation, Native pastor, and J. M. Cornelison, missionary Umatilla Reservation, Presbyterian Church U. S. A., Rev. Mark Arthur was elected chairman of the meeting, and Rev. J. M. Cornelison was elected temporary clerk. Rev. Geo. Waters of the Yakima Reservation, and of the Columbia river Conference of the M. E. Church, was given the right of the floor to speak relative to his work, and to ask the help of some of the ministers, and Christian people in evangelistic work on the Yakima Reservation.

Mr. Waters spoke eloquently of the friendly relations of the first misionaries, Rev. R. H. Spalding, of the Presbyterian Church and Father Wilber of the M. E Church and of how they worked together and helped each other. So—said he, we hope the same may be true now, and we have planned for such a campmeeting as this at our church, and we wish our misisonary and your missionary to work together as they did. And moreover in a meeting of our stewarts and missionary at the church, they decided to send me here to invite you to come and help us at this time. We want ministers, elders, and Christian men and women to come and help in this meetin, and the date decided on was May 13-17. So far is our desire, and to this end has al our plans been perfected. It was decided by a unanimous vote that: The pastors of the Lupwai and Tutuilla churches, and missionaries of the Umatilla and Warm Springs Reservations and as many elders and Christian people from all the churches, as might desire to do so, go at this time to help Rev. Geo. Waters in an Evangelistic meeting. The same to begin May 13, and to close May 17th. The delegation from Warm Springs said, that htey were not ready at this time for such meetings, but that they desired such Evangelistic meetings whenever they could decide on an opportune time. It was decided by a unanimous vote to form a circle of Evangelistic meetings in the coming year, from July 1908 to July 1909, and to include in that circle the following churches: The Presbyterian Churches in U. S. A., of Idaho, namely, Stites, Kamiah 1st, Kamiah 2d, Meadow Creek, Lapwai, North Fork, and Fort Hall, and the Presbyterian Mission on the Crow Reseravtion, (Montana), Tutuilla, Or., and warm Springs, of the U. P. Church and Stwireille, of the M. E. Church on the Yakima Reservation.

Each minister is to inform his church of this action, so that each church an prepare iteself for suh meetings in its turn. These Evangelistic meetings will then take place about one each month in whatever church is chosen.

Rev. E. J. Connor was named to announce this action to the people at Tutuilla. The clerk was instructed to put a copy of this action of the joint session in the hands of each minister present and churches included in the circle, so that it might be made known to the people, and also to have it printed in the papers locally, and in the principal church papers of all the churches in the movement. The meeting was closed with the doxology and prayer while all present stood with clasped hands. Clerk,

JAMES MAUPIN CORNELISON,
Missionary.

The Forbes Presbyterian Church of this city, which was made homeless by fire last winter will probably move out of the lodge hall it now ocupies into their new building, which is nearing completion very rapidly. The new building, though only a frame structure, will be probably the most conveniently arranged church building in the city. The Sabbath-school will be especially well equipped for work on account of the large number of class rooms. There is also a splendid room that is to be fitted up as a gymnasium and there is a beautiful banquet hall, with kitchen in connection, sewing rooms and it is hoped one of the many rooms may be fitted for a public reading room. The main auditorium is to be beautified with two handsome memorial windows installed by the Adult Bible Class and the Primary Department of the Sabbath-school.

THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Rev. James M. Alexander.

The article on "Mary G. Eddy" in the McClure Magazine of June foretells that in process of time, after the death of Mrs. Eddy, what is false in Christian Science will be abandoned, and what is true in Christian Science will be retained. Evidently, the pantheism of the cult is too contradictory to religion to be long accepted. The term, Christian, in the name is a misnomer. One cannot be a Christian, or in any way religious, and worship a mere principle, like that of gravitation, even though that principle be the mental element of the Universe. As a personal being, man needs, for his object of worship, a personal God, who can be to him a Father and who, by infinite love, can win him to an obedienece of the heart.

The term, science, also, in the name is a misnomer. Science is knowledge of facts ascertained by man's consciousness and senses; but Christian Science denies the evidence of consciousness and of the senses.

Mrs. Eddy's claim that this metaphsical pantheism was revealed to her by God, or by the mental principle of the Universe, doubtless will be rejected. The history of Mrs. Eddy, the absurdities and contradictions in her writings, her extraordinary pretensions, her avarice, and the falseness of her metaphyscial system, forbid belief that she was the agent of God, a Second Christ, for revealing a new religion. Man needs, for religion, truth that is reliable as from God,and not a mere human and fraudulent fabrication or hypotheses.

But the psychic therapeutice of the system will doubtless continue to be practiced, yet only to a limited extent, and without Mrs. Eddy's metaphysics. It has been long known that by mental influences many diseases may be cured or alleviated. Mrs. Eddy claims that by such influences all diseases can be cured. Logically, her teachings require that every hospital shall be closed, and all physcians forbidden to practice, which would be a **reductio ad absurdam** of those teachings,

This is now generally realized. It has also been found that other methods, besides that of her system, are effective, and more effective than her metaphysical illusions, for mental healing.

For these and other reasons many of her disciples are turning to the systems of "Mind Cure," "New Thought" and

"Christian Psychology." It is devoutly to be hoped that eventually the Christian Science organization will thus turn from its Eddyism to genuine Christianity.

OCCIDENTAL BOARD.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ocidental Board of Foreign Missions was held Monday, June 1st, at the Mission House, 920 Sacramento St., San Francisco, President Mrs. H. B. Pinney, presiding. After a helpful devotional service, led by the president, and the reading of the minutes, Mrs. Paul Fischer, secretary of Mission Study classes, reported that two Presbyteries had elected Mission Study secretaries, making in all eight secretaries. Owing to the annual meeting a greater interest has been aroused in the study of missions.

The outlook is bright for the coming year. Mrs. Pinney announced that the new Mission Study book would be "The Nearer and Farther East."

Miss Reynolds, letter secretary, reported good use made of the station letters. It is the desire of the Board to make these letters of the greatest help to the societies, in coming into closer touch with the work done by the missionaries in hospitals, schools and station life.

Mrs. E. G. Denniston read a letter from Mrs. H. L. Wood of New York, which caused a discussion in regard to the increase of 25 per cent, which has been asked for the General Fund. All auxiliaries are urged to make this increase during the coming year.

Mrs. H. C. Morris, Special Object secretary, announced that Oakland Presbyterial will support Mrs. Herbert Blair, of Korea, in place of Dr. Merwin; Highland Park Church, Los Angeles, is to take Mrs. Kelly, of Hanan, China; Flagstaff, Arizona, will support Mrs. Johnson, and Los Anugeles Presbyterial will take station work in advance. Several new Bible women and native helpers have also been taken by various auxiliaries.

The address by Mr. Fish was particularly inspiring. San Francisco, says Mr. Fish, has been painted blacker than she really is. The Board was very glad to hear the words of encouragement and God-speed.

Young People's Secretary Miss Partridge announced good work being done throughout the state. The Christian Endeavor of the First Church, San Francisco, gave the most in proportion to its membership. San Joaquin young people are soon to be favored with a visit from Dr. Sharrocks.

Miss Garrette, Secretary of Literature, said that several new leaflets are soon to be printed. One on the Home and Rescue work, and another on the Occidental Board will be found most interesting.

Progress is being shown in both the Condit and Occidental schools. The faithful teachers have made many calls during the past month, and the children are taking much interest in their school work.

Mrs. Laughlin begs that each society appoint a secretary for Over Sea and Land, while Mrs. Prutzman pleads the cause of the Far West. No one can afford to be without either of these splendid papers.

We were pleased to greet Mrs. J. P. Leghorn of Spokane, who spoke of the work done by the North Pacific Board.

The Rev. James McElhinney opened the afternoon session with a short devotional service, after which Mrs. Goddard, Synodical president, read a letter written by Mrs. Cameron, who died Dec. 1st, 1907, in which she willed to the Occidental Board $1,000. As this money was to be given the Board six months after the death of Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Goddard turned it over to Mrs. Denniston, who receivevd it in behalf of the Occidental Board.

The girls of the Home then sang several songs and gavev Scripture verses to visiting friends.

The rest of the afternoon was devoted to a reception to Mrs. Sharrocks, and her two little daughters. On the platform with them sat Dr. and Mrs. Dennman of Laos, Dr. Caroline Merwin of China, Dr. Benne of China, a missionary of the Methodist Church, and Miss Dora Fish, a teacher in the Cumberland mountains of Tennessee. The entire audience was much interested in the Korean costumes worn by the two Sharricks girls, one being dressed in the gay raiment of a Korean bride, the other in the bright dress of a baby. Mrs. harrocks' talk on Korean wedding customs was most entertaining.

Dr. Benne brought the greetings of her church and emphasized the thought, "If you wish to Christianize a nation, elevate its womanhood."

Miss Cameron reported the Home school regularly in session, and on Sundays attending the Chinese Presbyterian Church, where the older girls form the choir.

The meeting then adjourned, after which all had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Sharrocks and the other missionaries.

MRS. R. L. MADDEN,
Recording Secretary.

SAN JOAQUIN PRESBYTERY.

At a recent **pro re nata** meeting of the Presbytery of San Joaquin, held in Fresno, the pastoral relation between the Rev. Geo. Brown Greig and the First Church of Merced was dissolved. Mr. Greig takes charge of the church at Coalinga, made vacant recently by the sudden death of the Rev. F. Z. Nesbitt.

The Rev. Hugh McNinch, D.D., has been duly installed as pastor of the church at Fowler. Dr. McNinch is an admirable fit in that important church.

The First Church of Fresno is about to install a $6,000 organ.

A delightful social meeting in recognition of the reunion of the Cumberland and Presbyterian churches was held in the First Church of Fresno. Beside the congregations of the Presbyterian faith, the pastors and wives of all the other churches of the city were present. It was a very happy event in every way. Presbytrians now have four churches in Fresno.

APPRECIATION OF BULGIN MEETINGS.

The following resolutions have been adopted by the Ministerial Association of Sacramento:

To Whom It May Concern—At the solicitation of the Ministerial Association of Sacramento Dr. E. J. Bulgin and Prof. Gates came as their guest to hold a three weeks' meeting in our city. Then, this association is responsible for their coming, and for getting the consent of the Secretary of State and placing the tent on the Capitol grounds. And now we wish hereby to give expression to our appreciation of these Christian workers.

As a preacher we found Dr. Bulgin true to the Word of God, fearless in hewing to the line, fair with all denominations of Christians, bold in denouncing iniquity in high places or low, aiming ever to have men turn away from sin and unto God, treating the erring tenderly and lovingly, inciting the wordly man and Christian to study God's Word and to correct his life by its teachings, inspiring all by zeal and eloquence with the beauty and glory of the Christ-like life. His discources are spiced to hold attention but on the

thoughtful mind and earnest heart was left a desire to live and be better. While striking hard at evils that are corrupting and damning it was done by word or anecdote that left a sweet refining savour. We cannot see how any one could have given attention to these meetings without being greatly benefited, even being led into the full joy of salvation.

In Prof. Gates we found a sweet spirited man, a powerful singer of the Gospel, one able to lead and inspire a large choir with its uplifting song; while some of his solos were master efforts in moving the heart from wrong to right, from sin to God.

Our fellowship with these men of God has been most precious and satisfactory, and we give them our highest commendation, praying for them God's gracious favor and blessing.

THE WHITWORTH COLLEGE.

Tacoma, Washington—Whitworth's scholarship has again been demonstrated by two young men qualifying in the exacting Oxford examination under the Cecil Rhodes scholarship bequest. Both Frederic D. Metzger and Kenneth Ghormley qualified Mr. Metzger won the final election by a fraction over a point out of one hundred per cent. He goes to Oxford this fall and represents the State of Washington. The prize he won will give him three years' residence with a money stipulation of $4,500. He expects to receive senior standing in order to study jurisprudence. He is only 21 years of age, the son of Alfred F. Metzger, Tacoma.

Mr. Ghormley is also a Tacoma boy, the son of Dr. D. O. Ghormley, and is only 19 years old. His success is an exhibition of rare scholarship and manly qualities. He will be the elected scholar for Oxford two years hence, if regular candidates in the state should fail. He would not need to take the examination again. The election of the Rhodes scholar is based upon the following points: "(1) His literary and scholastic attainments. (2) his fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football and the like. (3) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship, and (4) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates."

Both young men have been prominent in all of the College activities.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

United States Representative Wesley L. Jones will be commencement speaker June 11. The week extends from June 4 to June 11. Forty-two students will graduate from the different departments. The public is cordially invited to attend the functions of the week.

CALENDAR.

Thursday, June 4—Faculty concert, School of Music, at 8 p. m.

Friday, June 5—Graduate Recital, School of Music at 8 p. m.

Saturday, June 6—Art exhibit, Art Studio.

Sunday, June 7—Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Murdock McLeod, D. D., 3: p. m.

Monday, June 8—Annual recital, School of Expression, at 8 P. M.

Tuesday, June 9—Commencement night for the Academy and Commercial School, at 8 p. m.

Wednesday, June 10—Class night, class play, at 8 p. m.

Thursday, June 11—Convocation address by Hon. Wesley L. Jones. Presentation of diplomas at 8 p. m. At 10 p. m. annual reception in Ladies' Hall.

Individual pupil recitals will be given at dates to be announced to which the public is invited.

WHAT CHRISTIAN COLLEGES ARE DOING.

Dr. Dickson of New York tells us that the christian Colleges are doing a great work for the kindom by sending out men into the Ministry. He says: Out of 1,300 graduates Lafayette has 520 men preaching the gospel: out of 3,600 alumni, Washington and Jefferson has 1,650 in the ministry; out of 500 Wooster has 200 in Christian work; 18 graduates of Parsons are foreign missionaries; 50 per cent of Macelesten are clergymen; 55 per cent of Marysville have gone into the pulpit, and 32 of them are in foreign lands.

BYRON PALMER GONE HOME.

We take the following from the Daily Christian Advocate:

"Rev. O. W. Holmes received a telegram Saturday announcing the death on Friday at Ashtabula, Ohio, of Rev. Byron Palmer. This suffering saint is known in every minister's home by his soul-feeding books, "God's White Throne" and "The Living Way." For many years Byron Palmer has been a bed-ridden, blind and helpless sufferer. He has been sweet, trustful, uncomplaining and patient. midst it all he has gladdened by expressed soul-visions all visitors, so that his home has become a shrine for Christian workers to visit. For ten years he was an active member of the East Ohio Conference. He was compelled by the withering pain of the death-dealing affliction that came upon him to retire several years ago. At first he could be wheeled in a chair, but lately has been completely confined to his bed. His devoted wife has cared for him in his terrible helplessness through the heart-straining years. Bishop Warren recently visited Mr. Palmer and came away thanking God for the heavenly manna received in the visit. The funeral occurred Monday. The body was buried, but the influence of Byron Palmer's life will never stop."

This writer never saw the sainted Palmer, but his pastor brought us a message from him to the General Conference, in appreciation of the fact that we had made several references to his books in The Advocate. While we do not believe human suffering atones for sin, we do believe that the Scriptures clearly teach the glorious and eternal reward in the life to come of those who pass through great tribulation in this life. Mr. Palmer has preached and will continue to preach through his books, "God's White Throne" and "The Living Way" to an ever widening circle of sufferers. If you know a friend who is bearing a heavy burden through the limitations of sickness or suffering of any sort, send them "God's White Throne." It may be had by sending one dollar to Mrs. Palmer, Ashtabula, Ohio. His life was, in fact, a complete triumph over the limitations, torture and depression of a life of suffering.

REV. WILLIAM D. KIDD.

We record with sorrow the announcement of the death of Rev. William D. Kidd, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Sterling City, California. The passing of Rev. Mr. Kidd will leave a vacancy in the ranks of our aggressive workers, as he was ever awake to press forward any good cause. His death was caused by pneumonia. He was a native of Scotland, 45 years of age. He leaves a wife and two small children to mourn his loss. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. N. E. Partridge and the interment was in the cemetery at Calistoga.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HOW TO CHOOSE A LIFE-WORK.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for June 14, Based on I Kings, 3:5-15.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Not every one can choose his life-work. Solomon did not. The beautiful story on which this topic is based does not tell how Solomon chose his life-work, for he had nothing to do with selecting it. It came to him because he was his father's son. He inherited it.

But the Scripture lesson does tell in what attitude he approached his life-work, and that is, perhaps, more important for most of us. This is one of the most beautiful things in all the literature of the spirit, this dream of the young king in which he asks God, in a beautiful spirit of humility, not for long life or wealth or military glory, but for insight to judge justly and wisdom to govern wisely. He approaches his life-work, not in a spirit of selfishness, but of service. It is to be, not a means of self-exaltation, but rather an open door of opportunity through which he shall pass out to help his subjects.

Now some of us can choose our life-work. We are so situated financially and in other respects that, within reasonable limits, we can be anything we choose from a musician to a mining engineer, provided only we have the necessary foundation talent. If that is your fortunate situation, then your problem is an easy one. Choose the line of work you find the greatest inner satisfaction in doing. Blessed is the man who has found his work, who loves his task and sings at it.

Let no false standards keep you from this joy. I know a man whose occupation is the making of lantern slides. I am convinced he might make more money in other ways, but he thoroughly enjoys lantern slides, and I deeply admire the enthusiasm of his life. If you have a passion for farming or blacksmithing or printing, let no cleaner, or daintier or more profitable occupation stand between you and the work that calls you. Work has a deeper value than a money value—the work that a man loves deepens and sweetens his soul, the work he hates narrows and embitters it. Therefore, even if God should implant in you a desire to be a Christian minister, do not let ony consideration of poverty or hardship tempt you to disregard the call!

But many more of us are like Solomon—we do not choose our life-work. Inheritance or circumstances thrust a life-work upon us. Poverty, ill-health, the presence of younger brothers and sisters have stood between many a man and what, had he been free, he would have chosen for his life-work in the spirit of humility in which Solomon accepted his. Solomon might have preferred to be a literary man, a poet, but he finds it necessary to be a king.

Some young woman who reads this may be a school teacher when she would prefer to be the queen of her own home. Some young man may be a clerk when he would prefer to be a lawyer. To all such this Old Testament story has a message: Accept the unchosen life-work as something given by God. Lay it before him, however hard and unpleasant it is and ask him to bless your labor at it. Think of it, not as a means of your own self-gratification, but as an opportunity to serve others, and pray, not that it shall bring long life or wealth or power, but that through it you may be useful and helpful in the world.

And if one approaches even an unchosen life-work in this spirit, the chances are good that long life and prosperity will come, even as they came to Solomon—there is a great natural law working beside the man who accepts his life work so—but, whether these outer rewards come or not, there will grow up within you an inner joy and contentment of soul that shall make you say, when life is done, "This is not the life I would have chosen, but it has been a good life, and God has chosen more wisely than I."

THE TRADES UNIONS AND THE CHURCH.

We quote here from the address of the Methodist bishops at the recent general conference a few paragraphs concerning the trades unions and the Church. It is a timely utterance, and may well represent not alone the Methodist Episcopal, but every Protestant church:

"It is impossible that the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the command to love and serve all men, and appealing throughout her history to the masses, and composed as she is in large measure of working men, can be opposed to the working classes. We hold the right of those working men who desire to do so, to form labor unions for the advancement of their interests, as we hold the right of individual laborers, who prefer to do so, to keep the control of their own labor.

"We are confident that a closer and unprejudiced study, on the part of labor unions, of the aims and principles of the Church, will convince those who exalt Jesus at the expense of His Church, that the difference in America between the Master and His disciples is much less than they have been taught to believe. The Church and the trades unions should seek each other's help for the uplift of mankind.

"There is one point especially in which the labor unions, as commonly voiced, mistake the Church. The Church is not a museum of perfected specimens. It is a workshop to which all who are willing to 'work out their own salvation with fear and trembling' must be admitted. The Church cannot refuse its help and countenance to anyone who professes to accept its principles and to seek a better life, be he either capitalist or laborer. By so much as a capitalist is selfish, miserly, exacting, oppressive, the Church has business with him. She cannot throw him off and away until the last day of his desiccated and shrunken life brings him before God. She must hold before him the image of the unselfish Christ in the hope that in its light he will see how far he is from the kingdom of God.

"Just so the Church must love, embrace, care for and welcome those whose chief capital is their mechanical skill and muscular strength. If ignorant she must teach them; if drunken she must sober them; if improvident she must bring them to Christian thrift. She can ignore no soul. Whatever the future may promise of a different system, or the dreams of social philosophers may prophesy, the present system is likely to outlast our day, and we must penetrate it with the Christ spirit on both sides, or leave the employer in an insecurity which paralyzes and the workman in a helplessness which degrades.

"Some labor critics of the Church have said that the Church is a closed shop, and only those who comply with certain obligations are admitted to be foremen and workmen therein. The Church is certainly not a closed shop in the sense intended by these critics. It is no more closed to its foremen than is necessary to ascertain their fitness to lead. The Protestant Church does not attempt to interrupt the labors of those who do not work in their way, nor forbid the individual Christian worker from doing what good he can. Nor does it shut away from its most sacred ordinances those who belong to another church, nor exclude the seeking soul which does not belong to any. It does not hold down the labor of the most successful Christian to the level of the least successful, nor prescribe how much or little any servant of Christ shall do. Nor does it socially

or financially boycott those who do not think as it does, nor exclude the poorest unbeliever from its worship or its benevolent service. The obligation which the Church recognizes is to all souls.

ACTION OF THE METHODIST PROTESTANT GENERAL CONFERENCE ON CHURCH UNION.

The report of the Committee on Church Union adopted by the conference was as follows:

The General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church assembled in Pittsburgh, May 15, 1908, has had three important communications addressed to it on the subject of organic union with other denominations.

The National Council of Congregational Churches, assembled in Cleveland, Ohio, October, 1907, has invited us to join them in sending back to a new commission for revision and amendment the "Act of Union," adopted by the representatives of the Congregational, United Brethren and Methodist Protestant churches at Chicago in March, 1907.

A committee appointed by the bishops of the church of the United Brethren in Christ has appeared before the conference and expressed their belief that their people are ready to join us in a movement to consummate organic union at once on the general principals of the Chicago platform.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled in Baltimore, May, 1908, has sent a deputation to present resolutions adopted by the conference proposing the renewal of organic fellowship with them as the beginning of a movement for reunited and common Methodism in America.

The General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church halls with joy these tokens of the triumph of love and unity in the church of the loving Christ, and it is our earnest desire to prove ourselves worthy of the honor conferred upon us by being made the recipient of these proposals. It is our conviction that the church is learning new lessons and is being prepared for new duties by the movement so unmistakably beginning in many direction towards a common center. Rejoicing in all these as we do, it will not seem strange that the movement for a reunited and common Methodism in America should be most attractive to us and most nearly concern our own obligations. And if it should be God's will to use the Methodist Protestant Church in beginning and furthering such a moevment, no price would seem too great for us to pay for the privilege.

All our history and traditions are connected with Methodism, and while we are few in numbers compared with the two great bodies of Episcopal Methodism, we have an advantage over both of them perhaps, in that we are distributed over all sections of our country. And it may be that this circumstance constitutes an obligation upon us to respond to the powerful and loving appeal of the Methodist Episcopal Church with loving and appreciative heartiness, and to carry on this appeal to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and to other Methodist bodies in America, until the sun shall rise no more upon the divided and scattered children of Wesley, but our united country shall rejoice in a united church that will need no other name that the Methodist Church of America.

We, therefore, solemnly dedicate ourselves to this service, and praying for the divine blessing upon the effort and for divine guidance in all the steps that may be taken, we, the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, hereby resolve.

1. That we express our affectionate estem for the brethren of the Congregational Church and for the deep interest they have shown in the movement for church union; but that we deem it inadvisable at this time to send back the "Act of Union" for revision.

2. That we respond heartily to the proposal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, not unmindful of the difficulties to be overcome before a satisfactory coucinsion can be reached, but ready to go as far and as rapidly in consummating an universal Methodism as the interests and integrity of our own denomination will permit and to pray continually for the full realization of their and our hope.

3. That a commission, consisting of nine members, be appointed by this conference for the purpose of meeting with a like commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and of other Methodist churches in this country, to promote and complete, so far as may be possible the reunion of Methodists in America.

4. That since we have had such assurances from the United Brethren Church of their cocrdial feeling for us and their deep interest in church union, evidenced by their inauguration of the movement which culminated in the "Act of Union," already referred to, we hereby empower this commission to meet with a like commission of the United Brethren Church with the view of promoting organic union with them and of enlisting them in this movement.

5. That this commission shall report to the next General Conference a full account of their proceedings, together with their suggestions for further action of this General Conference.

And may the blessing of Almighty God, in his wisdom, grace and peace, be with this commission and with the churches they may visit, "for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

TURNED AWAY FROM TRI-CHURCH UNION.

The Methodist Protestant Church believes that it has found a duty nearer home than that of a further attempt to bring about a union between Congregationalists, United Brethren and Methodist Protestants. In its recent general conference at Baltimore, it decided that it would not be a party to further negotiations for tri-church union, but would enter into a movement proposed by the Methodist Episcopal Church for organic union with that body and thus inaugurate a movement for a reunited and common Methodism in America. We give elsewhere in this issue of The Pacific the action of the conference on the different propositions before it for union.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, in its overtures to the Methodist Protestant Church, said:

"The essential causes leading to the separation from our communion of those who organized the Methodist Protestant Church in 1828 do not appear to us to be any longer matters of controversy; and

"Our own church has introduced important changes into its governmental system since 1822 in the direction contended for by Methodist Protestants; and

"Those who went out from us in 1822 were at no time doctrinally or morally subject to reproach, but differed from us solely on questions of government, and have always maintained the beliefs, methods and the spirit of Methodism; therefore

"That, appreciating and honoring the Methodist Prot-

estant Church and the good work it has done in the world for Christ, we, in the spirit of brotherly love, obedient to the desire for fellowship with all who are called Methodists, and in harmony with the prayer of our Lord for the unity of the church, do respectfully submit to our brethren of the Methodist Church whether the time has not come when they can, without sacrificing any essential principle their fathers contended for, resume their relations with us and thus inaugurate a movement for a reunited and common Methodism in America."

The editor of the Methodist Recorder, the organ of the Methodist Protestant Church, is careful to say in the last issue of his paper: "It will be observed by a careful reading of the report on church union that commitment of the general conference is to the general proposition to promote a common Methodism in America. The proposition is not to seek to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church alone, or the Methodist Episcopal Church South, or the Primitive Methodist Church, or any other particular Methodist Church, but to seek to unite all the Methodisms of America into one."

This he regards as a most desirable consummation, saying that he returned from the great ecumenical conference of Methodism in London in 1901 determined to devote himself by pen and speech to the propaganda of a common Methodism. There was, he says, no response from either his own church or from any other church in the Methodist family. Realizing soon that he had planted his colors far in advance of the Methodist columns, he ceased his efforts. Now, of course he hails this movement.

The following quotation from the Methodist Recorder will show that Methodist Protestants do not intend to be simply swallowed by the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"It should be clearly understood what this means. It is not that the Methodist Protestant Church is committed to walk into any open door of Methodism, even if 'Welcome' in large letters is written above it. The platform upon which there can be constructed a common Methodism has not been yet formulated. No formularies of existent branches of Methodism have yet expressed the fundamental principles of a common American Methodism. We place the emphasis upon the word American. We do not mean distinctively an Episcopal Methodism, or a non-Episcopal Methodism, or a representative Methodism, but an American Methodism, that is, Methodism cast in an American mold.

"We understand that the office and the function of the Commission of Nine on Union are to confer with like commissions appointed, first by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and then by the legislative bodies of other branches of Methodism, with a view, by mutual concession and arrangement to formulate a common basis upon which all bodies of Methodism can unite and stand. And in this conferring there can be recognized no advantage or superiority of one body over another on account of members. Every denomination entering the conference will be on equal footing with every other. Not members, but principles, should be considered, because the equality of privilege which should rule is and must be a matter of principle, not a matter of numbers.

"We therefore enter, and enter gladly, upon any negotiations which promise to lead either now or remotely to a union of all the Methodisms of America on the basis of what may be called an American Methodism, that is, a Methodism which has its expression in an elective superintendency of a representative democracy. This should be, on our part, the guiding principle of all our negotiations. For this we are ready to make all necessary concessions, and we have a right to expect the same spirit of liberal concession to be manifest by all other bodies who enter into conference, for it is no honor to be invited merely to accept now what our fathers repudiated eighty years ago, and which repudiation eighty years of splendid and honorable history has emphasized."

The Pacific rejoices in this movement. We hope that the Methodist Episcopal Church will be ready to make all needed concessions, and that the foundations will be laid for an American Methodist Church. We believe that it is possible to bring into organic union the different branches of Methodism in the United States. We believe that this ought to be done speedily, if the interests of God's kingdom are to be best served. The greatest difficulty will be to bring together the churches North and South. The negro problem is in the way of any speedy adjustment.

There are no good reasons why the church of the United Brethren in Christ should not enter into this movement. To a great extent, its people are of the Methodist type. Let all come together, and give us a great American Methodist Church It will be greatly for the good of man and the glory of God.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A new book by sir Oliver Lodge, will be published in London soon,—"Preparations for the Coming Kingdom."

That well-known English psychologist, Mr. Frank Podmore, says in his recent book on "The Naturalization of the Supernatural," that telepathy explains not a few things formerly regarded as belonging to the supernatural order.

Superintendent Baker of the Anti-Saloon League, of Ohio, says that he has no patience with the statement that the South is voting out the saloon in order to keep liquor from the black man. It is doing it because the South is more religious than the North.

It is said that the population of Idaho has been increasing at the rate of 5,000 a month during the last year, and will increase much faster now for years to come. This is due to the large amount of land made tillable by the government irrigation enterprises.

"Mister, won't you please give us circus tickets." Were the words with which two youngsters accosted a one of two delegates as they were passing out of the hall of the Methodist Conference at Baltimore. However the delegates were natives of India, attired in native garments and turbans.

Professor Graham Taylor of Chicago, helped organize in Denver last week a club to be known as the City Club which will work for civic righteousness. It is after the plan of the voters league of Chicago. For one thing it aims to drive graft out of Denver. Its motto is, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Hopkins was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, New York, on Monday of last week. He writes that it was a great pleasure to him to have present and participating in the service the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean. Dr. McLean gave greetings from the First Congregational Church of Berkeley.

The Young Men's Christian Associations having the largest membership in the United States are: Boston with 5,295 members; Chicago Central with 5,213; Twenty-third Street

Branch, New York 3,951; Fifty-sixth Street Branch, New York, 3,864; Brooklyn, 2,994; Philadelphia, 1,920; St. Louis, 1,924; Baltimore, 2,421; Cleveland, 2,954, and Buffalo, 1,161.

The Gideons of Michigan, Christian traveling men, met recently in convention at Kalamazoo. One of the most important items of business was the launching of a propaganda against profanity and obscenity in public places. Large placards will be placed in hotels, barber shops and railroad depots, reading, "Please don't swear," and the members of the order will carry a supply of small cards of the same kind to use when circumstances warrant it.

Dr. Iliff, the veteran fighter of Mormons says: "The Mormons are thoroughly unscrupulous in their political practices. Their votes are absolutely under the control of the heads of the church, to be delivered by them to whichever political party will shut its eyes to the polygamous practices. It is practiced in Idaho, in Wyoming, and in Nevada. It is extending to ther States in the West and northwest, and no man knows when or where it will end."

The California Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold an educational assembly at Pacific Grove, July 6-12 inclusive. Topics bearing upon the welfare of the child, the home, the community, and the state will be discussed The assembly promises to be of great value to all who are interested in improving the conditions of humanity. The railroads will give the usual convention rates, full fare to Pacific Grove, and the third returning. The tickets on the Southern Pacific railroad will be good until the 30th of September. A cordial invitation to attend and participate in the proceedings of the assembly is extended by the ladies of the Union to all who are interested.

Archbishop Messner,, of Milwaukee, says he would not be surprised to see the Church of Italy disestablished in a few years. The Government is anything but friendly to the church, and from late indications it is intent on the action that has already taken place in France. The government for years has been the enemy of the church. Catholics in Italy are prohibited from voting on national questions, and there is no one in the government favorable to the church." The Rev. F. H. Wright, who was for many years a missionary in Italy says that the Catholic church is losing its influence among the Italian people, these being driven into infidelity, not to say atheism, by the attitude of the church towards both people and the Italian government.

July the 10th, a conference will be held at Mt. Hermon, in the Santa Cruz mountains, at which the following subjects will be considered in papers and in discussion: The Logic of Homogeneous Christian Faith and Experience; the Movement for the Unification of American Protestantism; The Principles of Comity and Co-operation as Suggesting the Reasonable Co-ordination of Christian Agencies; Methods for United and Adequate Impact in behalf of the Unchurched Masses in America; The Desirability of the Harmonious and Economical Administration of Christian Agencies and Resources; A great Inter-denominational Periodical for the Pacific States.

The South, according to Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore, wants the Southern people now scattered through the Northern States to come home. The Record estimates that there are more than 588,000 people in the North having left the South in the time of distress who ought to come home. The editor says: "The South calls to you; it calls with deep earnestness, 'Come home!' It promises you a wider field for capital, for muscle and for brain than any other equal area on earth, and it calls you not only by reason of what it offers in material possibilities, but because in shaping its destiny it needs the hearty co-operation of those who, broadened by travel and study and the intermingling with the people of other sections, are the better prepared to formulate and carry to fruition the policies which make for ethical and religious, as well as for material, development." This may be good advice, but we sincerely doubt it. There is no South, no North, no East, no West. The nation is one and we think any policy predicated upon Southerners or Northerners is not good.

For an hour and forty minutes the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, held the Methodist General Conference in perfect silence as he set forth the claims of the Savior of the world. The Rev. Dr. Rader of Portland writes: "While it is probable that there were persons in the audience who could have surpassed in preaching, it is also more than probable that the impression he made upon the great audience was more profound than could have been made by any who is by profession a minister of the gospel. It was a striking exhibition to see a great statesman and a powerful political leader stand before an audience and preach a sermon of such profound thought, clear apprehension and apt illustration." It seems that Mr. Bryan was secured as a lecturer and that 75 cents was the charge to hear him. Dr. Rader writes concerning this feature: "The coming of Wililam Jennings Bryan as a lecturer for the benefit of the General Conference entertainment committee was a new feature in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Bryan is a Democrat of the democrats. The great mass of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been, and is loyal to the Republican party in its traditions. It was therefore an unexpected thing to find this democrat coming half way cross the continent at his own expense, and lecturing without fee, to pay expense of the entertainment of this General Conference. "While in Baltimore Mr. Bryan refused to talk politics, saying he had not come for any such purpose. In beginning his discourse, Mr. Bryan stated that his business is that of political speaking, and that he had fondness for the work, but that if he had choice he preferred to speak on religious subjects—the religious field being broader than the political. A reporter of the Baltimore American, remarked to Mr. Bryan: "Governor Hoch of Kansas, who is here, aid the other day that if he had his life to live over he would be tempted to go into the pulpit rather than the political platform. Would you do as Governor Hoch says he would do?" Mr. Bryan replied: "No, devoted as I am to religion, I believe the political field offers great opportunities to do good."

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe and move and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

—Thomas Cotterill.

THE HOME

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

"I have a tough time of it," said the fireman on a ferry-boat recently. "This work is hard and dull. I stand in this hot, dark hole all day and feed the fire. There is not much in it, I can tell you."

"Why do you do it?"

"I must live."

This answer came with a promptness that proved the theme a familiar one.

"Why do you want to live!"

He looked at me resentfully, and returned to his work. His powers of speculation would not carry him so far.

A young clerk in a commission house described to me the nature of his duties. He spoke with enthusiasm, for he was fresh from the country and elated with the opening he had secured.

"My chances are good," he assured me with sparkling eyes. "If anything should happen to the shipping clerk, I will get his job."

"And then, what?"

"Well, of course, I want to be a salesman some day, and when I have learned the business and gotten acquainted I expect to start in for myself." He smiled in the half-apologetic manner of a young man who is afraid his ambition may seem presumptuous, but the flame of hope in his eye burned strong and bright.

"And then?" . . .

He stared at me in amazement. That seemed a foolish question.

"Why, then," he replied vaguely, "I shall be all right."

I know a bookkeeper sixty years old. He has bent his well-formed head over the same desk for thirty-two years. He has grown gray and wrinkled there.

"Why do you keep at it?" I asked him.

"Because I have not saved enough to stop."

"Are you satisfied with these thirty years?"

"Oh, in a way. Of course, they have not ended as I thought they would. I came from the country thirty-nine years ago to seek my fortune. Now I plad away at this desk fifty weeks in the year in order to have two weeks in the country every summer. If I had it to do over again I would stay on the farm; but I wanted to do big things, to be rich, and I came to the city. I missed my chances, though; still, it doesn't much matter. I have had as pleasant a life as most, I suppose. My children have done very well, and my wife and I have been fairly comfortable. Of course, there isn't much in all that to be proud of, though."

One day last spring I chanced to be at the meeting of the stockholders of the United States Steel Company.

It was noon when I entered the room. An adjournment had just been taken for the purpose of balloting on the proposed bond issue. Some twenty men were standing in groups, conversing.

"Who is that young fellow?" I asked.

"That's Schwab."

"Charles M. Schwabi"

"The same."

I had never met him, but his resemblance to his photographs had caused my sense of familiarity. It was, however, but a slight resemblance. He looked very young and unpretentious. I would have taken him for a reporter, or for the clerk of the meeting. He looked like anything, in fact,, except the world-famous plutocrat—the heartless, luxuriant, worldly minded millionaire, the recipient of the largest salary in the world, the President of the United Steel Company.

"So this is Schwab," I said wonderingly.

"I wish I had his money," said my informant with a half-savage laugh.

"And what would you do with it?"

"Do!" he exclaimed, quickly. "I'd do just as he does. I'd have automobiles and yachts, fast horses, and clubs. I'd give dinners and play the bank at Monte Carlo. Schwab is the real thing. There is no cant about him. He knows what the only real incentive is, and he stands by it."

"You think the real incentive, then, is the desire for yachts and fast horses?"

"Of course, men differ in their tastes, but every man wants to be rich—that is the real incentive."

In a few moments Mr. Schwab returned and in response to my glance stopped before me with a genial smile of inquiry.

"Do you work for money?" I asked.

"I am glad you want to talk about that," he replied. "I am becoming interested in all that question leads to. Of course, I don't work for money any longer. Last year I could not spend 10 per cent of my income on anything pertaining to myself."

"There was a time when you did?"

"That was my whole ambition once. When I was a boy, I dreamed of riches. When I began to work, I worked for nothing else. I worked hard. I schemed and struggled to get up in the world. I wanted to be rich. I wanted money to spend. Until a few years ago I believed that this ambition was the only incentive to effort—at least, to commercial effort, and I had my doubts about all other kinds. I used to consider all talk of philanthropy as so much rot. I believe altruism to be a fad, a sop successful men throw to their conscience, and that the thing called 'conscience' was a creature of the world's cant. I believed that all men, like myself, really wanted to be rich that they live luxuriously, extravagantly, and spend what they pleased."

"Your views have changed?"

"Yes. They are still changing."

"When did the change begin?"

"When I found myself possessed of more than I could spend for my own good. As my income increased, I tried to live up to it. I discovered that it was more than I could do profitably. I could not eat and drink it without ruining my health. I could not take pleasure in what I possessed beyond a limited amount. I discovered that I must draw the line somewhere, if I were to enjoy anything. And since then the line has been drawn constantly closer. The simpler I live, the better I feel. If to-day I were compelled to choose between living up to $500,000 a year, and $500 a year I would choose the $500.

"That is very interesting."

"It is interesting. And it is true."

"And what are you working for now?"

"I am trying to find that out. The old incentive is gone, but I find myself just as eager as before. Perhaps it is the interest in the game. And yet I don't think that is all. I am not altogether satisfied with commercial success. I would like to do good with my surplus"—he smiled in an earnest, friendly way, and added—"but it is hard to see just how."

"The world," I said, "seems to be very much in want just now of a recognized ideal. The old inspiration of liberty seems to have lost its force. The dream of liberty

may be followed by the dream of altruism."

"Perhaps that is so," he replied. "It is certainly more than a fad."

These, and other conversations, too numerous to recount, have led me to believe that "incentive" is a word coined by man's conceit. It is born of the egotistical, near-sighted philosophy that maintains man's independence.

The siren of today sings of individual wealth and power. No one can doubt that this is the prevailing incentive. It is equally certain that it is the incentive of but an age. Disillusionment has already begun. While the hands of the millions are still reaching for the prize, there appears a perceptible faltering. The straining arms have relaxed a little. Thousands of those approaching nearer are pausing to reflect. This is so because those who have embraced the siren have found her out. She has nothing to offer but the toil of reaching her. We have learned something through the ages. A greater proportion of the people are able to see, to hear, and to reason. Rockefeller still works like a drudge, and has no time for pleasure. He enjoys no more than do thousands of the people he employs.

"I would give a milion a year," he exclaimed, "to the man who could relieve me, and let me rest."

Russell Sage assured us that what happiness he received came, not from his riches, but from his simple living. He was happy in so far as he escaped the surplus wealth. Carnegie reached the siren, received her treasures, and is giving them away.

These are men of strongly contrasting types. And now comes Schwab, the man of the world, in whose eyes all the extravagant luxuries of this inventive age take alluring forms, to add to the verdict a new significance. He has learned that to enjoy his possessisons he must limit them. There is no line over which he may not go without loss to himself. The line of profitable possession will some day be clearly drawn, and it will be so contrived that all men may toe it. To find this line will be the next great prevailing incentive, a project involved in altruism, the dream of the future.—Evening Post.

Young People

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Don't imagine, my boy, if you throw up your job,
That the firm that employs you will fail,
That the whole office force in their anguish will sob
And the senior partner turn pale.
You are highly efficient and active and bright—
So you say; I'm unwilling to doubt you—
But the chance of all this is incredibly slight;
There are plenty of others without you.

Don't get mad with the girl, and to make her feel bad
Fail to go for your usual call.
It's the truth, though I know its sounds awfully sad,
That she may never miss you at all.
It's a mighty poor policy staying away,
Though I grant that at times she may flout you,
But I know that I'm in a position to say
There are plenty of others without you.

Don't get soured on the world and do anything rash,
Not to speak of the good of your soul,
If you jump in the lake you may make a small splash,
But you'll never leave much of a hole.
Don't expect folks to make such a terrible fuss
When they think very little about you,
And, to use common language, aren't caring a toss—
There are plenty of others without you.

—Kansas City Journal.

SUCCESSFUL MAN GIVES ADVICE TO BOYS

JamesGaley, of New York, son of a Presbyterian minister, first vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, and the donor of Galey hall to Layfayette college, made the address to the graduating class at Lafayette recently. Some of his pungent sentences were:

"Don't go into anything because it temporarily offers better pay."

"Don't accept a job that requires a 'pull' to get you into it."

"Don't be afraid to work out of hours.

"Don't expect your employer to pay you for ideas. Suggest them if you have any. You will soon find that ideas have a salary value."

"Don't think that you are not noticed. The manager never overlooks a good workman.

"The road to advancement lies in doing more than you are paid to do."

"He who dreads the soil of the grease on his hands will miss the secrets of metallurgy and the mysteries of nature.

"If difficulties did not exist, there would be no need of you young men.

"This world has no use for the man who never makes mistakes."

"Read good literature, learn good English. Reports are made to be read."

"Men pay high wages to integrity."

WORTH WHILE.

"Dear, you were not very kind and cordial to Stella's friend."

"But, mamma, I'll never see her again, very likely, and I met her for only a few minutes. It didn't seem worth while to try to be especially nice to her."

May's mother sat silent a moment, thinking. Then she said gently: "Yesterday auntie came home from downtown and told us how pleasantly a young girl in a bookstore waited upon her. Do you remember how she enjoyed telling of it and how happy it seemed to have made her?"

"Yes," answered May reluctantly."

"And last Sunday you were delighted with Miss Iness's lovely friend and so pleased because she said something to you."

"Yes, I know."

"And grandma enjoys so much sitting by the window and catching a glimpse of a smiling face each morning, though she has never met its owner. Dear, our lives are made up of such little things. It's always worth while to try to make some one happy, though it's only for a moment. That moment may be multiplied a hundred times in the life of the person to whom it was given. Very few of us can give to others great happiness; but we can lend them happy thoughts, impulses toward better and sweeter things, delight in the love we show them."

And this time May was ready with a hearty "Yes, mamma, I know it's so when I stop to think of it."—Anna Curtiss.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
—HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we can not hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us;—that from these honored dead, we may take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

Papa says I'm worth my weight in gold,
And I fancy I must because I am four;
But mamma says I'm worth a great deal more.
She gave me a ring that she used to wear
When she was little with curly hair,
And with that, a ride, and a party, too,
I'm so happy I don't know what to do!
And the morning is only just begun—
O, having a birthday is lots of fun!
Were you ever four years old, like me,
With a ring, and a ride, and a birthday tea?
—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

"Pa, why do they call this a strawberry shortcake?" "Because it is short of strawberries, I reckon."

SANATORIUM.

For Asthma and Rheumatism. At Napa Stock Farm.
Elevation one thousand feet.
Apply to Dr. J. Stark
1410 8th St., Oakland

SPECIALIST

For Appendicitis, Asthma and Rheumatism

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE

By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring. Repairing and Supplies.

April and May Flower Months at MOUNT HERMON

Special Week-End Excursions

TO Mount Hermon and Return

Friday to Monday each week during May

REST PLEASURE BUSINESS

The Association desires by these excursions to accommodate LOT OWNERS, HOUSE BUILDERS, LOT BUYERS and all active friends of Mount Hermon.

Train leaves Third and Townsend Station, San Francisco,..... 8 a. m.
Connects at Pajaro and Santa Cruz, arriving at Mount Hermon.....12:35 p. m.
Train leaves First and Broadway Station, Oakland.....7:17 a. m.
Connects, by way of Vilas, with the train from San Francisco at San Jose .....9:15 a. m.

For reservations at the Zayante Inn, address
WM. H. BOUICK, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

Regular May-October Season tickets are on sale at all Southern Pacific stations on and after May first. An "Excursion Rate" is given at the Zayante Inn for these excursions.

BRING FLOWERS!

Bring flowers! The Union lives and grows,
The Blue and Gray are one again.
Old Glory floats o'er hill and plain
From southern palms to northern snows.

Bring flowers! The veteran ranks grow thin,
Alas! a few short years at most
And what was once a conquering host,
Will all have passed the Veil within.

So bring sweet flowers of every hue,
And plant the flag on every mound;
For all this land is holy ground
Because our dead were brave and true.
—Exchange.

We have preached against the saloon, and we have preached well. We have prayed against the saloon, and have prayed with fervor. We have written against the saloon, and there has been logic in our sentences. We have wept in the presence of the desolations of the saloon, and our tears have been sincere. But the day is coming when we will do more—a day when our sermons and prayers, and arguments and agitations, and heartaches and tears will crystallize into ballots, and when, by the iron hand of prohibitive law, this red-lipped monster shall be throttled and choked and hurled back into the hell from which he came!—Bishop Joseph F. Berry.

PACIFIC.
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Located at Berkeley
Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS
(State Accredited List).
Sixteenth year opened last September.
Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE
DEALERS IN
PAPER
1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

This well-known College for young women is beautifully and healthfully located near the city of Oakland. The entrance requirements to the Freshman Class are the same as at the Universities and the courses of study are similar, though offering special opportunities for advanced work in Music, Art, and Domestic Science. The administration and the College atmosphere are thoroughly Christian, though unsectarian; the literary standards are high, and the social life is delightful.

For catalogue and information, address,

PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., CAL.

POMONA COLLEGE,
CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LL.D., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI BERKELEY, CAL., JUNE 11, 1908. NO. 24



University Library

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

THE EDITOR'S BEATITUDES.

Blessed is the subscriber who payeth his subscription without a kick, but more blessed is he who payeth his subscription in advance.

Blessed is the correspondent who hath a typewriter and useth it.

Blessed is the Pastor who furnisheth "copy" frequently and readably.

Blessed is the reporter who knoweth how to report.

Blessed is the printer who getteth the paper out on time.

Blessed is the typesetter who maketh clean proofs.

Blessed is the proof reader who readeth aright.

OAKLAND FIRST LOOSES PASTOR.

The Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker, who during a half dozen years pastorate in the bay cities has become one of the notable pulpit powers of the state, resigned his charge of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland, Sunday June 7. Dr. Baker told his flock of his intention at the Sabbath morning service and announced his resignation as taking effect August 30.

Dr. Baker's resignation coming immediately upon his return from a three months trip east is greeted with many "I-told-you-sos" and puts at rest a wide uneasiness as to the pastor's purpose in his tour, while it also raises an even greater disquietude in presenting the necessity of finding a supply for the charge, Dr. Baker's resignition leaves vacant. The First Presbyterian is one of the rich downtown churches of Oakland with one of the largest congregations of the east side of the bay. It has boasted several noted devines as its pastors, among whom Dr. Baker was by no means a lesser luminary. His pulpit oratory has had a wide recognition, and his ready goodfellowship and sympathy and his genial readiness in lending his interest and effort to the affairs of his fellow citizens without, as well as within, his congregation has given him a place in the community, Oakland will find difficult in filling. As an after dinner speaker and orator of occasion generally Dr. Baker has a ready wit and grasp of situation that makes him widely in demand while in his pulpit he preaches with an understanding of men's souls and lives that makes him a great leader. So wide indeed, has been the clergyman's recognized influence outside his church circle, that it is hinted therein lay a germ of discontent among some of his flock who would have had his interest less diffused, while others maintain that such a view is narrow, and that a church who cannot accept such a pastor at his real value, is at fault rather than he, and that such a pastor is in advance of his time.

The clergyman, himself maintains a diplomatic silence as to his reason for resigning his Oakland charge, passing the matter over with a simple announcement of intention and promise of due explanation at his final sermon in August. Dr. Baker came to Oakland from Cleveland, Ohio, and during his trip east preached before several of the larger congregations of eastern cities including his former flock in Cleveland. Whether he has heard a call from any of the eastern charges or will remain loyal to a proclaimed appreciation of the charmes of the west, Dr. Baker declares no intention. In any case, involving Dr. Baker's leaving the city of his present residence is regarded as a prideworthy gain of some congregation elsewhere, and a regretable loss by Oakland Presbyterians.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCES.

The Young people of the Presbyterian Church are to hold an important conference at Winona Lake, July 6-12, under the auspices of the Department of Young People's Work. This conference will be somewhat after the order of a Christian Endeavor convention, but it will be particularly concerned with the work of Presbyterian young people. The time will be devoted to the study of plans and methods. The officers of all young people's societies, chairman of committees, leaders of clubs and Bible study classes will be welcomed. For full information address Rev. W. L. Gelston, superintendent of Young People's Work, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. William Rader spoke on "Civic Righteousness" in Calvary Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening, and made a ringing appeal for moral support of the graft prosecution in San Francisco. He said that mobs crowd the court rooms and sneer at justice, juries are divided, the guilty escape, and San Francisco is laughed at the world over. On Monday the Presbyterian Ministerial Union in a largely attended meeting indorsed the graft prosecution and commended the daily papers that have given it fair play.

President Roosevelt has signed the bill requiring the restoration of the motto "In God We Trust" to our coins, and it is now a law.



Ernest E. Baker, D. D., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Oakland.

—Scharz Photo.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

After an absence of three months in the East, Dr. Baker occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church Sunday, June 7th, and in the evening spoke on "The Signs of The Times." His text was from the Old Testament account of the children of Issachar "men who had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do." He gave an optimistic report of conditions as he found them. Everywhere there was the greatest interest in California. The coming of the fleet had brought the whole Pacific Coast nearer to the center of the country and compelled the attention of the world. Inquiries were made in all the large cities visited by people of all classes about San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and other places. Special solicitude seemed to be felt for San Francisco. The graft prosecution, thanks to the many splendid articles in leading magazines and newspapers, was thoroughly understood and quite generally approved. To fail here by giving up the fight for civic righteousness or by failure to convict those who had corrupted the public conscience would be almost as serious a blow to San Francisco as the original catastrophe of April 18th, 1906. Wonder was universally expressed at the material upbuilding of the city in so short a time and against such great odds. The heroic courage and sublime confidence of the citizens of San Francisco in the face of unparallelled disaster will some day comand the admiration of the world.

Dr. Baker found much to admire in the city of Chicago. He dwelt upon the movements of men for the betterment of the city along commercial, educational and religious lines. He spoke particularly of the Chicago Association of Commerce, the Young Men's Christian Association. The Church Extension Committee, and the Sunday Evening Club. Business men of acknowledged ability are leagued together in these and other associations of effort to give the city the benefit of the best thought and leadership. The Presbyterian church was to the front in these enterprises. The laymen were devoting themselves to a study of civic conditions which meant the speedy solution of problems once thought impossible. All through the East the activity of laymen was discovered. Men are managing the Church and manifesting an interest in other men which marks a new era in Christianity in America. The Brotherhood movement has accentuated this phase of our own activity and other denominations are organizing along similar lines. California churches need the co-operation of men. California Christianity needs the masculine touch. The note of strength will appeal to men of virility.

The great Evangelistic Campaign in Philadelphia, conducted by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was reported as successful in every way. For six weeks simultaneous meetings were held in forty-five centers where the churches of the neighborhood united in the King's Business. Nearly a hundred evangelists and singers were required for these services including many men of national reputation like Dr. Dawson, Ralph Connor, Dr. Ostrom, Dr. Biederwolf, and Chas. M. Alexander. The theatre meetings for men at the noon hour and on Sunday afternoons were thronged and many inquirers signed cards thus attesting the effectiveness of the singing and preaching of the gospel. On the last day of the Campaign one thousand men met Dr. Chapman in the Academy of Music—all of whom made decision for Christ during the meetings. Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander are now in England arranging for a world-wide campaign. The secret of the success of these famous men lies in their singleness of purpose. They seek in song and sermon to secure immediate decision. They gain attention, crate interet, cultivate desire in order to move the will to action. The evangelistic appeal is based on a sound psychology.

In Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois, notable temperance victories were recently achieved. Thousands of saloons were voted out in Illinois and this fall 80 out of 88 counties in Ohio are expected to go dry. Most surprising of all was the strict observance of Sunday closing in Louisville. Most of the credit of these epoch making events must be given to the Anti-Saloon League which separated the liquor question from party politics and provided a platform on which all enemies of the saloon could stand. The combination of good men can always overcome the conspiracies of bad men.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Kansas City, Mo., May 30, 1908.

The 120th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America has met, continued in session for some ten days and completed its work and has become a thing of the past. These few words do not by any means describe the notable events that has taken place in the history of the church. The meetings of the General Assembly were held in what is called Convention Hall, a very large building with a seating capacity of over 15,000 people, it being stated that it one time held an audience of **thirty-two thousand** school children; be that as it may, it is a very large hall and well arranged for holding of large conventions. The Assembly was cordially welcomed by the citizens of Kansas City and the State at large.

The General Assembly convened on Thursday, May 21st, and as the hour for the meeting of the Assembly drew nigh the commissioners began to gather in the lobby of the hall and in a systematic manner present their credentials, receive their admission cards, admitting them to the floor of the hall and then proceed to the places assigned them. The stated clerk, Dr. Roberts, had matters so well arranged that the entire Assembly composed of over eight hundred commissioners, were speedily assigned without any confusion and with perfect order. This handling and management of such a large body of men was a matter of surprise to the visitors and strangers present, so much so that newspapers

of the city commented upon the cene as being a remarkable one. The Kansas City Times stated that "Men accustomed to noisy public assemblies have felt almost depressed in the present gathering because of the absolute good order and discipline that prevail.

"The scene, viewed from a distance in the hall, is suggestive of the usual political conventions, but there the similarity ends."

"In the center of the arena and almost in front of all other delegations are several rows of negro commissioners, principally from Alabama and the Atlantic States. But these are not the only dark-skinned commissioners." Some there are from North Dakota who are Indians, Porto Ricans, a Chinaman or two. No more cosmopolitan gathering or one in better control ever sat in Convention Hall."

And the Kansas City Star, the leading evening paper, stated: "But however large the crowd and however busy everyone seemed, the Assembly itself was a model of disciplin. Compared with other conventions held here it surpassed all. It was 'business' from 'the drop of the hat,' as several said expressively. Every commisioner knew just where to sit; every report was ready weeks in advanec, every necessary pamphlet was in the proper hands before the hour came and at 11 o'clock, as promptly as a limited fast mail, down went the gavel of the moderator, the Rev. William Henry Roberts, and the 120th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America was in session."

I have thus quoted from the leading newspapers as an example of how the opening session of the General Assembly impressed outsiders. With the raising of the moderator's hand the General Assembly as a body rose and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." And as the voices of over 800 men joined in singing that grand old doxology, one would certainly must needs be an exceedingly cold-bloded individual not to be thrilled by the occasion. This was folowed by prayer, led by Rev. John B. Hill, D.D., of Kansas City. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring moderator, Rev. William Henry Roberts, D.D.,LL. D., who took for his text, "For God so loved the world, etc." This sermon received close attention from the comsioners. It was a masterly presentation of his text without any attempt to oratorial flights, and the speaker avoided going off on side issues, keping strictly within the bounds of the subject of the text.

The first regular business of the Assembly was roll call, after which the election of a moderator was in order. The Rev. Samuel J. Nicholls, D.D., of St. Louis, placed in nomination the Rev. Baxter P. Fulerton, D.D., also of St. Louis. This nomination was seconded by Rev. Mark A. Mathews, D.D., of Seattle, Wash., who made a speech in favor of the nomination and concluded his remarks by moving that the nominations close, which being done, the nominee was elected by acclamation. The Assembly then proceeded by sections to the election of the various standing committees, which was soon completed. In the evening the administration of the Lord's Supper took place. This service was well attended. On Friday, May 23, the Assembly began the consideration of the reports of the different boards of the church one of the first matters considered being the report of the special committee on Sabbath observance. Judge William H. Wallace of Kansas City was called for, and spoke not only upon the advisability of Sabbath observance but the possibility of such laws being enforced. His speech drew from the Assembly cosiderable enthusiasm. It is the boast of Missourians that they must be "shown" before they can accept any proposition, and Judge Wallace has lately been engaged in showing them that the Sabbath observance laws of Missouri were susceptible of enforcement—even in Kansas City. When introducing Judge Wallace the moderator said: "He is a Presbyterian elder. He never could have done for Sunday observance had he not been ordained to be a Christian judge."

Judge Wallace during his remarks made some statements which would be well to remember, viz: "I will speak of the first great truth in connection with the Sunday question. That truth is that Christianity is a part of American law." He also declared with great force and power that: "The time has come when the Church need not beg the State to enforce Sunday law. The Church can command that the law be enforced and it has the right to command. This is not done just to make persons go to church. Sababth and Sabbath observance began before there were churches, before there was even sin. It is a day of rest and should be regarded as such." During the discussion it developed that there had been an effort made during the year to get the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy to put a stop to Sunday baseball games by the soldiers and sailors in the service, but that they both declined to interefere. Dr. Frederick J. Stanley stated that the last year had been a year of test cases and fighting against legislation intended to kill the Sabbath. But that Idaho had set an example that other staes would do well to follow. In Idaho they had a law which provides that if any peace officer "neglects" to enforce the Sunday law he shall be arrested and fined $300, and forthwith ousted from office for maveasance in office.

The report of the committee made several recommendations, urging that greater efforts be made to enforce all the Sabbath laws now existing and that in those states where there are no Sunday laws, that efforts be made to secure good and efficient Sabbath observance laws. The report was adopted by unanimous vote.

The report of the committee on Home Missions shows that the board closed the year with a deficit, but while such was the case, the receipts were much greater than the previous year. The Board of Foreign Missions closed the year also with a deficit, although its receipts had been greater. The only excuse for this condition of affairs appears to be that these Boards were calculating on a much greater increase of receipts than they were warranted. One thing is quite aparent from a careful consideration of the reports of all the Boards of the Church and that is that the world is crying much more for the gospel of Jesus Christ than the Church is furnishing, and while there has been an increase in the total amount given by the churches for the promotion of the Gospel, nevertheless there seems to be a lack of appreciation of the many oportunities offered for the gathering in of the harvest. The burden of the talk of all missionaries and missionary workers was their inability of covering the fields offered. It would appear from the many calls made for the preaching of the gospel in both foreign and home lands that the Savior saw much farther into the future than his words at first seem to indicate, when he urged his disciples to pray to the Lord of the harvest that he might send laborers into the field, for certainly the churches of today are not awake to the importance of the work. In speaking of the work along missionary lines, Rev. Dr. Holt of Portland called attention to the fact that the women led in such work on the Pacific Slope.

There was an effort made to have the General Assembly adopt the following resolution: "Resolved, That the General Assembly indorses the Standard American Revision of the

Holy Bible as the best revision before the American people, and commends its widest usage among our American Presbyterians."

The resolution when offered brought forth a storm of protest. Many were on their feet claiming recognition and after some time one of the commissioners succeeded in making a motion to lay the resolution on the table, which was done by a vote of 217 to 211. This was hardly a test vote for the reason that it was sprung upon the Assembly at a time when a large proportion of the Assembly were absent attending to their duties upon the various committees, and when one takes into consideration that over 300 of the commissioners were on committees it can be readily seen that a resolution might be presented and even passed and still not represent the real desire of the Assembly, unless notice had been made beforehand, and in this case no notice had been given.

Among the last acts of the General Assembly was to elect a commission composed of fifteen ministers and elders who shall constitute a commission to have the general oversight of all the Boards of the Church. It will examine all the accounts and reports and prepare the annual budget, and is responsible only to the whole General Assembly. The moderator of the Assembly will by virtue of the office preside over the meetings of the commission and the stated clerk will be its secretary, but neither will have a vote on any question, and no paid agent, or officer, or a member of any church board or any permanent officer of the Assembly may be a member of the commission except as I have above stated (the moderator and stated clerk and they have vote.)

The time arriving for the selection of a place of meeting of the next General Assembly Seattle and Denver became for the time rivals, both by their chosen speakers presenting their invitations to the Assembly, Denver being chosen.

The work having been completed and all and every one being duly thanked by resolutions offered and carried by unanimous vote the Assembly arose and sang its last song, those beautiful words, viz:

"Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing."

The song was sung throughout, after which the moderator declared this Assembly closed, and called another to meet at Denver next year, then pronounced the benediction and the 120th Presbyterian Assembly was at an end.

There weere quite a number of popular meetings held that really deserve notice if space permitted. The watchword of this whole session of this General Assembly was, "Evangelism." IPSE EGO.

ASSEMBLY SNAPSHOTS.

By H. H. Croco, Bradley, Cal.

Invitations to the Assembly for next year's meeting came from Denver and Seattle. The committee, by standing rule, appointed to consider the claims and offerings of these cities recommended Denver. Dr. Matthews of Seattle moved in Assembly to substitute his own city for Denver and favored the same with eloquent speech. Dr. Coyle pleaded for Denver, next year being the fifteenth anniversary of the planting of Presbyterianism in Colorado and the claims of education and church life in the Rocky Mountain region, which the meeting of the Assembly would foster. The majority vote was for Denver and it was followed by a unanimous vote for the city "a mile above the sea." Through her able commissioner, Judge Goff, Nashville, Tenn., gave notice that she had pre-empted the place of meeting for the General Assembly for 1910. The United Church and the needs of the South and the great Southwest were strongly presented as validating her claims.

The closing scenes of the Assembly Saturday forenoon were touching indeed. The reading of the Necrological Report, reminded us all of loss of brethren beloved, East and West. Appropriate song, "My days are gliding swifty by," and prayer tenderly followed.

The resolutions of thanks for hospitable entertainment, and numerous courtesies received with the responses in the part of our hosts were mutually warm-hearted.

The dissolution of the 120th Assembly by the moderator and his appointment that another General Assembly meet the third Thursday of May 1909, in Denver, Colorado, was folowed by prayer and the apostolic benediction. Then came the good-byes, breaking for awhile those associations recently formed, and those renewed for the lapse of years.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BROTHERHOOD OF AMERICA.

Mr. Henry E. Rosevear, for nineteen years State secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Kentucky, has been elected associate secretary of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America, and, on July 1, 1908, will enter fully upon his work at the national headquarters of the Brotherhood, 806, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago.

Meanwhile Mr. Rosevear will be much in the office, and the general secreary will also spend some time here. A stenographer, Miss Crissinger, has been employed, and all orders addressed to the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America, 806, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, will be promptly filled. Letters requiring the personal attention of Mr. Rosevear will be immediately forwarded to him.

The general secretary, much of whose time, of course, will be spent out in the church, will continue to reside in Nashville, combining with his Brotherhood work the executive relation he holds as Regent of Belmont College. All letters requiring his attention, letters regarding the general interests of the Brotherhod, the holding of conventions, conferences, etc., should be addressed, Ira Landrith, General Secretary, 1800 East Belmont Circle, Nashville, Tenn.

The council finds that, with the employment of Associate Secretary Rosevear and the opening and equipment of the national headquarters, the work of the Brotherhod will go forward with great success.

The first number of the new quarterly magazine, The Presbyterian Brotherhood, subscription price 25 cents, or in clubs of ten or more to the same address 15 cents, each, has been issued, and sample copies can be secured by addressing either the general secretary or the national headquarters.

Everybody interested in men's work in the Presbyterian Church should read the report of the Cincinnati Convention; paper, 35 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Yours for a Brotherhood in every Presbyterian Church and every Presbyterian man in a Brotherhood.

IRA LANDRITH,
General Secretary.

1800 E. Belmont Circle, Nashville, Tenn.

The oldest man in the government service at Washington is a clerk in the naval observatory, where he entered 60 years ago, when he was 20 years old.

CHRISITIANITY AND COVETOUSNESS.

Attention was called recently to the speech of Secretary Taft in which he insisted that not the missionaries but the representatives of trade, especially those unscrupulous reprensentatives who unhesitatingly take advantage of the weaker races, are responsible for the ill will of oriental peoples toward the occidental countries. The New York Times calls attention to the fact that Mr. Bryce, the ambassador of Great Britain, has also delivered several addresses in which he discussed the work of missionaries in non-Christian lands and agreed with the sentiment expressed by Secretary Taft. Both of these eminent statesmen have had unusual opportunities to know the facts, and they agree that, as a class, the missionaries have been disinterested and faithful and benevolent toward the people among whom they minister. Editorially, The Times insists that it has been covetousness rather than the effort to extend Christianity which has caused the hostility often manifested toward Christians. Referring to the address of Mr. Bryce and Mr. Taft, the Times says:

"Both agree in substance that it is the non-religious and irreligious among the Ocidentals who have been directly or indirectly responsible for the hostility that has been developed against the Christians. This has come about largely through the covetousness, the cruelty, the unscrupulousness of the foreigners having to do with a weaker and, therefore, with a more or less despised race. And both urge the duty, which seems plain enough in the light of mere morality resting upon the so-called civilized governments to control and restrain, as far as possible, their own people in their intercourse with the natives. Happily this now is the spirit of Occidental governments, our own and those of Europe, far more than it was even a generation since. The practical application of this spirit is at all times difficult. Has not Mr. Taft discovered that the most un-Christian motives he has had to contend with in seeking justice for the Filipinos prevail in the breasts of the beet sugar planters of the West and of the tobacco growers of the Connecticut Valley? And the British government has had like experiences in connection with its attempts to control the opium traffic. But it is to be noted, on the other hand, that Messrs. Taft and Bryce are actually assuming the role of missionaries to their own people,, and are preaching the gospel of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us."—Cumberland Presbyterian.

ROCKHURST PRAYER CONFERENCE.

Rockhurst, Mill Valley, is so near to San Francisco, that it makes an ideal place for Christian gatherings. This Conference to be held June 15-19, will bring together leaders of the various denominations. Rev. Warren C Sherman wil speak each day. This will be the only opportunity of hearing Dr. Sherman in California this season, as he leaves for the East about July 1st. Dr. J. Q. A. Henry who has lately returned from England will deliver addresses. Rev. Rev. A. B. Prichard of Los Angeles comes to speak on Prayer and Fellowship. Mrs. K. M. Cleaves will bring to the Conference her message of song. Among others who will speak are Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D., Rev. I. N. McCash, L. L. D., Rev. Joseph N. Boyd, D. D., Rev. T. A. Boyer, Rev. Thomas, Rev. A. T. Needham, D. D., Rev. Dwight Potter, Rev. Louis J. Sawyer, Rev. Sidney A. Tarron, Alfred M. Sharrocks, M. D., Mrs. Nellie M. Duncan, Rev. J. Fraser and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Westenberg. The meetings will be held at 10 A. M., 1:30 and 7:30 P. M. For further particulars address,

MRS. MINDORA BERRY GOODWIN,
Rockhurst, Mill Valley, Cal.

Among the Churches.

IDAHO.

PRESTON.—This city of over 2,000 people has less than one hundred "Gentiles" in it, the rest being Mormon. The church work therefore is missionary in character. The pastor of the flock, Rev. A. A. Hurd, is doing the best that can be done under the circumstances, and writes that his people hope that a change in the constitution of our government will be made whereby an anti-polygamy clause will be inserted which will cut off from voting those who belong to any organization that teaches polygamy, as the State constitution of Idaho provides, but which the State cannot enforce. The Republican party is in the hands of the Mormons altogether too much for the good of the State, and it is hoped that the Democrats, under ex-Senator Dubois, will come into control. The Woman's Home Mission Board is gradually closing the mission schools among the Mormons. Malad will henceforth have its school discontinued. The school in the Presbyterian chapel in Preston is expected to continue. The New Jersey Presbyterian Academy in Logan, Utah, conducted its closing exercises June 1st. A number of new ministers have gone into the Kendall Presbytery, where churches were vacant last year. At last accounts Rexburg and Soda Springs were still vacant.

UTAH.

FERRON.—Short history of this field: Tent meetings conducted by Dr. Wishard and his staff of workers in June, 1905; visit of Rev. J. K. MacGillivray, Sunday-school missionary (first Presbyterial missionary) in the following December, who gave a series of Bible lectures with the help of charts and then organized a Bible school, which is still running prosperously; subscription list of $1,100 for a building secured by him, also petitions to Presbytery and Woman's Board for organization of church and establishment of mission school; church organized August 5th, 1906, with nine members; mission school began work with two teachers in September, 1906, the enrollment being upwards of 80; the school and church meetings have been carried on in a rented building since that time and the work is still waiting for permission from the Women's Board to proceed with the erection of a suitable building; the crying need of an academy in this Castle Valley can no longer be ignored and the Board have conceded a third teacher, which makes the cry for a building still larger, the urgency being extreme; the same missionary who developed the work has been called and is to be installed pastor on the 7th of June, having acted as such since last November; the membership is now 22 and well organized in every department; the church is the only one in a territory of over 5,000 people, almost entirely Mormon; this for a sample of the kind of work we are trying to do in Utah, notwithstanding the handicaps. Rev. R. M. Stevenson, D.D., president of Westminster College, Salt Lake City, is at present asisting in a series of meetings, the attendance at which is very gratifying, as is also the interest manifested.

COAL MINING CAMPS.—A very interesting work has been developed in these camps during the last 18 months, chiefly through the Sunday-school missionaries, Mr. W. H. Herrick being now in sole charge. At Sunnyside a church of over 50 members was organized last March; Rev. L. Green has been in charge ever since, but has just resigned. Castlegate, Schofield, Winter and Clear Creek have been cared for by Mr. Herrick all winter and spring, but he has

now been relieved by Mr. McKee, a student, for the summer.

LOGAN.—On account of his wife's serious and prolonged illness, the pastor, Rev. N. E. Clemenson, has been compelled to be absent from this important field for several months, and the work has consequently suffered. However, Mr. Clemenson has now returned and it is hoped that the work will go on in the efficient manner of former days, even though Mrs. Clemenson is far from a state of health which will permit her to be the splendid help she formerly was. The heartfelt sympathy and prayers of all the workers in the Presbytery are theirs in this temporary laying aside of our beloved fellow-workers in this most difficult field.

OUR ACADEMIES.—These institutions have been doing most efficient work as usual at Logan, Salt Lake, Springville and Mount Pleasant. We hear of very encouraging spiritual activity among the students, especially at Ungerford Academy, Springville and the Collegiate Institute at Salt Lake City. There is no better work being done in all our agencies in Utah than that accomplished in these secondary schools of ours for reasons that are not far to seek. But the accommodations are woefully lacking in quantity, not in quality; we have the best of teaching ability, but cannot recive the students that apply; in Springville alone as many were turned away this spring term as were received for lack of building accommodations. If the church is to be fully effective in doing the work that is needed in Utah and which she is attempting to do, she must supply adequately the material needs of our academy and college work. Westminster and the five academies (Ferron will be the fifth) must be properly supported in the matter of suitable buildings and equipment.

MOUNT PLEASANT.—The prolonged vacancy of this very important point has now been filled, we understand, by the transfer of Rev. C. H. Hamilton from Smithfield to take charge of the work here. Principal Patterson of the academy has resigned his position to accept the presidency of a college in Dakota. Thus we lose one of the most efficient of our educational workers in all Utah. It is understood that Professor W. W. McKirahan of the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute has been promoted to the vacancy thus created. both are well-deserved promotions.

WASHINGTON.

ANACORTES, WESTMINSTER.—The pastor, Rev. H. T. Mitchelman, is absent in attendance at the General Assembly, having served this church very acceptably and successfully for two years. In that time the house of worship has been improved and enlarged. The manse debt has been very nearly removed and the church has become self-supporting on an increased salary and a fifty per cent increase in benevolent offerings. A men's Brotherhod of 20 members has been organized and also Baraca and Philothea Bible classes with a combined enrollment of 42. This a fine showing.

BAKER, MT. BAKER.—This church was organized in February with 25 members. The pastor, Licentiate L. C. Michaels, is popular and is useful in an all round way. He has with his hands built his own dwelling house, having lived for several months in a tent. Now he is proceding to build a log church, doing most of the work himself. It will be 42 by 44 feet in size with basement 42 by 22 feet. The audience room will be 30 by 44 feet with class room and study. Baker is a cement manufacturing town. One plant is in operation and another soon will be. The church services are now held in the school house and the church is greatly needed and both the men and their families are enthusiastic in its support.

Everson, First.—This church has been served for more than a year by Rev. S. W. Richards, D.D., with great results. In April he was called to the pastorate, but has declined this call and has acepted work in Montana. This leaves the Everson and Noksack churches vacant. A fine country field.

SEDRO-WOOLLEY, FIRST.—This church has been served by Rev. F. G. Stranger, D.D., for two years. The past year has been a very prosperous year, besides being the first year of self-support in the history of the church. Members received, 56; on confession, 40; baptism, 34; adults, 20. In two years the membership has been more than doubled. Half the manse debt has been paid and various improvements have been made. The town is on the Skagit river and has two railroads. It is a growing place.

SPOKANE PRESBYTERY

At an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Spokane heldin the Centenary Church, of Spokane, May 29th, 1908, Rev. Jesse Marhoff, was received from the Presbytery of Dubuque and Mr. F. A. Arbuckle a candidate from the Presbytery of Boston was received; also Rev. Daniel P. Grosscup of the Presbytery of Mankato was receieved provisionally.

The installation of Rev. Elton F. Spicer as pastor of the church at Northport was reported as having taken place, May 25th, 1908.

Garden Valley, Wash.; Manito Park, Spokane, and Sherman Park, Coeur d'Alene.

EUGENE A. WALKER, Stated Clerk.

OREGON.

McMinnville,—This church is enjoying a healthful growth intensively and extensively. Its prominence in the recent contest for the retention of local option in Yawhill county was generously recognized. At the instance of the session, the pastor, Rev. A. M. Williams gave his pulpit and pastoral work to this cause largely during May. It was thought by many to be a fitting thing that the sheriff applied to the session for the lecture room of the church for use as a polling place. A pleasing co-incident is the fact that the largest majority for prohibition was polled up in the precinct that voted in our church. The reason the church was asked for is a beautiful testimony as to the prosperity under "dry" conditions, there being not a vacant room in the precinct suitable for holding an election in it—the most populous precinct in the county. The Sunday evening problem is being solved in this church this spring and summer, by continuous musical programs, no less worshipped because popular and in a measure artistic. Without overworking the strong choir, these Sabbath evening services are being run for the months of May and June, the following being the themes around which the music and other features of worship are being grouped: Worship, Temperance, Missions, Citizenship, Evangelism, Nature and Heaven.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Lebanon Presbyterian Church reports that Ng Pung Chew delighted a large audience last Monday evening with his lecture "The Difference in the Chinese and American Marriage Customs." This lecture, which was given under the auspices of the Men's Club of Lebanon Church, proved very instructive as well as entertaining. Many of his arguments in favor of the Chinese customs were very plausible, and in fact, young America might well emulate many Chinese ways, especially those of show-

ing profound reverence and respect for parents. Mr. Chew, who possesses a gift uncommon to the Chinese, a keen sense of humor, entertained his audience after the lecture proper by his bright sayings at the banquet table, when toasts were given by a number of those present. A medal contest given under the auspices of the Loyal Temperance Legion, took place in Lebanon Church Friday evening last. The six contestants whose addresses were exceptionally well delivered, reflected the careful training given them by Miss Cotton, and the temperance teachings set forth, furnished food for serious thought to the many who heard. The silver medal was awarded by the three judges to one of the two boys who took part in the contest. Rev. Mr. Logan has been endeavoring to increase the interest in the mid-wek prayer meeting and succeeded well last Wednesday evening, when there were twenty-five Christian Endeavorers among those present. The topic was, "What I would do were I the pastor of Lebanon Church." Everyone was interested and the result was an interesting meeting. Mr. Logan is going to profit he says by the many bright suggestions and helpful hints given that evening by the people of his congregation.

First Presbyterian. The closing meeting of the Season of the Literary Society was held on Wednesday evening with almost a full attendance of members, including our out-of-town members and many friends. The feature of this evening was the reading of the Magazine. The editorial was a review of the year's work which included the reading and discussion of the following topics "Virgmibus Puerisque" by Stevenson—"Art" Emerson— "Coniston," Churchill—"Intimation of Immorialty" Wordsworth— "Autobiography of a "Thief" Hapgood—"The Physcian in Fiction" —"King Lear"—Shakespear— "Principles of Comedy" —"Appreciations" Porter— "Puck of Pooks Hill" Kipling—"Human Courage in Literature" —"Andreadel Sarti," Browning—"Japan and Japanese."

LOS ANGELES.—Rev. A. M. Prewitt, who has been the pastor at Calvary Church for three months, reports a great work going on among his people. There has been twenty-five accessions, thirteen of these on profession of faith. This church is a Home Mission field, but full of hope for the future.

Los Angeles. On the 5th Inst. The Rev. D. McCunn pastor of the Euclid Heights Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, and his wife were given a most enjoyable reception in the chapel by the members of his church. After a fine program was rendered Mr. and Mrs. McCunn were each presented with a little sack of gold coins as a genuine surprise. Light refreshments were served with bountiful hands.

ST. HELENA.—June 7th was communion Sabbath and with one exception there was the largest number of accessions to the membership in the 34 years of the church's history. Twenty-one members united and all on profession of faith, nine received the ordinance of baptism. Of this ingathering there were but six married persons, two of them men. To the union meetings held in this place the first two weeks in May we are indebted for this increase. Evangelist R. L. Jones and Mr. C. E. Burch, his singing companion, held these meetings, and though it was the time of the fleet in San Francisco for the most part of the time, they drew crowded houses. The opera house was the place of meeting. Rev. James Mitchell, the pastor, says: "We can most heartily recommend Brothers Jones and Burch to any of our churches as men calculated to do good work in any community where they receive the religious support they are entitled to. They awaken church members, which is one of the greatest needs of the day, and they have a very happy way in inducing both young and old to confess Christ as their Savior. Their audiences were made up of both Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, one of the latter was one of our new members."

WALNUT CREEK.—The Presbyterian Church of Walnut Creek, Contra Costa county, California, was organized June 1, 1878. In all eleven ministers have served this congregation, viz: H. R. Avery, E. H. Hackett, H. P. Dunning, A. I. Goodfriend, I. N. Hurd, J. W. Ellis, D.D., J. E. Anderson, Philip A. Fisher, Isaac Baird, A. R. Willis and W. A. Hough. The last minister named began his work upon this field just one month ago on the first Sabbath in May. The C. E. Society has been revived now and meets regularly each Sabbath evening. The Sunday-school, Ladies' Aid and Missionary Societies, the weekly prayer meting and the regular Sabbath services are all in operation. Last week a carriage load of us attended the district meet- of the Ladies' Missionary Society at Haywards, and listened with great interest to Mrs. Sharrocks, Mrs. Wallace and Miss Tennant. Miss Fish, from the mountain whites, did not arrive in time to address the meeting, but no doubt has an interesting story to tell. We were particularly interested in visiting this church at Haywards, for its first pastor was our college classmate at Princeton. A memorial tablet in the church reads as folows: "In loving memory of our first pastor, Rev. G. W. Kretsinger, born Dec 15, 1852; died Feb. 15, 1893."

GLENDALE.—The Glendale Church has just suffered the loss by death of its first elder, Ellis T. Byram, May 30th. The funeral was held in the church on Monday, June 1st. As he was one of the first settlers in this part of the San Fernando valley and one of the builders of Glendale as well as the Presbyterian Church, the funeral was so largely attended that the house of worship could not hold the crowd. The church still worships in the edifice which owes its existence largely to Mr. Byram, but it must soon have a larger place. Dr. W. S. Young, stated clerk of Presbytery and Synod, was the first pastor of this church and was followed by the present pastor, Dr. S. L. Ward, who supplied for three months while home from the foreign mission field on furlough, in 1885-6. The two had charge of the funeral service. This church, which has been in existence 24 years, sent off the Tropico church four years ago and was much weakened by losing nearly half its membership. It has steadily risen from 48 members two years ago to 94 at the present time. The offshoot at Tropico is prospering under the new leadership of Dr. Alexander McConnell, late of Des Moines, Iowa. Both of these churches have a strong missionary life and are striving to come up to the Omaha standard of $5 per member for Foreign Missions the present year, while meeting the apportionment of Presbytery for the self-support of the Home Mission work.

Fulton—Much interest is being aroused in the coming debate, to take place Thursday evening June 11th, between the members of the "Mission Study Class." The subject is Resolved:—That the possibilities for China to become the leading nation of the wolrd are greater than for the United States, "There are seven speakers on each side and the discussion promises to be both interesting and profitable.

Prof. L. A. Handley, of Occidental College will preach for us at Fulton on Sabbath, June 14th. He is en route to Mendocino City where he will supply during the summer vacation.

Azusa—The annual congregational meeting of the Presbyterian Church was held last Thursday evening, at which time the reports of the work was given from each society in the church and officers were elected for the ensuing year. The reports all show that considerable aggressive work has been done, and they also exhibit a fine spirit of giving, not only to the work at home but also to the work abroad.

During the year twenty-one new members have been received, nine of these being on confession of their faith. This makes a total of fifty-three members received since the coming of the present minister to this church. Rev. C. F. Richardson not quite two years ago, The church has lost by death, dismissal to other churches and other causes twenty-one members during the year, and the present membership is now 182.

The membership of the Sunday School is 119, and they have raised for the support of their work $133.29. The "Endeavor Society" has thirty active members and five associate, and they have sent $12 to Home, and $12 to Foreign Mission work, and raised for their own local support $8.

The "Whatsover Circle," a band of fourteen girls in the Sunday School, organized last July for the study of Missions and for the doing of Missionary work, have raised $17.25 and forwarded it to help the missionary work on board the launch "Dorothy," which sails up and down the coast of Africa.

The "Ladies' Missionary Society" has raised $87.50 for Home Mission, $59.50 for Spanish work, $55 for Foreign Missions, and $20 for the work among the Freedman. This with $1 for a contingent fund makes a total of $223.

The "Aid Society" submitted their report, which is as follows:

"In April, 1907, at the beginning of our church year, the 'Pastor's Aid Society' had a membership of 40: during the year eleven new members have been added, so that the present membership is now 51. The society has held nine meetings, and given three church socials.

"At the April meeting a resolution was passed to raise $500 for the purpose of putting a hardwood floor in the audience room of the church—$200 of which was to be asked for during the past year, and the remaining $300 next year. There has been received $199.50 of the $200 asked for this year. Awnings have been placed over the church windows at an expense of $43.90. The society is pleased to mention that one of its members, Mrs. J. J. Ayers, has very kindly given the church a most beautiful individual communion set as a memorial to her mother.

The treasurer's report is as follows: Cash on hand, April 1, 1907, $27.71; received for floor fund, $199.50: received for general fund, $41.95; expenditures, $58.07; balance on hand, $211.09.

Making a summary of the whole financial work of the church, it will be seen that there has been raised for its own home work the sum of $2.169.71, and for Home and Foreign Missions with other benevolent causes, $327.75, making a total of $2,497.46.

Mr. R. F. Ramsaeur was elected an eleder, and Mr. J. C. Twitchell and Mr. H. S. Rogers re-elected elders.

The folowing were elected trustees:

Messrs. V. M. Greever, H. S. Rogers, P. C. Daniels, J. R. Eldred, J. H. Anderson, D. C. King, M. J. Coffin.

This board met later in the evening and organized, Mr. Dana being elected president and Mr. H. S. Rogers secretary and treasurer.

The meeting closed with a most enjoyable social time at which refreshments were served by the social committee of the pastor's aid society.—"The Pomotropic."

...LOMPOC.—Those who were eligible to attendance at the Brotherhood meeting last Monday night and was not there missed a very pleasant occasion as the many who were present will testify. Interesting and instructive papers and talks were given by W. H. Schuyler, Robert Danneberg, I. M. Clark, G. W. Meals, R. A. Lazier, Prof. C. S. Dodds, and J. C. Long. Other members and visitors joined with brief and pointed talks in the discussion of the question as to the propriety of enlarging the United States navy. The question "Should the same ethical standard apply to corporations as applies to individuals," was held over until the next meeting for discussion on account of lack of time to do the subject justice in a discussion of it at this meeting. The customary banquet was served and was fully up to standard. Several applications for membership were made. Preparations for Children's Day are being made by the Sunday-school.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

It is with sincere sorrow that all friends of the Seminary have learned of the death of Mr. George L. Underhill of San Francisco. For the past six years he has been a member of the Board of Directors, and one year servved as its president. During his entire connection with this Board he has been secretary of the Board of Trustees. His splendid business qualities made his services as a trustee invaluable in these years in which the seminary has had important problems to solve. He was at all times the Seminary's interested, faithful, efficient friend.

Prof. Paterson has rented his home for three months to Rev. James H. Sharpe, '05, of Red Bluff. Prof. Paterson has taken his family to Mt. Hermon for the summer. Dr. Landon has returned from a four week's stay in Portland, Or., during which time he had the pastoral care of his old church, Calvary. He has resumed his work in San Anselmo. At the installation of Rev. Lynn J. White in San Raphael, last Sabbath evening, Dr. Landon preached the sermon. Prof. Paterson charged the people and Rev. William Kirk, Guthrie, '96, charged the pastor. Rev. Arthur Crosby, D. D., presided and propounded the constitutional questions and Rev. James S. McDonald, D. D., assisted in the devotional exercises and offered the installation prayer. Dr. Moore has announced his safe arrival in Germany where with Mrs. Moore and their son he intends to spend the summer. He expects to visit several universities, making a study of theologians rather than of theology. Rev. Harry H. Pratt, '99, pastor of the Forbes Church, Portland, Or., is making fine progress in the rebuilding of his church which was destroyed by fire. It is rapidly nearing completion. It will have a much better equipment including in addition to the usual rooms found in a modern church, a fine room for a gymnasium and a boys reading room. Rev. Arthur R. Willis, '06, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, is rejoicing in the birth of a son, Arthur R. Jr., born May 17th.

Rev. William C. Kerr, eldest son of Rev. John H. Kerr, D. D., formerly a professor in this Seminary, was ordained in the Park Presbyterian church of Newark, N. J., Tuesday evening, June 2d. Mr. Robert E. Speer preached the sermon Mr. Kerr is under appointment of the Board of Foreign Missions as a missionary to Korea.

Rev. Henry T. Caskey of the last graduating class passed through San Anselmo with his bride a few days ago on his way to Point Arena where he is to have charge of the Presbyterian church.

Rev. George M. Day, left last week for the East. After a short visit with friends he will sail for Europe in company with Mr. John R. Mott.

Warren P. Landon, only son of Dr. Landon and Ethel Bonick, second daughter of Mr. Alexander Bonick were members of the last graduating class of the High School in San Rafael.

GEO. L. UNDERHILL.

In the sudden death of Mr. George L. Underhill, the Presbyterian church on the coast has lost one of its most valuable members, one whose place will be hard to fill.

Born at Stockton, in August 1860, he united with the Presbyterian church there at the age of seven and has been a faithful and inteligent member ever since disproving the criticism that is often heard—that it is a mistake for children to join the church—not when they are children of the covenant.

Removing to San Francisco, he brought the transfer of his membership and united with Calvary in 1873.

Entering the employment of the firm of Thomas H. Selby & Co., as an office boy in 1874, through all the changes in the firm, he steadily rose, until he became one of the large stockholders and most valued members.

The quickness of his business judgment and the patience and industry with which he carried out a transaction, making his influence felt far and near in commercial circles,so much so, that when the business was taken over by the Guggenheim Bros., he decided to retire, they were so anxious to retain him, that most flattering offers of salary and independent position were made to him.

Mr. Underhill was one of those who believed in six days enough for business, the seventh for rest and worship and rain or shine, he and his family might always be found at the hour of worship in the house of God.

After joining the First Presbyterian Church, he held the offices of Deacon and Elder, and was for a number of years a most efficient superintendent of the Sunday School.

He never shirked nor considered his own comfort and convenience, when he felt he could be of service to his Master's cause.

The same ability which made him a power in the business world, he devoted to the interests of his church. He gave freely of his money, but better than this, he gave himself; and this not only to the welfare of his own church, but to that of all the churches of the Presbytery serving it as a director till forced by ill health to resign, and during his term of office, it was his generosity and personal interest that made possible, the establishment of two new churches, within our bounds. As a director of the seminary at San Anselmo, his wisdom, foresight and fidelity have been the admiration of his fellow directors.

As a friend he was one of those you could have without reserve, true, loyal and familiar, yet suffering no departure from those high standards which he held himself.

We who were privileged to know him well will feel his loss most deeply, for our lives were enriched and uplifted by his presence and are quickened by his memory.

But we would not grudge him his rest, and his reward, and the continuation of that blessed service which so faithfully done on earth shall continue without disappointment or failure, in the fuller life of heaven.

PROF. JOHN M. COYNER, PH.D.

September 16, 1827, in Augusta Co., Va., began a life of usefulness that on its earthly side closed May 18, 1908, in Hopkinsville, Ky., in the home-going of John McCushan Coyner. During his residence of more than fifteen years in California there was perhaps no more active or useful layman in the Presbyterian Church.

Teaching was his occupation. The first time the writer heard him was in a talk to children in which he showed in high degree the teacher's skill. After holding various positions in the east he was sent in 1875 to work among the Nez Perce's Indians. Passing through Utah on his way he was so impressed with the need of work among the Mormons that he was induced to start a school there; and during the rest of his life he was a valiant fighter against the monster inquity of Mormonism. He secured the use of the basement of the Presbyterian Church in Salt Lake City. With his own hands he made furniture before he had human guarantee for either pupils or support. The first year sixty-three pupils were enrolled. The notable history of the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute had begun. Ten years he labored there. God blessed his work. In 1885 he came to California. He was succeeded by Prof. J. F. Millspaugh, now principal of the State Normal School, Los Angeles, who in turn was followed after a short interval, in '91 by Prof. R. J. Caskey, now Principal of Occidental Academy, Los Angeles, who remained until 1905.

After coming to California he served for a time as Vice-President and instructor in Occidental College. His wife, for whose health they came, did not live long here. In 1889 he married Mrs. Anna Parrot and they made their home at Palms, Los Angeles County, a home always open for hospitable and delightful entertainment of their many friends. Both were active in all good works. Helpful influences and labors were given to Church, Presbytery, Synod, Missionary Society, Laity Association, Anti-Saloon League. He visited the churches under appointment of Presbytery in the interest of the Christian use of property and in lectures against Mormonism.

It is a matter of special interest to note that an overture from the Presbytery of Utah to the General Assembly in the interest of Prof. Coyner's school work among the Mormons resulted in the formation of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions. Mrs. Coyner received the first teacher's commission under this new plan. Intimately associated with him in the Utah work were Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Synodical Missionary, and his son-in-law, Rev. J. Welch, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Salt Lake City.

PROGRESS AND PROPHECY AT LAKE MOHONK.

A Sketch of the Fourteenth Arbitration Conference.

By AMOS R. WELLS.

When, thirteen years ago, Mr. Albert Smiley founded the International Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk, the peaceful enthusiasts that met on that beautiful mount of vision dared anticipate nothing beyond the adoption, some day, of arbitration treaties, nation with nation; and yet every one looked upon them as visionaries.

This year, three hundred of the leading men in the nation have spent three days in conference on the subject, and the uppermost topic has been congratulation upon achievements that already far exceed what those dreamers had imagined for the most distant future.

They could felicitate themselves upon the second Hague conference, "the first occasion when all nations have met under one roof." The distinguished presiding officer at Mohonk this year, Hon. John W. Foster, ex-secretary of state, called it "in some respects the most important event in the

history of the human race." Its unanimous declaration in favor of the principles of compulsory arbitration and in favor of an arbitral tribunal, its provision looking toward regular meetings of the nations at The Hague, the establishment of an international prize court, and the permission for one party in dispute to appeal to The Hague without waiting for the other party—these are only a part of the advance steps taken by the second confernce at The Hague.

Ex-secretary Foster was himself one of The Hague commissioners. Another was Hon. James Brown Scott, solicitor of the department of state, who gave a fine account of the great gathering. A number of others were present at the historic assembly, and interested us with reminiscences.

Again, the Mohonk conference felicitated itself upon the eleven arbitration treaties with other nations, including Great Britain, France, and Japan, which Secretary Root has negotiated, and which the Senate has unanimously approved.While the conference was in session Secretary Trueblood, of the American Peace Society, announced the confiirmation of one more, that with Denmark. The nations of the world have now formed with one another no fewer than fifty-seven treaties of arbitration. What an insurance against war lies in this one fact!

The conference expressed especial pleasure in the treaty with Japan, deprecating "the unfounded talk of war with that country that has been indulged in by an element among our people." This resolution was passed unanimously on the conclusion of the dignified and able address of Baron Kogoro Takahira, the Japanese ambassador to this country. Ambassador Takahira declared that the Japanese welcome criticisms, "provided they are not the result of unfriendly design, intended to mislead the friendly public of this great country. We have no other idea than to secure our own peace by having well-organized states as our neighbors, and to prosper ourselves by having prosperous countries as our neighbors." That is indeed a noble sentiment.

Also, the Mohonk Conference congratulated itself upon the recent agreement of the Central American republics to submit all their differences to arbitration. This splendid determination is the first event of the kind in the history of the world.

Akin to that event was the recent laying of the cornerstone of the magnificient building in Washington for the use of the Bureau of American Republics. The director of this bureau, Hon. John Barrett, was on of the speakers on Pan-American evening. Two ministers to our government, those from Costa Rica and Nicaragua, were kept at the last moment from coming, but Senor Calvo sent his paper, which was read. Prof. Shepherd, of Columbia University, whose specialty is the study of Latin America, spoke on the same evening. Another speaker of weight nor of Hawaii.

President Sleeye, of Smith College, gave us an inspiring glimpse of the progress of the arbitration movement among colleges and universities. The Mohonk Committee have promoted public meetings this year, in the interest of peace, in eighty-five colleges and universities. Debates and prize essays have added to the interest.. Secretary Fulk, of the Inter-collegiate Peace Association (sprung from Mohonk), reported a rapidly growing membership in forty-five colleges of the Middle States. President Swain, of Swarthmore, Dean Rogers, of the Law School of the University of Cincinnati, President White, of the state college of Georgia, and Hon. E. E. Brown, United States Comimssioner of Education, outlined the possibilities of this glorious work among the students.

The business men's evening was exceedingly strong. The Mohonk Committee of business men now has as cooperating and corresponding members 161 of the leading trade organizations of the country, in 126 cities, in 42 states and Canada. This is a mighty power for the preservation of peace. Forty-two regularly accredited delegates from these organizations were at Mohonk. They appoited to speak for them the president (or other leading officer) of the Philadelphia Trade League, the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of clothiers, the National Board of Trade, the Massachussetts Board of Trade, the Latin American and Foreign Trade Association, the Chamber of Commerce of Erie, Pa.. and the Boards of trade of Auburn, N. Y., and Newark, N. J. These business men were most earnest in their protest against immense war budgets, and most positive in their demand for the inauguration of the reign of international law.

The personnel of the conference was brilliant, as it always is. Think of a conference whose chronicler must pass with the merest mention such speakers as Admiral Chadwick, General (ex-governor) Manderson, of Nebraska, Ex-governor McLane, of New Hampshire, President Rush Rhees, of Rochester University, General Horatio C. King, Prof. John B. Clark, of Columbia, President Warfield, of Lafayette College, Editors Rollo Ogden, of the New York Evening Post, and Hamilton Holt, of The Independent, Dr. Rowley, Dr. MacArthur, and John R. Mott! The programme Committee, at their wits end, had to stop with enough speakers unheard to equip a dozen other conferences.

The platform rehearsed the many encouragements of the past year, and called for further advance along the lines upon which the nations have already progressed so happily. Presented by Chief Justice Stiness, of Rhode Island, it was moved in a masterly and eminently Christian speech by Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, seconded by Chief Justice Moore, of Michigan.

Justice Brewer declared that he always returns from Mohonk fired with new zeal for the great cause of international arbitration and the establishment of a world government, and with new determination to do what he can to bring about that great result. This has been the case for thirteen years with all whom Mr. Smiley's statemanlike planning has brought together in these annual conferences. Now that so much has been accomplished, I am sure that the purpose of these Mohonk enthusiasts will not flag, but will go on from one gain to another, till the firmly based congress of nations shall substitute for the cost and threat of war the assurance of law and the prosperity of peace.

A STUDY OF ALIENS IN THEIR NATIVE LANDS.

In the steerage of the steamsnip "Alice," which sailed from New York, for Trieste, last week was a noted college professor and ten students, volunteers from colleges and universities who go to study the foreigners in their homes; and then, some of them, with the knowledge acquired will become social workers in the mines of Pennsylvania. The professor is Dr. Edward Steiner of Iowa College who has several times already crossed the ocean in the steerage and whose recent book "On the Trail of the Immigrant," is a work of marked value.

The New York Post says:

"The party will make its way through Bohemia, Poland, Russia, Hungary, Austria, the Balkans, and thence to Italy, and from there it will return by steerage to New York, trailing the immigrant all the way across, through

the customs, immigrant station, and to his future home.

"Upon the completion of this task, which will take over a year, the ten men will enter the mining fields of Pennsylvania as social workers and interpreters under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Young Men's Christian Association. The year's study is intended to fit them for this work. They will not preach any particular creed or religion, but with their special training and equipment will strive to get close to these alien men, to teach them the responsibilities of American citizenship and encourage the different nationalities to forget the feuds and heresies which now bring them together only in clashes, causing ugly mobs, knife thrusts, and much other unnecessary mischief.

"One-half of the expense of this tour will be met by the cities of Erie, Connellsville, Scranton, Warren, and Uniontown, which have among them subscribed enough money to take care of five students. The expenses of the professor and the other five will be met by a group of citizens from all over the State of high and low station who have become interested in the work of making over, so to speak, the heterogeneous mass in the mining regions. Nearly all Pennsylvania cities and towns have encountered the task of dealing with these people, and realize the difficulty of even making a beginning without first securing the aliens' friendship and confidence. They have tried several plans, but none has attained such success as would warrant it continuance."

"My theory,' said professor Steiner, "in caring for these immigrant races is to present to them as a model the best type of the American, and in turn let Americans see all that is good in the immigrant. The trouble has been and is that the immigrant sees only the abnormal American in Europe, and we in turn get a wrong impression of the foreigner who comes here. It is necessary for us to travel to the Fatherland in order to get a true conception of his worth. We have to feel for ourselves what he has to contend with, know his institutions, his customs, religions, and family obligations.

"These immigrants look up to the American, respect him, imitate him, and be he the vulgar, common sort, or the well-spoken, well-mannered educated American, the ignorant immigrant apes him just the same. Such is the power for good or evil that the American possesses in this process of evolution. If the immigrant falls in with the corrupt and the vicious he is likely to turn out bad. If he comes under the influence of an honest, patriotic man, who is willing to take the time and the patience to draw this suspicious, silent person out, the result will surely be to the credit of the stranger and to his adopted land.

"A Pennsylvania missionary, for instance, is at a disadvantage. There the Poles, Huns, Lithuanians, Austrians, and others settled in the coal fields, keep as much aloof from each other as they do from the townspople, the authorities of the law and the churches. They ask no one for advice, because their experience has usually been with a class of Americans who have profited financially from their troubles, and the advice given invariably has made bad matters worse.

"I do not believe it to be an exaggeration to say that most of the serious trouble between these alien races and the Pennsylvania authorities has been due to some misunderstanding at the outset. Either through ignorance of the language or of the manners and customs of the particular race involved, the case ends in court with justice turned upside down and the foreigner invariably getting the worst of it.

"Under the present conduct of things political ring rule is dominant in most of the mining towns, and what a man gets depends upon the amount of votes he can deliver. He is robbed when he has no power and receives unlicensed liberties when he can show some kind of an organization behind him. With intelligent social workers in the field, men who know the people among whom they are living, who can speak their language, and properly interpret it, who have the confidence and respect of their wards, we believe we can do a great deal in putting foreigners and natives before each other in a true light and help in amicably settling their conflicts and bringing them more closely together.

"In all my wanderings among the immigrant classes I have found that the alien responds more quickly to higher ideals in political life than to the lower. I can see a steady rise in his character, and his appreciation of the higher and nobler principles of government. An instance of this was the recent election in Scranton, where Mayor Dimock was placed in office largely by the vote of the foreign born.

"Liberty draws the immigrant to America, and when liberty is properly interpreted to him, he will make a good citizen. In this work lies a field of labor for every patriotic American. Without regard to creed or religion the immigrant must first be taught to learn and respect the law and abide by the rulings of officers duly elected by the people He and his children must be led into the schools and drawn into the sports and games of the country. Good, healthy, live, social, and athletic intercourses will do more than any appeals from the pulpit or platform to bring the alien under the power and influence of our American institutions."

SONOMA COUNTY Y. P. S. C. E. CONVENTION.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of Sonoma county, held a very interesting and helpful convention in the Congregational Church of Cloverdale on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th of May.

The opening exercises were conducted by Miss Candace Wagers, of Healdsburg, followed by an address of welcome from Cloverdale by C. L. Sedgley, and from the church and local Endeavor by S. N. Jeardean, responded to by G. E Baugh of Petaluma.

Then came the address by R. L. Thompson of Santa Rosa, his theme being "What Civic Righteousness Offers Sonoma County." This was a fine address, delivered in Mr. Thompson's earnest, forceful manner, brimful of civic righteousness and running over with truth and earnestness. How we wish that every voter of Sonoma county might have heard him.

Saturday morning was given up to reports of officers much time there in evangelistic work and in opening and carrying on school work. We will follow this new work with great interest and many prayers. A letter was read from Mr. Perkins of India, expressing his appreciation of the fact that our Board has increased its appropriation for our India work from $400 to $500.

The afternoon session opened with department round tables, in charge of superintendents and state and county officers, followed by song service led by Mr. Foster of Petaluma. Mrs. Reeves of Santa Rosa made a strong plea for the ladies in the Old Ladies' Home; told how they enjoyed the visits from outside, the flowers sent them and the little remembrances of Christmas time, etc. Let us do more of this kind of work in the future than we have in the past.

At eight o'clock address by Prof. George H. Boke of the law department of the University of California. Theme, "The Universities in Modern Civic Life," in which he said: "The universities are fast becoming teachers of civic righteousness and good citizenship, as well as history and mathematics."

Sunday afternoon open-air prayer meeting, led by J. L. Lownson, Santa Rosa. This meeting was held by invitation in the spacious home grounds of Mrs. Prescot and was attended by twenty-five members of the convention. Mrs. Prescot has been confined to her home for some time by sickness, and the meeting was held close by the house, so that she, through open doors and windows, might hear the songs and prayers, which she enjoyed very much. Why not pray and sing more with and for the sick? thereby comforting them and receiving blessing ourselves.

At 2:30 p. m. we listened to an able address on "Civic Duty," by G. E. Baugh of Petaluma, folowed by a vocal solo, "Recessional," by Victor Giorno. This was one of the best things of the convention. Mr. Giorno has a splendid voice, and his accent and emphasis was fine, and how careful we should be "Lest we forget" that we are Christ's and what he has done for us.

At 3:20 the convention was addressed by Rev. A. B. Patten of Santa Rosa. Topic: "The Life That Is Holy." Text, Micah 6:8. "He has showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God!" The thought brought out was: "How true it is that God has shown us what is good, and that to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God, is the life that is holy." And the life that is lived wholly for Christ is a holy life.

At 4:00 p. m. the convention listened to a very interesting talk by Miss Margaret Smith of Berkeley, state superintendent of "Quiet Hour" work, her theme being "The Quiet Hour in the Life of Citizens of Character." Miss Smith is very much in earnest in her work and held the closest attention of the convention.

At 8:20 p. m., address by Paul C. Brown, state field secretary California C. E. Union, on "Soul Winning, or the Making of Citizens of Heaven." This was a very fitting topic with which to close the convention, and Mr. Brown was the right man to use it.

The convention was a grand success and a new impetus given to C. E. work in Sonoma county. Let us all remember that we are soldiers in the army of the Lord, that Christ is our leader, that we need not fear to follow where he leads, for he will always lead us into that which is just and true and holy.

The following resolution was adopted:

"As the result of the cumulative efforts of the various addresses and the deep enthusiasm of all who are assembled in this, the first convention of the Sonoma county Christian Endeavor convention at Cloverdale, May 22d to 24th inclusive, be it hereby

Resolved, That we, delegates and officers of the Sonoma County Christian Endeavor Union in convention assembled, and representing a total of twenty-three societies, whose sphere of influence reaches directly over 1,400 people of Sonoma county, do most heartily appreciate and endorse all the efforts of the graft prosecution in San Francisco at the present time. We thoroughly believe in the sincerity and integrity of the motives and purposes actuating such men as Mr. Heney and Mr. Spreckels, and consider their aims ours, and their cause our own. Our convention theme, 'Civic Righteousness,' we realize is most emphatically their controlling theme, and it is our prayer that their spirits may not be cast down, nor their zeal abated one iota, that their lives be graciously spared and their cause ultimately prove triumphant in the awakening of the great American spirit of true democratic liberty and civic purity."

THE HOME

If you wish to grumble, go
Where there's no one nigh to hear;
Let the story of your woe
Fall upon no mortal ear.

Store your troubles far away,
Hid within some jungle deep,
Where nobody's like to stray,
Or to hear you when you weep.

But if joy hath come to you,
Shout it, spread it far and wide;
Share with others all the true
Happinesses that betide.

Joy and pain contagious are,
Smiles evoke their kith and kin,
Tears will travel fast and far
If you fail to hold them in.

Who is blest the better? He
Who hath filled the world with cheer,
Or the man of misery
With his ever-ready tear?

A DILEMMA FOR MOTHERS.

"Every mother who has a daughter to prepare for life—which is much more difficult than preparing her for college—is faced nowadays by a dilemma. It is the day of specialties. One career takes all the years of training that any girl can spare, if that career is going to be thoroughly and successfully prepared for. And yet every woman who is to face life successfully ought to be prepared for the two entirely different careers.

"It is becoming more and more evident to mothers as to everybody else who has anything to do with domestic life, that for a girl who eventually marries to have a thorough knowledge of housekeeping and home-making is the most valuable education that can possibly be given her. It will not matter much in the future whether she knows the French verbs or the different orders of architecture; but it will matter vitally whether she knows how to feed a baby, how to manage household expenses, and how to plan meals She needs to know about plumbing, bread-making, laundry work, house-cleaning, pure food, a furnace fire, and other such things, if she is really going to rule her own household as an intelligent mistress directing ignorant labor. It is not fair to a daughter to bring her up ignorant of these things, and then let her marry and get nervous prostration trying to master an unknown science.

"But on the other hand, it is not fair to bring her up without an education which shall guarantee her self-support in case she does not marry. Most girls have very definite ideas on this subject. They want an education and a diploma which will help them if they are flung penniless on the world through the frequent changes of American fortunes. Also, they do not want to prepare so very patiently for marriage, as though they expected nothing else. And they have only so many years to prepare for a career The majority of them, everybody

knows, will marry. But which girls will form that majority, and which will need self-support instead, is a question which no sage can solve, nor can the girls themselves possibly know.

"No young man faces such a dilemma. It underlies and makes complex all theories of feminine education. As an Ohio woman said to a woman's meeting lately, 'training a girl for home-making was in many cases like training a boy for a trade he would not have oportunity to practice.' But so is training for any other career, since she may marry at any moment. A thorough knowledge of domestic science and practice in case she marries, a thorough preparation for some bread-winning career, in case she does not marry—this is what the modern daughter seems to need. But how is she going to get it? There is the present puzzle for mothers."

Thus writes the editor of Harper's Bazar, and it is well to lay before mothers so clearly the reasons why their daughters should be familiar with domestic science, for in too many cases young married women do bring on nervous prostration in their efforts to intelligently deal with and direct "ignorant labor." Yet while the dilemma above noted is a very real one, there is also a very ready way to escape from it.

Granted that he girl is to have a higher education, and that while she is obtaining it she should not be required to master the details of housekeeping. But what of the years between six and sixteen, when she is occupied with her primary and secondary education? Is not this the time when the study of domestic science will most readily appeal to her? Of course, she will not know it by that name; it will be housekeeping, or cooking, or laundering, and the younger she is the more pure fun and enjoyment can be gotten from it. Children love, dearly love, to potter around and try to help. A little maid of three joyfully ran to "help mother" make the beds, and when she essayed to asist a casual visitor in the same operation, she showed that mother's instructions had found a lodging place. "Now we must make the sheets smooth, very smooth," she prattled, "for that's what mother says." Then, eagerly: "Oh, let me plump up the pillows. Please let me." Later, with a square of cheese-cloth she went about dusting, and explaining proudly: "I do all the seats of the chairs and their legs, and anything so high."

A literary man while browsing around a bookstore came upon "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl." He promptly sent it to a six-year-old, whose mother wrote: "Dorothy is perfectly delighted, and had me read the various instructions to her, while she listened as though it were a story book. She hopes that next time you come to see us, she will be abole to cook something for you, all by herself." This mother, who, by the way, is a literary woman of ability, is as enthusiastic over little Dorothy's efforts as is the child herself.

Moreover, the girl who knows how to do things is able intelligently to follow instructions when she grows older. The woman who reads in a cake recipe to "cream the butter," and who thereupon adds cream to it, will surely blame the recipe for the failure which follows; but if she has learned in childhood the meaning of the common cooking phrases, she will escape the mortification of failure. "I was twenty-eight years old," said an excellent housekeeper, who had gained all her knowledge by sore experience, "before I knew that tongue must be boiled before it could be eaten. I learned that by inviting friends to a picnic, and packing in a basket for slicing an entire uncoked tongue. I was so ashamed I could have cried."

Children do not know this shame unless they are laughed at while learning, which is little short of cruel. "My biscuits weren't good at all last week," said Miss Twelve-year-old, "but they were fine tonight, and papa said so." Which shows that the burden of this kind of education need not all rest on the mothers. A sixteen-year-old daughter stepped into the breach during an emergency, and stewed chicken for an unexpected guest. When the absent mother returned she was told with pride of the achievement. "I took your cook book, mother, and did just what it directed. "But the book does not tell how to cut it up; what did you do?" questioned the mother. "I asked father," laughed the girl. "He said he had never done such a thing in his life, but he believed he could, and he did. And he explained to me about the joints, and I can do it myself next time."

The greatest opinion that is raised to this teaching of children is that "servants will not be bothered with it." This is true to some extent, but what about the "maid's off?" When but one servant is kept, this gives an opportunity for the young housekeeper to "help mamma," and thus learn the things she will always be glad she knows. Nothing will solve the domestic problem more speedily than knowledge—real domestic knowledge—on the part of the mistress. The woman who cannot be left absolutely helpless when the "lady in the kitchen" leaves suddenly because of some real or fancied grievance, has gained an independence which she will never willingly lose. Those whose mothers take enough pains to make them thus independent will win the life-long gratitude of their daughters; and whether these daughters marry or do not marry, what they have learned of housekeeping will never come amiss. The study of hygienic plumbing and surroundings can readily be taken up when maturity is reached, but teach the children the simpler things which belong to home-making.—The Presbyterian.

IDLENESS.

Idleness is contagious. The devil wants no better workshop than an idle brain. For one idle person will soon draw to himself others who would be busy but for the example and influence of the idler. If idleness injuries ourselves alone, it would still be a thing to be avoided. But it ensnares others than ourselves. An incident told of Daniel Webster's boyhood illustrates this truth. His father found him and his older brother Ezekiel idling away their time. He approached the boys and said: "Ezekiel, what are you doing?" "Nothing," responded Ezekiel. Turning to Daniel, he asked: "What are you doing, Daniel?" "Helping Zeke," was the quick reply.

The Oregonian remarks in an editorial comparing the growth of Oregon and Washington: "The timber of Oregon is still almost untouched, and within a few years will become the basis of an immense activity, while a large part of the timber of Washington is gone already. Oregon therefore has an industry coming on which in Washington within a few years will be practically exhausted. There is a probability that within a period not exceeding twenty-five years the population of Oregon may again exceed that of Washington."

"I want a government that will plant a hope in the heart of every child born into the world and give every being something to live for."—William Jennings Bryan.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Portland, Oregon has secured the Baptist convention for 1909.

It is said that Dr. Parkhurst's pulpit style grows more mordant and gripping in its sarcasm.

It is thought that the Alaska gold output this year will reach $26,000,000.

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, gave for benevolent purposes the last year, in addition to its contributions for current expenses, $289,557.

One-half of the 392 candidates for the ministry in the Southern Presbyterian Church are sons of farmers, and 153 came from churches having less than 100 members.

The Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Seattle, is one of the speakers at the Y. W. C. A. convention next week at Seaside, Oregon. Also the Rev. H. K. Booth of Berkeley.

Dr. Dyott of the First Congregational Church of Portland was among those who took the position that Emma Goldman ought not to be allowed to indulge in her anarchistic talks in that city.

Ezra Meeker, the Puget Sound pioneer, who followed the old Oregon Trail with an ox team on a trip East in 1906, has written a book telling of his experiences on the trail westward in 1852 and eastward in 1906.

Seattle failed to get the Presbyterian general assembly for 1909. Denver won. Finances had considerable to do with it. It would cost about $30,000 more to go to Seattle than to Denver. In booming times Seattle would have put up the difference.

After July 1st the postmaster at Portland, Oregon, will get a salary of $6,000—an increase of $1,000. Portland is one of the best growing cities on the coast. She has always gone ahead with less of a boom than any other of our coast cities except San Francisco.

An effort was made at the recent general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to combine the Pacific Christian Advocate,published at Portland, with the California Christian Advocate, published in San Francisco. It was thought best however to continue the two as separate papers.

The last annual report of Oberlin College says: 'If the college is to control the conditions which surround our young women, it will be necessary to do one of two things—to limit the number of women to the present accomodations or to build more halls for women." The limit of available accommodations was reached last year.

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to a paper by the Rev. D. Ebina of Japan, on "The Evangelization of Japan." Mr. Ebina is a delegate from the Kumi-ai churches to the International Council at Edinburgh. Next Monday Dr. Burke, the Anti-Saloon League superintendent for Northern California will speak.

It is stated that walnut culture passed experimental stage in Oregon some time ago, and that now many prune orchards are being supplanted by walnuts. The Oregonian says that walnut culture has many advantages over apple raising, for the reason that the trees require no spraying and the nuts falling to the ground have only to be picked up and sacked. No bleaching is required in the Willamette Valley.

HOW TO GET AND KEEP A SITUATION.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for June 21st.)

Albert W. Palmer.

I am going to begin by saying a very shocking and unconventional thing. The way to get a situation is to have a "pull." The only mercantile position I ever held I got by reason of the influence of a relative who was a member of the firm. I venture to say that the great majority of men get their first situations, at least, through what may be called a "pull." If the grocer wants a clerk, or the plumber an apprentice or the editor a reporter they may take some unknown man who comes along and asks for the job. But, as a matter of fact, the chances are that the opening will go to some young fellow whom the grocer or the plumber or the editor knows and is interested in—or else to someone his foreman or his wife or his wife's brother-in-law knows and is interested in. The way to get a situation is to have friends, to know people who know other people who have situations they want filled.

So the question "how to get a situation" seems to settle down into the sordid one of "How to get a pull" doesn't it? But let us find out what a pull is. There are just two ways to get a pull. The first way is to inherit one. For example, sons of army officers have probably a better chance of getting a West Point appointment than have the sons of a civilian. Sons of the officers of a large corporation have ordinarily a better chance of obtaining vacant situations in that particular business.

The other way to get a pull is to earn it. There are always a lot of fellows with inherited pulls who fail to "make good." There are always more situations in town than the men with hereditary pulls can fill. These situations are open to the young man who will get to work early and earn his pull. Tom Brown, who does his work in school faithfully, may not know it but he is earning a pull with the principal of that school that will make that principal the deciding factor in his getting a situation some day. Harry Jones, who plays a game hard and fair, who keeps his temper and doesn't break training rules, is earning a pull, unconsciously no doubt, with another boy whose father is going to have need of an energetic reliable young man some day. Dick Smith, who is a gentleman at home with a chivalrous regard for his mother and sisters, is going to be remembered some day when a neighbor across the street is looking for "the right young man" to fill a responsible and promising position.

The way to get a position is, therefore, to have a pull, and the surest way to get a pull is to earn it.

But the answer to the second part of the question is very different. "How to keep a situation?" Forget you ever had a pull! Personal influence may, and usually does, get you an opening, but if it is an opening worth having it can only be kept by demonstrated ability. The man who considers his job beneath his ability or dignity, who never takes pains thoroughly to master its details, who uses up his surplus energy in saloon or hanging around cigar stores, who has no loyalty or enthusiasm for his employer, will not hold an important job long even though backed by a pull. The intensity of modern business life demands efficient, sober and loyal men. Employers of labor try out many candidates but they don't let the efficient men go

GIANT SPIDERS OF CEYLON.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright, yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long. Riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining around your face like a lace veil, while, as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, although not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you will not forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small, but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow and scarlet monster measuring when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches, striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked.—Pacific Baptist.

Revenge is bitter in the end, and will never satisfy the human conscience. Far better are we satisfied if we can look back and see that we have shown mercy and pity to our offenders, and returned good for evil.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

OF COURSE, PAPA, DEAR.

"There's a button off my overcoat, Molly. Can you put it on for me?"

"Why, of course, papa, dear." The answer came so promptly, and Molly's hand patted her father's sleeve so affectionately that almost anyone who listened would have been astonished a few days later to hear him say, "By the way, Molly, that button isn't sewn on yet."

you poor, patient papa! How neglectful I have been! I surely will sew it on tonight." But she was so absorbed in her shadow embroidery that she forgot it again, and her father stopped at the tailor's next night, and the button was sewed on. As for Molly, she forgot that she had forgotten, and never thought about the button again.

Kind words sound sweetly in a father's ear, we may be sure, but when they are coupled with continual forgetfulness there is a jar in the music. It is the girl who remembers father's requests and anticipates his wishes whose loving words always ring true.—Selected.

WHEN MOTHER PRAYED.

"When mother prayed, then all the air
Grew tremulous with music rare;
Love's earnest pleading for its own
Was wafted heavenward to the throne.
'God bless my children,' thus the prayer;

" 'Keep them unspotted everywhere,
O Father, God!' In softest tone
Echoed the whisper, upward blown,
When mother prayed.

"Oh, dread the day when mother's prayer
Breathes out no more her heart's fond care;
For blessings rich from heavenly zone
Came angel-like from heights far blown,
When mother prayed.

"Pa, why do they call this a strawberry shortcake?" "Because it is short of strawberries, I reckon."

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE

By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., JUNE 18, 1908. No. 25



University Library

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

MISSIONARY EVANGELISTS.

Rev. Dwight E. Potter.

We all rejoice in the great evangelistic movement. Thank God for it, and lend it our loving sympathy and prayers, but believing that a missionary gospel is the only one that is unselfish enough and powerful enough to reach men today, and that it alone and no other can expect the richest blessing of God. We present the following suggestions to modern evangelists, and to all who desire to preach a scriptural, soul-winning gospel:

First. Since evangelists are themselves authorized to preach by the great commission, let its claims be urged upon all men, and thus a universal gospel and a world Savior may be presented. This will magnify Christ and the gospel and will make men feel the greatness of both.

In the second place, evangelists have an opportunity to hold up before the church the needs of the unevangelized all over the world, and to show it is equally sinful and displeasing to Christ to withhold the gospel from the heathen and from our own neighbors. The great work of every believer is witnessing for Christ; and that must begin at his own door and reach out to the ends of the earth. Dr. Bradt is right in saying that "no man has a bigger field than another, for every man's field is the world."

Again, we believe that evangelists could accomplish a great deal for the kingdom by going through their sermons and taking out of them the old illustrations so long used and replacing these with fresh illustrations drawn from the mission field. Nowhere outside the Bible can richer material be found, and converts who are brought to Christ under the preaching of sermons that are full of missionary and evangelistic spirit will themselves be ready for activity along these lines. Men will thus be converted to Christ and to missions at one stroke. Spiritual lessons and the truth about world evangelization will both be impressed together, and the points the evangelist desires to make will be much more impressive because of the vastness of their application.

It would seem very desirable that the evangelistic movement be definitely linked to home and foreign missions and take "every creature as a goal of its efforts." No missionary worker who does not habitually do personal work for the unsaved about him is fit for highest service, and no evangelist who does not preach a missionary gospel is fit to be an evangelist. Too many converts brought in by men without the missionary vision are too narrow to be useful in the wider work of the kingdom of God. Strange as it may seem, many of them have to be converted over again before they will take Christ's view of missions. Evangelists with or without a missionary passion will have converts of a similar type, and in these days when God is so definitely calling His church to immediately give the bread of life to all men in all lands, a revival which ignores this moving of the Spirit cannot receive His fullest blessing.

In recent conversation with Evangelist Nance the idea developed of making a test case of the power and influence of a genuine missionary evangelism. The plan would be to preach the first week on the Great Commission, enriching the sermon with illustrations concerning the power of God and His word as minifested in all lands, and laying heavily upon the hearts of the people their definite obligation to give the gospel to the regions beyond, thus magnifying Christ and stirring up the consciences of the people for their neglect of those for whom He died. After the missionary vision has been seen by the Church, and it had set itself right by means of subscription or otherwise, then the evangelist would begin the application of these same mighty truths to the people themselves and the members of their own households, urging them to personally go after the unsaved with a full and happy assurance of God's immediate blessing and the Spirit's effective help in bringing those around them at once into allegience to the great Savior.

Who will try the experiment?

PROF. WICHER'S APPOINTMENT.

Professor Edward A. Wicher has been invited by Professor Francis Harper of the University of Chicago to be one of a party of six to conduct preliminary survey with a view to excavation of the site of Jericho and some other mounds east of the Jordan. Professor Harper just sailed to Constantinople to obtain permission from the Turkish government for this research work. Should Professor Wicher be able to join the expedition, he will leave early next year, as the party must start from Jerusalem in March, 1909.

This honor and expression of appreciation for Professor Wicher is good news to all the friends of our seminary. Interest of coast people generally will be quickened in research work because of this personal touch.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Miss Julia Fraser.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Home Missions was held in Kansas City during the sessions of General Assembly. The meeting opened Thursday, continued all day Friday, Saturday forenbon, a popular meeting Sunday and the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday. Every morning a little prayer service was held in the hotel parlor, which gave the right preparation for each day's work. The annual meeting of the Home Missionary women of our entire church (as Woman's Home Board is a national organization) commands attention; officers' reports are received; missionaries heard with keen interest, and much business dispatched.

Mrs. Darwin R. James, the beloved president who with her husband has been out of the country a year and a half, making an extended tour around the world, came home in time for this meeting. Her presence was an inspiration. She is a most remarkable woman, and under her leadership the Home Missionary women of our church have advanced from strength to strength.

The presence of the Cumberland women added much to the meeting. Their warm-hearted cordiality was contagious, and a strong feeling of comradeship was early developed which soon ripened into genuine affection. The reports were inspiring. A missionary book is published and is free for the asking and should be carefully read and kept for reference. Miss Lincoln joyfully announced the total receipts were $521,032.12, the California Synodical Society remitting to New York $17,581.78, an advance of considerably over $3,000 of any past year. Mrs. Susan L. Storer, who succeeds Mrs. Boggs as Freedmen Secretary, is a strong woman and made a fine impression.

The missionary addresses cannot be satisfactorily reported; but they made a profound impression. Mrs. A. R. McFarland, the pioneer, first at Santa Fe and then in Alaska, probably attracted more attention than any—all wanted to hear her, to meet her.

Dr. Susan La Fleehe Picotte, the fi rstIndian woman to receive a physician's diploma (and that from the Philadelphia Medical College) thrilled her audience as she told of her work among her people. Her address will be published in the July Home Mission Monthly, but her voice, her personality can never be reproduced. She is wonderful and doing good work. Mr. L. F. Jones, Alaska; Dr. J. M. Green, Cuba; Miss Alice Hyson, New Mexico; Mr. G. H. Sweazey, Utah; Miss Kate McNeill, Bell Institute, N. C. (the work started by the Cumberland Church, now ours), all had a message. The only regret was there was not time for each to tell a longer story.

Mrs. A. C. Tyler of Chicago, presented the Westminster Guild, in a most attractive way. This organization for young woman was started about two years ago by the Woman's Board of Foreign Mission of Chicago, but it has now become a national organization and includes home missions. The purpose is educational; it is for young women over eighteen, the groups are called Chapters and the purpose is to spend three months studying some oriental country, on some phase of American Life, and three months on Bible study. Each chapter will arrange for its financial obligations in any way it deems best, but chapters are asked to subscribe for at least one share for missions. Each share is $2.00 and the money, **remitted through Presbyterial Treasurers**, is divided equally between home and foreign missions, supporting two hospitals, one in China, one in Alaska. A chapter may subscribe for as many shares as it pleases—but to raise money is not the object of the Westminister Guild. The obect is to educate, to train, to develope leaders, and the plan is broad enough and big enough to attract alll our young women, some Chapters among working girls of Chicago meeting in the evenings and the young men though not allowed "to belong" do come at the close of the study hour for the social time and to take the girls home. Mrs Tyler has a most charming personality and she completely captivated her audience. We trust that many chapters may be started in California.

Miss Rue's display of literature and maps attracted much attention. We need never apologize for missionary publications, for they do have literary value; the maps, the pictures, the curios and the dear little blue buttons with the seal of the W. B. of H. M. and worn by all delegates were in great demand. Mrs. A. G. Garratt, 15 Seventh Ave., San Francisco, has all these supplies at New York prices!

For this year California's new work is the support of two new missionaries (the third worker at Ferron and Miss Chase's assistant at Hoopa) and the greatly needed new building for Sitka, Alaska. As this is the 25th anniversary of the Woman's Department for Freedmen, a special silver anniversary offering is asked, full particulars of which will come later from the Freedmen's Board.

The work at Ferron is the most encouraging in Utah. Last year the Los Angeles Presbyterial raised $1,500 to build the chapel-school house, bearing the name Forsythe Building, a loving memorial to Mrs. Forsythe, and now the demand is imperative for an additional worker there. We have all wanted Miss Chase to have a helper; now she has her and we may support her. The need for new buildings at Sitka is imperative—and we have the privilege of helping.

A. J. RALSTON ABROAD.

Mr. A. J. Ralston's many friends will be glad to know that his European trip has greatly benefited him. He is stronger than he has been for years, and is in the best of spirits and writes most enthusiastically. The following is borrowed from a personal letter written by him at Naples, Italy: "I attended the Scottish Presbyterian Church today. The minister is enough like Dr. Hemphill to be his brother. He is from Glasgow and is a very excellent preacher.

Yesterday was the 410th anniversary of the martyrdom of Savonarola and two others, and the day was beautifully observed by having flowers arranged all around the bronze slab which was placed in the pavement near the middle of the square where the execution took place. The bronze slab is about five feet in diameter, with raised profile of the picture of the dear man quite prominent. The flowers were in solid mass all around, and it was a most attractive sight. We had been in the cloister of St. Marco and saw his room, his chair and desk and three of his books, one of which was in manuscript and one other, his Bible, with many marginal notes, all in his own handwriting."

CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION—SACRAMENTO, JUNE 24-28.

The twenty-first annual convention of the California Christian Endeavor Union will be held at Sacramento June 24-28. The first session will be at 7:30 p. m., and the closing one Sunday evening.

An extensive program has been arranged, which touches almost every place of work done by the societies. Space will not permit the full program, but a mention of some features of the sessions will give an idea of the treat in store for the delegates who attend.

The music will be under the direction of Robert Lloyd of San Francisco, who has trained a large chorus choir to render oratorio selections, in addition to leading the convention singing. The address of welcome to the city will be given by Mayor White, and Rev. J. T. Wells, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Sacramento. The response will be by Rev. E. B. Hays, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Petaluma. The address of the evening will be by Rev. A. S. Phelps, of the Central Baptist Church, Los Angeles.

The morning sessions of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, from 8:15 to 9:15, are devoted to Quiet Hour and Bible Study in groups. From 9.15 to 10:15 Mission Study classes and conferences will occupy the hour. From 10:15 to 12, on Thursday and Friday, the time is devoted to Department work, and addresses. On Saturday the reports of officers are heard. The Thursday afternoon session begins with an Intermediate session, which continues until the evangelistic service at 3:15; from 4:00 to 4:30 the claims of the United Society of Christian Endeavor are presented.

the hour of adjournment. The Thursday evening service begins with an open-air service at 7. The principal ad- Then "problems" of the societies occupy the attention till dresses of the evening are by Rev. Thomas Boyer and Rev. Dwight E. Potter, both of Oakland.

The Friday morning service is as indicated above until 10:15, when "Hospital," Floating Department and Missionary sessions take the time until noon.

Friday afternoon sessions begins with a Junior session, which lasts until 3:30, when conferences of the committees, County Union, City Union and Missionary Superintendents take the floor. At 4:30 the Denominational Rallies are held in the different churches. The principal speakers for the evening session are Hon. Alfred G. Burnett of Sacramento, and Rev. E. R. Dille of San Francisco.

Saturday morning is programed at the two previous mornings, and the afternoon is devoted to recreation and sight-seeing. The evening is taken up with installation of officers, and address, "Time and Money," by Rev. Robert Lord Cave, San Francisco, and the raising of pledges for State work, conducted by Rev. W. F. Reagor of Sacramento.

Sunday at 6:45 there will a Sunrise prayer meeting. At 9:30 Bible Study in classes, conducted by department superintendents will take the place of Sunday-school services, and at 10:45 all are expected to attend the church services.

The afternoon meetings will be at 3:00. One will be in the nature of an evangelistic service, one an Intermediate Rally, and the third a Junior Rally.

The Sunday evening service will be the closing one of the convention. At 5:30 there will be an open-air meeting, at 6 a live Endeavor meeting, and at 7:30 the mass meeting, at which Rev. W. H. G. Temple of Sacramento preaches the convention sermon, and the meeting closes with the Christian Endeavor benediction.

We note that many of the most prominent topics are presented by Presbyterian pastors and workers, and see by this sign that the denomination is holding its place well to the front in this great interdenominational work that has done so much for the upbuilding of the young life of the church.

Among the Churches.

SACRAMENTO, FREMONT PARK, has the privilege of reporting twenty-two accessions to their membership at their last communion service, and nineteen of these came upon confession of faith, three only by letter. The passing weeks have brought much blessing to this church. The pastor will be at the Prayer Conference in Mill Valley this week, then with the Christian Endeavor State Convention for their session, after which he hopes to accompany his family East for a few weeks of recreation and rest. The Mission Study class, after most profitable studies, has closed its work till after vacation. Much enthusiasm has characterized these studies and numbers are impatient for a renewal of the work.

We were greatly delighted, and somewhat surprised, to have with us at our morning service this week Miss Dora Fish, a former member of this church, now fresh from her Home Mission field. We are hoping to hear from her at the Christian Endeavor Convention and at our Missionary Society gatherings.

MERCED, FIRST.—The Rev. Geo. B. Greig, who served this church so satisfactorily for six years and three months, has resigned his charge here to accept the invitation of the church at Coalinga. Mr. Greig and his family take with them the best wishes of the entire community.

SAN ANSELMO.—Dr. Robert McKenzie of New York City surprised the San Anselmo congregation last Sunday morning by attending the regular service. It was Children's Day, and Dr. Landon of course called Dr. McKenzie to the platform and he gave one of his splendid talks to the young people. Early in the week Dr. McKenzie left for Riverside to visit his daughter, whose home is there. Mrs. McKenzie and Miss Aileen are in Paris and Miss Jean is on her way back to Africa.

ARCATA.—Several lodges have attended services in a body, recently, at the Arcata Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. C. P. Hessel is pastor. Last Sunday the Woodmen of the World and Women of Woodcraft were in attendance. Dr. Hessel took as the keynote of his address a review of the life of Joseph.

Children's Day exercises, with special music, will be observed Sunday at Arcata. The Sunday-school is one of the most enthusiastic in Humboldt

TUSTIN, CAL.—The Presbyterian Church of Tustin, in April had a series of meetings conducted by one of the student bands which did good work in this county, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. This work resulted in a good deal of interest among many of the older boys and girls. By means of the Y. M. C. A. Bible class, which was organized before the meetings, and the Girls' Bible class which was organized after them, we are trying to encourage and train these young people, with a view to church membership. Much attention is also paid to the Y. P. S. C. E. and to the evening preaching services, with the same him in view. The pastor, Rev. J. W. Miller, has just enjoyed a very brief, but profitable, visit to the General Assembly. He tried to share with his people some of the interest and inspiration of the meeting by giving reports of the most important items at the Sabbath services following his return.

CRESCENT CITY.—The church here was favored on Sabbath evening, June 7th, by the presence of Rev. Arthur Hicks, Superintendent of Sabbth School Missions. His address, in connection with numerous stereopticon views, illustrating this form of mission work in various parts of the land, was interesting and instructive. The audience was unwontedly large, and the offering indicated a desire on the part of those present to share in Home Mission work. Sunday closing of business houses exclusive of saloons was recently secured, for the first time in the history of the town, through the efforts of the Methodist and Presbyterian pastors, in the interest of increased church attendance, and of general Sabbath observance. And now, encouraged by the success attending local option effort in our sister state Oregon, only a few miles north, the next attempted reform work will be an effort to close our saloons for seven days in the week.

SAN FRANCISCO, Lebanon Presbyterian Church.—The Christian Endeavor Society of the church gave a "Fellowship Social" last Friday night, to which were invited six other societies of this district. After the program, of which each society present furnished a number, games were played, then all sat down to the refreshment tables, when many were called on for funny stories and recitations. The

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

gathering went a great way toward making the young people of this district acquainted with each other.

Sunday was Children's Day. The program which was managed by Mrs. Ella Mellons was given entirely by the younger children of the Sunday-school, assisted by the Mellons orchestra.

The subject of the discourse Sunday evening was "Sunday Closing." Mr. Sweeney, president of the Labor Council of San Francisco, who delivered the address, made a strong plea for the aid of the churches in this cause. All the women in the audience "sat up and took notice" when Mr. Sweeney declared that the women of San Francisco were in a large measure, if not altogether responsible for the stores being open on Sunday.

OREGON.

MILTON.—The "Valley" church of this field (i. e., "Grace" and "Valley" churches of Milton-Pendleton Presbytery, Synod of Oregon) is erecting a $2,000 church building. The building is located in a rich farming section, six miles northwest of Milton. This church was organized June 17, 1906, and is very prosperous.

LOS ANGELES LETTER.

Rev. W. D. Landis.

Rev. J. R. Compton, the pastor of Second church, has been sick for some time and his pulpit has been supplied by various persons. We are glad to report that he is able to be out and was able to preach last Sabbath. The church enoyed all their supplies, but appreciated more seeing their pastor again.

Next Monday morning the ministers' association hold its last meeting before the vacation. At this meeting the officers for the next year will be elected. He who wants an office, let him be present. So let all the rest.

Dr. R. F. Maclaren preached at Westlake church last Sunday morning and the communion was observed. Four were received into the church, one by letter and three on profession.

Rev. W. G. Palmer of South Park Church returned last Wednesday from the Assembly. He made a short visit to St. Louis, his old home, and preached at his boyhood church, which was Carondelet Presbyterian Church in South St. Louis. He was overjoyed with the opportunity of having such a trip. He will address the ministers next Monday on his experience and impressions at the Assembly.

Rev. L. F. Jones was the speaker last Monday at the Ministers' Association. He has been in Alaska for the past 16 years and had many things of interst to tell us of that land and it people. Mr. Jones' wife has had to be in this city for the past year for the health of their little girl. She is a member of the Westlake church.

Dr. W. A. Hunter of the First church preached at the Hollenbeck Home last Sunday afternoon on the thought of the "Riches of the Christian Life." His text was: "All things are yours." The old people enjoyed it very much. This home for old people is a model in appointments, management and the tone of its spiritual life.

One year ago next Sunday, the first service was held at Garvalia, but the year has borne much fruit. A fine Sunday-school has been organized and last Sunday it numbered 79, while the preaching service which was largely given to the children's day services registered 96. The newly organized church feel that they must soon have a church home and are at work trying to secure a lot.

Rev. W. W. Logan, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church, went to the meeting of their Assembly at Pittsburgh, Pa. Dr. Logan has been pastor here for about ten years and is much beloved by his people. His pulpit has been supplied by a member of the brethren. He is expected home next week.

The South Park and the Central churches have adopted the recommendations of the Committee of Presbytery on Foreign Missions and set a goal for their efforts. Both church have taken greatly advanced grounds and are expecting to lend every effort to attain it. Many other churches have done the same thing.

Mrs. A. B. Prichard has had a Bible class of young ladies for the past year at Central church on Monday evenings. The class meet at 6 p. m. for a dinner together and then they studied the word around the table. The last meeting of the class was held this week prior to their vacation period. There were 23 present.

Immanuel church makes much of its Children's Day exercises. The morning service is given up to them each year. The children are prepared by careful training for the occasion. The school is well graded and the child must stand a creditable examination in their departments before they are promoted. This year there were 40 graduates from the primary department and 87 graduates from the intermediate department. The former are under the careful supervision of Mrs. Anna . Wheelan, who has for the past ten years labored in the same department of the work, and is known far and wide for her efficiency. The latter department has had a most excellent superintendent in Miss Zoe Staub and their examination and exhibition of their knowledge showed thoroughness seldom ever found. The primary pupils are given a certificate and Bible at their graduation, while the intermediates are granted a diploma, framed and ready for hanging on their walls at home. The Baracca young men, forty strong, came forward and took part under their leader, Mr. W. E. McVey. This school also feels proud of its Philathea class, consisting of eighty young ladies. Mr. J. M. Irvine is the popular teacher. The music was furnished by the Sunday-school orchestra and all felt the inspiration of the occasion.

The communion service will be held at Immanuel church on June 28th, at twilight. This is the first attempt to get the church out to a vesper service for communion and it is looked forward to with real joy and great expectation. This is a great move and Immanuel thus sets the pace for more of the churches. The communion can be made more impressive at dusk and more time can be taken for it and only those come who want to enjoy it. It is a good step and others will follow in this way.

Rev. T. T. Crosswelll of Pomona and Rev. J. M. Newell of Bethesda church were appointed a committee some time ago by the Ministers' Association on the subject of a "Retreat" for the Presbyterian ministers and their friends. This committee reported that they had arranged for such a retreat in San Antonio Canyon, near Upland, July 6th and 7th. The expense will be small and all the ministers of this section will do well to count on being present. Let's make this a great time and place for prayer and fellowship.

BOYS' CLUB.

The boys of the Presbyterian church, Marysville, have formed a somewhat unique club, officially known as the "Sons of Daniel Boone." They already have two "forts" (as the local branches are called) with a combined membership of twenty-five. Forts are in process of institution in the Sunday-schools of Methodist and Christian churches, but none of these have yet selected a name. The member-

ship is open to any boy between 9 and 14 years of age, provided he is a member of the Sunday-school named or intends becoming such.

The organization is national in its scope and is under the special patronage of President Roosevelt, Admiral Dewey, Major General Bell, John Muir, Mark Twain and Buffalo Bill, and is fathered by that popular writer of stories of outdoor life for boys, Dan Beard. Its purpose is the promotion of rightly enjoyed sports; the preservation of the traditions of the old American life of the wilderness; the care of animals, plants and trees; and the emulation of all that was best in our pioneers.

Each fort will have its individual name, flag and totem sign, though none of these have been selected yet by the Marysville boys. Each member will be first known as a "tenderfoot" and after being tested and tried will become a "scout." The presiding officer will be known as the Daniel Boone of the fort with his emblem, the powder horn, worn on the arm of his uniform coat. The secretary will be Davy Crockett, and his emblem the coonskin; the treasurer, Kit Carson, displaying the arrowhead, the forester, Johnny Appleseed, emblem, pine tree; the keeper of the tally gun, Simon Kenton, emblem, tomahawk. The tally gun will be used for recording the honors won by the scouts, which may be in the various departments of scholarship, woodcraft, deeds of heroism, moral courage, outdoor sports, etc. The record will be made by nicks for small honors, notches for greater honors, and top notches for highest honors. Besides the individual emulation thus encouraged, there will be contest between the forts in the various fields of their activity. Regular drills will be given in marching and military tactics.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

At the monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the San Rafael church last week Dr. Landon gave an address on Home Missions. His subject was "A Survey of the Home Mission Field."

Last Sabbath afternoon a church was organized in the Brush Tract to be known for the present as the Second Presbyterian Church of San Anselmo. The new church was well filled. Dr. Day, chairman of the committee appointed by Benicia Presbytery to effect the organization, was in charge of the services. Dr. Landon and Mr. Alexander Hood, the student missionary on the field, conducted the devotional services, and Dr. Landon baptized three children. The church was then organized with 14 adult members, five of them being received on profession of their faith. Mr. Hector A. Lanpher was elected and ordained an elder. Mr. Joseph H. Robinson, Mr. George H. Whitney and Mr. Hamilton were elected trustees. At this service an offering of $36.35 was taken to pay for their organ. As the organ cost but $40 the expense was nearly met. The Sunday-school has an enrollment of 35. This church has begun its life with much enthusiasm and with promise of becoming a very vigorous organization. It is only nine months since the San Anselmo church began work in this field, where there is now a new church edifice and an organized church.

Children's Day exercises were held in the San Anselmo church last Sabbath. There were exercises by the children and a short sermon to the children by Dr. Landon. Bibles were given to three of the baptized boys of the church, who had passed their seventh birthday since the last Children's Day, and books were presented to several members of the Go-to-Church Band, who had been regular in their attendance at church through the year. A delightful surprise was a short address at the close by Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D.D., of New York, who arrived in San Francisco the day before and came over to San Anselmo to worship. Chairs were brought in from the Sunday-school room to accommodate the congregation.

Dr. Day preached for Rev. William Kirk Guthrie in the First Church, San Francisco, last Sabbath.

Rev. Paul G. Stevens, '05, was recently installed pastor at Covina, where he has been supplying for a year or more. They have just completed a fine church edifice built of artificial stone, finished with hardwood and lighted with electricity. The community is growing and the church is also growing and prospering.

SUMMER BIBLE SCHOOL AT ALBANY COLLEGE.

The first annual session of the Albany College Bible School at Albany, Oregon, will be held July 17-27, 1908. As to the program only preliminary announcement can now be made. A school for the study of the Bible is much needed and will be, we are confident, welcomed. All sessions will be held in the open air.

Class conferences and mass meetings will be held daily. Three or four classes in Bible study, classes and conferences in modern Sunday-school methods and pedagogy, mission-study classes, conferences on all phases of church and religious work, evening mass meetings.

Teachers, leaders and speakers from all denominations, the best talent to be secured on the coast, with some leaders from the East.

Pleasant grounds and accommodations—adequate recreation features.

Board and room at reasonable rates. Reduced rates (certificate plan) on railroads. Small fees for registration.

Ministers, laymen, Sunday-school workers, Mission-class teachers, all Christian people of all evangelical churches are invited.

REV. JAMES S. TODD, D.D.

The funeral of the late Rev. J. S. Todd, D.D., of Arcata, Cal., Thursday, June 11, at the Arcata Presbyterian Church, was one of the most largely attended ever held in Humboldt county. Rev. Charles Philip Hessel, present pastor of the church, officiated, assisted by Rev. E. P. Shier, of Eureka, Rev. William Baesler, Blue Lake, and the Methodist minister, Rev. Don Colgrove. Dr. Todd's friends were legion and during the services all the business houses were closed. Memorial services were held Sunday, June 14, the ermon being preached by Rev. J. S. McDonald, D.D., of Corte Madera, Cal.

James S. Todd, D.D.

Rev. James S. Todd, D.D., was born in Danphin county, Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg, the capital of the state, on Monday, May 3, 1843. In 1846 his parents moved by emigrant wagon to Ohio. They remained a few months in Red Lion, Warren county, and then purchased a farm in Champaign county, on Pretty Prairie, about five miles from Urbana, the county seat, where they settled. On this farm Mr. Todd was reared and assisted in the work until 17 years of age, when his parents purchased a house and lot adjoining the farm and moved thither. His early school life was in the public schools of the state. In the fall of 1860 he went to South Salem Academy in Ross county, Ohio, an institution under the care of the Presbytery of Chillocothe, where he spent two years preparing for college. This school was then

under the presidency of J. A. Lawes, one of the most successful teachers of the state for preparing students for college. The two years at this academy prepared Mr. Todd for the junior year in Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, where he graduated June 30, 1864. He received the second honor of his class and at commencement delivered the salutatory, a Latin speech of ten minutes length. While at Salem academy he united with the Presbyterian Church of South Salem, November 23, 1861, Rev. Hugh Fullerton being the pastor.

While at the academy his thoughts were turned toward the ministry and in the fall of 1864 he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, where he graduated April 23, 1867. At the close of the middle year in the seminary he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Sidney—now Bellefountaine—on the 7th of May, 1866, in Urbana, Ohio. During his middle year vacation he preached in various places. At the close of his seminary course for a few months he supplied the churches of Fletcher and Gettysburg.

Having received an invitation to supply the Presbyterian Church at Arcata, California, the Presbyery of Sidney ordained him as an evangelist December 17, 1867. He left Urbana for his new field of service the last of December, 1867. The first part of his travel was by railroad to New York and thence by steamer via Panama railroad to San Francisco. After visiting his sister, Mrs. Rebecca McDonald, at Sacramento, and his sister, Mrs. Martha Shellenberger, at Marysville, he proceeded on his journey to Arcata, where he arrived Feb. 14, 1868. After three years labor in the Arcata church he took a vacation and returned East to visit his relatives. During his vacation he was elected commissioner of Benicia Presbytery to the General Assembly. He resumed his labors June 15, 1871. On August 6, 1874, he married Marie Brizard, Rev. James S. McDonald, D. D., performing the ceremony. After the wedding trip they returned to Arcata and boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cullberg until the new Presbyterian manse was completed, into which they moved January, 1875. Receiving a call to the Healdsburg Presbyterian Church, Mr. and Mrs. Todd began labor in their new field April 29, 1877. Receiving a call to return to Arcata as stated supply they returned, to Arcata May 13, 1880. Mr. Todd was elected commissioner to the Centenial General Assembly which met in Philadelphia October 1888. May 15, 1805 Mr. Todd resigned as supply of the Arcata Presbyterian Church.

In a few weeks he was called as pastor of the Arcata Presbyterian Church and was installed Nov. 24, 1805.. The following honary degrees were conferred upon Mr. Todd A. B. at graduation, Miami University 1864; B. D. at Princeton Theological Seminary 1867; A. M. by Miami University in 1887; D. D. by Miami University, June 9, 1898.

During Mr. Todd's pastorates at Arcata and Healdsburg he received 214 members into the church; baptized 239 persons; married 227 couples and conducted 432 funerals.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Todd are Margaret, Victoria Johnson, James, Alexander Todd and Virginia Hamilton Todd.

Mr. Todd was the youngest of twelve children; two are still living—Thomas Mitchell and David William, both of Urbana.

REV. JOHN ATEN CARROTHERS.

The Rev. John Aten Carothers, a member of the Santa Barbara Presbytery, died at his home in Fresno, June 2d. He was born near Antrem, Ohio, February 1st, 1831. There he grew to young manhood, and there early in life became a follower of the Christ. In young life he dedicated himself to the ministry. Made his preparation for college at Martinsburg Academy, near his home. Later he entered Washington and Jefferson, from which he was graduated. He was ordained at Indianola, Iowa, in 1861, by the Presbytery of Des Moines. In Iowa he did manful service for many years as a home missionary. The storms and exposure incident to that hard field-labor laid the foundation of rheumatism, on account of which he was laid aside from active service for many years, and from which he suffered as none but himself and his Lord knows. Helpless as a child, in anguish untold, he was patient and uncomplaining—a marvel to all who knew him of the sustaining grace of the God he loved. At the dawn of day here he fell on sleep, to wake in the eternal day there.

BOOK REVIEW.

"The Nez Perces Indians Since Lewis and Clark," by Kate C. Macbeth, is one of the new books published by Fleming H. Revell Co. The author has lived for nearly thirty years among these Indians of whom she writes. Her marvelous work among the Nez Perces is not as well known as it deserves to be. In this book she tells of the work of her sister, the late Miss S. L. McBeth, to whom she lovingly dedicates the book, and who began the work Miss Kate is now carrying on. The story is told in a most simple, charming way, and is printed and bound attractively. It is illustrated. 272 pages, and is $1.50.

THE OREGON VICTORY.

The more we study the outcome of the recent Local Option campaign in Oregon the greater the victory seems to be.

Seventy-five per cent of the area of the state has voted out the saloon, and this territory includes ninety per cent of the towns and cities.

In the thirteen counties that were carried for prohibition 237 saloons were put out of business, or will be by July 1st. Adding those voted out in different precincts in the other counties the number is increased to 270. This makes nearly 500 saloons voted out in Oregon since the present Local Option law went into effect, a little more than two years ago. The temperance forces won this year for the first time in the following named counties: Crook, Douglas,, Gilliam, Grant, Jackson, Josephine, Klamath, Malheur, Morrow, Polk, worthy than some others elsewhere for the reason that the triumph has been achieved in a large number of towns and cities having several thousand inhabitants each—not merely in the smaller places.

Of course the liquor forces have commenced at once a most determined effort to defeat the will of the people as thus expressed at the ballot box. But several attempts to Umatilla, Union Wheeler. The counties carried by the temperance people by previous elections were: Benton, Curry, Lane, Linn, Lincoln, Sherman, Tillamook, Wallowa and Yamhill. The saloon element brought the resubmission of the question in all these counties except Benton and the temperance people won again in all except Lincoln, which was lost by only three votes, several precincts however in that county voting out the saloon.

In the counties in which the liquor element won as counties many precincts were carried by the temperance people—from four to sixteen in each county.

In Marion county, in which is situate the city of Salem, the capital of the state, the saloon was voted out of nine towns and from several precincts in which there are no towns.

Among the notable victories was the one in Wallowa county. Two years ago the temperance people won by only eighty majority. This year out of a total vote of less than 1,900 they had a majority of 415.

We congratulate the people of Oregon and the Rev. J. R. Knodell, who as superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League work in Oregon, led the forces to this great victory.

The victory for Local Option in Oregon is more note- secure injunctions have failed already.

A man prominent in the liquor business in our own state of California betook himself to Portland the other day and brought some relief to the defeated forces in Oregon by the statement that California liquor interests were preparing to boycott Oregon barley and hops. According to newspaper report this Californian said: "We have a local option law in California, but it is not being worked over time in the interest of state prohibition. The town of Selma recently voted dry and the incident has resulted in action by the leading commercial organizations of the state, which have advised that further legislation be taken only after mature deliberation of the consequences."

For their further comfort a resolution adopted last week by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce was quoted, which recommends:

"That the trade and commercial organizations in the state use their efforts to prevent the sacrifice of these products and the destruction of industries connected therewith, and take means to prevent hasty and unwise legislation by the people or authorities representing them, it being the opinion of the trustees that the best interests of the body politic will be subserved by an effective control of the liquor traffic under a system of adequate licensing and by the enforcement of the laws and regulations adopted to that end, and not by an adoption and an attempted enforcement of prohibition laws."

The products referred to in the foregoing paragraph were hops, barley and grapes.

So the fight is on, not only in Oregon but in California as well—and far more widely of course. In Oregon the plan of the liquor element and allied interests is to leave no stone unturned in an effort to make the people sorry for what they have done. In California the plan is to prevent if possible such action as has already been taken in Oregon.

Our San Francisco Chamber of Commerce sets forth in connection with its resolution and recommendation that the value of our hop crop in 1907 was $2,500,000, and that there are invested in this industry $6,500,000; that our barley crop amounted to $17,282,000, in 1907—the land so used being valued at $50,000,000; that there is invested in our grape industry about $100,000,000, and that with the additional acreage soon to come into bearing the value to the state will be not less than $25,000,000 per annum.

In Oregon these crop values are not so large. We notice that the hop crop brings to Oregon a revenue of $5,000,000 a year. As to the other crops concerned in the wine and beer industries we have no figures at hand.

But here is stated the problem; here outlined the battle. Men and women of heroic mold will be needed to fight it.

—The Pacific.

RACE TRACK GAMBLING DOOMED IN NEW YORK.

At the imminent risk of his life Senator Foelker of Brooklyn, New York, attended the session of the legislature at Albany, on Thursday of last week and cast the decisive vote for the enactment of a measure which sounds the death knell of race track gambling in New York. The senator was recovering slowly from an operation for appendicitis; his physicians advised against his going to Albany, but he insisted on doing his duty. No sooner was it done and the vote ascertained to be 26 for to 25 against than he suffered a collapse. Governor Hughes wrote him at once: "I desire to express my appreciation of your heroic action in coming to the senate this morning. Your courageous performance of duty at so grave a risk deserves highest praise and will long be pointed to as a fine illustration of fidelity and patriotic devotion to the interests of the state."

An Albany correspondent says that as Senator Foelker came into the senate chamber escorted by his phyhsician and others he looked like a man half dead, and that his head drooped as he shuffled along supported by the hands of attendants under his arms. After his arrival an attempt was made to prolong the debate and it is certain that if it had been prolonged a few minutes the sick senator would have suffered a complete collapse and his vote would have been lost.

The passage of this bill means an immense loss to race-track interests, affecting property in the state valued at $100,000. But it relates also to interests much wider. It was stated in Lexington, Kentucky, the day after the passage of the bill that it would practically kill the horse industry in the blue grass region, that the loss to horsemen in the vicinity of Lexington this year alone would be at least $1,500,000.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, has received a gift of $150,000 for a gymnasium.

The new library building of the University of California will cost $600,000. Contracts for construction to the amount of $325,000 have been let.

The New York Post remarks: "If Ruef escapes prison, with 122 indictments hanging over him and public sentiment demanding his conviction, the last word will have been said about civic cowardice."

The American Book Sellers' Association has sold 500,000 copies of Mark Twain's books during the last four years. Of "Innocents Abroad"—a forty-year-old book—46,000 copies were sold. Of "Roughing It"—thirty-eight years old—40,334 copies. Of "Tom Sawyer," 41,000 copies.

Professor L. T. Townsend of Boston, formerly of the Boston University School of Theology, speaking on "The Jewish Race of Recent Times and Its Future," said that while the Jew of today is theoretically a deist, he is practically atheistic. The mass of the Jews in Boston he declared are atheists.

We find the following very suggestive note in the Christian Register: "A good deal of the talk we hear about the lack of interst in the church that is felt by workingmen is mere 'bluff.' Much of it does not represent the feeling of the workingmen at all, but only the attitude of those who assume to be their spokesmen."

Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton University has been nominated by Harvard to give the American lectures before the University of Paris and other French universities next winter. His subject will be "The Spirit of America; Its Expression in Literature, Education and Social Effort." Dr. Van Dyke has been given a year's leave of absence by Princeton.

The Los Angeles Times speaks of the new Y. W. C. A. Home on Hill street near Third in that city as one of the most complete and beautiful Y. W. C. A. homes in the world. "Every feature which could facilitate the carrying on of the work of the association has been incorporated and no expense was spared in the effort to bring the whole up to a high plane of perfection." The building has eight stories, and all but the top one are given to the work of the association. The opening exercises extend through this week. We congratulate the Y. W. C. A. of Los Angeles on the completion of this fine building. It means much for the young women of our Southern city; much through coming years for our coast civilization.

During the year 1907 postal orders to the number of 3,664,656 were sent from the United States to foreign. They called for $83,890,426. Nearly all of this went from persons who came to this country in recent years as immigrants. The largest amount to Italy, 459,795, representing $18,986,519. The largest number went to the United Kingdom, but they represented only $11,582,028. These were mostly for Ireland. The Swedes sent home $3,902,411; the Norwegians, $2,888,028. The Russian Jews $7,230,850; the Germans, $4,134,523; the Japanese $4,436,012; the Greeks, $2,099,843; the Hungarians, $8,755,356. We have no postal order exchange with China. Only recently were postoffices established in China.

The Supreme Court of the United States recently decided that the sale by a retail dealer of a copyrighted book below the price fixed by the publishers is not an infringement of copyright. The Bobbs-Merrill Company published a novel and stipulated in a printed notice that it should be sold for no less than one dollar per copy. The house of Macy sold the work for 89 cents, and suit was brought accordingly in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York, but the bill was dismissed. A like result followed when the case was appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and the decision was in the same line. The suit was based on the theory that the right to dispose of a copyrighted work gives the owner the right to place restrictions on its sale. The Supreme Court did not reverse the decision of the lower courts.

Dr. L. D. Mason of Broklyn, vice-president of the American Society for the Study of Inebrity, said in an address in Chicago during the meeting of the American Medical Association: "I have a friend who is a victim of aquamania. He spends hours in a bathtub and drinks so much water that he has reduced the solids of his body and worked serious injury to himself. Many men and women drink too much water and are victims of that form of intoxication. We are all creatures of habit and our best men and women are susceptible to habits. Thousands are victims of patent medicine drunkenness. One prominent temperance lecturer of my acquaintance drinks so much of this stuff that he is constantly under the influence of this drug or intoxicant. Most of these patent medicines are 75 per cent cheap whiskey. This really is a serious question for temperance societies. When they secure a pledge of abstinence from a man or woman they should also exact a pledge against the use of patent medicines. Tea and coffee drinkers also generally are intemperate. They keep themselves constantly under the influence of these stimulants, to the injury of their sight and other senses. Cigars are a narcotic, and men who pride themselves upon abstinence from liquor carry one in their mouths all day, or a pipe when they go to bed. Sanitariums are springing up everywhere, and there never is a paucity of patients."

HENRY MARTYN AND MISSIONS IN INDIA.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for June 28th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Literature: See "Men of Might in India Missions" by Helen Holcomb, Chapter IV; "Henry Martyn, Saint and Scholar," by Geo. Smith; and article, "Henry Martyn," in the Missionary Herald for June.

Mr. Foss in his poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," has given us this line:

"There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;"

and it is a good characterization of this intense and energetic life of Henry Martyn. He lived only thirty-two years, but they were years filled with action. He belongs to class of men like Raphael and Keats and Arnold Toynbee, who seem to make up for the shortness of their lives by a certain high quality or tireless energy. He is another of the world's long list of invalids from St. Paul to Robert Louis Stevenson who, in spite of physical limitations, have fought a good fight and kept the faith.

Henry Martyn was born in a mining town in Cornwall in 1781, educated in the Grammar School at Truro and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated with high honors, being Senior Wrangler and winning first prize for a Latin essay. The death of his father in 1800 turned his thoughts toward religion; he came in contact with the newly organized Church Missionary Society, and with characteristic impetuosity decided to go to India as a missionary.

Missionaries were not popular with the East India Company in those days, so he found it more practicable to go to India as a military chaplain. After a voyage of nine months he reached India and had for his first residence a deserted pagoda at Serampore. He was soon stationed at Dinapore, where he remained two years, and then for two years more at Cawnpore. At both these stations he acted as chaplain to the English residents, and at both places he secured the erection of substantial church buildings.

But, in addition to his official work as a chaplain, he was constantly reaching out to help the native population. To this end he mastered Hindustani, Sanscrit and Arabic, and eventually published a Hindustani New Testament and Prayer Book, and also a Persian New Testament. All this, together with teaching and preaching to the natives, was in addition to his regular work. No wonder he wrote home, "I fag as hard here as ever we did for our degrees at Cambridge. The heat is terrible, often at 98 degrees, and the nights are insufferable." Add to this his loneliness and we gain some insight into this man's heroic devotion to the work of foreign missions. "I stand alone," he writes, "not one voice is heard saying, 'I wish you success in the name of the Lord."

More congenial companionship came with his transfer to Cawnpore, but his strength was fast breaking before the inroads of tuberculosis, and it was decided he must have a change. Very characteristic was his determination to get this change by going on a trip through Persia that he might bring his Persian translation of the New Testament into closer accord with the language of the common people.

Upheld by wonderful will power he endured the hardships of Persian travel, revised his translation, and then started overland for Constantinople and home. He reached home, but never Constantinople, for he died in Tocat, in Armenia, October 16, 1812, at the age of thirty-one. Our own American Board now has a station at Tocat, and its cemetery contains the grave of Henry Martyn. Over it is

a monument erected by the East India Company. At Cambridge Henry Martyn Memorial Hall, similar to Phillips Brooks House at Harvard or Stiles Hall at California, keeps his name in memory in his own university.

Henry Martyn is a striking illustration of two qualities common in foreign missionaries of which people who regard missionaries as "weak" or "soft" seem to be in ignorance. The first of these qualities is high ability. Henry was no third-class man, but was the best scholar in his college. He mastered three immensely difficult languages, and did a vast amount of translation in addition to his regular work. The second quality is dauntless courage. Though handicapped with disease he shows no fear and never whines. On landing in India he writes, "Now let me burn out for God;" and that was just what he did.

SCRUTINIZE YOUR BALLOT.

Vote for no man who drinks intoxicating liquors or has anything directly or indirectly to do with the manufacture or sale of liquors. There should be no two opinions on this matter. The rule should be absolute. No man is qualified to hold office who drinks intoxicating liquors. This rule should apply to every office in the gift of the people, from the justice of the peace to the United States Senator. The candidate should have moral character that can be relied upon to do the right thing without constant pressure from without. This is not an absolute democracy. This government is a republic, a representative form of government. One of the political vices of our time is the impersonality of the government. A pure democracy is weak because it is impersonal. The republican form, or the representative form of government, is the only form which provides for the personal factor.

The candidate should be the active embodiment of such moral principles as will insure the highest results. The idea that an officer will be governed by a "platform" of principles which may or may not be in accord with his personal convictions is a political snare. The man and the officer are ultimately one. A bad man never makes a good officer. Scrutinize the man, the individual man. If he is morally bad he is politically bad. If he is wily, sneaking, obsequious before he is elected, he will be tenfold more so when clothed with authority. There are plenty of gentlemen who are honest, upright and morally sound. Why vote for such doubtful characters?

Beware of the party whip! Righteousness and unrighteousness are the only parties in the field. Pray as you vote and you vote as you pray. Do not vote for political bums, burnt out old political frauds. Do not vote for the sly, foxy politician who dodges every moral issue and plays double with every question in which the people are interested. Mark the sly, foxy, cunning man and steer clear of him

Mark also the "machine" man, the conscienceless machine man. His only question is whether it is on the "program" or not. The machine man looks upon politics as a thing apart from mankind. What the country needs are bold, courageous manly, independent men. President Roosevelt has made a large contribution to the personal element in politics. It may be doubted whether American politics can ever again be impersonal.

Beware of the polygamist! That sin is so deadly, so subtle, so insinuating, so pervasive, that all citizens who love their homes, who hate the devil should turn down with contemptuous horror any candidate who has anything to do with that monstrous vice. Every man who has encouraged in any way, directly or indirectly, this hideous crime against civilization should be turned out of office and consigned to private life. He has committed an unpardonable offense against the honor and decency due mankind. The politician so morally obtuse, so socially torpid, as to countenance and encourage polygamy in the highest representative seat in the government should be relegated without ceremony to private life. The Christian citizenship demands that such truculancy be rebuked. The common standards of domestic honor and decency demand that those who have trifled with the American home, those who have encouraged the approach of this viper into the American politics should be denounced as traitors to the Christian household. Every Christian voter should scratch out every polygamist. Vote for no one who coddles or encourages polygamy!

THE CALVIN ANNIVERSARY.

We notice with what interest the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin is to be celebrated throughout the world. The General Assembly has appointed a committee of the most prominent men of our country to co-operate with the Reformation Monument Association of Geneva. This executive committee is composed of: Honorary president, Theodore Roosevelt; chairman, Rev. Geo. W. Knox, D.D., Rev. William Adams Brown D.D., Prof. Herbert D. Foster, Rev. Melanchthon W. Jacobsus, D.D., Mr. Henry W. Jessup, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Rev. William H. Roberts, D.D., Mr. Henry L. Smith, Rev. John M. Vincent, D.D., Rev. Willston Walker, D.D.

The world-wide movement for this celebration is shown also by the fact that at the Ninth Council of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the World, to be held in New York City, in the fall of 1909, a number of sessions will be devoted to the consideration of Calvin's relation to Religion, to Liberty and to Modern Progress.

At the request of the committee, Rev. John V. Stephens, D.D., professor of Church History at Lebanon Theological Seminary, has prepared a list of publications in English on Calvin, which will be of value in connection with the preparation of addresses, and which will be furnished to the Board of Publication and Sabbath-school Work for its use. The committee has also requested Rev. Henry E. Dosper, D.D., Professor of Church History in the Kentucky Theological Seminary, to prepare, in correspondence with other members of the committee, articles for general information and use in connection with the important subjects connected with the celebration.

The committee feels profoundly the need for the conduct of this anniversary in a manner worthy the memory of Calvin, and the continuous and increasing influence of the political, moral and spiritual forces of which he was one of the chief representatives. The testimony borne to the character and influence of Calvin evidences him to have been one of the greatest leaders of humanity, and one of the most distinguished promoters in any age of human progress. One of the greatest of rationalistic thinkers, after due consideration of the evidence, pronounced him to be "the most Christian man of his generation." One of the leading German Church historians states that he was "equally great in intellect and character." An American historian of the first class has declared that he was "the virtual founder of the United States of America"; and it is the universal testimony that he was the father of modern liberty, the greatest of the theologians of the Reformation, and the one man above all others of his age who taught

men to think for themselves, accepting in all matters of faith and conduct as final authority solely the Word of that God who alone is the Lord of the conscience.

The committee in view of the importance of the occasion, feels that an entire session of the meeting of the General Assembly of 1909 should be given to the celebration, and that the topics and the speakers should be as follows:

1. Calvin as a Man, Rev. Edgar P. Hill, D.D.
2. Calvin as a Theologian, Rev. Francis L. Patton, D. D., LL.D.
3. Calvin as a Liberator, Rev. D. Schley Schaff, D.D.
4. Calvin and the Twentieth Century, Rev. William J. Darby, D.D.

The committee recommends the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved 1. That the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin be observed by the General Assembly on Friday, May 21, 1909, from 2:30 to 5 o'clock p. m.; that he moderator of the Assembly preside; that the topics to be presented and the speakers to be as recommended in this report, and that the program be in charge of the committee on the celebration, which is hereby continued.

Resolved 2. That the Assembly heartily recommends to all our Presbyterias, congregations, Sabbath-schools, young people's societies, and to the Presbyterian Brotherhood to observe this celebration on Sabbath, May 23, 1909, and to conduct all the exercises in a manner worthy of the memory of Calvin.

The proposition is made to celebrate in Canada the fourth centenary of John Calvin, by erecting in the city of Quebec an educational institution for French pupils and for boys and girls from isolated English communities in the Province. The contributions needed for the construction of the building are to be solicited from all parts of the Christian world.

The tercentenary of the City of Quebec will prove a happy precursor to the memorial school, by giving it world-wide fame, as nothing else would. The General Assembly, on recommendation by the Board of French Evangelization in 1887, approved of the erection of a school in Quebec City or its vicinity. The time now seems most opportune to carry out the proposition. At the annual meeting of the alumni of Pointe-aux-Trembles, in February last, the memorial was discussed with great enthusiasm, and $10,000 was pledged towards its erection.

THE PEACE OF JESUS.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

These are strange words in the lips of that one man whose life is the most troubled ever lived. What peace has he to give? He is without a home the foxes have their holes and the birds of the air have their nests, but he, the Son of Man, hath not a place to lay his head. He is rejected by his fellow-townsmen and accounted a madman by his own family. He is a wanderer from city to city, from the city to the desert and back again to the city. Sometimes he is so pressed by throngs of people, who come seeking benefits from him, that he has not time to eat. He is continually becoming the centre of a tumult, a storm on the sea, or an agitated crowd gathered around a maniac boy. And he knows all the bitterness of being deserted by those very men whom preeminently he has befriended. In the hour of his deepest anguish of soul, when he craved for their sympathy, he found that they indifferently fell asleep. When his enemies came to sieze him, they turned and fled, every man to his own hiding place.

And at the last Jesus was crucified as a common malefactor between two thieves, with whom he was thus classified by the Roman authorities. What manner of peace has he to give? If ever there was a life which had no peace at all, surely it was his.

But the point lies just here. It was his peace. And he gives it not as the world gives. It is not outer peace: that is the world's peace. But it is inner peace, the peace of the soul.

Behold the Master in Pilate's pudgment hall. He is accused by the chief priests and elders who cry out all kinds of charges against him. Some say one thing, and others another. All are vehement, turbulent, confused. And the people too are in confusion. They do not know their own mind and they think they do. They are both self contradictory and positive. They are behaving with the insanity of a mob. And even Pilate, the governor, is greatly disturbed. He is led hither and thither, in his mind, now by his superstitious fancies, now by the receipt of a letter from his wife, now by the insistence of the Jewish mob, whom he has cause to fear, and now by the silent, attractive influence that proceeds from the personality of Jesus. What will he do? He knows what he ought to do, but he dare not do it. The blood of the Galileans cries out against him.

In the whole mad infuriated mob there is only one strong, sane man. He is the man whose life is trmebling in the balance. The spectators are violently agitated, the accusers and the judge have lost all proper self-control, and are filled with terror. But he is unmoved. They have only an external authority; he has the power of the soul.

Jesus' peace is his, and his alone. And he imparts it to his followers. There may be confusion in the world about, but in the soul there is peace. It is a peace which does not rest upon the possession of money, or influence, or learning, or any such thing. It is apart from, and above, all these. Though our money vanish from us, and beauty fade away, and friends fail; though like our Master, we must stand for condemnation before a villainous crowd of men who cannot even comprehend the idea of justice, his peace will grow and spread in our hearts.

The fitful restlessness of the social struggle, the fever of ignoble ambitions, the hurt of the stings of the world, are taken from us in his presence, as his peace possesses

O Savior, so teach us to dwell in thee and cause thy word to dwell in us, that though in the world we may find tribulation yet in thee we shall have peace, because thou hast overcome the world. May we be one with thee in thy our souls.

victory, sharers in thy strength and thy rest.

EDWARD ARTHUR WICHER.

San Anselmo.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

"Oh, Western land, oh, Western land,
Where last the day's sun shines;
We love thy hills and foaming rills,
Thy leagues of stately pines.
We love thy long slopes reaching down
From fadeless crests of snow,
To meadow sod where blossoms nod
And waving grasses grow."

ONE CHURCH FOR WEST CHINA.

In Chentu, a large city about 700 miles west from Shanghai, China, a missionary conference was held last January, at which the unanimous resolve was made that "This Conference adopts as its ideal one Protestant Christian church for West China." This was agreed to by 150 missionaries, representing nine different societies at work in that populous region of 60,000,000 people. They also made a practical beginning by resolving that their various churches should receive each other's members by transfer. Episcopalians, Friends, Baptists, and Methodists agreed to this. A standing committee of two from each mission was appointed on ways and means of promoting the ideal set forth by the conference.

It is worthy of note that the only apprehension expressed was lest some denominational boards in the home countries should obstruct the movement, as has happened in former instances. In educational work union is already accomplished; one printing establishment serves all the missionaries; a union hymnal has been in use for years. Now a union university is planned, land for which has been secured at Chentu, and contributions have been and are being made for the missionary colleges included in it. Will Christians at home follow this lead toward world-wide Christian unity?

THE HOME

NO RETURNING.

Remember, three things come not back;
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed, it flies to wound or slay;
The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill;
And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee—
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

A TRANSPLANTED GARDEN.

We all shook our heads when we heard Uncle Malcolm and Aunt Melissa had sold their farm and moved into the city to be near their married daughter.

"Aunt Melissa," we said, "will never chink in with city ways, and will pine to death for her garden." The fame of Aunt Melissa's garden had gone abroad in the land and her generosity with flowers was a proverb.

It was several years before I could visit them. Last summer I went. Alighting from the electric cars at the street designated, I knew the place at once. Their house was a pretty modern one, set in ample grounds, but they had painted it white with green blinds, and around the "yard" was a picket fence also white, with an old-fashioned gate. Inside was a mass of greenery and riot of color, that could only mean Aunt Melissa's garden.

No copyist was Aunt Melissa of the city lawns on either side, smoothly shaven plots of green, with here and there stiff flower beds of geometrical designs; with her the country had moved into the city. Down the walk she came hurrying to meet me, the same in looks, dress and cordial greeting. The next forenoon we spent in the garden.

"Bless your heart," said Aunt Melissa, "you didn't think I'd give up my garden?"

"I just brought it along. I transplanted everything I'd ever heard could be taken up and lots of things I'd heard couldn't.

"It beat all how well the poor things took it. Syringa acted a little drooping at first along, but I soon brought her out of it" (as though speaking of a human invalid.)

"Then I bought some new-old bulbs, and with the flower seeds I always save I've made the place quite home-like, haven't I?"

Had she, indeed! Here were all the dear, homely annuals I knew so well—borders of lobelia, ageratum and sweet alyssum, a "cosy corner" of hollyhocks, a glowing hedge of sweet peas, with flowering shrubs and clambering vines on every hand. It did me good to walk again between the beds and beds of phlox, verbenas, pinks and mignonette. Indeed, to tell half the flowers in Aunt Melissa's garden would be to write a floral catalogue.

"You've no idea," she went on, "what a letter of introduction a garden is. Why, I've got acquainted with more folks through my flowers than I would with a whole pack of visiting cards.

"Mrytle and Malcolm, my little grandchildren, came in nearly every morning after flowers for their teachers. Myrtle had to bring her teacher to see grandma's garden—the lovliest person, one of those kindergartners, you know, and then nothing would do but I must visit the kindergarten."

"Well," said Aunt Melissa, "it was worth moving into the city just to see! A child-garden they call it, and it beats mine all to pieces. Just below here is Miss Van Alen's private school, very high-faluten—the young girls would go by in their coaches, and one pretty brown-haired thing went in her own automobile. Sometimes, on pleasant days, a group of them would walk for fun, and they would loiter past my garden and look and look, till one day I asked them politely to walk in, and prettier mannered, sweeter girls you never saw. Somehow it came around that they belong to a Sunshine Society, they called it. The members carry flowers to the sick and shut-ins, and send them to the flower missions. Mostly green-house flowers, they said, but mine they thought ever so much nicer—it made the other kind seem almost like artificial flowers, one of them said. So we made a plan to take big bunches of old-fashioned flowers down to the tenement district every week, and the girls were just delighted. Some of them drive up and take me down every Wednesday afternoon."

"Never," solemnly asserted Aunt Melissa, "did I know what flowers were for until I saw those forlorn little waifs look at them and stretch out their puny little hands to clutch them. I could cry when I think how years and years my garden in the country was sheer waste! I always had a hazy idea that rich folks in the city were mostly cold and haughty, and those I've met are as kind and sociable when you come to know them, and often just crazy to do good with their money, once you show them how and where.'

"I must tell you," went on Aunt Melissa, picking as she talked, a great bunch of flaming poppies for me, "about lovely Miss M.'s bridal bouquet. She was a dear young lady in the Bible-class with me at Sunday-school. She was

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

what people called the spoiled darling of a wealthy home, only she wasn't spoiled at all. We got to be great friends, and when she was married she would have nothing but creamy, fragrant syringa blossoms for her 'shower' bouquet. She told me her grandmother and mother both carried them, and she had a sentiment about it; so I just robbed my bush for her, and all the society papers spoke of the original and charming fancy. I was one of the guests and a sweeter bride never was in the olden times. Just as long as they last our minister has a vase of moss-roses on the stand beside the pulpit. They were his mother's favorite flower and he says he can preach better for looking at them. But of all the people who fell in love with my garden, the most curious case was Mr. B., a bank president and millionaire. Not far from here, over on the avenue, he has a home that is a palace. Every once in awhile, summer evenings, I would see him walk by, back and forth on the sidewalk along the east side of my garden. I knew him by sight and could never guess why he did it. One evening Malcolm and I stood by the gate watching the sunset, just as we used to do in the country when the chores were all done, when up stepped the great financier, introducing himself and asking if he might view on the inside the row of four-o'clocks that had attracted him through the fence. 'Not since I was a country boy,' said he, 'have I caught a glimpse and whiff of those flowers. A row of them used to grow outside of our kitchen window, and I would give more for a few like yours than all the exotics in my conservatories. They bring back all that belongs to my boyhood!' Poor man! I gave him a bunch and saved some seed for him, and would you believe it, he has a row of them, a row of four-o'clocks, under his library window!"

"I'm glad," concluded Aunt Melissa, "that I moved my garden down; so many people seemed to be waiting for it."

Just here Uncle Malcolm appeared from his special domain the vegetable patch.

"It seems," he said, "to fit in pretty well in the middle of this city block, and Melissa she seems to fit, too; doesn't she?"—Christian World and Evangelist.

A POCKETFUL OF SUNSHINE.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Is better than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and old;
It fills the world with pleasure
In field, and lane, and street,
And brightens every prospect
Of the mortals that we meet.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Can make the world akin
And lift a load of sorrow
From the burdened backs of sin;
Diffusing light and knowledge
Through thorny paths of life,
It gilds with silver lining
The storm clouds of strife."

"The public official is appointed for the people's good and is sworn to work for it; if he prostitutes his office, legislative or executive, to enrich himself or his friends, he has 'sold his country for gold,' and he is a traitor."—John Ireland.

Young People

THE ROBIN'S TEMPERANCE SONG.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sung in the apple-tree over the way,
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long time, but could not find out:
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong;
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?"

"Teetotal—oh, that's the first word of my lay;
And then, don't you see how I twitter away?
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing,
Cold water, cold water; yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.

"And now, my sweet child, won't you give me a crumb?
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home;
And one thing besides; since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird;
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the cold-water army belong."

THE LOCKET THAT WAS BAKED.

By L. M. Montgomery.

Grandma Taylor had come for a visit, and this meant stories—real, delightful, "truly" stories of the long-ago time, "when grandma was a little girl." In the twilight, just before the lamp was lighted, grandma would drop her knitting in her lap, lean back in her armchair, while all the children gathered around her and the fire-light made beautiful flickering shadows and radiances all over the room.

"Did I ever tell you the story of the locket that was baked?" asked grandma one evening.

No, she had never told them that story, and it did sound very interesting. Who had ever heard of baking a locket?

"Well," said grandma, "It happened when I was a little girl just ten years old. I'm a very short person, as you know, and I've always maintained that it is because I was frightened out of at least two years' growth that day.

"We were living then in a new settlement called Brinsley—father and mother and I. We had a tiny little house on a new farm. It was a tiny house and it was fortunate there were only three of us. There was just a kitchen, with two little bedrooms opening off it and a loft overhead for the hired boy. But we were very happy in that little house. My only trouble was that I had no playmates; for our nearest neighbor was a mile from us, and all around were uncleared woods or stump lands. But sometimes I was allowed to go to the village, three miles away, and spend the day with Uncle Robert's family. These occasions were treats.

One summer Aunt Hannah came to visit at Uncle Robert's. We had never seen her before. She lived in a distant city, was very rich, and had the most beautiful dresses and jewelry. When she came to see us, I thought that gown, her dainty white hands, and her kind, winning manners.

"When Aunt Hannah had been at Uncle Robert's about a fortnight, they all drove out to our place one lovely summer morning, bound on a picnic excursion to the shore, some miles away.

" 'We have come for you Josie,' said Aunt Hannah. 'Just lock up your house and come. The Marsdens are to meet us at the store, and you know we haven't seen Bess Marsden for years. You and she used to be such friends, and she is longing to see you."

"I was delighted. Any kind of a picnic would have been a treat, but a picnic to the shore was a double treat. Mother, however, sighed and shook her head. 'I'm very sorry, but I can't possibly go,' she said. 'I am baking bread today, and I can't leave it. Josie can go, of course.'

"I had never seen mother look so disappointed. I knew how much she longed to see her old friend, and mother never had any holidays. 'Mother, you must go,' I said. I will stay home and attend to the bread. You know I can do it as well as you. And I'm not a bit afraid to stay alone.'

"Mother protested at first, but in the end she yielded to our coaxings and went. Just before they left, Aunt Hannah unfastened a beautiful gold locket and chain which she always wore around her neck, and which I had greatly admired, and hung it around mine. 'You may wear it today as a reward of unselfishness,' she said with a kiss.

"I was as proud as a queen. It seemed too good to be true that I might wear that lovely locket all day. I had never had a bit of jewelry in my life, not even a pin. How I wished some of the schoolgirls could see me with the locket on! I'm afraid I made a shocking number of trips to my room that forenoon to look at myself in my small, cracked mirror.

"I was all alone, for father and the hired man had gone away for the day; but I was not at all frightened, for I had often stayed alone. I did all the chores up, and then, the bread being risen sufficiently, I went to work to mold it into loaves for baking. I was kneading a loaf into shape, singing away merrily, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and looking up I saw the most villianous-looking tramp I had ever seen—or have ever seen since, for that matter. Tramps were rare visitors at our place, for there was little to tempt them on the Brinsley Road.

"He slouched in with a muttered 'Good morning,' and sat down on a chair. I was dreadfully frightened; but I turned my back on him and went on kneading my loaf with cold, trembling hands. The thing I was most worried about was Aunt Hannah's locket. Had the tramp seen it when I turned around? If he had not, I might save it if I could hide it. But how could I hide it? To get anywhere I would have to turn around and pass him.

"All at once a thought occurred to me. Could I hide it in the bread? I put my hand up, gave the locket a stealthy but quick pull that broke the slender fastening of the chain, and the next moment I had it kneaded into the loaf. My heart beat until it hurt me, and I was evry much afraid that the tramp might have seen what I had done. But I shaped the loaf carefully, laid it in the pan, and put it in the oven. When I had done this, I found myself trembling so violently that I could hardly stand.

"All this happened in a very brief time. The tramp had evidently not seen the locket, and now he gruffly demanded something to eat. I was still much frightened, but not so anxious; for there was nothing else in the house worth stealing. I got him up as good a meal as I could, and he ate it greedily, as if he were very hungry. As for me, between my fear of him and my fear lest the baking should spoil Aunt Hannah's locket, I was a miserable, white-faced child indeed and well punished for the possible vanity of all those trips to the looking-glass.

"When he had finished eating, the tramp, without paying any further attention to me, began to slouch about the kitchen, peering into everything and opening boxes and cupboard doors. I dared not say a word, but sat and watched him like one fascinated. Then he went into my room and hunted all through it. Finally he ransacked father's and mother's room, turning mother's neat bureau drawers and trunk inside out and scattering their contents about.

"All that he found was a limp purse with a dollar in it. He took that, with a muttered oath over the smallness of the amount, and then he finally shufled out and away.

"You can't imagine my relief when I found that he had really gone. I broke down and cried hysterically. I was still crying when Mrs. Murray, our nearest neighbor, happened in on an errand. "Goodness, child! what's the matter, and what is burning?' she exclaimed.

"I had forgotten all about the bread. I rushed to the oven in dismay, and there was a blackened, ruined loaf! O, do you suppose Aunt Hannah's locket is spoiled?" I cried miserably.

"What are you talking about? Are you gone crazy, Josie?" said the mystified Mrs. Murray.

"I sobbed out my story. Mrs. Murray soothed and comforted me, promising to stay until mother came home. Then she took a knife and sawed open that awful loaf. In the center we found the locket unharmed and safe.

" 'Well, it was real cute of you to think of such a place to hide it, Josie,' said Mrs. Murray. 'I never would have.'

"When mother and Aunt Hannah and Uncle Robert's folks came home and heard the story, they were not a little shocked. Mother declared she would never leave me alone again."

ORIGIN OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

Howard Russell, the orignator and promotor of the Anti-Saloon League, writing in the American Issue for May, says: "The action taken was that the Oberlin churches should unite in a union Sunday service on June 4, 1893, to initiate a State-wide movement of the Church and moral people of the State of Ohio for the repression and suppression of the saloon. In detail, the work was to be done by permanent agitation to build necessary public sentiment and by securing, through public officials, progressive legislation and the enforcement of law, under consecrated and expert leaders, devoting their whole time to the task, supported by generous contribution. By the vote then taken, Howard H. Russell, who had proposed the scheme to the Oberlin Alliance, was employed to present the plan to the public and to organize the State. Conceived in the heart of God, brought to life through the spirit-moved action of a few of His children who laid a better foundation than they knew, at a largely attended gathering of Christian people of all sects and creeds, at the old First Church in Oberlin, on Sunday, June 4, 1893, the Anti-Saloon League was born."

"Wise laws are invaluable, but, after all, they are not as necessary as wise and honest administration of the laws."—Theodore Roosevelt.

THE MORNING PRAYER.

Why not have it at the breakfast table? It would not take two minutes and it will make the day so different—different to ourselves in our feelings in general, different to the world in the quality of our touch upon it. Suppose we enter the mystery of the day's living with some such prayer as this:

"O God, the Father of us all, we thank Thee for Thy care during the night. We praise Thee for another day of opportunity to live. Help us this day to follow Christ in the whole temper of our lives, to see clearly what we ought to do and be, to be true and brave in our words, in our actions, in our motives. Enable us to have the victory over all selfishness and to treat our fellow-men without fear or favor, in justice, mercy and brotherly love. Line up this whole personal life of ours into unity with the interests of Thine everlasting kingdom. We want so to live today as to help forward and not delay its coming into humanity's life. Grant us Thy power. For Christ's sake. Amen."

Then let all present join in repeating the Lord's prayer.

If one feels himself without the gifts of expression in prayer let him avail himself of the gifts of others. The Christian ages have been rich in such spiritual deposits. Some of the choicest of these gems have been mined and mounted for us.

It would be a fine thing and most useful to have prepared for such use a two-leaf folder, printed on both sides, the first leaf being prayers, and the second a list as extensive as possible of the choicest readings of Scripture. Suppose the pages were about four by five or six inches, the paper fairly tough, and the whole in inexpensive form so that each person at table could have a copy in hand and join in the prayers, thus making it a personal prayer for each one.

Then, while the rest of the family are eating, the mother or some other may read ten or fifteen verses from the table of selections, from gospel or epistle, from psalm or prophet. No time is lost for the breadwinners who must hasten to the train. The pace of the day is set. Each will be reminded of the things that are most worth while, and will stand a chance of living for them. The world will move on to that "redemption" which it now so sorely needs.

We are hearing on all sides a great bemoaning of the unspirituality of our present day life; and it certainly does need a spiritual tonic of some kind. Is not this prescription adapted to meet that need at least in part? We have forgotten in this generation that daily life—with all its bustle, with all its "success"—means nothing real until it is brought into hourly relation with the spiritual order of things. It has no permanent value except as it puts into reality righteousness and love. Spiritual "coma" has become epidemic. One does not have to be a pessimist to admit that. Would not a few moments of such prayer at each day's beginning tend to "bring us to?" The disease is acute. The prescription is worth trying. Why not?—Dr. Frank Houghton, Allen, in New York Observer.

THE FLEET AND PEACE.

By S. M. Freeland.

There sat one day a judge in a United States court, smiling as he listened to pleadings in an important "strike" case. In his court room were many angry men, some threatening that the judge should not leave the court house alive if he decided against them. When he made his decision he did not smile, and he brought his fist down with vigor upon his desk with the added remark: "I wish you to go from this room with the assurance that if there is strength enough in the United States army to make this railroad move, it shall move." And it did move. That judge is now Secretary of War, and probably will be President of the United States and commander-in-chief of the army. Will he make war?

Whilst the navy has been showing itself in the Pacific ocean in fighting trim, the Secretary of State has been negotiating treaties with other nations providing for the settlement of national "strikes" by appeal to an international court at the Hague. When the opinion of that court shall be rendered, where will be found the strength of arm behind the fist which is to make the thing "move?"

When and where it will be safe to leave doors unlocked and windows open, you will need no courts and no police.

When and where courts are needed, and where big things are to be done by the courts, big policemen are needed.

Let the right arm of the nation be strong, and when the courts of the nation cry "Peace!" peace can be enforced by fighting if need be. Give us a large navy!

THE WAY TO SING.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
  Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
  Songs make their way,
No messenger to run before,
  Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour
  To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
  A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
  If steps draw near.

"What bird is that?" Its song is good.
  And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
  In glad surprise.
Then late at night, when by his fire
The traveler sits,
Watching the flames grow brighter, higher
  The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain
  To help him rest,
When next he goes that road again,
  An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh,
  "Ah me! Last spring
Just here I heard in passing by,
  That rare bird sing!"

But while he sighs, remembering
  How sweet the song,
The little bird on tireless wing,
  Is borne along
In other air, and other men,
  With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
  Are finding sweet,
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
  Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
  Songs make their way.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is as infectious as misery. You are caught up in its embrace and are carried whither you would not. It is because of this social aspect of cheerfulness that it becomes a clamorous duty. For misery also is infectious. We who call ourselves the disciples of Jesus Christ are called upon from the cross to repress ourselves for the good of others. The man of the world who is miserable takes a cruel pleasure in projecting his misery on to the faces of other people, and into their very souls would he instill the poison of misery. This is a crime. This is the quintessence of selfishness. This is the supreme deviltry of the devil. The devil was miserable and he has been seeking ever since to make every one else and everything else as miserable as himself. This policy is the direct opposite of the policy of Jesus Christ. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." That is the official announcement of Jesus Christ.

Cheerfulness is an antidote to sin. The gloomy and morose man is a more likely prey for the devil than the man of good cheer. It is in times of depression that the wild and delirious excitement of sin is especially attractive. The temptation to yield is terrible and subtle. * * * The cheerfulness of the innocent is, then, one of the great forces in the world which make for goodness, and therefore it is a religious duty.

The Bible is a cheerful book. It enjoins this duty many times. "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord" is the keynote of the Book of Psalms. And yet how utterly lugubrious is the aspect of the average Christian! "Rejoice evermore" is the command of the apostle, even though he himself is a prisoner in bonds. There is only one thing which should make us miserable and that is our sin. When a man can say,

O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad,

he has no more right to be miserable. He can say in the midst of financial disaster, "My times are in Thy hands." He can say, as he bends over the quiet form of the dead,

Jesus lives! No longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us.

He can trudge merrily down the very slopes that lead to the frowning cliffs of death, for "he fears no evil."—Rev. Ernest J. B. Kirtlan, in "The Cheerful Life."

Ready to respond this morning
Master, may each heart before Thee,
Be an instrument divine;
To that mystic touch of Thine!
Take us now, O great Musician;
Give our lives the power to be
One inspiring glorious Anthem,
Telling forth our love to Thee!

"The fault is in the chimney," said the expert who had come to see what was wrong with the kitchen range. "A stove has, of course, no draught in itself; it is only its connection with the flue that makes the fire burn and the smoke ascend, and the higher the chimney the stronger the draught. At shops and founderies, where fierce fires are needed, they run their stacks up to a great height. Your stove chokes and smokes because your chimney is too low. You must build higher." His words remind us of other fires that burn low and choke too easily: of love and aspiration so often clogged by life's daily worry and fret; of faith that only smoulders instead of flaming bright and bearing away the petty troubles and worries which seek to smother it; of hearts and lives that grow old and dull because their up-reach is not high enough. The upward drawing is not strong enough to give vigor to the flame and to whirl away the refuse. We must build higher.—Wellspring.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; non-sectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring. Repairing and Supplies.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE

By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library

VOL. VI. BERKELEY, CAL., JUNE 25, 1908 No. 26



The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

ORGANIZED LABOR.

Organized labor is a fact to be dealt with, and not a theory to be academically considered.

Whatever mistakes or even more serious blunders labor leaders may have been guilty of, or may have indirectly occasioned, it is yet true that organized labor is a condition conserving the interests of a majority of the people of these United States.

When the spirit of the divine right of kings passed from the individual ruler to the privileged class—and this class by virtue of hereclitary advantages, common interests and aspirations—sought, demanded and secured special privileges, special oportunities and special advantages; it then became necessary that the laboring class should organize on a basis of common interest and protection; otherwise the hosts of laborers would be be continued as serfs of the assumed divine right of rulership on the part of the privileged class.

Labor organized into an army to fight capital is neither an ideal nor a desirable condition; on the other hand, the money power organized into a trust in restraint of trade, throttle competition and dominate values, is neither ideal nor beneficial.

But monopoly of money—the uniting of the financial resources of various capitalists to carry on great commercial interests, is a necessity of our modern civilization—so also the organization of labor for mutual protection, mutual aid, and to conserve the interests of all the laboring class is both desirable and highly beneficial.

Over against this legitimate organization of labor and beneficial organization of capital is the organized church. Organized not to war against any other righteous organization, but rather for mutual aid, in all that concerns its constituents, and for effectiveness in all ways to extend knowledge of truth and serve the interests of all men by doing the will of Jesus Christ. That there is peace and not war between organized labor and the organized church, has been made manifest by the establishment of the Bureau of Church and Labor, by the appointment of Rev. Charles Stelzle, an accredited member of the machinists' union, as the church's commissioner in all matters pertaining to organized labor and the organized church, and in the appointments of delegates from the ministers unions to the trades councils.

One of the greatest meetings during the sessions of the General Assembly was the labor union meeting in convention hall on Sunday afternoon. The church both locally and as a denomination is now saying to local unions and to federated labor, "Come now and let us reason together," let us more perfectly understand the annimus of our respective organizations, and we shall then discover that we are not contending armies, but mutual assistants—the one primarily for economic and social and the other for moral and spiritual edification. O. E. H.

MEN VERSUS MONEY.

Shall man be crucified on a cross of gold is not poetical fancy nor political buncombe, rather, it is of age long, world round seriousness of import.

In a recnt magazine article under the caption, "An Apology for Graft," the old issue is thus presented: Man, poor weak, tempted man, is not prepared to succeed in his business and maintain his integrity and unsullied honesty, therefore he must resort to graft in order to enhance his money interests, that is, money, success in commercial transactions —these are the necessary things. Men are naught, to be weighed in the balances men are altogether vanity.

Now comes the trustees of the Chamber of Commerce, and,, "Recognizing the magnitude of the interests involved," these representatives of commercial success issue an appeal, "To all the commercial bodies" of California, urging that a concerted and united and determined effort be made to throttle prohibition sentiment and to prevent the enactment of prohibition laws, lest this sentiment and these laws infringe the money investments of those unto whom money is of more value than men.

Whether manhood would be conserved, public morals and public health maintained, womanhood and childhood defended, homes protected and righteousness enthroned is not to be considered, but this rather: Our money, our invested interests are at stake, therefore rise up, O lovers of money more than lovers of men, and crush every sentiment, every law, that would maintain manhood at the loss of money.

The man is clothed, his insanity is gone, he is in his right mind, he sits at the feet of the great Teacher, but our hogs, our hogs are drowned in the depths of the sea, and so depart Savior of men, for to us our hogs are more than men!

Thirteen lives crushed out last month and a larger daily average during June beneath the street car juggernaut, because of gross carelessness and the haste to increase dividends on watered stock, but what are a score of lives and so many homes and heartaches. Money not men is the 20th century god.

If at what time ye hear the bugle of prosperity and the

roll of the drums of progress, and the thunder of the modern army of commercial giants, ye fall not down and worship the image of gold, then shall ye be counted nothing worth, merely a man!

On the one side are men, frail, sinning, dying men, and —God, and on the other side,, the root of all evil, "The love of money," and "somebody is lying," surely it is not among the lovers of money, for the devil is the truth, and when he speaketh of the truth he speaketh of his own. So teaches the spirit that exalts and saves money at the loss of men.

But the Son of Man, who came to purify, ennoble and save man, teacheth: "The devil is a liar and the father of it. When he speaketh of a lie he speaketh of his own."

Ye that love men more than money, put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, that ye may be able to withstand all the wiles of the devil, and having done so all may stand. E. O. H.

LAYMEN'S BANQUET.

A Presbyterian laymen's banquet is to be held at the Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Friday evening, June 26th, at 6:30 o'clock. At a similar meeting, held a few weeks ago, at which seventy-two laymen were present, great enthusiasm was evinced. A special committee was appointed at that time to arrange for a permanent organization. This committee will be ready to report on Friday evening. All the speakers of the evening will be laymen. An enjoyable time is anticipated.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL CONFERENCE. . .

An Interdenominational Conference is to be held at Beulah Park, East Oakland, July 14th to 24th. The fact that similar gatherings in Oakland and elsewhere have been attended with much blessing, together with an increasing prayer on the part of many for a gracious revival throughout the Church, has prompted the appointment of this Conference.

Its object is manifold. It is that we as believers may know Him and "the hope of His calling." That we may be wholly given up to Him. That we may be filled with His Holy Spirit. That we may reveal Him to others. That we may recognize the **unity** of His body, the Church. That we may pray as He would have us pray, and work to promote prayer. That we may in quietness of soul meet God Himself. In short, it is, that we may "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God."

Invitation.

In view of the above, and in accord with His own call, it is with humility, prayer, and confident expectation that we would look forward to this meeting, to which we would cordially invite our friends and fellow-servants of Jesus Christ, as a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

Workers.

Among the many who are in sympathy with, or will assist in this Conference the following are those who have consented to be present and to take part: Rev. H. C. Waddell of Los Angeles, Rev. John M. Dean of Seattle, Miss Jessie C. Fraser of India, Bishop William Bell, Dr. M. R. Drury, Rev. Thomas A. Boyer, Rev. C. C. Herriott, Rev. J. O. Duncan, Rev. William Thomas, Rev. Franklin Rhoda, Rev. J. P. Gerrior, Rev. H. W. Chapman, W. M. Bowen, Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Rev. Jesse Smith, A. L. Taylor, J. A. Fraser, M. C. Jones, J. I. Van Buskirk, Miss May Jackson, Mrs. M. E. Martin and others.

The Place and How to Reach It.

Beulah Park is a pleasant camp ground; easy of access, well shaded and sheltered from the wind, good water and various conveniences for camping. It can be reached by one carfare from Berkeley, Alameda or Oakland. Take eastbound cars on Twelfth street, and transfer to 13th avenue cars, which stop at the gate of the park.

BOYS IN THE MINING CAMPS.

There is no story in the missionary annals of recent years much more interesting than that of the development of the church work in the gold fields of southern Nevada. In this work the Presbyterian Church has held a foremost place.

The adaptability of the Presbyterian Church to all conditions under which religious work must be carried on, is well shown in the mining and lumber camps of the West. A mining camp has in it about every element it is possible to imagine.

Side by side with the Western-born prospector in his picturesque negligee, adopted because most satisfactory. under all the conditions of desert life, you will find his Eastern imitator in his marvellous "slouch" hat, corduroy clothing and expensive leggings. There is no possibility of confusing the two.

The miner of long experience in the handling of ores is side by side with the young expert just from school. Behind the desk may sit the university-bred man elbowing the young fellow who in the school of experience has been found competent.

The day's work done, the gambler and the worker hobnob in the dozen saloons of the camp. In the clear, dry air of the mountain country, doors are wide open and the calling of the dealer in the game is mingled with laughter. the click of poker chips and the tinkling of glasses.

Who is caring for the young man beset with the many temptations of the new mining country? Thousands come from their Eastern homes apaprently fortified by strong religious convictions against every temptation. Many stand bravely, but the great majority almost unconsciously begin to drift with the crowd. If the Sabbath is not a day of unusual business activity for many classes, a day of dissipation for hundreds. The young man of aparently strong convictions has begun to waver. The neglect of Sabbath observance by others in time ceases to shock him and in a comparatively short time the old-fashioned ideas of the Eastern home are forgotten. The young man has swung into the free and easy life of the mining camp.

The stage rolls up the main street and deposits the passengers at the postoffice. One man is conspicuous in that he has not joined the crowd in the nearest saloon, who quench their thirst after the long desert ride. The Presbyterian missionary has struck the camp; notices are conspicuously posted announcing the first Sabbath service. The The saloon and gambling house can go anywhere and maintain themselves. The missionary goes forth, salary and reasonable expenses provided. Through his Christian personality he must make an impression on the camp. Five thousand men and women are hunting for gold. The missionary's voice seems almost unheard.

When the hour for the service arrives, a group of men, women and children are present. As the notes of the familiar hymn rise there is a quiet movement of men from all parts of the town toward the building where singing is heard. Soon the Sabbath-school missionary realizes that

one of the opportunities of his life has come, for he stands face to face with 200 men, hardly a man over forty years old. What a stimulus this to the earnest preaching of the old truths!

You have been accustomed to think lightly of the Sunday-school missionary's work, to think of him as meeting with a few children and their mothers and doing a kind of work that any earnest person might have done. I think of the Sunday-school missionary as the heroic preacher of the frontier, the soldier on the far advanced firing line, the scout if you will.

He is in the forefront of the rush to the new gold fields, carrying blankets and cooking outfit. Sleeping where he can and eating such food as is available, he begins the movement for a church building. A few Christian men and women are found who heartily second his efforts. The subscription for the church building fund is started. The walls begin to rise. The Sunday-school and church are organized. The work of the church has been established in the mining camp.

The Home Mission pastor comes and the Sabbath-school missionary moves on to new fields. H.

THE SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN SANATORIUM.

"In these United States," says Dr. J. W. Petit, the tubercular specialist, "there are each year 160,000 deaths from tuberculosis. This is more than half the number of men who perished during our civil war. In the State of Illinois over seven thousand die each year. More people die from tuberculosis every thirty days in the State of Illinois than perished in the Iroquois theater. If nothing is done to prevent the ravages of this disease ten millions of the people now living in the United States will die of tuberculosis. The annual economic loss to the United States is estimated at $240,000,000. Of this vast sum $36,000,000 belong in the state of Illinois alone. Consumption of the lungs is our national disease. It is the cause of more than ten per cent of all the deaths that occur. If we include other forms of tuberculosis, it will that it kills one-seventh of our populace. Consumption causes more deaths than smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria and all the other contagious diseases put together. These astounding and almost incomprehensible figures are far from being an exaggeration. This estimate does not take into account the social, moral and sentimental value of the thousands of lives which, under different conditions, might reasonably hope to continue for many years. The mortality from tuberculosis is, therefore, a problem compared with which all other social problems of a medical character sink into insignificance, and it is safe to say that the possible prevention of a large proportion of the mortality from the disease is justly deserving of the solicitude and active personal interest and liberal pecuniary support of all who have the welfare of the people of this nation at heart."

In the fall of 1907 the Synod of New Mexico felt compelled to establish a tuberculosis sanatorium in order to care for the many sufferers in poverty who come here to recover health. A committee of ten, consisting of a minister from each Presbytery and an equal number of laymen, was thereupon appointed to select the very best location in the territory. This committee did its work conscientiously and most thoroughly. Locations were offered in all parts of the territory. The committee visited the proposed locations and compared carefully the climate and other advantages. Not until March, 1908, was the location selected, viz., at Albuquerque, in the central part of New Mexico.

Albuquerque's altitude, a trifle less than 5,000 feet, is the ideal medium for consumptive cases, high enough to secure the pure, thin air and dryness, and not so high as to put too great a tax on the heart and lungs. In all the world there is no better sanitorium location than New Mexico, and in New Mexico, Albuquerque combines the desired elements in a most superior way. With the best possible location and the great Presbyterian Church back of it, why should not the Southwestern Sanitorium be one of the great institutions of the church?

To fight the plague successfully will require millions of money and much sacrifice. But here is a place where millions will come as near performing miracles as can be found. The Presbyterians give for colleges an average of a million and a half each year, and this is not too much. But what if every denomination would spend such a sum each year in helping to stamp out the "white plague?" Perhaps there are some who will say. "This is not the work of the church." It is true that all church work should be spiritual in its aim, but if we follow the example of the Christ we must surely be mindful of men's minds and bodies as well as their souls. We recognize this fact in heathen lands with their scores of mission hospitals and hundreds of physicians. These are said to be the greatest help to the spiritual work of Christ's kingdom in those lands. Why may we not do more of this work on the home field?

The ministers of our Presbyterian church exceed 9,000 in number. An eminent authority on tuberculosis states that one in seven of our population suffers from tuberculosis. Even if the per cent of suffering ministers is less than the general average, it is yet true that several hundred of the devoted ministers of our church are victims of the white plague each year. Most of them are too poor to take a change of climate and meet the expenses of sanitorium treatment. What is the result? Either they remain where they are and soon die, or they secure a church in the arid Southwest and attempt to work. The churches of the Southwest have suffered so much on account of sick ministers that many of them are requiring evidence that a minister is not a consumptive before they will enter into negotiations with him. Must the suffering minister be deprived of the opportunity to rest and take treatment that he may recover? tI is the purpose of the Southwestern Presbyterian Sanitorium to care for this class of ministers. What more efficient work could our Board of Relief do than to aid in financing this department of the work? Why should not every minister in our church solicit his congregation for an offering in the interest of his suffering brother minister, and send the contribution as a special offering for this special work of the Sanitorium?

The arid, mountainous Southwest is nature's great tuberculosis sanitorium. From all parts of the country those suffering from tuberculosis are coming or being sent to this region. Our problem is the task of caring for those who come with insufficient means to care for themselves, and of providing a place where those of moderate means, or no means, can be sent and receive the best possible treatment at the lowest possible cost. But this task belongs not to the Southwest, but to the entire country. THE SOUTHWEST HAS NO TUBERCULOSIS PROBLEM OF ITS OWN. The benefits afforded by our matchless climate bring the sufferer from tuberculosis and with him the local problem. The task is continent wide. We must join hands in the solution.

The Synod of New Mexico and Arizona, burdened with the responsibility of trying to solve the problem locally,

has established the Southwestern Presbyterian Sanitorium for the climatic and scientific treatment of tuberculosis. The institution is incorporated by and under the management of the Synod. It is entirely benevolent, no profits accruing to any one. It will receive persons afflicted with tuberculosis upon payment of the actual cost of care and treatment. It will receive those who have no means just to the extent that means are furnished by benevolent persons. The Synod of New Mexico cannot solve the problem alone. New Mexico will furnish climate, administration and money, but it cannot supply enough money. A million dollars are needed.

Our immediate need is a few thousand dollars to help in the equipments of buildings and cottages which we already have, and with which we can care for a number of patients until more permanent buildings are provided.

II. A suitable, substantial administration building.

III. A large number of individual cottages, built and endowed.

IV. Individuals who will make pledges of amounts on condition of large endowment being raised in a given time.

V. All Presbyterians to make some gift, however small. Ten cents each from the two million Presbyterians, North and South, would provide $200,000. This appeal will not come to all, but in the providence of God it comes to you. Will you respond?

Six thousand dollars will build and endow a cottage. By building and endowing a cottage you would make it possible for us to care for a sufferer continuously. Individuals, churches, Presbyteries, Synods and societies may build and endow cottages and when so desired the cottage so built may be at the disposal of the builder. That is, the builder may designate the sufferers who receive the benfits of the same.

If you cannot build and endow a cottage you can send a gift to the general fund. A few dollars each from a large number of persons will aid materially in the great work of the institution. Do not fail to send a gift of some amount, making it as large as possible. Join hands in helping solve your problem and ours. Put yourself in the place of the sufferer from tuberculosis and that without money, and then do as as you would be done by.

Do you want the commendation of Christ, "I was sick and ye visited me," at the last day? Twenty-five of the thirty-three miracles of the Great Physician were miracles of healing. The parable of the Good Samaritan closes with the exhortation, "Go thou and do likewise." True Christianity and real humanity unite in one voice in calling you to aid in this commendable charity. The home, the church and the state demanl the preservation of the indivdual life. Will you give heed to the pale hands stretching out to you for the help which you may give through this institution?

Address further inquiries to Ralph M. Smith, Sanitorium Representative.

Make cecks payable to Southwestern Presbyterian Sanitorium, and send to Rev. Hugh A. Cooper, pastor First Presbyterian Church, or to "The State National Bank," Albuquerque, N. M.

PASTOR WANTED.

The pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Merced, California,, is vacant, and we desire to fill the same as soon as possible. Salary, $1,000 and use of manse. Address J. W. Knox, Merced, Cal. Appointed by church to secure supplies with view to permanent call.

Among the Churches.

IDAHO.

KENDRICK.—At the June communion four adults were received into membership. Children's Day was observed in a rose-trimmed church, with songs, recitations and contributions.

WASHINGTON.

LONG BEACH.—The Congregational Church of this place has become Presbyterian, and is being suplied with an afternoon service by the pastor of the Ilwaco church, the Rev. M. W. Morse.

OREGON.

W. S. Holt, D.D.

The First Presbyterian Church of Myssa, Oregon, was organized by a committee of the Grande Ronde Presbytery, on Sabbath, June 14th. Rev. Herbert A. Ketchum, D.D., Sabbath-school missionary of the Presbytery, was chairman of the committee. Thirty-one members took the covenant to walk in a church relation according to the doctrines and government of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. Of these were nine men. Three elders were elected on the term plan and installed. All of them had been elders in other churches; one came from the Southern church, one from the Cumberland church and one from our own. Happy augury of the time when there shall be but one Presbyterian church in these United States. A board of trustees was chosen. Baptism was administered to one infant and three young ladies. This is the First Presbyterian Church organized in the great county of Malheur.

Rev. J. Rayen Welch has resigned the pastorate of the fourth Presbyterian Church of Portland, owing to continued ill health. He will take up a country charge in the the same Presbytery. Presbytery dissolved the pastoral relation on June 16th. Calvary Presbyterian Church has called Rev. Warren H. Landon, D.D., of the San Francisco Seminary, to return to the pastorate. This is the church that gave him up reluctantly to become professor.

Grants Pass has issued a call to Rev. Robert McLean of Porto Rico to become pastor. The Bethany church of Grants Pass was organized under Mr. McLean's ministry. It is one of the most important churches in the Synod, and will give a hearty welcome to the former pastor. He hopes to begin his ministry early in August. Already he has returned from Porto Rico and is on his way westward.

Rev. A. P. Cooper has accepted the care of the church at Union, East Oregon, and will be on hand about July 30th.

OREGON LETTER.

By Rev. H. A. Ketchum, D. D.

Possibly an item from the extreme eastern border of Oregon may be o finterest to some of your readers. On February 25th, 1908, your correspondent visited Nyssa, Malheur County, Ore. It was my privilege to organize at that time a Presbyterian "Society," with president and secretary. On April 28th, at the meeting of the Presbytery of Grande Roude, a petition was presented from Nyssa for the organization of a Presbyterian Church, with thirty signatures as charter members. The petition was approved by Presbytery and a committee appointed, consisting of Dr. W. S. Holt, Field Secretary of Home Missions for the Northwest, and myself, to effect the organization; the date was fixed for June

14th. The day found us at the appointed place, and a congregation that filled the one union church building to its utmost capacity, was there to greet us. After a stirring sermon by Dr. Holt from Jude 3rd, upon what the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America stands for, the First Presbyterian Church of Nyssa, Oregon, was duly organized, with thirty-three charater members. When letters had been examined, and those who came on confession of their faith, or upon renewal of their confession had been received and candidates for baptism had been baptized, the members were asked to join hands, and they entered into sacred covenant to be the Lord's and to walk and work in fellowship one with another. Three elders were elected, one from the Presbyterian Church, South, one from the former Cumberland Church and one from the Presbyterian Church, North, having formerly served as elders in their respective churches. They were duly installed as ruling elders of the First Presbyterian Church of Nyssa, on the term plan. Three trustees were elected, one of whom is an elder. All of these five men are praying men, not only at home, but also in the prayer meeting, which was begun at the time the present "Society" was organized and is well sustained. There is a Methodist organization in Nyassa, and all worship in the one union church building. The Presbyterians have the house for the second and fourth Sabbaths of each month. The Sabbath-school, which averages an attendance of about 75 to 80, will continue "union" until our people have a church edifice of their own, which it is inteded shall be in the near future. Rev. Gordon Houston, a recent graduate of Auburn Theological Seminary, has been secured as the minister of this church, and is expected to preach his first sermon on June 28th. We feel assured that this first Presbyterian Church in Malheur County has been launched upon its sacred mission under most happy and promising auspices. May God's rich blessing attend the prayers and labors of his people in this beautiful and growing valley.

NEVADA.

Rev. Angus Matheson, located at Lamoille, Starr Valley and Wells, Nevada, is doing excellent work there. He will probably make his headquarters at Starr Valley.

Rev. Lucian D. Noel has returned to Reno after the sad mission at Santa Barbara—the burial of his father. Mr. Noel will endeavor to change the location of the Reno church. Since his coming there several additions have been made to the church, both by letter and by confession of faith.

Ely is a most promising mining camp in Nevada with no evangelical church or pastor. It is a good opportunity for some who desire to do the heroic.

Rev. Geo. H. Greenfield of Elko, Nevada, is getting a party of Nevada people to take a trip around the world to see the Passion Play in 1910; 35 people have already secured reservations from Elko.

Dr. W. S. Holt visited several Nevada points on his way to the General Assembly. His work and aggressive methods are greatly appreciated by the men of the new Presbytery.

CALIFORNIA.

NAPA.—The Presbyterian Church of Napa has recently undergone some needed improvements. The large pipe organ, which has occupied a place in the front of the building, facing the pulpit, ever since the church was built, has been removed to the rear, behind the pulpit, and now the congregation is permitted to see the choir, as well as hear it. This change, with some fresh paint, has greatly enhanced the beauty of the church, both in the interior and exterior, and today we feel that we have one among the handsomest churches on this coast. To the ladies of this church is due all the credit, for they by hard work raised the money to pay for these improvements. At the last communion service two were received into church membership.

SAN RAFAEL, First Presbyterian.—Children's Day was fittingly observed on last Sunday at 11 o'clock service. Songs and recitations by the children and a special sermon on "The Ministry of Pictures" was delivered by the pastor, the Rev. Lynn T. White. A castle of the Knights of King Arthur is to be organized for the boys of the church in a very short time.

SAN BERNARDINO.—Fifty-two covers were laid for the annual banquet of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of San Bernardino, California, which was splendidly served at the Coffee Club. The long table was attractive in floral decorations of dark red and pale pink carnations, and the menu and service were of a character to make a satisfactory success of a function of this kind.

Preceding the speeches of the evening the clever story tellers of the company entertained, and the air was filled with sparkling, infectuous humor, an unusual number of talented reconteurs being discovered.

Rev. Alvah Grant Fessenden acted as toastmaster. Rev. Cresswell of Pomona was the principal speaker, his topic, which was both inspiring and entertaining, being "The Aims of the Brotherhood." Rev. McClellan of Colton told of the influence of the Brotherhood on "Ideal Citizenship." The subject of Professor W. E. Andrews' timely remarks was "A Square Deal for the Boy." An unexpected development of a very important matter was brought out during the speech-making, resulting in the launching of a plan for a Y. M. C. A. in San Bernardino. So much enthusiasm was awakened that the organization is already assured of at least 52 members, every banquet guest being a willing joiner. W. A. Manson was made chairman of a committee with the following other members: Dr. D. C. Strong, F. H. Greene, W. E. Leonard, J. L. Oakey, Fred Williams, Professor W. E. Andrews, W. S. Boggs, Mr. Emerson. Plans for enthusiastic work will be begun at once. The First Presbyterian Church is prospering under the direction and work of its pastor, Rev. A. G. Fessenden, who entered the field in February of this year. There have been about fifty united with the church since that time, and many of these by confession of faith.

BERKELEY NOTES.

Central Presbyterian Sunday-school held its Children's Day service June 14th. The tent, which is 16x24, held more than 100 people. A generous offering was forwarded to the Sabbath School Board. Mr. Thomas Stead is the superintendent of this school.

On the same date Bethany chapel held Children's Day service, the tent building being crowded to the doors. Mr. David Low organized and has cared for this work from its initiation. Both of these schools are under the care of Knox church, Berkeley, Rev. R. S. Eastman, pastor. They are evidence of the progressive spirit of Knox church, just now engaged in the erection of their new $10,000 building.

H.

LOS ANGELES NOTES.

Rev. S. Lawrence Ward, D.D., of Glendale feels the loss of his faithful Sunday-school superintendent and his family. Mr. Chas. Hezmalhatch has been the efficient incumbent of this office and the Fullerton church are to be congratulated on securing such workers as he and his family.

Rev. S. T. Montgomery preached the baccalaureate sermon for the Alhambra high school at the First Presbyterian Church of Alhambra last Sunday night. It was a great occasion and he was equal to the emergency.

Let none forget the time and the place of the PRESBYTERIAN RETREAT. It will be held in San Antonio Canyon, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 6. 7 and 8. A program of merit and spiritual uplift has been prepared. Come. Bring your family. Bring all the officers and their families. Get as many of the Sunday-school to go as possible. It will be an inspiring time. Take the Santa Fe at 8 a. m. to Uplands and thence the stage will take you into the canyon for $1.50 round trip.

Rev. D. L. Macquarrie, the pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Riverside, was a delegate to the Assembly and is remaining in the East for two months rest and recuperation. His pulpit is being ably filled by the Rev. Fred Johnson during his absence.

The Central Church received thirteen new members at their recent communion service. At this church one of the prettiest weddings of the season was performed last week when the pastor, Rev. A. B. Prichard, joined in the bonds of holy wedlock the hearts and hands of Miss Mabel L. Graves and Mr. F. D. R. Moote, both members and active workers in this church.

It always cheers the heart and inspires the faith of people to know of those who are doing heroic things. In one of our churches there is a man who works for a daily wage and is dependent on the labor of his hands for a living, who is giving $25 per month, or $300 per year for foreign missions. This does not mean that he has ceased to be useful in his own church nor has he ceased to suport his own local work. Praise God for such willingness to sacrifice.

After next Sunday the Rev. Malcolm J. McLeod, D.D., pastor at Pasadena, leaves for a five months' vacation. He will visit his father and mother in Canada and may take a trip to Europe before returning.

At Immanuel church last Friday evening the Sunday-school orchestra assisted by other local talent gave the best concert for this year. It showed a high degree of efficiency and the large congregation appreciated it very much.

Immanuel's picnic will be held at Long Beach next Saturday. Special cars will leave the Pacific electric station at 9:30 a. m. and all who care to go will be welcome to join the party. The special rate of 40 cents for adults and 20 cents for children has been made them. Come and enjoy the day with them.

Rev. W. E. Fry has been ill at his home on Dewey Ave. for the past ten days, but is again able to be up, for which we are glad.

Among the Endeavor delegation that went North this week the Presbyterian churches were well represented. The Immanuel church had the distinction of sending about 20 in the party. The convention met at Sacramento and many of the southern city will see the capital of he state for the first time.

Rev. S. I. Ward of El Centro will take his vacation in Los Angeles. He is a brother to the honored dean of Occidental College, William D. Ward, Ph.D.

Rev. J. S. Chase of Santa Barbara Presbytery has deposited his letter with the clerk of Los Angeles Presbytery and taken charge of the churches of Burbank and Lankershim.

Rev. A. M. Prewitt of Calvary church is planning to spend his vacation during August with friends at Hot Springs, in Tulare county.

Rev. A. A. Fulton, of Canton China, one of our well-known and honored missionaries, addressed the church of Highland Park last week under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society of that church. He and his wife have gone East to meet their children, who are in the University at Wooster. They will all spend the summer together at Winona, Ind., and then be located next year at Wooster while the parents enjoy their well-earned furlough.

Dr. S. E. Wishard, the father of Mrs. E. A. Fulton and dearly beloved of us all for his work's sake, is regularly preaching to a mission chapel on Mt. Washington, one of the most splendid suburbs of our city. He gives them the good, warm gospel and people like it and come to hear it. The Sunday-school is growing and the work prospering.

On Monday last the Presbyterian ministers held their last meeting before the regular summer vacation. The new officers were elected as follows: President, Rev. W. D. Landis; vice-president, Rev. W. G. Palmer, secretary and treas-urer, Rev. A. M. Prewitt. One of the most inspirational meetings of the year was held. Rev. W. G. Palmer, who had just returned from the Assembly, told of his impressions of that great meeting. It has been decided that next year the program will consist of an occasional sermon by the pastors and it will be attempted to make more of the devotional in our meetings each week than formerly. A very hearty and unanimous vote of thanks was rendered our past officers for their uniformly excellent meetings, the year's work and thought together has been one of the very best of the Association. This has been due in no small measure to Rev. Lewis J. Adams, chairman of the program committee.

Dr. R. F. Maclaren is having good audiences at Westlake where he is supplying the pulpit while the pastor is doing some special work of soliciting funds for the new church building. The Westlake work is beyond the problematic stage. The lot is paid for and is worth $12,000, while the foundation is laid for the new building and is paid for. There is a nice start for paying for the building itself.

LEBANON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Men's League adopted resolutions at the last meeting, June 15, "Commending the efforts of the graft prosecution in San Francisco."

The subject of last week's prayer meeting service was of particular interest. The meeting took the form of a discussion, leaders being chosen for both sides. The subject of the discussion was, "Which Wields the Greatest Influence over Politics, the Church or the Saloon?" Many who were present believed before the discussion began that the "church" side had no chance whatever, but when the meeting closed, these same people admitted that they had changed their minds, and decided that we have not the saloon to thank for the glorious republic in which we live, nor is the saloon responsible for the election of the honest, upright men who hold the reins of power.

The Y. P. S. C. E. contest between the boys and girls, based upon church attendance and the procuring of new members for the so ciety, has been decided in favor of the girls, although the boys deserve a great deal of credit for the remarkable record they have made. The girls are now looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the banquet to be given them by the boys, which was the price to be paid by the losing side.

THE ROCKHURST CONFERENCE.

A. Fuller.

A foundation for Christian work which clearly has large possibilities for the future is being carefully, prayerfully and liberally laid by Mrs. Mindora Berry Goodwin and a

group of kindred spirits at her beautiful estate, Rockhurst, in Mill Valley, just at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais. I had been hearing for some time of the plans that were being worked out here, but my first personal acquaintance with the workers and real comprehension of the nature and scope of the work has been in connection with a visit made in response to a very kind invitation to the recent conference held at that place, June 15-19.

I was delighted to find gathered in this conference a company of believers and workers from widely different fields not thinking much about names nor asking much about church connection, but all like-minded in seeking earnestly a fuller realization of the things which our Lord is willing to do for his disciples through the ministration of the Holy Spirit.

The chief thought of the conference for the day and a half I was able to share its fellowship was along missionary lines, and the message brought us from China, Japan, Korea, India and Turkey, and by workers among the heathen who have come to our shores, put before us just the things that earnest Christian workers love to know, and pray, and plan about. The informality and freedom of the meetings and the number of persons taking part in prayer, question, suggestion or carefully prepared address was large, and gave the meetings a tone of comradship that was very delightful. Among the specially rich things which we enjoyed during my brief stay were an address by Rev. D. E. Potter of San Francisco, two sermons by Rev. Dr. Henry of Los Angeles and two Bible studies by Rev. W. C. Sherman of Sacramento. These were all most excellent; indeed, I have rarely listened to men who seemed to me to meet so admirably and fully the needs of the occasion as did these brethren. What they gave us was clearly from the richest of their treasures gathered in careful study and tested and proved in personal Christian service.

The entire program for the five days of conference was well arranged, rich and varied and was carried out with entire success, and the whole gathering was pervaded with a spirit of the most joyful and heartening Christian fellowship. I can wish nothing better for my fellow-readers than that they may be sharers in the similar gatherings which are being planned for the future in this delightful place. I see no reason why "Rockhurst" may not be made for California what "Mildmay" has become for England. The location seems to me ideal, and surely there o ught to be no lack of men and women like-minded and ready to fill its majestic redwood-pillared and shaded amphitheater with eager teachers and learners in the word and work of God.

Saratoga, Cal., June 20.

OBITER DICTA.

By William Frederick Bade, Ph.D.

The Peru is riding at anchor in an open roadstead off San de Guatemala. It is in the early afternoon, when tropical airs dispose one to slumber under the wide awnings of the storm-deck. Cloud-caps are gathering about half a dozen volcanoes whose broad bases are lost in the purple haze that hangs over the luxuriant palm groves. A pillar of smoke is rising from the crater of Fuego, and Atitlan also is dreamily smoking his pipe of peace. These Central American volcanoes have a disconcerting and sometimes troublesome habit of blowing off their heads. There is reason to suspect that Fuego and Atitlan are meditating something of that sort. When this happens their perfect cones will look truncated like those of their neighbors, and there will probably be one or two villages less in Guatemala.

A cargo of coffee and hides is being craned aboard from large surf-boats. The picturesque and volcanic Spanish harangues and expletives of the "bos'n" keep one informed of the progress of the work—or rather of the stoppages. The average Mexican, Guatemalan and Central American Indian is incurably lazy. When the spell is on him he lies down on the coffee-sacks, rolls and lights a cigarette, and forgets his surroundings. If the boatswain's language becomes too sulphurous and personal he gets up again, sometimes to work, and sometimes to take to his dug-out and pull for the shore.

Even a slight acquaintance with Central American ports and their inhabitants inclines one to become pessimistic regarding an early industrial development of these countries. Judging by the huts in which most of the natives live, their lives are passed in unspeakable filth, poverty and degradation. The rate of mortality among the children must be about 80 per cent. The currency of Guatemala is so depreciated that an American dollar exchanges for eighteen Guatemalan dollars. In 1899 gold coin was at a premium of 430 per cent! After exchanging a $20 gold piece one has to hire a boy to carry the money. The price of commodities is correspondingly high. Twenty dollars a day in Guatemalan money is an ordinary charge at the indescribably uncomfortable "grand" hotels.

One who is susceptible to the charm of southern seas naturally turns from the vileness of man and money to the beauty and luxuriance of nature in the tropics. The wealth and variety of the marine fauna alone surpasses all my expectations. The United States Hydrographic Survey is authority for the statement that the number and variety of fish found in the waters about the peninsula of Lower California is unequalled in the world. Here I saw my first specimen of the "mauta raya," a species of ray-fish. It is an immense creature of enormous strength, cunning and ferocity. Pearl-divers, boatmen and fishermen dread it more than any other creature of the sea. When the Narragansett was anchored off La Paz one of these monsters was captured with a harpoon, after hours of hard work. During the struggle it pulled after it, at immense speed, a boat fully manned. It measured seventeen feet across and weighed about three thousand pounds. A week ago the captain of the Peru sent a man down over the bow to paint some abrasions made by the anchor. The ship was under full head of steam in latitude 20 degrees north and longitude 105 degrees west. He no sooner was down ten or fifteen feet when he had himself pulled aboard again in a great hurry. There was some queer creature, he said, down on the bow at the water line. The captain and officers came to investigate. The vessel's speed was reduced to four knots an hour. Still the creature hung on. Then the captain signaled reversal of the engines. As the ship backed away an enormous ray-fish spread out limply upon the water. The monster had been struck squarely and the pressure of the water had held it in place against the bow. A sailor volunteered to go over the side of the vessel. He fastened a cathook under one of the flippers. But as soon as the steam windlass began to lift the bat-shaped monster it gave a mighty lurch, and the hook, though composed of wrought steel, an inch in diameter, straightened out like a pin. For a moment its great flippers threshed the water and then it was gone. In appearance the ray-fish resembles a gigantic bat.

Several species of shark inhabit these waters, among them the thresher and the hammer-head. Some attain enormous size, weighing as much as a thousand pounds and more. In calm seas I have often seen them from the ship's bow lazily swimming along with their dorsal fins protruding

from the water. Occasionally, when the crew is off duty in the harbor, one of these man-eaters is hoisted aboard with the aid of a steam windlass. As soon as his tail and head are securely lashed to capstans the Mexicans and Jamaican

Renan, in one of his books, recalls an old French legend of a buried city on the coast of Brittany. With its homes, public buildings, churches and thronged streets, it sank instantly into the sea. The legend says that the city's life goes on as before down beneath the waves. The fishermen, when in calm weather they row over the place, sometimes think they can see the gleaming tips of the church spires deep in the water, and fancy they can hear the chiming of the bells in the old belfries, and even the murmur of the city's noises. There are men who in their later years seem to have an experience like this. Their life of youthful hopes, dreams, successes and joys has been sunk out of sight, submerged in misfortunes and adversities and has vanished altogether. All that remains is a memory. In their discouragement they seem to hear the echoes of the old songs of hope and gladness, and to catch visions of the old beauty and splendor, but that is all. They have nothing real left. They have grown hopeless and bitter.

But this is not worthy living for those who are immortal, who were born to be children of God. The hard things are not meant to mar our lives—they are meant to make us all the braver, the worthier, the nobler. Adversities and misfortunes are meant to sweeten our spirits, not to make them sour and bitter.

"Confide ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes
Wi' a calm and tranquil mind,
Tho' pressed and hemmed on every side,
Have faith and ye'll win through
For ilka blade o' grass keeps
Its ain drop o' dew."

We need to think of these things. There should be a constant gaining, never a losing in our spiritual life. Every year should find us on a higher plane than the year before. Old age should always be the best of life, not marked by emptiness and decay, but by richer fruitfulness and more gracious beauty. St. Paul was growing old when he spoke of forgetting things behind and reaching forth to things before. His best was yet to be attained. So it should always be with Christian old age. We must ever be advancing toward fuller life and holier beauty. But this can be the story of our experience only if our life be hid with Christ in God. Apart from Christ, no life can keep its rest or its radiance.

"Singing at dawn on an alder bough;
I brought him home—; in his nest at even
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and the sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye."

Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR EVER FULLER LIFE.

Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

A constant danger of life is narrowness. We are apt to grow contented with our little daily routine and indisposed to push out beyond it. Mr. William J. Dawson talks of "contented insignificance" as one of the unworthy elements of some lives. Many of us must live all our lives in a narrow sphere, with a little round of uninspiring tasks and without the opportunity of developing into anything greater. It is not easy to live an ever-widening life in such conditions. We are likely to let our opportunity shrink into the measure of the small place we occupy in the world.

Yet it is possible, though our daily round be small, to be ever reaching beyond our narrow environment. We should not allow our earthly occupation to hem us in and dwarf our souls. A poor shoemaker found that there was one place in his little dark shop from which he could get a view, through a window of green fields, blue skies and far-away hills. He set his bench at that point, so that any moment he could lift his eyes from his work and have a glimpse of the great world outside. Our work is important, however lowly it is, and we must never be ashamed of it, nor fail to do it with zest and enthusiasm. But while we perform our commonest tasks faithfully, we must not permit our lives to be shut up in any merely earthly limitation.

There are people who seem never to have a thought beyond the dreary spot where they live and work day after day. They talk to no one who has ever been out of the little valley where they live. They never go up to the top of the hill to see what lies beyond. This is not the way a Christian should live. We are immortal and our lives should reach into the wide expanses of immortality. We are not "worms of the dust," but children of God. While for a time we live in the world, we are not to be of the world. We have been raised together with Christ and should seek the things that are above, where Christ is. We are citizens of heaven, and it is not fitting that we should be on earth as if we belonged here and had no higher relationship, fellowship, or destiny.

We need, however, to be most watchful lest we allow our life to deteriorate in its quality as we go on in our earthly conditions and experiences from year to year. This is especially one of the temptations of advancing age. There seems less to live for, less to draw us onward and upward, and inspiration is apt to flag. The best seems to be behind us, and zest for toil and attainment grows less keen. We yield to weariness; we relax our discipline and self-restraint; we do not mind so much the little slips, the minute neglects, the lowering tone in feeling, in sentiment, in conduct. We are losing our life's brightness and beauty, and we do not know it. We allow ourselves to become less thoughtful, less obliging, less kindly, less forgetful of self, less charitable toward the mistakes of others, less tolerant of others' faults and weaknesses. People to whom we have been a comfort in the past begin to note a change in the degree of our geniality and our spirit of helpfulness. We are not interested in human need and troubles as we used to be. Friends apologize for us by saying that we are not well, that we have cares and sufferings of our own, or that we are growing old. But neither illness, age nor pain should ever make us less Christlike. St. Paul tells us that though our outward man is decaying, our inward man should be renewed day by day. The true life within us should become fuller, richer, diviner in its beauty, purer, stronger, sweeter, even when the physical life is wasting.

To all men there come along the years, experiences that are hard to endure, disappointments, misfortunes, in one form or another. Business ventures do not always succeed. In some cases there are years of continual and repeated disaster. Ill health saps the energy and strength of some men, leaving them unequal to the struggle for success, and compelling them to drop out of the race. Life is hard for many people, and there are those who do not keep brave and sweet in the struggle. Some lose heart in experiences of adversity and become soured. Nothing is sadder than to see a good man give way to dis-

heartenment and depression and grow misanthropic or soured in spirit.

panionship and the inner solitude of the soul are felt, there grows up within that longing after a closer personal communion with God which is the burden of so many of the Psalms.

What shall we say to these longings? It is not easy to satisfy them, and, when satisfied, their places are only filled with new and higher ones. What values have they in the economy of life? The best answer I know is this one given by our great prophet of the nineteenth century, Robert Browning:

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conceptions of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough he has heard it once: We shall hear it by and by."

LONGINGS AND SATISFACTIONS.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for July 5th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

"Like tides on a crescent sea beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,
Come from the mystic Ocean
Whose rim no foot hath trod;
Some of us call it longing—
And others call it God."

How many longings there are that come surging into our souls from that mystic Ocean! Just at this time of the year there is the longing to get away from civilization and plunge into the mountains and the woods. Some of us read with new appreciation Whitman's "Open Road," or echo Van Dyke as he says, "I'm only wishing to go a fishing." Very different, and yet akin, is the longing that sometimes comes at a vacation's end to go back to one's work and do it more seriously and earnestly than ever before; the joy at being not a mere loafer or tourist in the universe and the desire to actually do something worth while.

There are the longings of the scholar after a deeper insight into truth, of the artist after a finer power of expression of the beauty felt and seen, of the musician to give form and sound to the melodies heard within his soul, of the business man to master the obstacles in his way or of the minister to preach that truer, richer sermon that he feels is somewhere just beyond what he has attained. These are all different forms of that fundamental longing of all workers and creators:

"Establish thou the work of our hands upon us,
Yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it."

Then there are the longings for companionship, sympathy and love, for, to quote Van Dyke again,

"Love is but the heart's immortal thirst
To be completely known, and all forgiven."

There are the very clear and definite longings that come to one as in city streets he meets men and women who are but fragments of what God meant when he created man in his own image, and children whose lives are like poor starved flowers growing in the dark. It is the longing to

"Give back the upward looking and the light
Rebuild in them the music and the dream,
Touch them again with immortality."

Perhaps the longing goes farther down into the depths and yearns for power to speak such a message of rebuke to greed that even this commercial age would stop to listen, to make the beauty of brotherhood so winsome and compelling that all greed and cruelty and selfishness of the world might pass away forever. Oh, if one only could!

And then over against these clear and definite longings are other longings so vague that they vanish when you try to confine them in even the simplest and sweetest words—the longings that sometimes come as we surrender ourselves to the leading of music or when we find ourselves in tune with the beauty of God's out-of-doors. Edwin Markham expresses it in this little poem:

"I hear you, little bird,
Shouting aswing above the broken wall,
Shout louder yet; no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep still wood;
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word;
I'd tell it, too, if I could.
Oft when the white still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—
(The world's mysterious stir),
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener."

And then, fianally, there is the longing after God which surely must grow deeper in all fine and reverent spirits as the years leave, one by one, their deposits of rich experience in the soul. As year by year the procession of the seasons passes on, as night after night the stars shine down upon us, as with passing time the order, beauty and wisdom of the world is revealed to us more completely, and as the limitations of even the most intimate human com-

negroes pounce on him with their knives and carve him into small bits, applying to him, during the process all the opprobrious epithets of which they can think. The vertebral column of a shark makes a fine cane, and when the Mexicans get done with him it is about all that is left.

It surpasses my power to imagine what tortoises and snakes are looking for out in the ocean. Between Mazatlan and Acapulco we encountered large numbers of them more than fifty miles from land. The tortoises were rather large, fawn-colored, and floated upon the surface. Cormorants often sought them out as convenient waiting-places, to be precipitated into the water suddenly when the amphibian decided to steer his course a few feet under water. The snakes were about two feet long and had a tail ornamented with a series of black and orange rings. In spite of the assurances of old seamen I suspect that these creatures are something intermediate between a true serpent and an eel. Unfortunately I did not secure a specimen. While they were met with in large numbers during the voyage, they never were seen in the harbors.

A week has passed since the foregoing was written. A Cambridge University man and I have just returned from an expedition to the volcano Isalco in Salvador. This vol-

cano, being in eruption now, is the most spectacular mountain in Central America. Every ten minutes a column of smoke, flame and ashes is hurled up into the skies, followed by streams of lava. It was impossible to penetrate farther than the base of the mountain—about twenty miles from the coast. Here, amid groves of mango trees and cocoanut palms, nestles the little Indian village from which the volcano has taken its name. Its clean, cobbled streets and low, red-tiled houses contrast favorably with the usual filthy condition of Guatemalan villages. It is sad to think what will happen to Isalco and its two thousand inhabitants if the volcano gets into worse mood than it is in now. The villagers dread long intermissions between the usual ten-minute eruptions, for they know it would probably be followed by a great explosive eruption. As one native expressed in the modified Castilian of these regions, "If the mountain ever ceases to speak, we shall leave Isalco." But the mountain is still speaking from his lofty pulpit, in regular, long, sentences of flame. The mariner far out at sea verifies his bearings when he sees the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. Meanwhile the homespun activities of the village continue uninterrupted. Tall, graceful women, scantily clad in red and gold, stride through its picturesque streets, balancing upon their heads great baskets filled with earthenware or fruit. The men may be found in the maize patch, or behind a burro, or in a hammock under the "fire-tree." But wherever they may be, the whole population, men and women, sedulously emulate their mountain—they are always smoking.

Acajutla, Salvador, June 1, 1908.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity have accepted an invitation to meet next Monday with the Presbyterian ministers at 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco. The meeting will be at the usual hour, 11 a. m. At the regular meeting in Berkeley last Monday the Rev. Dr. E. L. House of Spokane, Washington, read an interesting and valuable paper on "Mental Therapeutics." Dr. House has given the subject considerable study and has personally tested the power of suggestion.

In the month of May 42,000 immigrants arrived in this country as against 198,000 for May 1907. The number of steerage passengers going away from the country this summer is unusually large. During May the homeward-bound aliens numbered 75,000; the present month promises to exceed this total. Since October 550,000 laborers have departed, about 400,000 more than have arrived. Nothing of that sort ever happened before inthis country. No let-up is looked for by the steamship companies for some time to come.

The Cumberland Presbyterian makes this comment on one of the trends in theological seminary studies: "Recently we commented favorably upon the revision made in the course of study in the seminary at Lebanon, Tenn., which revision places far greater emphasis upon the study of the English Bible and certain other of the more practical courses. The information now comes that the Chicago Theological Seminary has announced changes which are far more radical. In this institution, Hebrew and Greek are removed from the list of required studies to a place among the electives and, instead of requiring a B. A. degree, students who have received other college degrees will be admitted to the junior class of the seminary. This means that a student at the Chicago Theological Seminary may hereafter graduate and receive the degree of B. D. not only without any knowledge of either Greek or Hebrew, but possibly with little knowledge of Latin, for he may enter the seminary upon such a degree as Bachelor of Science instead of upon the evidence that he has completed the classical college course. The seminary will insist, however, that the student shall have received some regular college degree. This all means, in substance, that while the Chicago Theological Seminary is still insisting upon a high standard of education for the ministry, it is placing emphasis upon what may be called an English course rather than upon the classical. This is doubtless the most radical departure taken by any first-class theological school, but it is in line with the trend of things today, for in the college much less emphasis is now placed on the classics. It is probable that this action of the theological seminary will have a marked influence upon other similar institutions."

The eminent physician and nerve specialist, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, said in an address at the recent meeting of the American Neurological Association: "Although Eddyism in one form or another is as old as civilization, I am amazed that the undisciplined minds of Americans, usually so skeptical, should be taken in, in such increasingly large numbers, by an elderly woman with a smile. It is not against psychotherapy that I charge you, but against the proneness to overstate its claims as an available remedy. No organic disease was ever cured by it, and its legitimate uses are circumscribed. The rational employment of it in some cases is without doubt of incalculable benefit, but its wanton misuse is inexcusable. There are at least seven cults which have grown up about its tested worth, which are alike only in that they despise each other. They thrive partly because of ignorance, partly because of the pride of untrained reasons pampered by the conceit that by subscribing to certain dogmas, and sometimes paying fees, they can themselves become 'healers.' Persons who refuse credence to stories of the Lourdes cures will swallow these latter marvels complacently. They find it quite possible, under the proper suggestion, to believe in cures which were never effected. I would not be understood as discrediting in any way the practice of treatment by influence upon the mind. A very large element in any cure is confidence in the physician. And nothing is more efficacious, at times, than the presence of a clergyman, fostering, as that does, a simple religious faith. All treatment, in fact, has something of the mental in it. I have myself called in a clergyman for assistance in cases I could not aid. I do not believe, however, that healing by suggestion is the domain of the clergy."

Recently in Westminster Chapel, London, the annual meeting of a society in the church which has work in connection with the Salvation Army was held, and Dr. Campbell Morgan said at that time concerning the Army: "I cannot let this occasion pass without saying that the Salvation Army is always in my heart and always welcome to my church. I seldom preach here now without seeing a hallelujah bonnet or a uniform before me, and I never see one now without making it a point towards which to preach. The Salvation Army is always welcome to my church because I am in perfect agreement with its work. There are no points in which I do not admire the Army. I thank God for the theology of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army stands for the Bible. It never for one single moment wastes its time defacing or defending the Bible. And then the Lord Jesus Christ occupies the supreme place in all their

work. They stand for a full salvation. For these reasons I say again, I thank God for the Army. And then I thank God for its organization. The church historian of a century hence will look back upon its work and say that the Army was raised up to place an emphasis upon a neglected side of the church's work—the aggressive side. The last point in the mystic's description of the ideal church is Terrible as an army with banners. The gates of Hades shall not prevail against it, means that Christ intended the Church to be an organized army. Let the Salvation Army for evermore thank God that they have been called to emphasize this side of the Church's work. The church that is not aggressive is an encumberance in the work of God. The Army has inspired the churches themselves, and it may be that its influence in this direction is an even greater power for good than its own direct work. I thank God supremely for the Army when I look upon its work. Two words cover its operations—regeneration and reconstruction. I never think of the rescue work of the Army without thinking of that wonderful picture in the Gospel of St. John of Christ, and the woman taken in the act of sin. It is so difficult to speak of this work of rescuing the fallen. Yet let us think for a moment or two of one or two simple facts in that picture. We can always produce that woman and her accusers, but the Army shows us, not so much the woman or her accusers, but the Christ and his way of dealing with the woman. You may search the New Testament through and through, and you will never find that Christ said a hard word to a sinning man or woman. He reserved the fierceness of his anger for the hypocrite. At last Christ was left alone with the woman—incarnate purity with incarnate impurity. Note how he speaks to her. Take his first word, Woman. This is one of the most beautiful words that ever fell from the lips of Christ. He used it first to his mother at Cana of Galilee. He used it when speaking to her at the foot of the cross. He used it to Mary in the garden. And he used it to this woman, standing before him in her sin. In spite of her awful guilt she was a woman still. And then he said to her, Go, and sin no more. That is the work that Mrs. Bramwell Booth and her helpers are doing—never condoning the sin, but for ever loving the sinner, and loving her back to a pure life."

We confess as the German would say, that we are a tenderfoot yet already, or that we have not been here long enough to be better posted in the affairs of the West, especially of California, than the average native son, nor that we have been here long enough to have forgotten all of our Eastern ways and prejudices, but we have been here long enough to see more drunkenness and to hear more profanity during the time than we saw and heard in all the rest of our life, including two years and ten months in the Civil War. But if we venture a complaint, or register a protest against such customs, we are told the Western climate is responsible for these conditions that there is really something in the air of this country that unsettles the marriage relations necessitating divorces; that stimulates the drink habit with its accompanying sin profanity, and many other evils characteristic of the Pacific Coast. If the moral atmosphere be meant, we concur, but if not, we protest. No country on earth has a more healthful climate than this. The air is as pure as can be found anywhere, but in many respects and in many places the moral air is exceedingly bad.

G. R. HARRISON.

THE HOME

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful, with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right;
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promise ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me.

CONSTANT GOOD COMPANY.

The most charming companion I ever met was a plain little woman, whose life for years had been entirely given up to the care of an invalid demented father, an old man who demanded her constant presence in his darkened room during his waking hours, in the few spare moments she had while going through the usual routine of household duties.

Poor, living in the backwoods, where she never saw anybody, she gained a depth of mind and a power of expression far superior to many of her old schoolmates, who had shown greater promise, and had possessed every advantage. Indeed, she was neither "smart" nor particularly studious at school, but excessively fond of fun, excitement and company.

One day I asked her the secret of the change. She laughed. "I have been enjoying constant, pleasant company for the last few years."

I stared, mystified. She drew from her pocket a little quotation book, and, pointing to two quotations, "My thoughts are my companions," and "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." There were several other quotations written on the margin, and the pages were well thumbed. She said, earnestly: "Looking back over my girlhood, I know that there is a fatal defect in the training of our girls; our words, our actions receive attention; we are given advice and instruction in every point but in our thinking. I did not even have a conception of entertaining myself by my own thoughts; I wanted all the time to be amused by something or somebody outside of myself. Then came that plunge into poverty, sadness and loneliness. At first, I believed I should become insane, then God must have directed me to this little book, too worthless to be sold when our library went. One other quotation chained my mind:: 'Our thoughts are heard in heaven,' and I began recalling my thoughts. How disgusted I was with them! Round and round, in a weary rut of repining they had traveled, or even if not repining, how stupid, how unelevating they had been! From that hour I determined my thoughts should be inspiring companions. When sewing up a seam they should not be, 'So long and tiresome; wonder how long before I am done?' and so on and so on, over and over again. Why, I would take a little trip while sewing up that seam!

"When washing the dishes, I discuss with myself different national questions; when picking beans, I decide

whether optimism or pessimism is winning the day; sweeping the room, I review the last book I read, or perhaps a book read years ago; every duty not requiring concentration is enlivened in this way.

"No more than an hour a day can I ever read. Our books scarcely number a dozen, but since I began to think, one verse of the Bible will unfold and unfold, until it blossoms into a wonder-revelation, and I hope bears fruit. Before, I did not take time to wait for the unfolding and fruit-bearing."

"But I cannot control my thoughts," I objected; "they will dwell on any trouble or worry I have."

"Paul tells us that in our warfare our weapons are 'mighty to cast down our imaginations;' 'bringing into captivity every thought;' that promise is a great help when I feel despairing over my wrong thoughts. To keep down the disagreeable ones, to shake myself free from the servitude of daily fretting tasks, I drill myself into meditating on pleasant subjects, just as I would drill my tongue in company to make pleasant speeches.

"Tell the girls you teach and write to how true it is that 'The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many as possible;' also that this art cannot be learned when the feebleness of age has weakened the control of the mind."

When she had left me, I remembered she was the only persons who had not made inane remarks about the weather. Do you suppose it was because thoughts had occupied her mind, not empty turning of the mental wheels?

If the mill grinds not grist, it will grind itself; if the mind feeds not on thoughts, it preys upon itself, and is its own destroyer.—Christian Work.

FORMING THE BABY'S CHARACTER.

One would hardly expect to find marked traits of character in a very young infant; nevertheless, they are there, and show themselves very strongly, often when the infant is not more than twenty-four hours old. This, then, is the time to commence your training. Begin the molding process right now. It is for you to make the child what you will, and if begun now the task will not be a difficult one. I have often seen the most stubborn and even vicious children in a marvelously short time succumb completely to good influences, becoming sunny tempered, obedient and lovable.

Infants are helpless, consequently they require our care, and it is a matter of duty that this should be our intelligent best. Do not depend on guessing in this important matter; it is not safe. Children require love, sympathy, companionship and amusement just as much as the adult, probably more; but remember that a surfeit of good things has the same effect upon the young as it does upon an older person. It seems rather ridiculous, does it not, to think of a child, and a very young one at that, becoming blase—tired of the good things offered? But it is true. We do not have to look very far to see children, even infants, turn away their heads with a shriek of disapprobation when well meant, but constant demonstrations of affection are thrust upon them. This open rebellion goes to show how distasteful it is to the child. Occasionally children of not over robust constitutions become so wearied and weak with handling, hugging and kissing, that like a sensitive plant they wilt, and with pathetic patience submit to the inevitable because they are too weak to resist.

A selfish, nervous, unhappy child is invariably the result of over-indulgence on the part of the parent, and not infrequently the parent reaps a bitter reward in utterly failing to hold the respect, love and obedience which are due the parent from the child. Children who are over-indulged lack self-control, and self-control taught at a very early age soon ceases to be self-control. It becomes a habit of trust in the love and judgment of the mother. If this early training is delayed, almost before the mother realizes it she finds a willful and stubborn child; then if she tries to correct the faults she has nourished she will realize that the remodeling process is a far more difficult task than the molding would have been in the beginning. If you commence to humor the child early in life by walking, rocking, or some other form of entertainment, he will have a right to expect to be humored in other things, and he usually is humored until he becomes the autocrat who holds sway over everyone with whom he comes in contact.—Dr. Marianne Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.

GODLIKE TO FORGIVE.

Nothing is harder than to forgive a malicious wrong, a harm done us, in a matter where we know we are right.

Sir Eardly Wilmot was an English baronet, widely known as a leader in social life and a man of great personal dignity and force of character. Having been distinguished chief justice of the court of common pleas, he was often consulted by friends as to perplexing social questions.

On one occasion a statesman came to him in great excitement over an injury just inflicted on him by a political leader. He told the truth with warmth, and used strong epithets in describing the malice which had inflicted the wrong.

"Is not my indignation righteous?" he asked impetuously. "Will it not be manly to resent such an injury?"

"Yes," was the calm reply. "It will be manly to resent it, but it will be Godlike to forgive it."

The answer was so unexpected and so convincing that the statesman had not another word to say. He afterward confessed to a friend that Sir Eardly's words caused his anger to suddenly depart, leaving him a different and a much better man.—Lutheran.

BEST THINGS.

The best law—the golden rule.

The best philosophy—a contented mind.

The best statesmanship—selfgovernment.

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.

The best war—to war against one's weakness.

The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.

The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.

The best science—extracting sunshine.

The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best biography—the life that writes charity in the largest letters.

The best telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.

The best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.

The best journalism—printing the true and beautiful on memory's own tablet.

The best navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of perpetual contention.

NOT HARD.

It were not hard, we think to serve Him,
If we could only see!
If He would stand, with that gaze intense
Burning into our bodily sense,
If we might look on that face most tender,
The brow where the scars are turned into splendor,
Might catch the light of His smile so sweet,
How loyal we would be!
It were not hard, we think, to serve Him,
If we could only see!

It were not hard, He says, to see Him,
If we would only serve;
"He that doeth the will of heaven,
To him shall knowledge and sight be given!"
While for His presence we sit repining,
Never we see His countenance shining;
They who toil where His reapers be
The glow of His smile may always see,
And their faith can never swerve,
It were not hard, He says, to see Him,
If we would only serve.

—The British Weekly.

Young People

ROVER AND THE HORNETS.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the table.

"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson today, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said we should see how many of us could find out for ourselves, and give her any illustration of it tomorrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice which reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, which I think will furnish the illustration you are after.

"I recall a summer afternoon a good many years ago, when I was not so large as I am now. Two other boys and I went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us; and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch-basket, he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say: 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and boy-like tried to find out how much he knew, and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it, and draw it back to us. Fences, ditches and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all.

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest for blackberries. In my wandering I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry-vines, and hung low, touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill; and as I scampered up the latter I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't see why the dog and the hornet's nest should have connected themselves in my mind; but they did and a wicked thought was born of the union.

" 'Rob, Will! come on. Let's have fun.'

"They came promptly and I explained my plan. I pointed out the hornets' nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it, and send Rover after the stone. 'And, oh, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?' I cried in conclusion. They agreed that it would be funny.

"We selected a good-sized stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start, we turned the dog loose; and the poor fellow, never suspecting our trick, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim; and, as the ground was smooth, the stone went true to the mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. Immediately the furious insects swarmed out, and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay filled our anticipation; and we had just begun to double ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when with frenzied yelps of agony he came tearing up the hill toward us, folowed closely by all the hornets.

" 'Run!' I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black, avenging cloud all over us, and the scene which followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scattered, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony.

"I have never known just how long the torture lasted, but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we too were in distress and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream which flowed through the meadow not far away, and, plunging in, dived clear below the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream, and looked at one another dolefully through our swollen purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and creeping up to me, licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me.

" 'Boys, we've had an awful time; but, it served us right.'

"Neither of them contradicted me; and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward, with Rover at our heels.

"That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."—Our Dumb Animals.

THE PIAZZA GIRL.

"There have been six girls in the office this morning," the dean remarked, glancing keenly at the gray-eyed girl before him, "who have said that they were willing to do anything to earn a little money."

The gray-eyed girl did not flinch. "But I am ready to do

anything," she answered with a smile that emphasized the significant word.

The dean turned to his desk and rummaged in one of the pigeonholes.

"There are several ladies on the campus who are in need of some one to sweep their walks every day and wash the piazzas once or twice a week. Are you willing to do that? Of course it will not bring you in much, but it is all I have to offer at present."

"I shall be glad to do it," the girl replied. "May I have their addresses? Thank you very much."

The dean, leaning back in his chair, watched his visitor as she crossed the campus. Six other girls had refused the work that morning. "But it remains to be seen whether she does it, after all," he said to himself.

She did do i t. Every morning for nine days he passed her on his before-breakfast constitutional. She always spoke brightly, with no apparent consciousness of broom or mop.

"Means what she says, gives honest work,; no false pride," the dean thought with satisfaction. Then suddenly the piazza had a relapse. When, two weeks later, he met her, he asked about it.

"Oh," she explained, "I'm doing typewriting for Prof. Sumner. He asked me if I could do it as well as I could sweep walks, and I told him I could. It is fascinating work, —copying the notes of his experiments."

"I've no doubt," the dean declared, "that you intend to perform experiments of your own some day."

"I'm going to try," she laughed.

When he reached that point in his favorite story, the old professor always stopped.

"And did she?" somebody was sure to ask.

"No," he fumed, "she went and married a young upstart of an instructor. She swept his piazza for a while, till he made a reputation, and she copied his notes, and I've no doubt did half his work,—he always said so."

"It seems a pity," the sympathetic listener, lured on so far, would probably begin, only to be vehemently interrupted.

"Pity? Where's the pity? What's a pity? She helped a man do his work in the world, and brought up three sons, any one of whom would have washed piazza floors cheerfully to get an education. One is building bridges out West, one is helping build brains in the East, the third is still in college. I'd like to know how a woman could put her education to better use."

Then he would smile, and look out across the campus with its group of girls.

"I used to doubt the wisdom of higher education for girls. The girl who washed piazzas converted me," he would finish.—The Youth's Companion.

IMAGINATION AND SPIRITUALITY.

The imagination is the power to see the unseen. Bishop Simpson, Bishop Foster and Dr. Durbin were great preachers in the sense of being able to see and make their audiences see the unseen. The imagination is one of the preacher's greatest assets. He can get along with a small stock of logic if he has the power to call into vivid pictures the things that are above the sense world. The mind never tires of pictures. The soul wants to be coaxed and lured into the higher atmosphere, into the freedom of the upper altitudes. Whatever other mental qualifications a preacher may have he must have imagination. The average listener can be prodded, pulled along by the horns against his will by a chain of logic, but he is unhappy at the end of the process. Logical preachers are condemned to a narrow hearing It does not follow that a logical preacher may not be also endowed with a vivid, realistic imagination. Gunsaulus is a great historical preacher endowed with a powerful imagination. Bishop Fowler was a preacher of rare intuitional penetration, but to this power he added a vivid, picturesque imagination. He was naturally a logician, liking the hard facts and principles of life, but he found the congregations did not warm up to sheer argument. The congregation wants great moving pictures. Great men in the past must be made to live and move in deeds. Bishop Fowler, like Demosthenes, made a virtue out of his natural limitation, using his powerful intuitional faculties in a subordinate way to his unwilling imagination. His pictures and figures of speech were simply great, rugged outlines. No one ever said of Bishop Fowler's sermon that it was "beautiful." There were no bird songs, no rainbow tints, no sparkle or glitter of sheer rhetoric. His imagination never "played." He formed battle lines, erected fortifications, mounted guns, assembled fleets, planted down generals and comamnders in the midst of his great outline, but no one ever heard Bishop Fowler described minutia. In this he wholly differed from Lew Wallace and others fond of the descriptive details. His power was not in his picture but in the powerful appeal to the intuitional principles of energy, which like an electrical storm leaped from one rugged height to another.

The great preacher must see the unseen. He must see humanity, not as is it but as it is to be. He must see history, theology, politics, sociology, art, fine art, not as they are but as they ought to be. One is surprised to find nearly the entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, written in the rarified atmosphere of the imagination. For a quarter of a century the educational system of Christendom has been void of the culture of or appeal to the imagination. It has put the whole stress upon a sheer aggregation of things. The controlling idea has been and is utility, practicability. The texture, the fiber of the mind has been changed to a utilitarian basis. Faith must have its wings clipped. It is no good unless it can pull a load, discover a mine, invent a method. Religion has suffered the loss of its real sight, its insight, its inspiration, its imagination, its power to see the unseen. There is a simple way to cure all this dearth of spiritual power. It is to return to the daily study, the serious study of the Bible. That will create and sustain the highest powers of imagination and at the same time chasten mind and impart a fineness of touch, an elevation of feeling unsurpassed. It has the psychology, the caste of intellectuality, the moral impulse, the spiritual buoyancy to cure this practical, utilitarian stagnation, holding the pulpit and the church in the dead-level plane of the actual.

The town or community that seeks to provide nothing but sport, gambling and red liquor for its aspiring young manhood forfeits its claim to social decency and its moral and educational right to train the young.

* * * * *

When the preachers of this Western country come to feel as much concern about the salvation of men and women as they manifest about the amount and collection of their salaries there will soon be a great revival of religion among the churches, and following such a revival will be the birth of many sons and daughters into the kingdom of God.

WHEN TO TEACH THE CHILDREN TO PRAY.

Margaret E. Sangster.

To wait, as some people illogically advise, until children are old enough to understand about God before teaching them to pray, is to behave as nobody behaves in regard to any other thing under the sun. The sensible way is to do as a mother, whose children are among the best trained and best behaved I know, tells me that she always does —namely, long before the child can talk, in the very dawning of intelligence, to clasp the tiny hands in hers, and say the little prayer while it can only be the mother's saying. The habit may be established by the time the baby is talking and walking, the blessed thing about it being that then the whole conscious life of the child will be fast bound to God. There will never be the memory of the time when the heart's burden was not rolled off at His feet, when the day did not begin and the evening close with a sweet "Amen."

As children grow older they should learn to repeat reverently the Lord's Prayer, and should be encouraged in the tender bed time talks with mamma, which are mamma's most precious opportunity for winning their confidence and keeping them close to herself, to make prayers of their own. A child's day, like the day of a grown person, has its lights and shadows, its trials and anxieties. Temptation has met the little one in the playground, the street, or the school room, and she has had her fits of naughtiness, her gusts of temper, or her disappointments, as great to her as her father's to him. So the child, as well as the adult, may learn the comfort of just resting on that precious truth, "He knows."—Exchange.

A LOYAL FRIEND.

A successful business man once said: "There never was such a sister as mine. I never used to trade jackknives without consulting her, and I don't build institutes now without doing it." Make friends with your sisters, boys. It pays to do it. The boy who teases or bullies his sister is not on the way to become a fine man.—The Myrtle.

Johnny came home the other night in high glee, wearing the arithmetic medal. "What is that for?" asked his mother. "That's the prize for doing examples!" said Johnny. "I did this one: 'If our new baby weighs eleven and a half pounds, and gains an ounce each day'—'cause you told Mrs. Smith she did, yesterday—'how much will she weigh when she's twenty years old?' And the answer was four hundred and sixty-six pounds. And the teacher said I earned the prize!"—S. S. Advocate.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

DOT SCHMALL LEETLE BABY.

Drue as I leef, 'most efery day
I laugh me wild to saw der way
My schmall young baby drie to play—
Dot funny leetle baby.

Vhen I look to dem leetle toes,
Und see dot funny leetle nose,
Und hear der way dot rooster crows,
I schmile like I vas grazy.

Sometimes dere comes a leetle schquall,
Dot's vhen der vindy vind will crawl,
Right in his leetle schtomach schmall,
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot make him sing at night so schveet,
Und gorrybarric he must ead,
Und I must chump shpry on my feet
To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair,
Und grawls me ofer eferywhere,
Und schlobbers me—but vot I care?
Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
Vos schquozin me so nice and varm—
O, may dere never comes some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE

By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

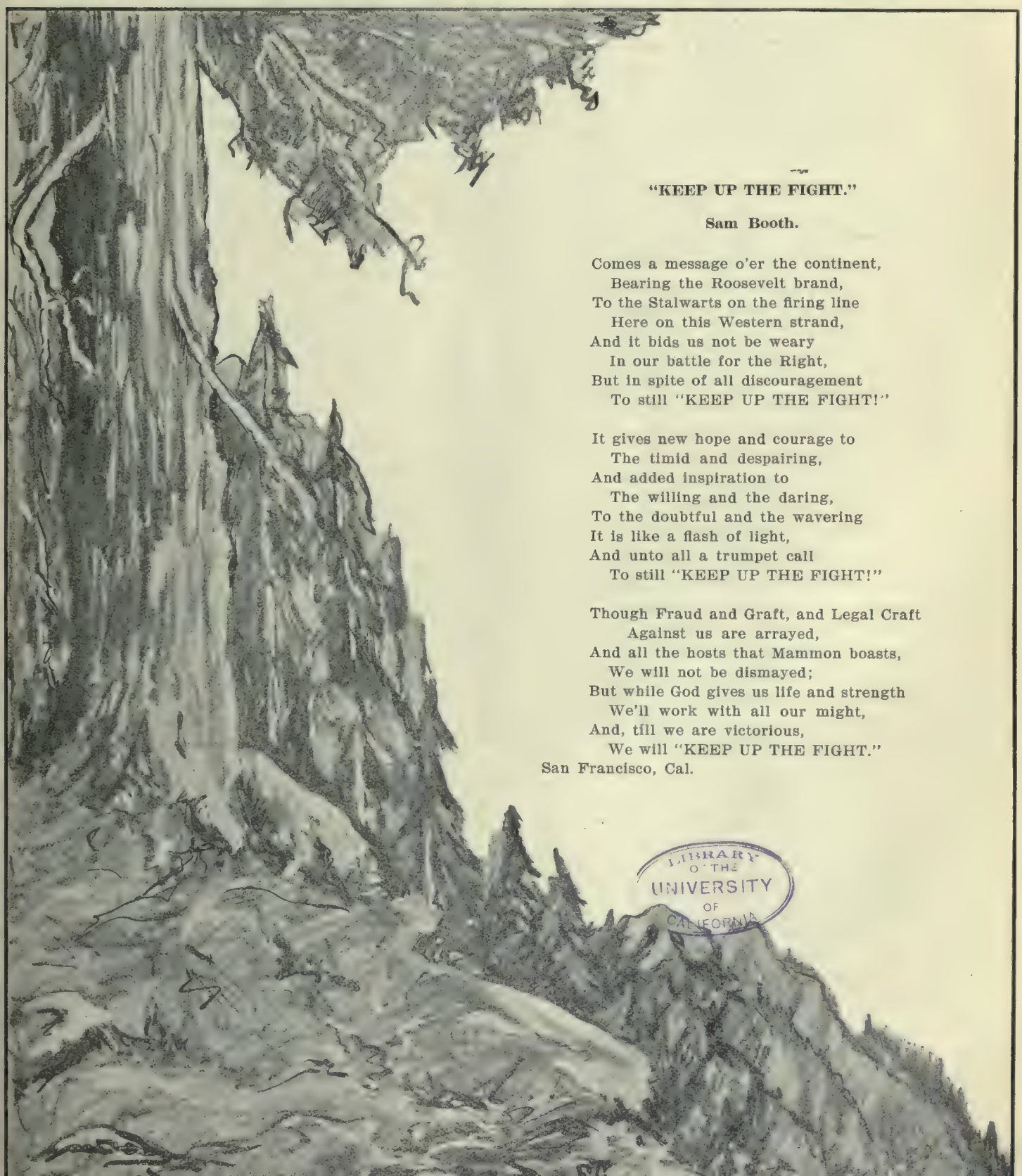
Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND CAL. JULY 2, 1908. No. 27

University Library



"KEEP UP THE FIGHT."

Sam Booth.

Comes a message o'er the continent,
Bearing the Roosevelt brand,
To the Stalwarts on the firing line
Here on this Western strand,
And it bids us not be weary
In our battle for the Right,
But in spite of all discouragement
To still "KEEP UP THE FIGHT!"

It gives new hope and courage to
The timid and despairing,
And added inspiration to
The willing and the daring,
To the doubtful and the wavering
It is like a flash of light,
And unto all a trumpet call
To still "KEEP UP THE FIGHT!"

Though Fraud and Graft, and Legal Craft
Against us are arrayed,
And all the hosts that Mammon boasts,
We will not be dismayed;
But while God gives us life and strength
We'll work with all our might,
And, till we are victorious,
We will "KEEP UP THE FIGHT."

San Francisco, Cal.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

FOR PASTORS ONLY.

Under the new law of the Post Office Department we cannot send any more sample copies of The Pacific Presbyterian for six months. Therefore, we write to ask if you want the paper. We would like to put every Pastor on the free list, but as it costs us 50 per cent more than the price of subscription to print the paper, we cannot do more than offer it for one dollar and fifty cents a year. The attitude of the Pastors, as a whole, during the past, would indicate that they did not want a Presbyterian paper on this coast. They have paid for and contributed news to the Eastern publications, and refused support to their own coast paper, with the result that it has necessarily been a poor "weak sister" among publications. The Eastern papers have not been able to give the news of this field, and the work on the coast has not forged ahead as it should. Brethren, something is wrong when the Lord's work goes backwards.

We know something of the heroic struggles of publishers of our paper gone before, and we know that the Pastors are the ones who made their work hard and unsuccessful. Some said they did not support the paper during the last few years because it transferred some matter from the Congregational paper; but did the Pastors ever support the paper? The history of forty years of deficit shows they did not. There is no question but what some of the Pastors have done great service for the paper by contributions of news and seeing to it that subscribers were secured, but they were few in comparison to the number who were indifferent. If this article was written with only the experience of the present manager to judge by, it would still be in keeping with the facts, for two personal letters have been sent to each of the five hundred Pastors in the nine Western States, asking for items of news and solicitors for subscribers. We have received some news from the churches, but find that constant personal solicitation,—which costs a good deal of money,—is necessary to get enough from eight hundred churches to fill two or three pages a week.

As to subscribers: Pastors write that they take so many Eastern papers they cannot afford to take The Pacific Presbyterian. To tell all the excuses Pastors make for not subscribing and supporting the paper would take more space than we can give; but they are nearly all excuses; few, if any, are reasons why they cannot.

Why this straight talk to the Pastors, as if they were to blame for the lack of support given the paper?

1st. Because they are responsible. The members of the churches will not support a paper their pastor does not take, contribute news to, or urge his people to subscribe for.

2nd. No church paper can be a success without the support of the Pastors. Several consecrated men of means have put money into this paper to make it self-supporting, but without avail. Mr. Ladd of Portland gave $10,000 to accomplish this purpose, but the Pastors let the publishers do all the work and Mr. Ladd give all the money, and when he saw the people were not taking advantage of the opportunity to build the paper up and put it on a self-supporting basis, he quit.

3rd. It is up to the Pastors to say whether they want a paper or not, and they must vote "yes" quick or they will be counted as voting "no." There is no syndicate backing this paper. It must pay the cost of printing or not be printed. Nearly every other religious paper on the coast has a subsidy of $2,000 to $3,000 per year to help out. The Presbyterians don't do it that way—they have let some willing man, or set of men, do the work for nothing and pay the bills, too. Now that must be changed, as the present management lacks the nerve to ask any business man to put money into a paper that the Pastors do not show enough interest in to support better than they do The Pacific Presbyterian. What are you going to do about it, brethren? Are you going to support the paper or not?

We have received hundreds of letters expressing satisfaction that the paper is to continue, that the present management has control, rejoicing over the helpful publication issued, but the subscriptions received are painfully few. It reminds us of the aristocratic pastor and his elder who were sympathizing with one of the most faithful members of the church because he had to sell meat pies for a living, when the man impatiently said, "Hang your sympathy; buy a pie!"

If you will agree to get us twenty subscribers, we will print a special article illustrated with a picture of the church and Pastor.

An ad on another page tells about a club offer. If you get subscribers on that basis, it will help.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

Man is God's son, made in God's image. He stands erect as the son of the Infinite. His eye beams with intelligence, as he traces God's thought written on the pages of heaven and earth and sea. His will controls hand and foot, eye and ear, mind and spirit, and reaches out to the world around.

Beast and bird rest content when bodily appetite is sated. Not so with man. A divine fire drives him upward toward God, and on to God's work. He must yield to it and

go to God and life, or fight it and go down to death.

In either case we see a **struggle for freedom.** It may be mild, it may be wild, but the struggle comes to every human being.

First it is a struggle with physical nature. The infant feebly poking with foot or hand, or blinking his eye, is working toward full control of hand and foot and eye. He may not crush a serpent like the infant Jupiter, but he must struggle hard before he can hold the toy or the stick of candy.

So in the childhood of the race. Who shall tell the effort required to slay the serpent or the wild beast that was first on the ground desired by the child-man? Who shall paint the courage of the first man that caught a cow and milked her, or a horse and mounted him, or the first that rode the waves in a boat?

As men learned to control nature, they began to struggle with one another for the possession of wife or child, for the control of berry patch or nut grove or mussel-bed. Then followed the long story of wars and slavery and serfdom, and the struggles for civil and religious liberty.

But the hardest struggle of all is the individual struggle for real manhood and womanhood.

Sampson could destroy a lion with no weapon but his own right arm, but he could not control himself. Alexander could conquer a world, but appetite slew him at thirty-two. Caesar and Napoleon, better masters of their appetites, knew not how to limit ambition.

Today we are in the midst of the greatest struggle the world has ever seen. It is not so much a struggle for existence as a struggle for real freedom, such as was never dreamed of in the days of the cave man and the cave bear. We hear men talk for the struggle for wealth as though that were the aim of the American people. Men may become intoxicated in the rush for gold, but the primary object of the rush is greater freedom for themselves and their families.

High and low, rich and poor, native and immigrant, it is true of each. A Rockefeller, willing to give a million a year to be relieved of the care of his wealth, an Italian washerwoman, toiling early and late to keep her children at school, each is hoping that the next generation will find life easier. The drug clerk, working long hours, studying late, living on the barest necessities, and the steel magnate, finding that a man's life consisteth not in the things which he possesseth, each is looking forward to a larger life for himself.

The label of union labor, the Socialist paper, the anarchist bomb, even, each in its way proclaims the desire for freedom from slavish toil and a hemmed-in life.

The scientific spirit of the times is but one of the various manifestations—some fair, some frightful—of a desire for real freedom of thought.

Christ says: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." True freedom implies not only freedom of body and mind, but also freedom of spirit, such as enables one to choose and to do the thing that is right. Physical slavery, mental dependence, have left deep marks upon the race. But from Europe, Asia, Africa, from North and South America, and from the islands of the sea come reports of man's struggle for a higher life.

What shall be the next chapter in this age-long conflict? God only knows. But one thing we all may know. The help of the religion of Jesus Christ is most effective at every stage of the struggle.

C. T. WHITTLESEY,

Newport, Ore.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The name of the Dunkard Church has been changed to the Church of the Brethren.

The late Charles A. Dana, the noted jorunalist, said a few years before his death, that by the year 1920 Manhattan Island would be Judaized. There are nearly a million Jews there now.

According to recent enactments new officers in the United States army must be at least five feet five inches in height. This would rule out the gallant Phil Sheridan were he living. It leaves out some of the readers of The Pacific.

Writing concerning Mexico's thrift the Mexican Herald remarks: "Avoiding by honorable means occasions for hostilities, the Mexican government has set a notable example to many more powerful nations. The people have not been ground down by the weight of taxation imposed because of excessive military expenditures, or by reason of other extravagances. On the contrary, the lower classes have steadily risen in the scale of comfort, especially the artisan class. While the cost of living has risen so have wages increased. Schools have multiplied, mills and factories have become numerous, and the ways of employment have grown to be numerous and varied. A real middle class has come into being, and is a bulwark of good government in this country."

The enrollment at Columbia University for 1907-1908 passed the 5000 mark. Students came from all states of the Union, with the exception of Idaho, as well as from the District of Columbia, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico, and thirty-five foreign countries. The percentage of students from the North Atlantic division continues to decrease (78,40 per cent., as against 82.05 per cent in 1905-06), gains have been made in the North Central division and in foreign countries. In 1894 only one student claimed Europe as a permanent residence, as against 39 in 1908, and only one came from Asia, as against 49 this year. The largest number of foreign students, of whom there were 173, is attracted by the schools of mines, engineering, and chemistry, followed by political science and philosophy, in the order named.

The Hon. Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, says: "That the Chinese Empire will soon constitute one of the biggest buyers in the world is universally admitted. Our imports are increasing by leaps and bounds, and the ultimate magnitude of our foreign trade can best be appreciated when I say that at present it is only $1 per capita. In a decade, when our natural resources in the shape of coal, gold and silver are developed on a large scale; when, with the completion of our trunk lines of railway, domestic trade is fully established, and when by the dissemination of modern knowledge and creation of modern wants, the standard of living is raised higher, the imports will reach figures that will surpass the prognostication of the most optimistic statistician."

The University of Wisconsin sent forth a class of 505 this year. They were of the following named nationalities: 162 are Americans; 112 Germans, 21 Norwegians, 20 English, 17 Irish, 7 Scotch, 6 Welch, 6 Swedish, 5 Bohemians, 5 Canadians, 10 French and several individuals of other nations, making a total of nineteen nations represented. The occupation of the fathers

of the seniors cover 74 trades and professions. There are 95 farmers, 32 merchants, 18 manufacturers, 17 bankers, 12 clergymen, 12 men of leisure, 12 commercial travelers, 11 railroad men, 11 brewers or liquor dealers, 10 druggists, 10 lawyers, 9 real estate dealers, 9 lumbermen, 7 newspaper men, 6 politicians, 6 contractors, 6 insurance agents, 5 teachers and the remaining follow 54 miscellaneous occupations.

The American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offered, some time ago, a prize of $500 for a humane slaughtering device. Of the numerous inventions submitted in the competition, including several based on the guillotine principle, the Maxim noiseless rifle, and several types of pneumatic guns, none came within the exact provisions of the competition in the judgment of the board of managers. "We shall not be in a position to decide the award for some time yet," says Henry Bergh, treasurer of the society and chairman of its committee on humane slaughtering. "While none of the instruments submitted has proved satisfactory, a large consignment of new inventions is expected from Europe soon, and we propose to give them all a complete and careful trial before bringing in a final report. When I started on this humane slaughtering question, it was with the determination to discover the most humane method and device possible to accomplish the end we have in view, and I shall not cease my labors until the field of research has been exhausted. I refuse to accept the theory that, in these days of scientific progress, no better method of slaughtering is possible than that of battering an animal's head to pieces with a sledge, often inflicting great suffering from misdirected blows, or blows with insufficient power to produce insensibility. At most of the abattoirs in this country animals are received like so many logs of wood meant for kindling, the object being to see how many animals in the aggregate can be reduced to the various marketable products within the snortest space of time, and at the least expense. Some progress has been made from the very fact that general attention has been directed to the subject, and the committee hope, within a short time to determine which, if any, of the inventors is entitled to the $500."

The plan for old age pensions suggested in Great Britain by the government is having wide discussion. The Rev. C. Silvester Horne writes concerning it in the Public Questions department of the British Congregationalist: "We have first of all to make up our minds whether an old-age pension scheme is a right and wise thing in itself. We believe we can say truly that the nation has answered that question in the affirmative. According to our modern ideas a man as truly serves the interests of the commonwealth by a life of simple, lowly industry in the field or the workshop as if he were employed in what is technically called the civil service. There is no reason why a postman or a policeman or a soldier should be entitled to a state pension after a long working life, and the navvy on the railway or the laborer in the fields should not. All are engaged in working for the good of the community, and, if possible, old age should be made for all a time of relief from anxiety and the dread of that humiliation which is associated with the poorhouse. This we believe to be a proposition accepted by all but the organs of a very narrow anti-Socialist school. But, when we come to discuss the very practical questions as to the conditions that should attach to the receipt of an old-age pension, there is wide room for difference of opinion. Ideally it should be a pension which everybody might claim at a certain age who was not in some way mentally or morally disqualified. But there is a general consensus of agreement that pensions must at first be limited to those who must gravitate to the workhouse unless they are able by means of state-aid to maintain their independence. We will not now anticipate the discussion that will concern us later as to the limit of income below which a man or woman will become entitled to the five shillings a week. It is clear that no sum can be fixed that will not inflict a measure of hardship upon those whose income is slightly in excess of the government limit. We are much more disposed to quarrel with the clause which fines two pensioners half-a-crown if they live together. For this we can see no manner of reason. If a man and his wife have both attained the age of seventy each should be entitled to a full pension. In the same way if two pensioners can agree, for the sake of economy, to live together, we fail to see why they should be discouraged from doing so. We hear a good deal about the discouragement of thrift. Well, economy is a form of thrift; and it is economy for two old bodies to live together and divide the rent. As an illustration we may mention that the writer of these notes was recenly in Ireland, and turned aside to see the interior of a small Irish cabin. There were two old women existing there, both over seventy. Why should they not have their five shillings each, as they would do if they lived lonely lives in two single-roomed cabins? We hope the government will concede this point, and not feel it necessary to fine old people either for being married or for the practice of economy."

The New York Times, an independent Democratic paper, says, that Mr. Sherman the Republican candidate for vice-president has two elements of strength. "His nomination will bring to the support of the ticket all the energies of the New York Republican organization. Mr. Sherman comes from Utica, a stronghold of stalwart Republicanism. He is well known all over the State, and has managed to keep himself aloof from faction quarrels, so that his name will not be a cause of lukewarmness or defection. Then Mr. Sherman is a conservative man. Not exactly a reactionary, yet he has in the House belonged to Speaker Cannon's group, which has from time to time put itself in opposition to some of the policies of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Sherman is a rich man, identified with corporation interests, some of which his Democratic opponents during the campaign will probably describe as trusts. It is obvious that his nomination will be very much better received in New York and in the East than that of Mr. Dolliver, who was the Administration candidate. Men concerned in large business affairs will feel that in Mr. Sherman, should he be elected Vice-President, they will have a sympathetic friend, very much as such men felt during the first administration of William McKinley that Garret A. Hobart was a friend, a public servant who was informed, congenial and approachable. Now that pretty much all the malefactors of great wealth have been hammered into abandoning ways of transgression, we do not suppose the public welfare will be endangered, or the most sensitive morality shocked, by the election to the vice presidency of a man who will not be stern, cold and forbidding in his attitude toward persons who are industriously striving to lay up something against a rainy day." The Tribune, a Republican paper, says: "Mr. Sherman will aid materially in bringing support to the national ticket in that part of the State in which Republican majorities are made. He has the friendship and respect of the great mass

of voters in the upstate Republican strongholds, and there is no active Republican politician above or below the Bronx who will not exert himself to the utmost to vindicate Mr. Sherman's choice as Mr. Taft's running mate on the national ticket. Victory in New York this fall is clinched by the nominations made at Chicago." But the Sun, Democratic, remarks: "The nominee for the vice presidency, has been identified long and profitably with those elements of indecency and corruption which have brought the Republican party in this State to its present deplorable pass. It can be said, at best, that the convention made a stupid choice. I might have taken Odell! All the same Sherman will get a good large vote in his State."

CHINA'S FIGHT AGAINST OPIUM.

The Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade has sent out a budget of news indicating the efforts that are being generally made in China to carry out the anti-opium edict. At Huaianfu all the opium dens are closed, and efforts made to help all victims to break off the habit. Not more than one-half of the land used for poppy has been planted this year, as the people fear no sale of opium next year. In the Hsuchou Preferture it is reported that the falling off in opium is still greater.

At Shaohsing all the dens are closed, and public bonfires were made of two thousand pipes, an office opened to distribute anti-opium medicine, and temporary loans made to those whose employment has been sacrificed by their slavery to the drug.

The wave of reform has reached Talchow, a stronghold both of the culture and the habit. The new Chehsien of T'inhai has closed all dens in his district, and it is reported that planting of poppy will be prohibited this winter.

His Excellency, Yuan Shih-kai, has memoralized the throne that if officials, whether in Peking or in the provinces, be discovered smoking opium the same be summarily cashiered and dismissed.

Princes Jui, Cheung, and two other high officials have been displaced for continuing to use the drug. When a smoker applies for sick leave to get the cure his place is kept open for three months; failing his abandonment of the habit, his appointment is given to another.

In Peking, the regulation against illicit opium consumption is exceedingly strict. Any one found secretly smoking opium is arrested and committed to three months' imprisonment. Gendarmes are rewarded and a good conduct mark given for every conviction.

The testimony given of all venders of the drug is that since the new rules under the edict have been in force sales of opium have fallen off enormously.

A BONFIRE OF OPIUM PIPES.

The effort in China to stamp out the use of opium is being watched with great interest everywhere.

Recently the North China Herald gave account of a great immolation of opium utensils in the gardens of one Chang-su Ho, at Shanghai. The event had become known, and there were thousands of native and other sight-seers. The pipes were first dipped in a kerosene can and then stacked in two square heaps on a couple of large stones. On one table were two small trays, each containing a complete opium-smoking outfit. A written sheet of paper accompanying them stated that they were the offerings of Yue-ming, manager of the East Adriatic Dispensary, and Kua-Kueiyen, a singing girl, respectively. Both these quondam opium-smokers had sent in their apparatus to be burned, with a pledge that henceforward they would abstain from using the drug.

Several Chinamen delivered speeches on the occasion, one being Wong Chin-foo, who made a great impression:

He stated that the committee of the Commercial Bazaar, which had purchased the contents of the Nan Zun-sin Opium Palace, were determined to assist their countrymen in stamping out the opium curse. . . . The committee learned with great pleasure of the desire of the Municipal Council to endeavor to do away entirely with opium, and he felt sure that in such a commendable enterprise the foreign community would co-operate whole-heartedly with the Chinese. . . . . The Opium Palace, from which came the pipes that were to be destroyed that afternoon, was said to be the largest in China, and news of the bonfire would be noised about throughout the land. For some of the pipes that were about to be burned, $500, the speaker said, had been offered, but the committee had declined to sell them. Finally he called his audience's attention to the fine weather, which, after several days' rain, convinced him that Heaven favored their enterprise.

No sooner had the speeches concluded than the Chinese Volunteer Band struck up, and, amid a deafening din from crackers and bombs, a light was set to the stack of kerosene-soaked pipes. They burnt up fiercely, and whenever the flames threatened to die down a further supply of kerosene was thrown over them. Then glass lamp-covers, traps and other opium utensils were thrown on top of the blaze, and not until the bonfire had nearly burnt itself out did the spectators leave the spot. There can be no doubt, adds the Herald, that the ceremony fired the imagination of the Chinese, and it may have a far-reaching effect on Chinese opinion regarding opium in the Settlements.

PRESBYTERIAN BROTHERHOOD OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Eighty-five men from about the bay gathered together around the festive board at Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Friday evening, June 26th, to enjoy themselves and to listen to addresses by prominent laymen. The meeting was good; the addresses were fine; the dinner was too elegant for the price it cost; but most important of all was the organization of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of San Francisco, which was launched with flying colors amid much good will and enthusiasm. The officers who will direct the affairs of this splendid organization for the next year are: President Bruce Lloyd; secretary, Mr. Madden; treasurer, Wm. H. Cook. The constitution adopted states that the object of the organization is to extend the work of the Presbyterian Church about the bay. The fee is $1.00 per year, and the membership roll is open to all Presbyterian men. The meetings are to be held bi-monthly, on the last Friday of the month.

The program arranged for laymen to speak, and they did speak, earnestly, intelligently wittily and wisely, and to some length. The pastors, as one of the laymen expressed it, "butted in" pretty often, but on the whole the laymen held the floor. The program was interspersed with some rare good music by a Welsh double quartette. It is needless to say how well they sang, for they were Welsh. It would look as if the writer did not know a good dinner when he met it if he did not at least attempt to say how amply all the wants of man were provided for by the ladies of Calvary Church. How charming the ladies were and how well they served the linner may be judged by the re-

mark of one of the ministers, who said, "If I was not a married man I would attend Calvary regularly, that I might have the pleasure of often seeing these lovely women." The writer would say "Amen," if he was not afraid that future visits to Calvary might be misinterpreted.

The first speaker of the evening was Mr. A. S. Johnson of Calvary, who said some good things about church finances. He said there were three sides to a church—the spiritual, the finacial and the social. He considered the financial next in importance to the spiritual, and said that no church was a success unless this side was developed. He said there were grafters in the public schools—teachers who received special gifts from their pupils and in return showed special favors. He said there were grafters in the church—non-givers, taking something for which others paid. "Tithing is the best way, and only those who practice this are the ones who have more to give to the church than others, and receive more satisfaction from the nine-tenths left for themselves. Tithing puts all on the same basis, the rich give largely from their abundance and the poor give in proportion to their income."

Dr. Harold L. Seager gave a very interesting paper on "Church Music," printed in full in another column, which is worthy of the careful reading of all those interested in this line of church work.

Mr. Geo. A. Mullin spoke on the "East as Seen by a San Francsco Layman." His remarks showed careful observation and a close study of church methods. His address is found in another column.

Mr. James Kerr, a prominent manufacturer of San Francisco, spoke earnestly and sanely regarding the relation of Presbyterian laymen to civic life. He said, "San Francisco needs not a new charter, new laws, but more Presbyterianism. You rate men by their money and not by their morals. Men must either work under the eye of the law or the eye of the Master. In San Francisco we have tried the law and found that almost any one can slip through it. We need men who will work with a greater sense of duty. Burns crowns the honest man 'the noblest work of God.'"

Donald McKenzie illustrated his remarks with some striking illustrations that provoked much applause.

At the conclusion of the program Rev. Wm. Rader called upon Mr. Sam Booth for a poem, and he responded with "Keep up the Fight," which we print on the cover page. Its reading was greeted with great applause.

This organization takes the place of the Presbyterian Social Union, which flourished before the fire. That it will do great good there is no question. All men should identify themselves with the organization.

CALIFORNIA ENDEAVORERS AT SACRAMENTO.

Miss Julia Fraser.

For the second time Sacramento has entertained the California State Christian Endeavor Convention. The Capitol City gave a most hearty welcome, and from the very first greeting by members of the reception committee, miles away from Sacramento, the guests were made to feel perfectly at home.

The Sacramento '08 committee—Mr. Chas. Cunningham, chairman—made most elaborate preparations for the comfort and convenience of visitors. The meetings were held in a large tent—seating capacity of 3,000—which had been put up inside the old pavilion. There was ample room for book displays, county headquarters and the various committee rooms, necessary adjuncts of a state convention, in the space outside the tent. The decorations were flags of all nations, the State Christian Endeavor colors (purple and gold), hundreds of C. E. flags and seals, and a monogram of the letters C. E. at least eight feet in diameter, lit up with electricity, all most effectively arranged. A State Convention has never had a more attractive auditorium.

The great chorus, under the leadership of Mr. Robert Lloyd, showed the effects of careful training, and the splendid work of the soloists was keenly appreciated.

The State President, Mr. Edward McKinlay of Fruitvale, called the convention to order Wednesday evening, and Hon. Clinton E. White, Mayor, and Dr. J. T. Wills officially welcomed the visitors. The Rev. E. B. Hayes, who has the distinction of being the only man twice elected President of the California State Union, responded most graciously. The address of the first evening was given by the Rev. H. H. McQuilkin of San Jose, and the closing devotional service was lead by Mr. Leon V. Shaw of Los Angeles, a former president.

The day session convened promptly at 8:15 a. m. in three sections for Bible study, lead by the Rev. W. C. Sherman, Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee and Rev. H. H. McQuilkin. Three men held three sessions, each of one hour, and presented in a masterly style their subjects, viz., "Thoroughly Furnished for Service," "The Bible in Personal Work," and "The Life of Jesus Christ." The Endeavorers generally agreed that they were the most helpful, practical and inspiring hours of the convention.

At 9:15 another series of group conferences was held, one of which was a Mission Study Class lead by Rev. Franklin Rhoda. These conferences were exceedingly helpful, the only regret expressed being that one person could not be in eight different places at the same time.

The Intermediates had right of way Thursday afternoon, and with Mr. R. S. Hawley of Berkeley presiding a comprehensive idea of the work was given. The superintendent of this department is Miss Winifred Skinner of Pasadena, and she has proved a most successful leader, for this is one of the best years for Intermediate work.

The work of the various departments was unusually well presented. Mr. Chas. Cuningham, in an exceedingly interesting and yet businesslike manner, presented the Tenth Legion. Cards were passed and more tithers enrolled.

Dr. Martin of Santa Rosa, in his able address on hospital work, said: "If any Christian Endeavorer has opportunity of doing hospital work and is not doing it, I would not give a snap for the Quiet Hour, Tenth Legion or missionary work. A contribution is about the easiest and the laziest way of doing Christian work." Then, in a wainning way, he told of a certain test or examination all must take related in the latter part of the Twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and said that was simply hospital work.

Dr. Geo. C. Spinning of New York, a member of our Board of Home Missions, made one of his masterly addresses on the California Indians. He briefly reviewed the history of why our Indians are landless because a certain treaty was mislaid in Washington years ago; described the actual condition of the Indians as he himself has seen it; related the experience of a California Indian whom he knows, who seven times planted an orchard and seven times was made to move on,—because the white man wanted his land. Through the effort of the Indian Rights Association of California $150,000 has been secured from Congress to buy land for our landless Indians. Dr. Spinning has been devoting his time and splendid energy to this work. He closed quoting what President Roosevelt said to him in reference to water rights for our Pima Indians: "This is not politics; this is righteousness; and righteousness is what we are here to do." Because of Dr. Spinning's

most able address the California Indian has countless new friends among the Christian Endeavorers.

The Junior Session Friday afternoon was unusually bright and interesting. The children sang, recited a psalm, had a missionary exercise, and the Juniors from our Westminster Church, trained by Mrs. Chas. Cunningham, gave a very attractive drill. The San Lorenzo Junior C. E. Band played remarkably well, and was in great demand.

Rev. Dwight E. Potter forcibly presented the need of saving our boys and girls for Christ, and most practically opened up a vast new field for evangelistic work.

Denominational rallies were a most important and popular feature of this convention. Our own young people filled the Westminster Church, and short talks were given by Miss Dora Fish, just home rom the mountain field, Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. E. B. Hayes, Dr. A. S. Kelly and Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee. The Sacramento Presbyterians served supper at the close and the delightful social hour was most thoroughly enjoyed, and was one of the best opportunities of the convention for strengthening our own work.

Evangelism was the keynote of this convention. Mr. Paul Brown of Los Angeles, who has the love and respect of California Endeavorers as no other worker, led the conferences, presented the department, addressed the convention on the subject and planned all the street services in Sacramento. Mr. Paul Brown has been our Field Secretary during the past year, and the growth of our work is largely due to his tactfulness and consecration.

In one of these street services, so it is reported, a saloonkeeper from San Francisco, with tears rolling down his face, said he would never again have anything to do with that business. Again, while one of the county delegations was holding its little morning worship, the music of the old familiar hymns floated down to the street below. It was the early morning, and two bartenders from two adjoining saloons were out on the sidewalk. They listened to the old hymns. Finally one said: "Say, Bill, it's that kind of a thing going on upstairs that is breaking up our business."

News of the sessions of the last two days will appear later.

Among the Churches.

UTAH.

LOGAN.—The Presbyterian Church at Logan, Utah, enjoyed a most helpful communion service on last Sabbath, and the pastor, Rev. N. E. Clemenson, had the pleasure of receiving four young people into the membership of the church, on confession of their faith in Christ.

NEVADA.

RAWHIDE, NEV.—On Sunday, June 28th, Rev. W. B. Noble, D. D., Synodical missionary, preached in the new church building recently completed under the direction of Rev. F. H. Robinson. The building cost about $1,500, nearly all of which sum was contributed by the people of Rawhide. This prosperous mining camp is now ready for work, and there is a good opening for some wide-awake man to take the pastorate.

IDAHO.

HANSEN.—A Presbyterian Church was organized at this place May 10th, with seventeen members, and on June 14th four additional members were received. For the present Rev. John Gourley of Twin Falls preaches once a month.

TWIN FALLS.—The foundation is up and the contract has been let for the superstructure of a new chapel which will cost, when completed, over $9,000. The church is sharing in the growth of the town.

CALIFORNIA.

CLOVIS.—Children's Day in this church was observed with great enthusiasm, the house being crowded, even to standing room. Church and Sunday school combined in one service of song and recitation. A good collection was taken and forwarded to the Board.

HOLLISTER.—Rev. James Falconer has entered on his fourth year as pastor of the Presbyterian church of Hollister. During the three years just closed there have been eighty added to the membership roll. A commodious manse has been erected, and the church has been taken off the Home Board. The missionary work has been reorganized and systematic mission study is now carried on.

LOS ANGELES.—The installation of the Rev. Wm. A. Hunter, of First Church, occurred Sunday, June 7th, 7:30 p. m. Rev. T. C. Beattie, Moderator of Presbytery, presided and propounded the constitutional questions; Dr. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of Immanuel Church, preached; Rev. R. A. Vanderlas of Monrovia, a former co-Presbyterian in Illinois, gave the charge to the pastor, and Dr. W. S. Young the charge to the people. Prayer was offered by Dr. R. F. Maclaren.

The church was beautifully decorated, and was full of interested people who at the close extended to the new pastor and his family a very cordial welcome. The first communion service was held June 28th.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The ladies of Lebanon Presbyterian Church gave a most delightful luncheon last Thursday in honor of Mrs. McClure. The luncheon was in the nature of a "farewell," as Mrs. McClure is going to San Rafael to live, and in losing her the Ladies' Aid Society and Missionary societies lost one of their most valuable members. The Sunday school rooms were prettily decorated in pink and green. After the luncheon a musical program was rendered, and Mrs. McClure was presented with a piece of cut-glass as a slight token of the love and esteem accorded her by the ladies of this church.

Mr. Logan requested the Christian Endeavor Society to take charge of the prayer meeting last week. Wm. Orton was elected to lead, the topic being, "The Christian's Belief," questions were given to different members of the society to answer, and the meeting proved to be most helpful and interesting. Last Friday evening a farewell reception was given at the beautiful home of the Wm. Linden's, corner of Twenty-fourth and Dolores streets. Mr. and Mrs. Linden and their three daughters leave this week for a trip to the British Isles and Europe, to be gone a year. Last Sunday morning Mr. Logan and H. H. Wintler of the Emanuel Church of Oakland exchanged pulpits.

OALKAND.—The First Presbyterian Church, at a called meeting of the congregation on June 24th, voted not to accept the resignation of Rev. E. E. Baker, D. D., as pastor. At a special meeting of the Presbytery held in the church, June 29th, the pastor was given permission to declare the pulpit vacant, Sunday, August 30th. Dr. Baker will occupy the pulpit until that time. Many laudatory remarks were made by the members of his congregation at the congregational meeting, and by members of the Presbyterial meet-

ing, and much regret is expressed by churchmen and Oakland residents at his decision to give up the pulpit.

MARYSVILLE.—The June celebration of the sacrament of our Lord's Supper was a season that will long be remembered in the First Presbyterian Church, Marysville, Cal. The church had entered upon a ninety days' campaign previously for Christ and His church, and as a result of the united prayer and effort nineteen were received into the church, of whom ten were young men, and twelve were upon confession of their faith. Our Master has said, "Ask and ye shall receive." Well, we asked all right, and there is a permanent awakening, a spiritual growth, that has enlivened all of God's children as a reult of the "asking." During the last year we have as well introduced four "Decision Days," coming just before the communion Sabbath, on which day teachers and pastor unite in an earnest endeavor to bring the children of the Covenant from the Sabbath-school into the church. During the quarter every lesson is prayerfully considered with the one idea in view of the child's growth in grace. Every individual character is studied, that that particular child may in that particular quarter find its Savior. As a result of this we do not have a sacramental season without some of the children of the Sabbath-school entering the church. We have read our blessed Lord's command, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and in obedience to that divine injunction have reaped a reward that certainly passeth our understanding.

PORTLAND PRESBYTERY.

The June meeting of Portland Presbytery was held Monday and Tuesday, June 15-16, with the Bethany (German) Presbyterian Cuhrch. This church celebrated its 35th anniversary at this date.

The pastoral relation existing between Rev. J. Rayen Welch and the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Portland, was dissolved.

Mr. Welch reluctantly retired from this work because his health was not equal to the burden put upon him by the work. He will begin work with Tualatin Plains Church (Washington county) July 5th. This is a purely country field, but one of unusual importance as a country field. The field is to be congratulated on securing the services of so able a preacher as Mr. Welch.

The First Church of Portland is discussing the matter of enlarged quarters for the Sabbath-school, and it looks as though considerable alteration would be made in the present building.

The Millard Avenue Church has adopted plans for a new building, and are hoping to have new quarters within a year or so.

The Sellwood Church has been prosperous in the way of accessions and has been coming well up to the 200 mark in contrast with 43 about five years ago. Rev. D. A. Thompson has done a thorough and good work there.

The Forbes Church will soon be able to occupy the Sunday-school rooms of their new building which will be dedicated early in the fall.

Calvary has extended a call to Dr. Landon of the San Francisco Seminary to become pastor again. I believe it was from the pastorate of this church that he went to the seminary, and now the church is asking him to come back again.

The Mizpah Church extended a call to Rev. Robert McLean, who has just returned from Porto Rica, but they were too late, as he has accepted the call of the church at Grants Pass, in the Southern Oregon Presbytery.

A son of this Mr. McLean, also named Robert, but with an N for a middle initial (Robert N. McLean), is in charge of the work at Anabel for the summer. He will return to Auburn in the fall. In the meantime he is doing good work and winning his way into the favor of those who hear him.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD M. SHARP.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Landon has declined the hearty and persistent call of Calvary Church, Portland, Ore., which they have pressed upon him the last month. This is the church which he left sixteen years ago to accept a chair in the Seminary.

Dr. Landon occupied the pulpit of the church in Vallejo last Sabbath. Dr. Day preached in San Anselmo. Dr. Day has had charge of the Vallejo pulpit during the two months' absence of the pastor, Rev. T. F. Burnham, in the East.

Dr. Wicher completed last Sabbath a three-months' service with St. John's Church, San Francisco. This church has not yet secured a pastor.

Miss Isabella Day, Dr. Day's only daughter, who has been two years at the Western College for Women at Oxford, Oho, is home for a vacation.

Rev. George G. Eldredge, '96, pastor of St. John's church, Berkeley, has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Mills College.

LOS ANGELES PRESBYTERIAN NOTES.

W. D. Landis.

Immanuel's first twilight communion service was well attended last Sunday and thoroughly enjoyed by all. There were twenty-eight new members received, five of whom were on confession of their faith.

The mother of the assistant pastor of Immanuel, Rev. L. J. Adams, is somewhat improved from her recent illness, but is far from well. Her advanced age and usual frail condition prevent a more r apid recovery.

The Third Church and the Grandview Church are both without a regular pastor. Each church has a good committee in charge of the matter, and it is expected that ere long both will have very efficient men at the helm.

The Highland Park Church have received word from Rev. Dr. Ira Landrith that he can be here Monday night, July 20, for a mass meeting of the Presbyterian men of Los Angeles. The Brotherhood of Highland Park a re trying to make the most of the presence of the general secretary on our coast. It is hoped that a large gathering of men will greet Dr. Landrith. He will be in the city only a day or two.

Don't fail to go to the Retreat next week. San Antonio Canyon is the place, and you will find it by taking the Santa Fe to Uplands. The cost is small. Let all the friends come and enjoy a spiritual feast.

Dr. Frank Talmage is traveling in Europe. He reports a fine trip thus far, and that it was only marred by an attack of ptomaine poisoning which detained him for a brief time in a hospital at Naples, Italy. At last report he was well and en route to London to fill some important engagements before returning to America.

The ladies of the Knox Church are busily engaged in seeing that the interior of their church is what it should be for the worship of the ord. They have re-carpeted and refitted the entire interior of the church. It makes a very pleasing appearance and all are rejoicing over the success o fthe undertaking. They have just held their Sunday school picnic at Playa Del Rey. The pastor has been much

encouraged of late by the evening congregations, which have been more t han doubled.

Drs. Wishard and Adams have been named as a program committee for next year's ministers' meetings. It is proposed to have a preaching service at least once a month, and that the pastors may hear the gospel from the lips of each other. It is thought that we may make more of the inspirational and devotional features of the meetings than heretofore, and be thus drawn closer to God and fitted for better service.

On June 14 the Rev. Malcolm J. McLeod organized a new church in Pasadena with 51 charter members, of whom ten were received on their confession of faith. Rev. W. E. Dodge is the faithful pastor of the new flock under whose ministrations the work has advanced thus far. The name selected for the new organization is the Westminster Church (of Pasadena).

Last Sunday evening at Immanuel Church the Rev. Chas. Glunz, Superintendent of the Industrial Work of the Silliman Institute in Dumaguete, Philippine Islands, gave to a crowded house and likewise on Monday night to the Central Church, a stereopticon lecture of uncommon value. Mr. Glunz is supported by the Presbyterial Missionary Society o this Presbytery. He went out first as a Y. M. C. A. worker six years ago and is now supported by the Church. His pictures were fine and original, for he took them himself, and the people felt that he was a strong representative on the firing line of the Church army.

Judge Curtis Wilbur will speak next Sunday evening at the Westlake Church at their Patriotic Service. He is one of the best-known and most widely honored laymen of our city, and a large crowd is anticipated.

DR. TUBBS' SON INJURED.

On Friday afternoon the 19th inst., Marpole Tubbs, son of Rev. Jerome F. Tubbs, D. D., Carpinteria, had a miraculous escape from death when his clothes caught in the clutch of a gasoline engine, and his body whirled around at the rate of 225 revolutions per minute, knocking off three boards of the engine house.

The young man's clothing finally gave way and he dropped to the ground. He got up and stopped the engine to attract his father's attention, who, fearing something wrong, found him naked and hunting for pieces of clothing to cover his body. The father carried him to the house and the wounds were dressed, many wounds stitched and the toes of one foot sewed on without the loss of consciousness.

He bore the two hours on the operating table without the use of anesthetics like a hero.

Dr. Breed, a fine physician and surgeon, a returned missionary from India, tarrying at Carpinteria, put in days in the home, fighting blood poison.

Recovery is well assured; his only loss will be two toes on his right foot.

PRICE—McKENZIE.

The marriage of Gerson Edward Price and Lillian Cameron McKenzie was solemnized Wednesday forenoon, June 24th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cameron McKenzie on D street, Madera, Cal. The bride was attended by Miss Roxie Bissett of Fresno, Cal., and Mr. Carl Newman acted as best man for Mr. Price. Rev. John W. Dorrance officiated, using the new and beautiful and impressive Presbyterian ceremony. The bride was attired in a princess gown of organy, trimmed in lace, and carried a shower bouquet of carnations and ferns. Her traveling suit was Copenhagen blue, with hat to match.

But a week ago the bride carried off gracefully the honors of salutetorian of her class of 1908, in the Madera Union High School. She is a beautiful and an accomplished young woman and very much loved by all of the younger set. The groom is well and favorably known as one among Rosenthal-Kutner Co.'s most gentlemanly and obliging clerks. The happy pair received many valuable, beautiful and useful presents. After partaking of a bountiful and delicious feast of good things spread before them in the large and handsomely flower-decked dining-room, the bride and groom departed amidst showers of rice for San Francisco, whence, after a two-weeks' honeymoon, they will return to Madera and settle down in a commodious home already prepared for them. Those present were the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McKenzie; the groom's mother, Mrs. G. E. Price of Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. C. Rummelsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Brown, Mrs. F. Z. Nesbitt, Mrs. L. Price, Mrs. Edward Cook, Mrs. Rosco Brown; Misses Esther Dorrance, Dalla Plate, Alena Hunter, Gladys Hunter, Agnes Cook, Rosa Cook, Roxie Bissett of Fresno, Isabelle Metz, Lucille Heiskell, Gertrude Rummelsburg of San Francisco, Lucy Price; Messrs. Carl Newman, Kenneth McKenzie, Walter Price of Alameda, and Ralph Bissett of Fresno.

HAINS-HATCHER WEDDING.

A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday evening, June 23rd, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hatcher, in Madera, Cal., when their eldest daughter, Willa Lee Hatcher, was united in marriage to Louis Haynes, in the presence of a few friends of the family, Rev. John W. Dorrance officiating. Those present besides the family of the bride were Dr. and Mrs. Ransom, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Washington and family, and Mr. J. Hutchins. The bride, neatly dressed in a beautiful, blue-tinted organdy frock, looked lovely.

Both bride and groom are popular among the young people, and their numerous friends wish them the best that there is in life.

JAMES-WORLEY NUPTIALS.

On Sunday afternoon, June 28th, Rev. John W. Dorrance united in marriage Miss Leona Belle Worley of Fresno and Mr. Howard Patterson James of Fresno. The ceremony took place at the home of the groom's mother, Mrs. S. J. James, in Madera, and was witnessed by a number of relatives and friends. Mrs. S. J. Foreman was the bridesmaid and Mr. W. G. Garrison acted as best man for Mr. Jame.s

The bride, a stately brunette, made a charming appearance in a beautiful gown, made a la princesse.

The groom is favorably known in both Madera and Fresno, and is engaged in business in Fresno, where the happy couple will make their new home, and where they went after partaking of a sumptuous dinner with their friends.

The parlor and dining-room was artisticalyy arched and festooned with cut flowers and vines.

PASTOR WANTED.

The pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Merced, California, is vacant, and we desire to fill the same as soon as possible. Salary, $1,000 and the use of manse. Address J. W. Knox, Merced, Cal. Appointed by church to secure supplies with view to permanent call.

CHURCH MUSIC.

By Dr. Harold L. Seager.

Like the sound of bells at night, breaking the silence only to lead the spirit into deeper peace; like a leaden cloud at morn, rising in gray twilight to hang as a golden mist before the furnace of the sun; like the dull deep pain of one who sits in an empty room, watching the shadows of the twilight, full of memories; like the plaint of souls that are wasted with sighing; like peans of exalted praise; like sudden songs of praise from the open gates of Paradise,—so is Music."

The origin and growth of the art of music is one of intense interest, and will be found to be a synchronous with that of mankind. From time immemorial the human soul has sought to express itself in song as well as in speech, and there are those who maintain that the first speech of primeval man was in the nature of intonation. However that may be, it is true that the most savage races have the least complete articulate speech.

As may be supposed these efforts of expression were of the simplest, and the human voice was the first instrument. This was followed by instruments of percussion, then wind instruments, and lastly stringed instruments. This order may be observed in the musical history of each seperate race, as well as in that of mankind in general.

The clapping of hands and stamping of feet exemplify the first element of music. The large family of drums, cymbals and bells is a development of the same principle. The sighing of wind passing over a bed of reeds is nature's suggestion of instruments of breath. The pipes of Pan must have been a primitive form of the organ.

The origin of stringed instruments is quite obscure and is wrapped in legend, being variously ascribed to the Egyption god Thoth and the Greek god Hermes, and both refer it to the straining of sinews stretched across the shell of a tortoise. From some such source must have come the Greek lyre and kindred instruments. Like many another art and science, the cradle of music is found in Asia, particularly in India, and thence it passed to the Phoenicians and Egyptians, who handed it down to the Greeks. The Israelites probably got music with the rest of the "wisdom of Egypt" in which Moses is said to have been instructed, although there is an earlier reference in Genesis to music, where we learn that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." They could also assemble quite an orchestra for they had harp, cornet, psaltery, zither, cymbal, organ-pipes, sacbut tabret, tymbrel trumpet and viol.

We could pursue this development of music, but I must hasten to the consideration of music in connection with the church. Not the least of the debts the world owes the church is this one, the development of music.

It was through Christianity, which dwelt upon the sanctity of individual life and deepened the channels of natural feeling, that a desire for an articulate expression of emotion arose. After the active missionary spirit had subsided Christianity became paramount in Europe and the contemplative mood produced a further need of this expression. It was in the peaceful seclusion of the monastic life that a new tonal system and a sound method of instruction first arose. The devotee, relieved from poverty and delivered from persecution, had time to examine what was going on within him, to chronicle the defferent emotional atmospheres of his ecstasy, and note the elation and depression of his inner life,—the velocity of its aspirations, the intensity of its enthusiasms, the complex struggle forever raging between the spirit and the flesh, and the ever-changing proportions of form assumed by one and the other. For hundreds of years music—that is, learned, scientific music—was under control of the church and strictly regulated by ecclesiastical authority. Doubtless the common people had their own songs and dance tunes, but the learned monks who wrote all the treatises and preserved all the manuscripts did not deem them worthy of record, so for about a thousand years the only music of which we have any real history is church music.

As early as the 4th Century there were established in Rome, schools for the training of choristers, and as an evidence that the problem we contend with today is not a modern one by any means, we read of a decree from a church council which forbade church singing—also, I think, in the 4th Century—and it seems to me that there has been trouble in the choir loft ever since.

The organ was first used in the church service in the 7th Century—not of course such an instrument as that with which we are familiar. There was one, for instance, in Winchester Cathedral, built in the 10th Century, which had 400 pipes and 26 bellows, the management of which required 70 strong men and 2 players, although it had but 10 keys. A monk who describes the instrument, observed: "These men perspired uncommonly by the exertion and encouraged one another to persevere in the work."

The revolt of the Protestant church from Rome, led by Luther, was notable for more than the emancipation of the soul,—it also removed the shackles with which priestly authority had bound music. The Lutheran hymns, than which no more simple or beautiful have ever been sung, played a great part in arousing the whole German nation to a condition of religious enthusiasm, and from the time of the Reformation congregational singing has held sway in the church. Today it is universally acknowledged that music is an important part of the church servece. We are admonished many times in the Bible to "Sing unto the Lord," and to sing His praises is just as truly an act of worship as to offer up our petitions in prayer, or to confess our sins to Him.

How shall we than arrange this part of our worship so that He may be glorified, and that we may be edified thereby? There are many opinions on the subject and for that very reason the problem is a difficult one.

I remember visiting a Presbyterian church in Scotland where the music was in charge of a presentor who could do almost anything better than he could sing. I do not wish to slander the Scottish nation, but I have heard it said that they are not a musical people, and judging from the national instrument—the bag-pipes—I don't find the statement hard to believe. The singing on that Sabbath day years ago gave me many a shiver and I don't think it aided me in worship.

In Turkey, where I was brought up, I occasionally visited a mosque, and you know the Koran prohibits any instrument save the human voice in their places of worship, —not even a bell is heard calling the worshippers, only the Miuzzin with his cry of "Allah il Allah, Resoul Allah," greets the faithful five times a day.

In the Roman church the choristers manage it all, and so we find a divergence of opinion. Here in our churches of San Francisco we are by no means agreed. Shall we have a choir vestured or not—shall congregational singing be paramount—or shall we delegate it all to trained singers? I have the good, or ill, fortune 'I leave it to you

to judge which is the right adjective) to be on the music committee in my own church, and have had to express by own conviction—at least to my fellow members—and it is this: For the best congregational singing, (and I believe the people who come to worship should be given an opportunity to sing to the Lord as well as to hear the sermon), it is necessary to have a voice, or voices, to lead. The less conspicuous the choir can be the better, and I think a vestured choir would make for that object. There would be less curiosoty as to the soprano's hat or the taste in dress exhibited by the tenor. But we want our brothers to sing, less for the purpose of displaying well cultivated voices than for the real participation in this very essential part of the church service.

THE PARABLE OF THE WHEELBARROW.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for July 12th: "Character and Courtesy.")

Albert W. Palmer.

Dr. Arthur Smith, in his sparkling and fascinating book, "Chinese Characteristics," (if you haven't read it, take it on your vacation and insure a good time), tells us that from motives of economy the Chinese omit to oil their wheelbarrows. Hear ye, therefore, the parable of the wheelbarrow!

Character and courtesy are related to each other somewhat as wheelbarrows and oil. The oil alone isn't good for much—you cannot carry your produce to market or your wife to town (if you happen to be a Chinaman) on a teaspoonful of oil. In like manner the wheelbarrow, which we call character, is more important than the oil of courtesy. Courtesy without character won't accomplish much in the world. Men have so often tried to do the work of a wheelbarrow with only a teaspoonful of oil that people are sometimes suspicious of any oil at all. There is so much false courtesy and sham politeness that, from the contentions of highly organized society, men turn, as for a breath of salt sea air, to the mining camp or the frontier community, here it is inherent character rather than the half-insincere niceties of conduct that count. The oil of courtesy is all right, but it is a mighty poor substitute for the wheelbarrow of character. Better a wheelbarrow that squeaks all day long like a street car going round a curve than no wheelbarrow at all!

But, true and fundamental as all this is, how much better to combine wheelbarrow and oil, character and courtesy. In the first place the wheelbarrow that is kept well oiled will last longer and work easier. And so a character which has in it the oil of courtesy will be spared many of the jolts and jars, the unpleasant and bitter experiences that come to one, however strong in character, who has not learned to be polite and patient as well as honest and upright. A man with the most stirling integrity in the world will find his character less subject to the strain of impatience and indignation if he remembers to practice the little courtesies of life toward the telephone girl, the salesman, the newsboy, the book agent and the vegetable pedler!

And, in the second place, the man who oils his wheelbarrow is a public benefactor. He helps relieve nerve strain and prevent nervous prostration. He not only gets more and better work out of his wheelbarrow by oiling it, he helps the men and women along the street. After seeing his well-oiled wheelbarrow they are more apt to feel inspired to buy wheelbarrows of their own. Perhaps, after all, a wheelbarrow that did not squeak would be worth having!

When I worked in a large furniture store in Los Angeles we had a customer who was a staunch and stalwart pillar of the church, an upright and honest man. But he was so penurious and sarcastic that every clerk and workman in the store hated him. They had no use for his brand of wheelbarrows, when, as a matter of fact, his wheelbarrow of Christian character was sound and good—it only needed the oil of courtesy. Therefore, let us all take to heart the parable of the wheelbarrow. By all means have a wheelbabrrow, but don't let it squeak—oil it!

THE EAST AS SEEN BY A SAN FRANCISCO LAYMAN.

George A. Mullin.

The subject given to me to discuss is "The East, as Seen by a San Francisco Layman." Now, I suppose that the chairman and the committee expect me to tell you something regarding the Presbyterian Church in the East. I am pleased that they gave me this subject, for the reason that I know nothing about the Presbyterian Church in the East. While I visited a number of churches during my recent trip, I only attended one Presbyterian church, and that was so dead that it looked to me as if it were only necessary to call in a coroner and hold an inquest. However, I was told that I need not stick to my subject very closely, and I promise you not to "stick," but will roam around, and might incidentally tell you something of what I saw in other churches. Now, if there is one thing that I admire about the Catholic Church it is its organizations. You will find in the Catholic Church many societies, religious, fraternal and social, but when the Church proper announces an entertainment or gathering you will find the various societies vieing with each other to make the affair a success. Can we say the same of our own Church? It is true that we have many societies, but they are so interested in their own individual work that when called upon to take up the church work proper they seem to think that they are doing all they can in their own society. Did you ever see a football team that amounted to a hill of beans that did not have plenty of team work? That is just what we need in our own church—team work and plenty of it; and it behooves you laymen here tonight to go back to your church and do a little coaching down the line of your societies and secure more team work. Until we have all these societies united and pulling together for the benefit of the church we will not be successful.

Now, what are we, as laymen, doing for the Sabbath school? In the city of Boston I visited a down-town church. I arrived there quite early and found that ushers (and plenty of them) were there to receive me and show me to a seat. I was not compelled to stand in the vestibule and wait for some usher to appear. When the pastor came up to the pulpit he was followed by twenty of his official board, who occupied seats on the platform with him during the entire service. They had a Church Bulletin, but, as you know, there are always quite a number of notices to be given out, but they did not make a human bulletin of their pastor. The clerk of the Board gave out the notices. After the church service I visited the Sababth school. You must understand that this was in a down-town church, where large Sabbath schools are not expected, as many parents who attend down-town churches send their children to the churches nearest to their homes. I was astonished, therefore, to find a Sabbath school of nearly 500. Out of this 500 nearly 200 were adults, and more than 80 per cent of the gentlemen who occupied seats on the platform were either teaching classes or were in some way

connected with the Sabbath school. Can we, in San Francisco, make any such showing? If you desire a strong church you must have a strong Sabbath school, and we laymen who are here tonight should attend the Sabbath school session and do all we can to assist those who are carrying on the work.

I was pleased tonight to hear Mr. Johnson talk upon the matter of systematic giving. The church is always eager to take in new members. Any applicant for church membership who comes before the session and answers the questions propounded by it satisfactorily is admitted into the membership of the church. I believe that the session does not go far enough. I believe that every applicant for membership should be made to understand that he has certain obligations besides attending church; that he must contribute to the support of the church in some systematic way; I care not whether it be through pew rents, envelope system, or in any other way that he may see fit to contribute, but that he must contribute and do his share. I also believe that he should be informed that attending church on the Sabbath day does not make a church member; that there is a mid-week meeting, at which he should be present. You men who are here tonight (and I know that you all attend the mid-week meeting, for that is the reason that there is such a large attendance, and that the meetings are so enthusiastic) will notice that comparatively few new members who join the church attend the prayer meeting. It is "up" to the session to put new members at work and keep t hem at it.

It was my pleasure to attend the Central Church of Chicago, which is presided over by Dr. Gunzalus. There is no church large enough to hold the congregation of the Central Church, so they worship in the Auditorium theater, the largest theater in that city. The morning I attended there was a congregation of 4,600 people, and I was informed by good authority that from 600 to 1,000 were turned away. I must tell you that the Auditorium is in the heart of the business district, and the people who attend this church have to come from some distance. It is true that it was on Easter Sabbath that I was there, but that made no difference in the attendance, as the church is always crowded every Sabbath, and it is necessary for one to reach there not later than 10:30 if he expects to find a seat. It was a grand, inspiring service. The next day it was my privilege to call upon Dr. Gunzalus at the Armour Institute, and in conversation with him I asked him how he made his church successful. He replied, "Put your people to work and keep them at it, and with a working congregation you are bound to go ahead." So I believe that the session should put every member to work and keep them at it.

Now a few words regarding the open church. Should not our church be open every day, instead of merely on the Sabbath? I found in the large cities, such as Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington and New York, that many of the churches were open every day in the year, and in many a noon service of ten minutes is held. You will find in front of these churches signs reading, "Open for rest and prayer." Some one may say, "Is this not a fine opportunity for tramps to rest and sleep?" Maybe so. Nevertheless, many a poor soul in trouble has been able to receive comfort through having an opportunity to enter this open door of the church. And speaking of sleep, it is not only on the week days that people sleep in church. I have heard it said that you can sometimes find people sleeping in church on the Sababth, and it is not altogether the fault of the man in the pew. If you ministers would only give a good "straight-from-the-shoulder" talk for about thirty minutes and not drag out your service from forty-five minutes to an hour, you would have less sleeping in the pews and more people to preach to. There is no question but that we need more enthusiasm in the pew, and we certainly need it in the pulpit.

At the last meeting I listened with considerable interest to the discussion of church extension. I may say something which I know will not meet with the approval of my friend Johnson, and the Home Committee. I want to say at the outset that I believe in church extension; that I should like to see a church planted in every one of the outlying districts of the city, but are we in a position at this time to do this work? I ask you as business men, if your business was not paying and you were hardly able to keep your head above water, would you establish more stores in districts that you knew could not support the stores, or would you concentrate your efforts in building up the business you had? I believe you would do the latter. We have now in San Francisco many weak churches that are having very hard work to keep the church door open, and in spite of this we talk about establishing more churches. Take care of what we have, and then, when we have these weak churches well established, let us go with a united front into the outlying districts, establish churches and, with open pocketbooks support them in the proper manner.

Pay your minister well. Is it the proper thing to put a man in the field, pay him a paltry hundred dollars a month and expect him to carry on an aggressive work? If there is one profession in the world which receives more criticism and more abuse than another, and is as poorly paid, it is the minister's. They are doing a great work and should be paid for it.

I do not wish you to think, from the remarks that I have made this evening, that I am a "knocker." I prefer much to be classed as a "booster," and that is what we need among the laymen today. Let us be a "booster's" club, I care not under what title you give it, the Presbyterian Brotherhood, or any other name, but let us all become members of the "Boosters' Club" and work for the good of the Presbyterian Church of our city.

THE CHURCH-PAPER HABIT.

An examination of the subscription list of any church paper would reveal the fact that certain family names occur with great persistency. No matter what the financial condition of the family or the wide area covered by the spreading family tree, the paper is read and paid for by pretty nearly all the members of the family. The same is true of certain sections of congregations. Sometimes it is the men who have been in the church council, and have been spurred up to want to know more about Zion, and havve commenced to read the paper, nor given it over when they retired from office. Membership in the Young People's or Woman's Society often acts as a stimulus to the formation of the church-paper habit. However formed, it is a good hapit to cultivate in families and congregations. The readers of the church paper are the solid nucleus of the church. Under all winds and weathers they are the people to be relied upon to stand by the ship. They create the sentiment that makes progress possible. Ignorance is not bliss, and it is not folly to be wise in churchly matters. The test of this church-habit comes in hard times. The church member who has become accustomed to look for a message from the church-at-large with the regularity of Wednesday or Friday, will sacrifice many other things before doing without his church paper.—Ex.

THE HOME

A WORKINGMAN'S STORY.

His life was tuned to the keynote of love. His was the great unworldliness. If I should mention his name, members of the ——— conference would recall the man's sweet spirit and his rare unselfishness. So little did he consider money and money's power, save where it might be used for good, that the thought of his childlike simplicity with reference to the mighty dollar strikes a humorous chord in one's memory.

There was a day, however, on which it became necessary for him to spend a sum rather unusual for a man of his modest wants. He had an account at one of the leading banks of the town, and went down quite early to draw the amount.

An hour or so later he returned, and his wife asked about the money. A look of consternation swept over his face. "Why—why, really, I don't know where it is!" and he began to search his pockets industriously.

"O Mr. H———, that is so much like you!" The wife smiled, though her prudent soul felt real distress.

For once the unworldly man grieved over the loss of money. When he thought of the good that might have been accomplished by the sum rightly spent, he blamed himself for inexcusable carelessness. "I can't imagine what became of it unless I dropped it just outside the bank door. As I stepped onto the sidewalk John Gray met me. and I stopped to shake hands and have a few minutes' talk with him. I can't remember putting the money in my pocket at all."

"Did you have it loose in your hand?"

"Yes; all in one bill."

"Well, I don't suppose you'll ever hear from it."

"Anyway, I shall advertise in the daily and offer a reward."

The advertisement was inserted in next morning's paper. What came of it we shall now hear.

A young man with a dinner pail on his arm passed along the sidewalk in front of the bank a few minutes after the minister and Mr. Gray separated. He paused suddenly, looked around with a startled expression, then stooped to pick up something from the pavement—a something which he hurriedly slipped into his pocket. Not till he had left Main Street and was passing through a more retired part of the town did he take out the bill and examine it. His heart throbbed tumultuously, then calmed itself with a great calm. This was the answer to the agonies of doubt through which he had passed! He was doing no wrong in thus keeping the money. God so meant it. Above his undercurrent of anxiety begun to rise and swell the triumphant thought that God—even God—had taken note of him and his low estate.

As he trudged on to his work in the factory, and later while he moved steadily, faithfully at his accustomed task, he lived over again the last weeks of care and strain. It was only five short weeks ago that his wife had gone down into the shadow of death. The babe had lived a few hours; then the little life had flickered out, while daily the mother's was despaired of. Perhaps nothing but love for her husband and the two little ones gave her the wonderful tenacity that puzzled the doctors. At first they had declared she must die, and had tried to prepare him for the inevitable. Now they were saying that she might live on, but would be an invalid for life.

In the meantime the day was fast drawing near on which he had hoped to make the last payment due on his modest home. Rents were so nigh that he had decided early in his married life to buy, and thus far had been able to meet every payment. But the expenses of his wife's protracted illness and his baby's death had swallowed up the fund he had saved for the final settlement. He might be given more time, but the future looked dark. Some one must be hired to care for his wife and children, the latter being hardly more than babies. After paying this additional expense and calculating for the comforts that Annie would be compelled to have, he had thought and thought, and had seen no way out. Only the strength of his right arm to count on against all these difficulties! But now—ah, now, how clear it seemed! Did God mean to answer prayers that had not been uttered? He had never been a religious man, and in all his brooding had not consciously gone to that mighty Power.

The bill he had found would exactly close up the trade for his home. Surely, surely God was back of it all. The very thought of such a loving Father stirred the music of his soul.

After the day's work was done, he hurried home, sped on the wings of hope, to show the money to Annie and tell her of his newborn faith in God. That gentle soul rejoiced and kissed her husband with all the yearning tenderness that a good woman feels who sees the struggles of her loved ones against a rough world the while she is forced to sit with folded hands, helpless in her frailty.

Far into the night they talked the simple talk of sincere and trustful souls. When the morning came, it found the man braced for his work with a new and wonderful energy. Only one more day, and his last debt would be paid. His step rang cheerily on the pavement as he went to his work. His head was more erect. He felt himself a man, every inch—a man who had the courage to stand between the world and those helpless ones in his care.

During the early part of the morning he went to the office on a matter of business connected with the work. Just at the moment of his entrance the manager of the factory was engaged; but he spoke pleasantly to him, asking him to be seated, as he would be ready in a short while to see him.

Young Evans picked up a paper lying on the table near him. He had barely glanced at it when he laid the sheet down with a trembling hand. During the few minutes of talk between him and the manager, the latter commented on Evan's paleness. "I hear you've been having it hard lately, Will. I'm very sorry. If there is anything I can do for you, let me know."

The young man felt a sudden impulse to tell him the trouble and ask his help. A moment, and he had allowed the impulse to pass. With a word of thanks he left the office.

Under the sunlight he turned his face skyward and cried out in the bitterness of his heart. It was all false then, this fine belief that had possessed him about a loving Father and his care. The paper he had picked up in the office struck his attention glaringly with an advertisement of the lost bill and an offer of reward to the finder.

Through the long day and night that followed, who shall say what fierce battles waged in the man's soul? He did

not tell his wife of the advertisement, nor did he discuss the morrow with her. He had planned to go for his settlement in the late afternoon, as his morning hours were too early for the usual business man.

Tossed this way and that in his spiritual warfare, Evans spent an almost sleepless night, and rose early with an unwonted feeling of age and fatigue weighing him down. It was as if these hours had stripped him of youth and hope, of all that made life worth living. After his frugal breakfast he came to his wife's bedside, as was his wont. She had fallen asleep again. he stood for an instant looking down on that wan face. He had not told her all that was in his heart, and yet he felt sure he could quiet her conscience if he should decide to keep the money. Could he? She always deferred to him in every possible way. But he was aware that she had a deep inner existence from which he seemed to be shut out. As for practical notions of honor, of honesty, he had supposed his brain would be clearer there than his wife's. In the business world he had found as much honor among men who were not Christians as among the religious.

He thought of these things as he stood looking down on Annie's white face. Then somehow, by some divine impulse, his heart was stirred by the fancy that she would be with him in his struggle, even if he kept his secret—not with him as a judge to condemn him for wrongdoing, but as a loving friend who pleads with him and for him. "Can I look into her trusting eyes and feel that I have done this thing, even for her sake? Can I bear it?"

He hurried abruptly out and turned his steps—whither? At first he had no aim; but as he went on and marked the street crossings, again the fight raged within him. Should he take this street and, following it two or three blocks, fall into Church Street, and thus reach the minister's home? Drawn by some inward compulsion he followed this route, and soon stood in front of the parsonage.

Not yet was his mind fully made up. He hesitated on the porch, he wavered as he held out his hand to ring the door bell. He doubted as he waited for an answer to his summons. Nor did he feel that he was an honest man until he looked into the benignant face of the gentleman who opened the door.

When he learned that the man standing before him was the one who had lost the money, he felt strong to do the right. In a few moments they were in the minister's private study; and the young man was telling, brokenly but with all his heart, the history of the lost bill. A few words here, a pause, and again a few words—then to the great-souled man listening the matter was open. He saw the struggle. He thanked God for the victory. He spoke in winning words to this struggler after light. He knelt with him and talked of this brother as the great lovers of the race are wont to speak when they commune with the Father of all.

The light came and William Evans went down from that house reconciled to God.

The settlement for the house? The amount was pressed on the young man as a loan, and payments were rendered so easy that he never felt any undue strain. Moreover, a part of the sum was given him as a reward for the finding of the money. And the preacher? Do not you think that scenes like this repay a man for labor and trial or sore agonizing of heart?—Mrs. F. L. Townsend.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents

in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.

Young People

THE BEST OF ALL FOURTHS.

We put him to bed in his little night gown,
The worst battered youngster there was in the town;
Yet he yelled as he opened his only well eye,
"'Rah! 'Rah for the jolly old Fourth of July!"

Two thumbs and eight fingers with cloths were tied up,
On his head was a bump, like an upside-down cup;
And he smiled best he couldw with his nose all awry,
"I've had just the 'bossest' Fourth of July!"

We were glad, for he had been up with the sun.
Right into the midst of the powder and fun,
Where the cannon's loud boom sent its smoke to the sky—
Young America-like was the Fourth of July!

I said we were glad. All the pieces were there,
So we plastered and bound them with the tenderest care;
But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh,
"If tomorrow was only the Fourth of July!"

He will grow all together again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year;
But though it is selfish, we are thankful there lies
A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt Fourth of Julys.

We kissed him good-night on his powder-specked face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place;
And he murmured as sleep closed his one open eye,
"I wish every day was the Fourth of July!"

WHY JACK DID NOT GO TO THE PICNIC.

It was a Fourth of July picnic.

Jack and Jill, whose name isn't "Jill" at all, but Julia, had been talking about it for days and days, so you may be sure it wasn't Jack's fault that he didn't go.

And yet it was Jack's fault in a way; surely nobody else was one bit to blame.

I am sorry to say Jack is a selfish boy—sometimes.

He has a great many nice things to eat, but he isn't always willing to divide, even with Jill, who is the dearest, sweet-tempered little sister that a boy ever had, and Jack himself will tell you so.

Fourth of July morning a gentleman gave Jack a nice orange, for snatching a firecracker from under his horse's feet. The fire went out of its own accord before Jack picked up the cracker, and Jack told Mr. Billings so. But that didn't make any difference; he had the orange all the same, and he went home with it on the run.

Everybody was busy getting ready to start for the picnic, and Jack thought he would have a chance to eat his orange all alone. That doesn't look well, does it? nor sound well. It is what Jack was thinking, however, when he went through the shed into the back kitchen, and sat down on a bench and began to peel his orange.

All on a sudden he heard Jill coming in from the barn through the shed. Where could he go, out of sight?

The door o the great brick-oven stood open, though how it happened to be so, nobody could ever tell. The door was large enough for Jack to dive through and scarcely touch. The oven, which hadn't been used since Grandmother Horkin's time, was large enough for Jack to stand up in and not bump his head; and it had made him a hiding-place more than once, when he and Jill played hide-and-seek.

So into the oven went Jack with his orange, and Jill hurried by without so much as looking at the big, half-shut door.

Jack laughed softly. He was in no haste to get out of the oven again. It was rather a nice place for a feast, he thought. Looking up through the great chimney he could see blue sky and floating clouds; the chimney-swallows, too, were fluttering in and out, making a great fuss over their nests and eggs and little ones. But I don't believe one of those swallows ever thought of such a thing as going away by himself to eat a nice, juicy worm, do you?

So Jack lay down with his arm for a pillow, and ate his orange and gazed up at the sky and clouds and listened to the swallows. It was very pleasant, and Jack was very sleepy, because he had waked up with the first gun.

He was very sleepy, but he wouldn't go to sleep—not for anything. "It's nice in here," said he to himself, "but I'll crawl out—in—just—a—minute. I"—

Five minutes later Aunt 'Manda, going out through the kitchen saw the oven door open, and shut it with a bang. The noise didn't wake Jack; he was sleeping too soundly for that.

"Where is Jack?" asked mamma, when the carriage came around to the door.

"Ja-ack!" called his father. "All ready, Jack!"

"Captain Simpson took a whole hay-rack load o' boys over, said Aunt 'Manda. "I saw 'em go by just now. Prob'ly Jack's amongst 'em."

So Jack's papa picked up his reins and cracked his whip, and away rolled the carriage, with all the family, to the picnic grove, six miles away—all the family except Jack.

There were boys everywhere, playing ball and swinging and racing through the grove.

The children had a table by themselves, too, and it was not until after dinner that Miss Getchell, who was Jack's Sunday-school teacher, said to Mamma Craig, who was feeling greatly worried by this time:

"Where is your little boy today, Mrs. Craig?"

"Why, he is here," said Mamma Craig, with a dreadful sinking of her heart. "Isn't he here?"

"I—don't think so," answered Miss Getchell.

Mamma Craig flew one way, and Papa Craig another, and Aunt 'Manda another, as perhaps they ought to have done before, but nothing could be even heard of Jack. No one had seen him.

Then home went the Craigs as fast as the horses could carry them. Before they got to the house, they heard a sad outcry:

"O'oh, let me out! L-et me out!"

The sound came up and out of the big chimney. That was why they could hear it so plainly.

"It—why, it sounds like Jack!" cried mamma. "Where can he be?"

"I wa-ant to get ou-out! O-h dear, dear!"

He's somewhere in the house!" cried papa, throwing down his reins before the horses stopped. Poor little Jill began to cry. Mamma and Aunt 'Manda clambered out of the carriage and hurried in. Rat le! rattle!

"He's in the brick oven, sure's you're born!"

The latch of the oven door was broken, and, once in place, it couldn't be lifted from the inside. Mamma Craig, on the outside, lifted the latch, and out into her arms tumbled her poor, punished, grimy, tear-stained boy.

He cried a while, with his face on his mother's shoulder, before he tried to answer any questions. He had not been awake more than half an hour, so it wasn't really so bad as it might have been.

Pretty soon the whole story came out.

"Then you were hiding away from Jill?" asked Papa Craig severely.

"Yes—sir."

"So you needn't give her part of your orange?"

Jack hung his head and blushed. "Yes, sir."

"Then I'm glad this has happened," said Papa Craig, turning on his heel. "It serves you exactly—right."

And I'm inclined to think just so myself, though I wouldn't say it aloud for the world.

"Mamma," said Jack, a little later, "I'm going to divide with Jill all the rest of the time. I am, if I want to or not; and by and by I'll want to."—Ada Carleton.

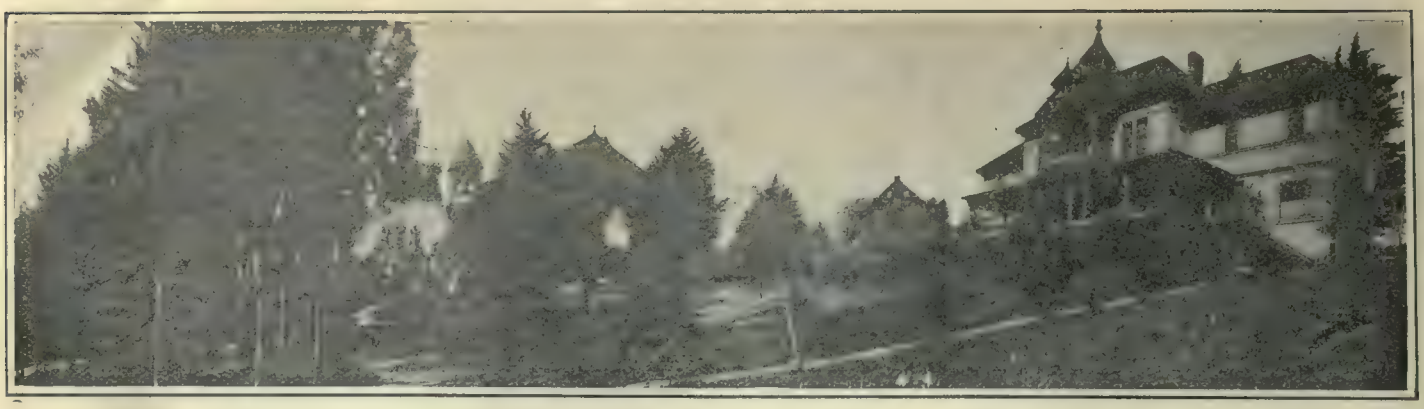
ONLY.

It was only a blossom,
Just the merest bit of bloom,
But it brought a glimpse of summer
To the little darkened room.

It was only a glad "good morning,"
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.

Only a song; but the music,
Though simply pure and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways
The reckless roving feet.

"Only," in our blind wisdom,
How dare we say at all?
Since the ages alone can tell us
Which is the great or small.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MT. HERMON STOCK FOR SALE.

What will you give for two shares of MOUNT HERMON STOCK

J. E. WITHERSPOON,

Sacramento, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY, OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

HUMOR IN SCHOOL.

The inspector was examining a junior class, and asked if any of them had ever seen a tomahawk. "I seen a hawk in a tree, but I didn't know if it was a Tommy hawk or a hen hawk," answered a little chap.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE

By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, JULY 9, 1908. No. 28



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

DISREGARDED SIGNALS.

The extremely deplorable accident that occurred on the evening of Saturday of July 4th, when nearly a score of people were injured and half that number had their lives crushed out in the crash of the collision of the local and the Santa Cruz trains, near the Webster street crossing in Oakland, is said to have been caused by the disregard of signals on the part of the engineer of Number 57.

Relying upon the correctness of the reports, this wreck with its very sad results is forcifully suggestive of the very general disregard of signals.

The Interstate Commerce Commission and various state legislatures and city authorities are endeavoring to prevent the loss of life by insisting that railroad corporations shall use an effective signal system, put gates and guards at railway crossings, where these are at grade; that they shall utilize the patent coupler on freight cars, and various other means of safety. But, moved by the greed for gain, or some other unworthy motive, such disregard is paid to these signals that most of the loss of life in railway wrecks is directly traceable to some disregard of signals.

Government lighthouses are established, Government inspectors are appointed, and licenses are issued to navigators that human life may not be needlessly sacrificed; and yet most wrecks upon water are due to disregard of signals.

The Creator of life is seeking the preservation of life, but the enemy of man uses all means conceivable by the spirit of evil to persuade men to disregard every signal that warns of danger and to belittle every signal light that welcomes to safety.

In pursuance of God's life saving plans He has hung the signal lights in His word, spoken by angels, emphasized the dangers of disobedience by judgment in retributive justice, and continues to ring the harbor bells of welcome in His great salvation spoken first by His own Son and confirmed unto us by miracles and signs and various gifts of the Holy Spirit.

By a great signal light, growing deeper red through every year of human experience, God is saying: "The drunkard shall come to poverty and drowsiness shall cover a man with rags." "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken also." "Woe to them that build a city with blood and establish the throne by iniquity." "Sin is a curse to any people." "The nation and the people that will not serve thee shall perish." "Woe to them that join house to house and lay field to field that they may be placed alone in the earth" (coveteousness).

These are signals warning against dangers as real and results as tremendous as can wrack men and cities and nations. Alas! how disregarded, till the earth groans with its weight of poverty, drunkenness runs riot, impurity is everywhere in evidence, while corruption and graft are the rule in civil government, homes are scattered into fragments and the debris of ruined lives, piled high, chokes everywhere the path of life.

The unite of government and of society as also their stability is in the home, and for the perpetuity and the protection of the home the Heavenly Father ordained that the home be built upon the foundation whose chief corner stone is a union made effective by holy bonds secured in religious covenants; but men have disregarded God's signals and degraded the marriage bond to a civil contract, with the inevitable result of an ever increasing ratio of sundered home ties.

The Heavenly Parent gave to earthly parents His laws and directed that these be taught unto the "olive plants about the table;" but the signal is almost totally disregarded, with the sure result that children are growing to maturity without a knowledge of God's word, without a spirit of obedience to His law, and without reverence for either the home or the house of God.

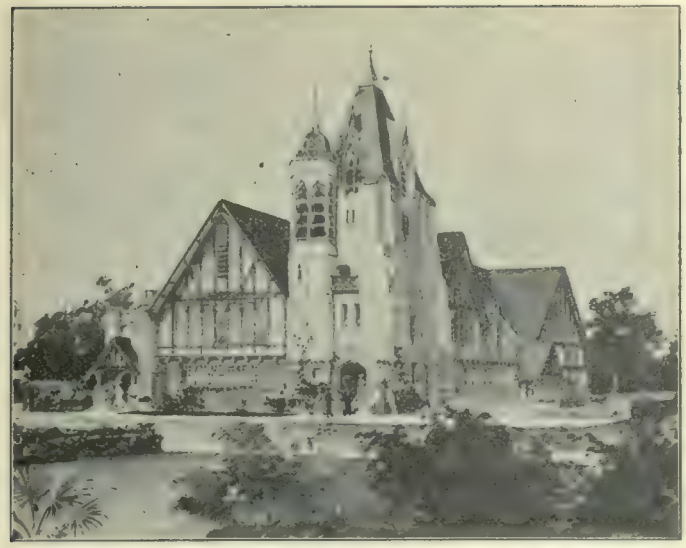
The Savior of life hung the signal light in Eden, and on the semaphore He inscribed: "Obey and live—Disobey and die." Then came the adversary and changed the red to green and said, "Thou shalt **not** die." Man believed the changed signal, and every corpse from that beside the forfeited Paradise to San Francisco's Golden Gate, is the tragic answer that "Sin is death."

Whoever shall venture to swing the danger signal in civil, social or individual life will surely be assailed with the stigma, "He injures our business; he is an alarmist; he is a pessimist."' Be it so.

"I hold not with the pessimist that all is ill.
I hold not with the optimist that all is well;
But I hold that all will be well, for God is God."

O. E. H.

Occidental College, Los Angeles, receives $30,000 for its interest in a business block in Pomona, bequeathed to it a few years ago.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SAN JOSE, CAL.

The new First Presbyterian Church now stands as an ornament to the city, and a credit to the congregation. Strangers visiting San Jose will be pleased with its beauty, and carry away with them pleasant recollections of the services enjoyed within its walls.

When the congregation first began to recover from the blow which leveled the old church home, it was decided to appoint a committee of seven men to have charge of the matter of erecting a new house of worship. This committee was to decide upon the site, select an architect, pass upon the plans, raise the money and handle the whole matter for the church. Having entire confidence in its building committee, there has not been voiced any criticism of the plans as the church took form, but repeatedly when it became necessary for the congregation to express itself regarding the plans of the committee, the expression was one of hearty and unanimous approval.

The old site, while dear to the hearts of many of the members, was found to be too small for the needs of a modern church building, and was also within the fire limits, necessitating the erection of a steel, stone, or other fireproof building beyond the means of the church. After much deliberation the present site on North Third street was decided upon, with a frontage of 131 1-2 feet and a depth of 137 1-2 feet. This is 40 feet more frontage than the old site afforded, and did not necessitate a change from the central location held by the old church, it being only one block further east.

The selection of an architect was one that took considerable thought on the part of the committee, and after meeting with several and discussing their ideas, it was finally decided to select a man especially fitted by his work to handle the peculiar problems of church architecture, and Norman F. Marsh of Los Angeles was the choice of the committee. Mr. Marsh has erected many churches throughout Southern California and has made church architecture a special study, and two other San Jose churches have followed the First Presbyterian Church by selecting him.

The building was not submitted to bidders, but was erected under the supervision of A. R. Short of the building committee. This plan resulted to the entire satisfaction of the church, and it is believed that the building is as near earthquake proof as such a structure can be made.

System of Raising Money.

The raising of the necessary funds was a matter requiring much planning and sacrifice. It was decided from the first that the money would not be raised by means of fairs or bazaars, but the memebrs and friends of the church were asked to give an offering without any solicitation or subscription list. This method of church financing has prevailed ever since the present pastor, Rev. Harmon H. McQuilkin began his pastorate, and has proven eminently successful. Not only are the regular running expenses of the church met promptly, but a large sum of money was raised for the new building, and the church in addition supports a pastor on the foreign missionary field, Rev. William B. Langsdorf, Ph. D., stationed at Hiroshima, Japan, and for this purpose raises $1,200 annually.

Considerable money was contributed to the church for its building, through a committee appointed by the General Assembly to raise money from all the Presbyterian churches to help those struck by the earthquake and fire, and more is expected from this source. This, with the sum raised by the local church (now about $16,500) and the sale of the old site, has enabled the church to push forward its building to completion.

The roof of the building is of fireproof asbestos slate, and is guaranteed to withstand fire even better than slate, and to be practically indestructible by the weather, as time only hardens it. It makes a beautiful appearance, and is in entire harmony with the architectural scheme. The exterior walls are plastered, with half-timbered effect, and a handsome tower massive in its proportions, lends a churchly appearance to the edifice. The old bell from the former church rings out its message as of yore from the new tower.

In addition to those who contributed to the building fund, special contributions were received from many individuals. The beautiful dome that lights the main auditorium, and is the crowning feature of the art glass, was given by A. R. Short, and is one of the handsomest pieces of art glass work in the city. Windows have been placed in the churuch by relatives as memorials for Dr. C. W. Breyfogle, Amos S. Evans and his wife, Sarah H. Evans, Warren de Crow, Cyrus Jones and wife, Jane Cobb, Frederick Field and wife, Benjamin Mills and wife, Mrs. E. J. Wilcox, Dr. China Smith and wife, Charles Gale, Alexander C. Short, J. B. Wing, C. S. Crydenwise and W. H. Stacy. The last window was from the Sunday-school of the church, as a tribute to its former superintendent. Mrs. Stacy's Normal class of young ladies has also placed ten beautiful windows in the Sunday-school rooms, as their contribution to the new home, and the pastor has given the handsome new pulpit which adorns the platform. Others have made special contributions to the organ fund.

The splendid Moller organ is both beautiful and sweet-toned. One of the features of the church services will be a 15-minute organ recital before each service. The organist, Ben Moore, has arranged to give an afternoon recital each Wednesday, from 3 to 4 o'clock, to which the public will be welcomed, and which will prove a pleasing feature of the city's musical life.

The church now enters upon a new era in its work in this city, equipped with all the conveniences that contribute to the success of its services. Its membership is large and enthusiasm, and loyal to the cause for which the church stands in the community, with a pastor whose work during the trying two years he has been in this pastorate has not only endeared him to his people, but who has attracted widespread attention throughout the entire Coast.

A PASTORAL PILGRIMAGE.

Auburn, N. Y., July 2, 1908.

The Pacific Presbyterian still lives, and we are devoutly thankful that grit, courage and grace are not wanting among the workers in our denomination on the coast. The writer is anxious to get home and contribute his mite in the endeavor to secure new subscribers in Vallejo. A Pacific Presbyterian and his good wife have been taking a Sabbatic trip "back East," not for a year, as college professors are wont to be favored, but for a fourth of that period. Upon our return we expect to have covered ten thousand and fifty miles of travel since April 23. We took the Sunset Route and are to return by the Canadian Pacific, which gives one quite an oval, inside of which many short lines of travel have been enjoyed.

It was our purpose to rest, to secure recreation by change, and to collect new grist to be ground out on the coast, hence but few of our Sundays have been spent in Eastern pulpits, though some special considerations led to occasional indulgence in our accustomed duty. One case we responded to with alacrity. It was from

The Church at Freeport.

The new pastor was to be installed, and the writer was asked to offer the prayer of installation. Just thirty years to a day had gone by since before that same pulpit I knelt while another offered the prayer of ordination and installation. Time has brought many changes, and no pastor is now left in that good old Presbytery of Nassau, who was in service when I was ordained. The following Sunday was spent among this congregation of my first love. One good elder, Valentine Smith, now nearly fifty years in office, survives, and his son worthily fills a like office in the spiritual oversight of the flock.

Elder George W. Bergen, benefactor of so many good institutions and helper of so many struggling souls, had gone to his rest and reward; but his son follows in his steps, and the finances of the church will be well managed by him. The suburban village has become over five times greater in population, has all modern improvements, over fifty trains to Brooklyn (22 miles distant) daily, as well as trolley lines. Good roads, or rather ideal roads, costing $10,000 a miles, make automobiles as common as vehicles drawn by horses. Our host takes us in his speedy motor in less than a half hour, where years ago we required a half a day for the endeavor.

It was a joy to meet the surviving members of the old flock, some of whom remarked, "I did not know you, as you sat with the other ministers, but when you began to speak the voice brought old times back again." By a strange coincidence, today, over 3,000 miles west of Freeport, I minister to a congregation, the outcome of the work of Sylvester Woodbridge, D. D., once pastor at Benicia, and this good man, when at Hempstead, Long Island, laid the foundation of Freeport church. He was also once editor of the Occident, a position which later came unsought to me. I can follow him no further, unless, as I hope it may be, leaving the Golden State I settle down in the City of Gold.

Another joy came to us in our visit to

The Church of South Amenia.

Duchess county, New York, has a rare community in the Webouluc valley, and the sanctuary built in our second pastorate is a gem, which, with its new parish house, affords an attractive location for the new minister, who has just come from my alma mater. Twelve years I gladly gave to this people, and it was a joy to once more deliver a message here and at the chapel service in Wassaic in the afternoon. Elder Reed and wife made our stay very pleasant, and he illustrates the saying that "instead of the fathers shall be the children," for he who has been a worker there over forty years is the son of my good old elder, Newton Reed, who was ordained in 1827 and lived to the age of ninety-one.

A pious pilgrimage to Sharon, Conn., seven miles away was made, to view again the sacred spot where the bodies rest of father, mother, grandfather, grandmother and many other of our kindred. We photograph the ancestral home and are off for our third preaching engagement at

The Church in Kensington.

Here the great-great-grandfather of the writer, Rev. William Burnham, a graduate of Harvard, organized the First Church of Kensington, being ordained its first pastor in 1712, and serving the congregation thirty-eight years, when he departed this life and was buried in the cemetery (which he had donated to the parish) on Christian Lane. We were driven to this spot on arrival, and found there a men's Bible class of over thirty men, from the First Church of New Britain (three miles distant), which grew out of our ancestor's parish in 1758. Hon. Chas. E. Mitchell, formerly U. S. Commissioner of Patents, the leader of the class, gave an address on the history of Kensington parish, and a few remarks were made by a California pastor, who called their attention to his "California nugget weighing over 100 pounds," who then arose and was accorded a cordial greeting. Deacon Andrews of New Britain then presented a historical volume written by his father, which gives large space to Kensington and our clerical ancestor, who was also a large landowner and possessed of a number of slaves, which he disposed of by will, so as to secure good homes for them, as they grew old. In the evening a public reception was held, when the Daughters of the American Revolution presented us with a photograph of the original site of the church (which they have now marked with a stone monument), framed with wood from the first church building erected in 1709. On Sunday I preached in the house now so much loved and venerated and which was built **two years before the Declaration of American Independence.** A large safe in the vestibule contains relics and valuable historic records. The pipe organ, the marble baptismal font, and elegant pulpit furniture would have seemed strange to the founder of the church, but the old house is quaint, with fourteen windows on each side, the clapboards fastened with hand-made nails, and the inside gallery fronts, carved with the initials of men who have been dead over a century. To that expectant congregation I preached on "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and today, yea, and forever" (Hebrews 13:8).

At Auburn we have "done time" in the state's prison (short time); but our affiliation has been more intimate with the Theological Seminary, where Rev. John Q. Adams, formerly pastor of Westminster Church, San Francisco, is now among the faculty. Our stay with him and his charming wife has been made most happy and will long abide as a pleasant memory.

Next week we are to visit Andover and Boston, and with short stops in St. Paul and Portland, we hope to get home and to work with new zeal because of this vacation.

THEO. F. BURNHAM.

Without labor there is no arriving at rest, nor without fighting can the victory be reached.—Thomas a Kempis.

Genuine patriotism sees and acknowledges the faults of our native land and honestly seeks the remedy.

THE HOME MISSIONARY POSTER.

Rev. W. S. Holt.

In the Mission Institutes held last winter the leaders gave emphasis to different methods of keeping Missions before the people. This is the day for advertising. The man who advertises his business makes it successful. The man who never advertises is a back number. The business of the church is missions, missions first, last and all the time. The reason there is a church is that it is a missionary agency. The church that does not push missions is dying, or dead. One means of advertising missions mentioned is the missionary poster. A striking sentence, a fact, some figures, some pictures, on a poster in the church where it must be seen when the audience gathers or disperses, or in the young people's room, or in the Sabbath-schol room, will do wonders to keep missions in mind. They must be kept in mind if they are to reach the heart and activity of the church.

The Board of Home Missions is alive to the value of the poster. The Literature Department has issued a series of ten such posters already. They are on white paper sheets, 14x22 inches, and are printed in clear bold type as to be easily read. One of them sets forth the great fact that "The Evangelization of America is the Key to the Evangelization of the World." That fact is worthy of a place in print in every church in the United States. It needs no argument. It is true on its face. Get that fact before you and the whole church, and it will help Home Missions and World Evangelization at the same time.

Another, "America' a Widespreading Field of Missionary Endeavor, a Potent Force of Missionary Conquest." Let that fact soak into the inner consciousness of the church and it will help to keep us at work for America. The fact is well illustrated by some of the Board's leaflets, showing how our Home Mission influence is broadened by the constant movement of the immigrant, who, sooner or later becomes an emigrant, and carries home with him some of the good he has acquired here.

Then we have a poster for the Coast. It reads, "The Pacific Coast a Batlefield of Titanic Forces. The dominant spiritual force there will dominate the widest sea on the globe and control the civilization of two Continents." This is a truth for Fourth of July orations, for politicians as well as the church. We touch the largest portion of the world today. What that touch means depends on our fidelity in Home Missions. If we Christianize the Coast then we shall, by wise Christian statemanship, help the whole non-Christian world which fronts us.

A glimpse of what is doing in Cuba and Porto Rico is shown in a single poster. Here it is: "There are between 16,000 and 20,000 Protestant Christians in Cuba and Porto Rico. Ten years ago there were practically none." The church is not fading away. It is growing. Cuba and Porto Rico are Home Mission Territory. Have you thought of that and what it means? Let the poster help you. What has been the thought in your church about the field for Home Mission work? Is there an impression that it is a decreasing field. Hang up the poster where every one can see it who has this thought. "Did you suppose the field of Home Missions is growing smaller? Study the map, and read of the tremendous movements of population." What is the Home Board trying to do this year? The General Assembly voted to call on the church for $1,000,000 for its Home Mission work. You can make your own poster to call attention to this. But here is one prepared by the Board giving an indication in other terms than dollars: "The Board of Home Missions must provide this year for the support in whole or in part, of TWO THOUSAND MISSIONARIES AND MISSIONARY WOMEN." Is that startling? It is true. Let the people know it. Why not write to the Board for samples of these new posters? They are worth getting and using. They will increase missionary interest. They will take at once. The progressive, aggressive Home Missionary church will try the posters once, and then forever.

INDIANS WIN MEDALS.

The pupils in the government school at Hoopa have competed for the silver medals offered by the W. C. T. U., for the best declamation on Temperance. Just one year ago this month the first medal was won, and two weeks ago six silver medalists competed for a gold medal. It was won by a young girl about 15 years old. The practice has been most beneficial to the entire school; the pupils speak 100 per cent better than they did twelve months ago. It is a common impression that the Indians cannot speak to be heard in public. That impression is now forever banished from this reservation. The two boys and four girls who spoke this month would have been listened to with keenest interest by any audience in any land. Each one of them deserved a big gold medal, and I shall be glad when every deserving attempt will be rewarded according to its merits. Very respectfully,

MISS M. E. CHASE.

REPORT OF STATE C. E. CONVENTION.

Rev. E. B. Hays.

REPORT OF SATURDAY MEETING.

At 8:15 a. m. the regular Bible study in groups was held.

The business session of the convention opened at 10 a. m. The reports of the officers and superintendents of the various department were made and showed advance along all lines.

The following were elected officers for the coming year:

President, H. H. Godber, Pasadena; General Secretary, Neil Monroe, Berkeley; Statistical and Corresponding Secretary, J. R. Welles, Los Angeles; Treasurer, George A. Capen, Sacramento; First Vice-President, Julian W. Hudson, Solano; Second Vice-President Thomas Hannay, Riverside; Third Vice-President, G. E. Baugh, Petaluma; Intermediate Superintendent, Miss Winifred Skinner, Pasadena; Junior Superintendent, Mrs. Arthur J. Gattes, Los Angeles.

The following Superintendents were also elected: Quiet Hour, Miss Margaret Smith, Berkeley; Missionary, Miss Joy Keck, Riverside; Tenth Legion, Miss Lenore Butler, San Diego; Citizenship, E. B. Devine, San Jose; Evangelistic, Paul C. Brown, Los Angeles; Transportation Manager, W. M. Jenkins, Oakland.

The committee on meeting place for next year reported that Pasadena had been selected. After the report of the committee on resolutions the convention adjourned until 3 p. m., when they had the pleasure of hearing the Assistant District Attorney of San Francisco, Francis J. Heney.

The convention Saturday evening was opened with a praise service. The Sacramento committee of '08 was introduced to the convention by President E. McKinlay. duced to the convention by President E. McKinlay.

The installation of the newly-elected officers was in charge of ex-President W. G. Alexander of San Jose, Cal.

In the absence of Rev. Robert L. Carr, who was down for the address of the evening, Rev. L. H. McAfee of Berkeley took his place and gave a very helpful and interesting address.

Then ex-President G. P. Lowell of Oakland called for pledges for the work, and $2,000 was pledged for the work for the year.

Sunday was the great day of the convention. The early prayer meeting at 6:30 on the grass, under the trees, was a very helpful meeting. This meeting was led by Rev. C. N. Queen of First Congregational Church of Fresno.

At 9:00 a. m. many of the delegates met in Convention Hall for prayer and Bible study.

The regular church services were held at 10:00 in the various churches, and the pulpits were supplied by visiting pastors.

The Sunday afternoon meetings were well attended. The evangelistic meeting in Convention Hall was a very inspiring meeting. The address by Rev. H. H. McQuilkin of San Jose, his subject being, "The Power of an Expressed Purpose." His address will live long in the hearts and lives of those who had the pleasure of hearing the address.

At 6 p. m. a live Endeavor meetig was held for Endeavorers only. The public was not admitted until 1:15 p m.

The convention choir opened the public service with "And the Glory of the Lord" (Messiah). Too much cannot be said in praise of the convention choir. The choir did itself credit, and Sacramento had just reason to be proud of the choir.

The roll call was very interesting, as county after county announced their purpose for the new year.

The convention sermon was by the Rev. W. H. G. Temple of the First Congregational Church, Sacramento. His theme was, "The Kingship of Christ." The Doctor was at his best and inspired all with a desire to worship the King and follow Him. At close the choir sang the Hallujah Chorus (Messiah), the audience standing as they sang.

At the close of the song Rev. C. N. Queen closed the convention with prayer.

Notes.

There were 16 Presbyterian ministers at the convention; 536 Presbyterian delegates in the convention; 317 Methodist, 268 Congregational, 245 Baptist, 221 Christian, 147 Lutheran.

Personal work was the keynote of the convention.

C. E. SPEAKER AVAILABLE.

Mrs. David H. McCullagh, the Temperance Secretary of the Occidental Board and the California Synodical Society, made a stirring address on Temperance at the Rally of the State Endeavor Convention. Mrs. McCullagh is a very forceful speaker, and she presented her subject exceedingly well. She is prepared to furnishe C. E. attractive information on this vital topic. Address Mrs. David H. McCullagh, Sacramento, Cal.

G. A. R. AT NEWPORT, OREGON.

The G. A. R. encampment for 1908 in the Department of Oregon was held at Newport, June 23-26, 1908.

Those in attendance declared that it was the largest and most successful encampment held for several years, and expressed themselves as well pleased with the beauty of Newport, and the hospitality of the people of Newport.

The chaplain of the State G. A. R., Rev. Henry A. Borden, spoke at the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening, June 28.

THOMAS MARPOLE TUBBS.

Universal sympathy is felt for Rev. J. F. Tubbs, D.D., of Carpentria, in the death of his only son, Thomas Marpole Tubbs. The young man had endeared himself to all who knew him. He was looking forward to the ministry and gave great promise of usefulness. In this day of great need of young men for the Lord's work we cannot understand the providence, only we know the Father makes no mistake. May the assurance of this blessed truth comfort and sustain the bereaved ones.

Monday, June 29, after an earthly abiding of seventeen years and four months, the mortal dwelling place of this dear son was lowered to its final resting place in the beautiful cemetery at Santa Barbara. "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Among the Churches.

MONTANA.

CHINOOK.—On Thursday evening, June 5, occurred the installation of Rev. James A. Greene as settled pastor over the First Presbyterian Church at Chinook, Montana. Rev. F. W. Pool of Havre gave the charge to the pastor, Rev. Henry G. Hanson preached the sermon and Rev. George Edwards of Great Falls moderated the meeting and gave the charge to the congregation. The congregation of Chinook has been without a pastor for some time, but they are now rallying around their new pastor, and the prospects for the future are growing brighter.

HARLEM.—The church and manse at Harlem have recently had two coats of paint applied to their exterior. The manse has also been kalsomined, and the woodwork finished. The church property is thus put in fine condition for a number of years to come. The materials for same were furnished by the Ladies' Aid Society, but the work was done by the pastor of the church and Rev. George Edwards, Sunday School missionary of Great Falls Presbytery. Rev. Henry G. Hanson finished his second year at Harlem on July 1.

CALIFORNIA.

PETALUMA.—At the communion service Sunday, June 28, 17 were received in the membership of the church, four by letter and one on confession. Our pastor and his wife had the pleasure of attending the State Christian Endeavor Convention at Sacramento.

SAN RAFAEL.—A number of the church's young people, accompanied by their pastor, conducted services at the County Farm on Sunday, July 5th. The Twentieth Century Sunday School Teachers' Library has been purchased by our school, and will be placed in the secretary's room this week. The library consists of 17 volumes.

LAKEPORT.—We are fortunate in having Bro. Frederick C. Miller of Occidental College, Los Angeles, to supply our church for three months during the summer. The services are well attended and the congregations are well pleased with Bro. Miller. During July and August all four churches of the town will unite in the evening services in a public hall. The ministers want to do this in lieu of taking a vacation.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OAKLAND.—Rev. W. H. Reedy, who been serving as the assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, has resigned his position to accept the secretaryship of the College Young Men's Christian Association at the University of California, Berkeley. Rev. Mr. Reedy is a graduate of the University of California, and so is well acquainted with the institution and its work. He served as pastor in Nebraska before comign to Oakland last September, when he began his work with the First Church. This will leave the church without any pastor, as Rev. Ernest E. Baker, D.D., has resigned, to take effect August 31st.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Men's Club of the Westminster Presbyterian Church is one of its strongest and most enthusiastic organizations. On Saturday, July 4, it became the host to a large number of undergraduates at a picnic on the Seminary grounds at San Anselmo. One hundred or more arrived by the 9:45 boat, and others followed later. Not only did the young men prepare a fine program of sports and games, but they prepared and served a bounteous complimentary dinner and lunch for all who were present. Suitable prizes were presented to the winners of the various contests. The larger per cent of the guests enjoyed the festivities until the last train left for the city, and all pronounced the occasion one of the best in the social life o fthe church. Through the courtesy of Prof. Wicher many of the guests visited the Seminary buildings.

MEMORIAL—SAN FRANCISCO.

At the annual meeting of this church the report showed the finances to be in a healthy condition, with bills paid and all departments in good working order. The societies are in a vigorous condition, the Sabbath-school has two hundred on the roll and the Young People's societies are zealous and active. We still have the largest Junior Society in the city. The Ladies' Aid Society has reorganized under a new plan. They meet monthly for an all-day session, and have luncheon each time at the homes of the members in alphabetical order. The plan has worked admirably and resulted in a number of zealous new members. The annual meeting of the missionary societies held at the home of Mrs. Thos. Shoaf was a delightful affair. In addition to a number of the Presbyterial officers and visiting friends, Mrs. Dr. Sharrocks of Korea was present, and Miss Nellie McGraw of the Indian work. At the last communion eight were received on confession of faith. The St. James Church in Visitacion valley, which was begun three years ago as a Sabbath-school mission of this church and nurtured by its pastor and the superintendents of church extension, Rev. Lynn T. White and Rev. George A. Blair, is now a fully organized church, with buildings of its own and a promising future. The pastor of Memorial, Rev. H. N. Bevier, and family have been spending the month of June supplying the summer churuch at Camp Meeker in the mountains of Sonoma county.

Camp Meeker.—One of the vigorous churches within the bounds of the Benicia presbytery during the summer season is that at Camp Meeker, one of the popular and growing resorts of Sonoma County, in the Russian River region. Here, hid away in a beautiful grove of redwoods and madrones, are between four and five hundred summer homes of some of the best people about the Bay and the cities and towns of Marin, Sonoma and near-by counties. A tributary of the Russian River runs through the grove and furnishes excellent facilities for boating and bathing. Presbyterians are here in plenty during the season, and some of the best and most attractive sites and cottages are owned by them. Mizpah Presbyterian Church, with its rustic front and Swiss parsonage, occupy lots in the heart of the grove, and are centres of attraction during the season. A Sabbath School is maintained during the whole year, but regular church services only in the vacation months. In June of this year a complete series of services was conducted by Rev. H. N. Bevier of Memorial Church, San Francisco, who preached to full houses and enjoyed a delightful outing. A Misisonary Conference was held one day of the last week. Mrs. P. D. Browne, who owns several cottages, presided with her usual vigor and enthusiasm, and Dr. Merwin of the Medical Missionary staff in China, gave a delightful address. Mrs. Dr. Keek, who is the life of the Sunday School, Mrs. Bevier and others took part. A rally of the Loyal Temperance Legion was held with Mrs. M. F. Galley, State Secretary, as leader, and an address by Wm. P. Barnes of San Francisco. The Orphanage and Farm children are enjoying their vacation at Camp Meeker, where an acre of ground has been donated them by Col. M. C. Meeker, the founder of the resort. The children attend the church service in the morning. In July the church will be supplied by Rev. F. A. Doane, who fathered the enterprise and is much beloved by the people. A bazaar will be held to provide better seats for the church.

SANTA MARIA.—We are in receipt of the following interesting item from the Santa Maria "Graphic" of several weeks ago: "On last Wednesday evening a most interesting service was held in the Presbyterian church, the occasion being the installation of Rev. Avery G. Hunt as pastor of the church. As emphasizing the importance and significance of the occasion, the Presbytery of Santa Barbara, of which the Santa Maria church is a member, had appointed, at a recent meeting at Ventura, the following committee to install Mr. Hunt: The Rev. Dr. Warren D. More of Santa Barbara, to preach an appropriate sermon and preside; Rev. Harry Hillard of San Luis Obispo, to deliver the special charge to the people; Rev. H. C. Cockrun of Arroyo Grande, to deliver the charge to the pastor. These divines were present, and fulfilled their mission most acceptably. The addresses were of a high order, concise and to the point, and were most optimistic as to the future of this church. Never has the future been so full of promise, and the necessity for a larger vision and greater effort was emphasized by each speaker. It was especially urged that steps be taken at once for the erection of a handsome and modern house of worship, which shall be a credit to the growing city of Santa Maria, and which shall be worthy of the prominent position and commanding influence of the great Presbyterian denomination. It is believed that the public-spirited citizens of the city will appreciate the effort thus to be put forth and will materially assist in erecting a church which will compare favorably with the library and other handsome public buildings in our midst. The music on this occasion was splendid, and was a revelation to the visiting ministers of what may be accomplished in the smaller city. They were liberal in their praise of the anthems and the beautiful solo, "Wondrous Love," by Miss Thornburg."

"The above should have been sent us some little time ago, but was overlooked. We publish it now, however, as it indicates the hopeful outlook for one of the most important fields in Central California. We understand that Mr. Hunt's hands have been very full since he went there the first of the year, and that he has already won a prominent place in the esteem of the public at large, as well as of his church members. Although so recently on the field, he

was unanimously chosen by the Fraternal Order of Eagles to deliver the address on the occasion of their first Memorial service. This was held on Sunday in their large and handsome hall, there being about 400 persent. On the following Sabbath Mr. Hunt preached the Memorial Day sermon before the G. A. R. and Women's Relief Corps, there also being among the veterans several Confederate veterans. As the speaker is a Southerner and a son of a Confederate veteran himself, and he emphasized this fact, his address was listened to with the greatest interest. On the following Sunday Mr. Hunt delivered the sermon before the large graduating class of the High School, and for the first time the Opera House was secured for such a service. Although seating 650 people, the house was filled, even to the balcony. The pastor's theme was: "Eagerness of Pursuit as the Secret of Success." It was listened to with the closest attention, and was heartily appreciated.

"The address of Rev. Avery G. Hunt for the month of July, is changed to No. 1116 Garden street, Santa Barbara, Cal. Rev. Dr. More, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, is taking a much-needed rest, and Mr. Hunt is to supply the pulpit during his absence, and will occupy his very comfortable home."

CAMP MEEKER.
The Church and Orphanage.

Rev. H. N. Bevier has been supplying the Presbyterian pulpit during the month of June. The congregations are constantly increasing, and all have enjoyed the services. Last Sunday over a hundred children from the Presbyterian Orphanage filled the seats arranged for them around the sides of the church. Rev. Frederick Doane arrived for the first Sabbath in July, and received a warm welcome from all. He will remain during July, resting in his cottage amid the redwoods.

Dr. Merwin of China addressed a missionary meeting at the church and told what one often longs to know,—how a heathen soul first grasps the great truth of God, the Father's love.

One hundred and fifty-two children from our Presbyterian Orphanage were welcomed by the State Secretary and a committee of ladies, who gave them one of the first picnics of their lives amid the grand old Camp Meeker woods. And they did justice to that food! Then with their Superintendent, Mr. King and his helpers, they marched to Westminster Camp, where(away from the routine of Institutional work, they are happy amid the forest trees. They took part in the Fourth of July celebration. Mr. Meeker, the children's friend, at the close of the exercises, invited over a hundred of the children (all those who were present) to a Fourth of July luncheon.

The Orphanage children have held two temperance meetings since their arrival, both adddessed by Col. Barnes of San Francisco, whose Southern songs delighted our children. Large numbers of people visit our Orphanage Camp who have never had the opportunity to see the children before. Today we saw them removing their daily baking from the outdoor oven, where from seventy to eighty loaves of bread are daily baked. If any reader of this account would like to be very practical, and send $5 for tables to be put beneath the trees, the gift would be most acceptable. The tables will be made for over one hundred children to eat upon, where now many for lack of room are unable to sit beside the table. All will rejoice. The tables will be made by the Superintendent and his boys.

M. F. B.

SEMINARY NOTES.
San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Wicher is at present in charge of St. John's Church, Berkeley, during the temporary absence of their pastor, Rev. Geo. G. Eldridge.

Rev. J. Franklin Kelly, M.D., '96, is very busy in his medical missionary work on the island of Hainan. He is in charge at Nodoa where he has a Chinese staff consisting of an assistant, a dispenser, a matron and a coolie. The extent of this work is shown by the following figures taken from the last annual report: Total attendance at Mary Henry Hospital, 7,700. At Namfong, Nodoa Market and villages, 543. Three visits to Fah-heh, where clinics were held and 100 treated. Total number of patients for the year, 8,343.

Edward C. Day, Dr. Day's second son, is home for a summer's vacation after an absence of five years. He is a graduate of Hamilton College. While in Hamilton he won a Fellowship which gave him a year in science at Harvard. While studying under this Fellowship the past year he won another which entitles him to a second year at Harvard. He is pursuing special studies in zoology.

Prof. Paterson is to supply the Sausalito church for the month of July. Their minister, Evert L. Jones of the Middle Class has gone East for a month's vacation. While East he will be one of the contestants in the National Intercollegiate Prohibition debate which will be held at Columbus at the time of the National Prohibition Convention. He is entitled to this honor through winning first place in an intercollegiate coast debate held last fall.

Seniors Fruhling of Los Gatos Mission and Campbell of Bolinas exchanged pulpits Sabbath, June 28th.

Dr. Day preached at Vallejo last Sabbath and conducted communion services.

SAN ANSELMO'S SEMINARY.

By the Rev. Professor Edward A. Wicher, D. D.

Prominent among the religious institutions of the Pacific Coast is the San Anselmo Theological Seminary. It has trained ministers for the pulpits not only for western communities, but for all parts of the country. Its graduates are to be found from Maine to California, and from Alaska to Florida. They preach in splendid churches in the cities and in shacks in the midst of the sagebrush. They preach in schoolhouses, on the streets, in bar-rooms, wherever they can find men who will be preached to, and they have carried the gospel they learned in San Anselmo to almost every foreign mission field of the world. And yet this institution, like Pacific Coast institutions generally, is still young, and has its great future all before it.

We will pass briefly in review its history and name some of its leaders. And here, as is fitting, we will speak chiefly of those that are gone.

The Rev. W. A. Scott, D.D., LL.O., and the Reverened William Alexander, D.D., LL.D. the leaders of the Pacific Presbyterianism of last generation were the founders, and the synod of the Pacific of 1871 took the necessary action. The seminary began its work in November of the same year. There were four students who wrestled with their "body of divinity" and proved their orthodoxy, in the old St. John's Church, of San Francisco, of which Doctor Scott was then pastor.

Strong and abiding foundations were laid in those days. And yet the seminary was without lands or buildings,

equipment or endowment. The professors were busy pastors of large city churches, who freely gave of their time to the incipient school of theology. In 1877 the first seminary building was opened at 120 Haight street. It is now the home of the Japanese Presbyterian church. But an educational institution is not walls, but men, and there were great men in the faculty of those days. There was Doctor Scott, preacher, traveler, metaphysician, and founder of churches. There was Doctor Alexander, college president and historian. There was Doctor Burrowes who had an impartial love of Greek roots and Latin verses, but who loved the Greek Testament best of all. There was Doctor Eells, eclesiastic and moderator of the General Assembly. Truly the student who had such teachers as these was not poor.

Sixteen years ago the seminary experienced a great uplift. A. W. Foster, a son-in-law of Doctor Scott; gave the land on which the present buildings stand. Thereis no more beautiful location for an educational institution in the world. Alexander Montgomery, pioneer of California, who had arrived as a poor youth upon the sands of Yerba Buena, and had become a millionaire of San Francisco, gave large gifts for the endowment of one of the chairs and for the erection of the splendid stone buildings which today crown the seminary mound. Subsequently these gifts were greatly increased by his bequests. Other large benefactions came from William S. Ladd, pioneer and financier of Portland, Oregon; from Nathaniel Gray, of San Francisco, ruling elder of the church and legislator of the state; from J. D. Thompson, philanthropist of San Francisco, and from John H. Converse, philanthropist of Philadelphia. Among others who gave light and counsel were, Governor Haight, General Bidwell, the Honorable J. D. Thornton, and the Reverend John S. McIntosh.

At San Anselmo three valleys run together. All around are the hills, but at the point of juncture there is a wider space, in the center of which rise a detached mound to the height of about a hundred feet. On the summit of this are the gray stone buildings of Scott Hall and Montgomery Hall. From the south and west sides of Montgomery Hall the view is magnificent. In the valley below are the beautiful suburban homes of San Anselmo and Ross. Beyond is Mount Tamalpais, its sides clad with firs and redwoods, and its summit capped with gray rock. The valley opens to the southeast and discloses the lands lying about Corte Madera and Tiburon.

The aspect of Tamalpais is always changing, always new. Sometimes it is veiled in purple, sometimes in golden haze. In winter it is green, and in summer, on the upper raches at least, it is brown. Sometimes the breast, too, is enveloped. Then we feel its silent mystery and the closing down of life's horizon. Once by a freak of the fog a solitary tree was made to stand out from its fellows, enlarged to giant proportions, until it seemed to cover the whole hill and reach from the valley to the sky. Once, and only once, I saw it enfolded in snow, and through the sharp, clear atmosphere, moved close up to the seminary mound. In the light of the sunrise it is amber, and in the light of the sunset it is saffron. Truly the student, who of a morning looks out of his window in the dormitory has something to feast his eyes upon. And it is well that he should for it is grand to be young, to have good company, and to climb hill. Thus he is saved from the possibility of any unwholesomeness in his theology. Indeed, if only the theologians of the ages had lived in such close touch with nature as did the Old Testament prophets and the New Testament apostles, as did the divine Master himself, then would the churuch have been spared the morbid theology with which she has been sometimes addicted. There is something in the strength and patience of the hills that keeps men near to God.

In this seminary men are trained to look upon reality steadily and fearlessly; to love God and man and to hate sin; to fight for principles and to sink personal ambitions; to make Greek and Hebrew and philosophy subserve the work of saving men. This school of theology is western through and through. It has been founded, endowed and guided by western ministers, merchants and legislators. It has been ministered to by western professors. It has produced western ministers. It stands for the spiritual uplift in western life, for the upbuilding of the Pacific Coast in righteousness and faith; and it bileves in the Pacific Coast. It expects to obtain from its homes the men who will be trained to serve its spiritual needs. For western men, even when they are not outwardly religious, commonly have a contempt for shams and a singleness of heart which are not alien from the kingdom of God.—Sunset, for June.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Since 1880 theological students have increased in number 41 per cent; those in medicine 126, and those in law 256 per cent.

Monte Carlo made last season a profit of $1,000,000 more than it has ever made since it became the gambling center of the world in 1877. During the whole of the season the bank was never once drained by a single player to a greater amount than $35,000, which, considering the sensational wins that have been made there, is a mere nothing at all. The success which always attended the bank this year was painfully reflected in the exceptionally large number of suicides which took place. These reached fifty.

Never, it is said, since the great exhibition of 1851, has London been so surcharged with visitors as during the last few weeks. One paper estimates the number of visitors at 450,000, but of course any attempt at accurate figures would be vain. It is certain, however, that hotels and boarding houses have been turning hundreds away daily. Beds in billiard and bathrooms in the leading hotels were granted only as favors, and the hotels were compelled to send the overflow applicants for rooms as far afield as five or six miles into the suburbs.

At the meeting of the New England Association of School Superintendents, one of the speakers said: "I believe the spirit of grafting among high school pupils is widespread and requires immediate and careful control. I wonder how many of the members have investigated the case of committees of graduating classes in reference to photographs. I know of a chairman of a committee on photographs who received fifty photographs free for giving the contract for the class to a photographer. I am aware that jewelers bribe the members of the committee on class pins. These bribes take the form of free pins. I have been told dealers in athletic goods approach the managers of athletic teams. Cases like these show the necessity for careful control of the pupils' social activities."

President Eliot of Harvard and Andrew Carnegie have been added to the general education board, making sixteen members in all. The board authorized last month gifts amounting to $786,500. The largest single gift was $125,000, granted to William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., and the next in size, $100,000, was made to Davidson College, Davidson, N. C. The other gifts were: Macalester College, $75,000; Harvard University, for its School of Business, $62,500; Hamilton College, $50,000; Knox College, $50,000; Wabash College, $50,000; Williamsburg Institute, $50,000; University of Rochester, $30,000; Smith College, $12,500; and the Western College for Women, $50,000. Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, received a grant of $12,000, and Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., and Tuskegee Instatute, Tuskegee, Ala., each received $10,000.

According to the reports at the International Sunday-school Convention, the Sunday-school enrollment of North America is today 21,500,000 scholars and teachers. Since 1905 fourteen new Sunday-schools a day is the net gain. This makes a total of 15,000 schools gained from 1905 to 1908. The Protestant Church has received, through conversions and additions from the Sunday-school, 903,028 during the past triennium. The Cradle Roll enrollment since 1905 has grown to 440,000, a gain of more than one hundred per cent in three years. The Home Department of Sunday-school lesson study has gained forty per cent in enrollment since 1905. Over half a million are now enrolled. The total of Sunday-school scholars is one million larger than it was three years ago in North America alone. No less than eighty thousand teachers and scholars are now taking the teachers' training course.

The committee for the selection of the International Sunday-school lessons for the next six years consists of Dr. A. T. Schauffler, New York City, American Presbyterian; Professor C. R. Hemphill, Louisville, Southern Presbyterian; Professor John R. Sampey, Louisville, Southern Baptist; Dr. E. I. Rexford, Anglican, Montreeal; President W. D. Mackenzie, Hartford, Congregationalist; Hon. John R. Pepper, Memphis, Methodist Episcopal, South; Principal W. Patrick, Winnipeg, Canadian Presbyterian; Hon. J. J. Maclaren, Toronto, Canadian Methodist; Professor W. G. Moorehead, Xenia, Ohio, United Presbyterian; Professor F. C. Eiselen, Evanston, Ill., Methodist Episcopal; Bishop W. M. Bell, Berkeley, California, United Brethren; Professor H. L. Calhoun, Lexington, Kentucky, Disciples; Dr. M. Coover, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, Lutheran; Dr. Conrad Clever, Hagerstown, Maryland, Reformed.

The International Sunday-school Association in convention at Louisville declared concerning the comic page of the Sunday papers: "The colored supplements issued by most of the leading Sunday newspapers of the country tend to vitiate the taste of genuine art and to stultify the growing mind in all directions. In these pictures a low type of life is constantly presented, malicious mischief is suggested, vice is made to appear a thing to laugh at, and disobedience, deception, disrespect for parents and others in authority are held up as clever and worthy of imitation. The ideals of the Sabbath in which the welfare of our home rests are being steadily undermined and destroyed by this insidious influence which is so powerful that in the minds of millions of children the chief association with the name of day is the coming of the colored supplement." Accordingly the Association resolved to put forth every legitimate effort for the inauguration of a sentiment that shall not cease its agitation and demand until the daily press shall be convinced that the pure imagination and right conceptions of life of the children and youth of the land are of more worth than the dollars which flow to their coffers through such supplements.

A WEEK AT MOUNT HERMON.

Mount Hermon stands for Christianity and fellowship between Labor and Christianity. Both phases of this creed were splendidly exemplified on Wednesday night, July 1st, when Father Caraher, a well known priest of San Francisco, and Mr. Will J. French, president of one of the labor unions in that city, addressed the popular meeting closing the Council of Social and Moral Reform.

Mr. French was introduced by Rev. E. C. Philleo of Santa Cruz, himself an honorary member of two or three unions by virtue of his training in the seminary of practical labor.

Mr. French's theme was "Organized Labor's Struggle for the Home," giving plain statements and telling facts of a persistent fight for a day of rest for the working man for the sake of his home; the fight against child labor; protection for women morally, politically and commercially; provision for the sick and destitute; a pension plan for the aged; protection of life in machine shops; pressing the right of every man to his natural heritage of a craving for refinement and beauty in some or all of its forms.

Father Caraher's theme was "The Children of the Poor in a Large City." Our Lord loved little children most of all. Materialists and pagans have not a true conception of the worth of a child. Without a belief in the immortality of a child's soul it is seen only as any young animal. From the fulness of the Father's deep experience he classified his subject into the children of the homes where family ties are lightly considered; the children of sick or deceased parents; those of thriftless parentage; and most pitiable of all, children of the drunken. The emotion touched the heart of every one present.

We are in the first week of the Annual Bible Institute, having upon the grounds Rev. G. A. Funkhouser, D.D., of Dayton, Ohio; Rev. Frank S. Ford of San Francisco; Mrs. Augusta C. Bainbridge of the State W. C. T. U.; Rev. A. B. Prichard of Los Angeles; Rev. G. L. Tufts, Ph.D., of Berkeley; Dr. Jos. N. Boyd of Oakland; and other well-known participants.

NINE WAYS TO PROMOTE TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for July 19, 1908.

Albert W. Palmer.

1. Personal Practice. This is the simplest and most fundamental way. If total abstinence is on the whole desirable for human welfare, then I will begin with myself.

2. The Pledge. Signing the pledge was the great weapon of John B. Gough and his contemporaries, and it still has its value, especially in an effort to reform, though I believe children should be so trained that any formal pledge signing would be as superfluous as signing a pledge not to steal.

3. Scientific Instruction. Our public schools can help by simply giving children information which is their due. Every boy has a right to know that to be a drunkard means to have a weak heart, a befuddled brain, and to be a poor "risk" with the Life Insurance Companies.

4. No "Stick" in Punch. One of the growing evils of our wealthy and fashionable social circles is the custom of providing guests with punch with a strong "stick" in it. I have it on the authority of one of the proprietors of a fashionable dancing school in one of our coast cities that this evil is increasing even among families which stand high in social and religious circles. This school owns a beautiful hall which is rented for parties, but it requires a constant battle to enforce the rule of no intoxicants in the punch.

5: Close the Saloon. It is a commonplace with us all that the saloon with its custom of treating is one of the greatest obstacles to total abstinence. The fight the Anti-Saloon League is making throughout California to secure a law by which no license can be granted for a saloon in any precinct unless at the last election a majority vote in that precinct was cast for license is a fight which deserves our hearty support and cooperation. The generally prevalent system of requiring a public signed protest against a liquor license is, in effect, a denial of the right to a secret ballot on this most important question.

6. Better Amusements. It is not enough to close the saloon, we must meet its competition. In the city of Alameda, I am informed, the Public Library is closed on Sundays and the saloons are wide open! How is it in your town? What opportunities are there for young men to read or play games or meet for social intercourse or have a good time outside of the saloon?

7. Better Economic Conditions.. The Temperance orators have long been telling us that men are poor because they drink. There is also truth in the reverse statement: men often drink because they are poor. Many a man gets the habit of drinking because he is out of work, because is discouraged, because improper or insufficient food has left a craving that he vainly tries ot satisfy with drink. Every effort of organized labor to secure a living wage, shorter hours and better treatment for working men, every effort of labor unions or of employers or of the government to stimulate habits of thrift and saving and to provide employment for the unemployed are promotive of sobriety and temperance to a vastly larger degree than we are apt to imagine.

8. The Employer's Opportunity. The largest wholesale dry goods house in California, since Jan. 1, 1908, demands total abstinence on the part of its employees according to a statement recently made in Oakland by President Jordan. This week the Oakland Traction Company has issued a circular to its employees form which I quote just these few words: "We don't want your brain fuddled with liquor, dulled from late hours and loss of sleep, or dreamy from the study of dope sheets . . . . Good railroading requires a clear thinking brain and an active alert body. If you are in dead earnest about railroading the way we want it done, do it now. Get out of the kicking, gambling boozing class and get out now. It's up to you."

9. A Vital Religious Outlook on Lift. After all there is something in what R. J. Campbell tells us in his "New Theology": "The man who got drunk last night and gratified his lower nature in that delirious hour would be surprised if you were to tell him, when you see the result, that he was really seeking God, but so it is." What do I mean? Just this: The passion for drink is, in part, a passion to be lifted out of and above the petty cares and worries of daily life, and, in so far as this is true, is a passion that can find real satisfaction only in communion and love of God. Religion is the only thing that can do what men blindly imagine whiskey can do, that is bring joy and peace and happiness in the time of trouble and perplexity.

SIMPLIFY, CLASSIFY, JOLLIFY, GLORIFY.

Mrs. Robert Burdette of Los Angeles said at the National Convention of Women's Clubs in Boston:

" 'Practical living' for the homemaker, I infer to be the doing of things that just have to be done day by day for the preservation and comfort of the home, the thousand and one things that are not appreciated in the doing, but that are fatal to home life in the omission.

"Not until homemaking, the object sought is genuinely and fundamentally interesting, can the methods be made interesting. True people are occasionally interested in methods and care little for results if so be the results are a success, but those are isolated and experimental cases. Homemaking is not an experiment to be carried on first in one field and then in another. It is a life work, and the spirit for every day must be for every day's success.

"There are few general suggestions that can be made, for it is a case of individualism. As the stream cannot rise higher than its source, the practical things of home making cannot be made more interesting than the individual homemaker is interesting and interested.

"We must cease homemaking by traditional and hearsay methods. So long as women are satisfied to consider homemaking just as their mothers, their grandmothers and their great-grandmothers did, they will not find it particularly interesting or inspiring. When they realize that the ideal home and the method of evolving it has advanced with the generations, as has everything else in the world, omically to oversee the creation and maintenance of it, and prepare themselves, artistically, scientifically and economically to oversee the creation and maintenance of it, they will have solved the problem how to make it interesting.

"To you who are already homemakers I wish to present four points of the homemaker's compass—Simplify. Classify, Jollify, Glorify.

" 'Simplify' means to be independent and scientific in your work of practical living. Differentiate between the essentials and the non-essentials and then pray for the courage to eliminate the non-essentials. Much has been said about the simple life and it has resolved itself to 'a state of mind.' The ability to simplify calls for a state of mind of intelligence plus courage, which sum will equal interest and supreme joyousness in homemaking.

" 'Classify' means to be executive and administrative, to eliminate irregularities. Set in motion the machinery that has a time for everything, a place for everything, and a justified reason for everything, then oil the machinery with kindliness of insistence and the finished product will be one of the most interesting of contributions to your homemaking.

" 'Jollify' is the singing-at-your-work spirit that eliminates worry. One might be immensely interested in the day's practical living were its sun not eclipsed by the morning fog of worry, the noon-day cloud of worry, and the eventide shadow of worry. It is doubt and uncertainty that causes worry. Make yourself master of the practical things, know your ground, be able to say, if others cannot do the things necessary to this homemaking, 'I do know how to do them,I can do them, I am independent,' and the worries will be turned to gladness, there will be a song in your heart, a cheer in your voice, and a radiation of sunshine in your life and in your home

" 'Glorify' means to idealize your work of common living — to eliminate drudgery. Do not look upon homemaking as a fate to which you are doomed, but a high

privilege to which you have been called. Never consider the practical things as onerous things; though often burdensome they are of valuable interest.

"To glorify these conditions be not only interested in the purity of your groceries, but also in the welfare of your grocer—not only in the cleanliness of your meat, but the manliness of your butcher—not only in the perfection of your laundry, but the well-being of your laundress. In other words, take no less thought for things done, but more thought for the doers thereof.

"In conclusion, simplify, classify, jollify, glorify practical living and the magnetic needle of interest in the homemaker's compass will steadfastly point to the fixed star of her highest opportunity—the making of the home."

THE BATTLESHIP FLEET.

To the Battleship Fleet, as it passed out of the San Francisco Bay, July 7th, to continue the trip around the world.

By Eliza Pearl Bingham.

Grandeur and beauty,
Power and might,
Pride of our nation,
Equipped for the fight,
Yet serene, as an emblem
Of order and law;
Defense of the peaceful,
But terror to foe.

Sail on in the mission
Evolved for thy fate.
The future shall guide thee,
Combined "ship of State."
The needs of the nation
Thy guiding hand be;
With faith we can trust thee,
Of fleet of the sea!

May the power that upheld us
In Liberty's dawn,
Be the strength of thy greatness,
If perils be drawn,
In the pathway of duty to country and right,
And the order sounds clear,
To strike with your might.

But faith bids us hope that this may not be
The fate of thy mission, fair fleet of the seas;
But with laurels unsullied, as when on that day,
Silent, majestic, you glided away.
May your cruise ever be
But an emblem of peace,
For this land of the free.

July 7, 1908

WAR UPON THE SALOON.

In two-thirds of all the territory of the United States the saloon has been abolished by law. Forty years ago there were 3,500,000 people living in territory where the sale of liquor was prohibited. Now there are 36,000,000 people under prohibitory law. Since that time the population of the country has scarcely doubled, while the population in prohibition territory has increased tenfold. There are 20,000,000 people in the fourteen Southern States, 17,000,000 of whom are under prohibitory law in some form. In 1900 there were 18,000,000 undre prohibition in the United States; now there are 36,000,000. In eight months State-wide prohibition has cleared the saloon from an area as great as that of France. In that area there is a solid block of territory 300 miles north and south by 720 miles east and west, in which on the first day of January a bird can fly from the Mississippi to the Atlantic ocean, and from the boundary of Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico, without looking down upon a legalized saloon. Great Britain and Ireland could be set down over this space without covering it. There would be 10,000 square miles of "dry" territory left as a border.—Ferdinand Cowle Iglehart, in the Review of Reviews.

THE PREACHING THE PEOPLE WANT.

Mr. John H. Converse writes that he recently sent out several hundreds of letters asking laymen to say what kind of sermons they most wish to hear. Out of one hundred and two replies from Presbyterians, who in some cases indicated more than one sort of sermons as those they liked, the summary was as follows:

Guidance in Christian Life	93
Evangelistic	63
Expository	51
Doctrinal	22
Current Topics	16
Critical	5

It willk be noticed that, out of these 250 votes, only 21 are for any sermons but those which are strictly biblical and evangelical and assume the inspiration and authority of the word of God. A conspicuous Englishman, aiter much study of the subject, says that the reason why the working classes so little go to church is that they hear so little gossip when they go.

THE LAYMEN'S UPRISING.

During the last six months, the Laymen's Missionary Movement has held campaigns in twenty-two cities in the United States and Canada. In fifteen cities in the United States, containing 2,546,000 people, 310,585 communicant church members were reported. They gave to religious work in America last year, $5,405,500, and in similar work abroad $297,450. They have decided to undertake to raise a total of $1,175,000 annually for foreign Christian work, an aggregate increase of $877,550. In many cases, two years or more are taken in which to work up to this high standard. During the same period in Canada, the Laymen's Movement has held campaigns in seven cities, containing an aggregate population of 950,000. Of these, 136,818 were reported as Protestant church members, who gave to local Christian work last year, $2,043,775, and to home and foreign missions, $344,537. They voted to undertake to increase the amount to missionary purposes to $977,000, an increase of $632,000. The total increase undertaken in twenty-two cities of Canada and the United States, is $1,510,000 from a total of 447,403 church members.

PASTOR WANTED.

The pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Merced, California, is vacant, and we desire to fill the same as soon as possible. Salary, $1,000 and the use of manse. Address J. W. Knox, Merced, Cal. Appointed by church to secure supplies with view to permanent call.

THE HOME

A PUZZLE.

It has always been a puzzle to me
What sailors sow when they plow the sea.
Does coffee go with the roll of a drum?
And why is a speaking likeness dumb?
What was it that made the window blind?
Whose picture is put in a frame of mind?
When a storm is brewing, what does it brew?
Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?
How long does it take to hatch a plot?
Has a school of herring a tutor or not?
Have you ever perused a volume of smoke?
Can butter be made from the cream of a joke?
Who is it fixes the teeth of a gale?
To a king who reigns why shout "O hail!"
With a powder puff is one's mind made up?
Does a saucer go with a misery cup?
Can you fasten a door with a lock of hair?
Did a bitter wind ever bite you, and where?
Who is it that paints the signs of the times?
Does the moon change her quarters for nickels and dimes?
What tune do you play on the feelings, pray?
And who is it mends the break of day?
And say—I'll admit this is quite absurd—
When you drop a remark, do you break your word?
Can a rope be made out of ocean strands?
Have the silent midnight watches hands?
Can you cut a log with a wise old saw?
Does the cup that cheers cry, "Hip, hurrah?"
Can money be tight when change is loose?
Now what in the name of thunder's the use
Of going through college and taking degrees
When we're posed by such plain little problems as these?

FIRST LESSONS IN SHOPPING.

Different mothers have different ideas as to the age when children should begin to have a voice in the selection of their clothes. Some follow much longer than others the plan of bringing home the little frocks and coats themselves and taking for granted the child's satisfaction in them. Dress being admitedly a subject far too absorbing—to the average feminine mind, at least—it is probably wisest to prolong as late as possible the period of happy indifference to it. But whenever the child does begin to share the pleasures of the shopping expedition, it can be taught to appreciate its responsibilities.

Plainly one of the very first lessons for the little shopper to learn is that of prudence and economy. The article to be bought should be thoroughly discussed before leaving home, not merely for the sake of saving our time and the clerk's, but because forewarned is forearmed. If it is a hat; what dresses besides the one worn today shall we want to wear it with? Have we an old one that will save it, or must it be ready to go out under an umbrella tomorrow? What use shall we want to make of it another season? Shall we be content to wear it for "best" next year, or must we consider, when we choose it, whether it will make a suitable school hat by and by? How much can father afford to have us spend for it?

Fortified on all these points—which seem too obvious to be worth mentioning, but which certainly do escape the attention of many shoppers of a larger growth, unless our eyes deceive us—the little maid will not set her heart too firmly on the first gay combination of ribbon and flowers that the plausible sales-woman places on her pretty head, but will listen with as much resignation as one can ask from her years to mother's doubts about fitness and durability, and will come home with the seed-thought planted in her mind that liking a thing is not always a sufficient reason for buying it.

As to cost, it will ease the situation perceptibly if two garments can be bought in one day and a sum fixed to cover the total, but the line of division between the two left uncertain—more for the hat, then less for the shoes. but not any more, if we want to feel really proud and happy when we display them to dear papa, for the two together. But even with this comforting factor of flexibility introduced, the cruel fact will still remain, and sooner or later youth must learn it as middle-age has, that some articles repay lavish investment better than others—leather, for example, better than artificial flowers.

But utility need not be the sole consideration. If mother has tact, and patience, and good taste of her own, these shopping expeditions may really be made to cultivate the perception of beauty in color and line and workmanship, decidedly a higher attainment and better worth childhood's effort than mere alertness of attention to the passing "style." Time is not wasted that is spent in loitering along counters where really artistic effects—be they in silk or gingham—are shown, and by happy chance one of the greatest lessons of all may be learned just here—that we may enjoy without possessing. Salesmen are often unexpectedly cordial to genuine admiration, even if it candidly avows that it cannot purchase. One mother and daughter will long remember the two chairs politely brought for them as they lingered to watch the rearranging of some choice rugs, and the restful ten minutes spent in seeing the beautiful fabrics lifted, one after another, from their pile and unfolded to their full size. Even those of us who live within easiest reach of picture stores and art exhibitions do not refresh ourselves with them as often as we mean to, and all these chance opportunities are worth improving.

Lessons in courtesy, too, are to be learned in the hurry and bustle of a shopping trip, and lessons in consideration of the rights of others, and even in truthfulness and honesty. The child must not see mother push her way too rudely into the elevator, nor comment disagreeably on the goods, displayed, nor bring back articles for exchange with a stain concealed that came in the trying-on at home.

Is shopping, after all, only a trivial matter, and do we seem to have wasted too many words on it? But the ability to spend money well was never more needed than now, for the individual, for the home and for society. Cheap transportation brings the temptations of the great stores within reach of a larger number of women every year. Every year the fashions seem more flaunting. Every year the number of women who are not ashamed to say that they always spend more than they meant to seems to increase. Every year, if the economists tell us rightly, the outlook is harder for the man who earns a moderate income. With money growing all the time easier to spend and harder to earn, surely mothers need not begrudge the time they give to teaching children its best use. If the ten odd years in which she and her daughter do their shop-

ping together make of the girl a woman the pocketbook of whose husband can safely be trusted to her, the mother may be proud indeed.—Lily Rice Foxcroft in The Interior.

WORRY.

This is the great disease of the age, killing its ten thousands, while the things we fear more, such as cancer and consumption, are not nearly so deadly in comparison. Worry, too, kills by inches, wrecks a man's life, makes him useless in the strife ere it releases him through the gates of death.

Look around: you all know those on whom worry has worked its worst, those helpless and shaken, whose stricken lives are the charge of some one else. Sad, very sad. Let us take warning while yet there is time. Our nerve centers will only stand so much strain, so much worry, whether this be of business or of home life. Wise people never let things reach this point of danger unless the tide of events is too strong for them.

Worry, the usual worry of life, is a habit to a very great extent. We get into the way of letting this or that worry us, needlessly in many cases. The beloved child is late from school; we sit and picture all the accidents of the streets, never thinking of the fascinations of a game of marbles or football. The husband's train is delayed; we work ourselves into a fever as we think of the things that do happen on the railway. Less even than these, we worry because meals are late, because our girls do not give us their full confidence, because our lads stay out a little too late.

Oh, there are a hundred things per hour to worry about if we'll give way to it and so pave the path for the overwhelming worry when it does come, which, bye the bye, may be never; instead of bracing ourselves up by expecting the best. It's wonderful how sons and daughters respond to a little wholesome trust. You know the proverb, "Care killed the cat," ay, in spite of its nine lives. We who have only one had best then be careful and have no truck with worry, not over little things at any rate.

Worry, too, is a lack of trust, isn't it?—Margaret, in Scottish American.

WHY WE TIRE EASILY.

Few people do work enough during the day to make them tired.

The fatigue generally comes from their taking such short breaths while engaged in their more-or-less absorbing toil, that their blood is not sufficiently oxygenized, and this produces thick blood, and "that tired feeling."

What is the reason that you can walk so far and so long, during your mountain vacation? After a little practice you can go from one hill to another and from one valley to another, and along great stretches of roads, without a fourth part of the fatigue that you would feel in the city, a few weeks before.

What is the reason that the long rides that you take through mountain regions, or along the shores of the free-breathed ocean, leave you, of the two, in rather a rested condition; or, if you are tired, give you a sweet restful sleep?

The answer to these questions is, no doubt—the air you get on the way. Lack of air is one of the great fatigue-producers.

For instance, you often "awaken tired" in the morning. Why?

Probably because you have sheltered yourself to such a terribly thorough degree, that the air had not enough chance to get at you, to do you much good. Then perhaps you have tucked your head down among the bed clothes, and thus shut off, to a great extent, what little air there was in the room.

Whatever you are doing, make it a part of your work, to take as long a breath each time, as you can. It will take you a long time to get into this habit, but it can be done. You will often find yourself neglecting it; but you are to start right in again every time you think of it; and sooner or later you will get the habit established—to your great benefit.

NEED OF SLEEP DURING SCHOOL LIFE.

Growing youths, like men, although to lesser extent, differ in their need of sleep. As a general rule, however, the lad at school between the ages of thirteen and sixteen requires nine to ten hours of sleep. The curriculum of schools now is extremely trying. Not only has the standard of education considerably advanced, but sports hold such a high position in all schools of note that the day is wholly taken up by physical and mental exercise of so strenuous a character that a sufficiency of sleep to recuperate exhausted nature is a **sine qua non** in the preservation of health. Dr. Dyke Acland recently read a paper in London on the matter, in which his conclusions were based on the forty great high-class schools of Great Britain, as well as on the four best schools of America. The results gathered by this inquiry showed that, though head masters, medical officers of schools, and physiologists were of the opinion that growing boys needed nine to ten hours of sleep, yet in many instances the time of quiet in the dormitories was considerably less than this. All four American schools reached the highest standard—nine and a-half to ten hours—while in many of the English schools the time for sleep was as little as eight to eight and a-half hours, and in a few cases even less, only two reaching the American standard. As remarked above, growing boys need a large amount of sleep, and when this is denied them, neither their bodies nor their minds can develop properly. Our English contemporary points out that this lack of hours of rest falls most heavily on the clever boys, who, by reason of their ability, are raised to higher forms, in which the time given to school work is longer, and asks if this may not explain in some measure the disappointing mediocrity in later life of the boys who gave promise of brilliant capabilities.—Medical Record.

BE KIND.

If you are sighing for a lofty work,
  If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself and see you do not shirk
  The common little ways of being kind.

If you are dreaming of a future goal,
  When, crowned with glory, men shall own your power,
Be careful that you let no struggling soul
  Go by unaided in the present hour.

If you are moved to pity for the earth,
  And long to aid it, do not look so high,
You pass some poor, dumb creature faint with thirst,
  All life is equal in the eternal eye.

If you would help to make the wrong things right,
  Begin at home; there lies a lifetime's toil.
Weed your own garden fair for all men's sight,
  Before you plan to till another's soil.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Young People

THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

The boy next door was walking in the back yard. Norton spied him, and ran across the room.

"I'm going to get acquainted with him," he told his mother, as he rushed by her.

The boy next door had moved in two days before, but this was the first time Norton had had a chance to be neighborly.

In three minutes Norton was back in the house, his face dark and scowling.

"Nice boy he is!" was the indignant exclamation. "I climbed up on the fence, and said 'Hullo!' and he threw up his hand and wriggled it, and then I said, 'Come on over and play!' and he never answered a single word! Guess I shall run after boys that won't speak to me!"

"Perhaps he is bashful," Mrs. Wilcox said. "I'd try again if I were you."

"Well," Norton replied, "perhaps he is. I didn't think of that."

In the afternoon Norton came by the house as the boy next door was going in. Norton, said, "Hullo!" in a most friendly way; but at first the other did not notice him at all. Then he turned his head and waved a greeting.

"I thought he was going to be decent this time," Norton afterward told his mother; "but he just stood there like a dunce wriggling his hand, and never answered a word when I asked him if he was going to my school. I never saw such an impolite boy. I'm not going to speak to him another time. I don't want to stand there and talk to him just to be grinned at."

"It is certainly very strange," Mrs. Wilcox said. "I don't understand it."

After that Norton always walked straight past the boy next door with his head held high.

"I'm not going to be snubbed by him," he told his mates.

Thus it went on for nearly a week. Then a neighbor came in to visit with Mrs. Wilcox. Norton was in the room.

"I called on Mrs. Mansfield yesterday," said the neighbor. "She is a very pleasant woman. I think we shall all like her. And the boy Jasper is a sweet little fellow. You must get acquainted with him Norton. It is a pity he is deaf and dumb, isn't it? Oh, didn't you know it? Yes, he cannot hear a sound. His mother thinks he may be taught to talk, but he is not strong enough to go away to school yet. He could hear as well as anybody when he was little; but, just as he was beginning to talk, he had this dreadful sickness, and it left him totally deaf. So that ended his talking. He is very lonely, having had to leave his mates. They lived away up at the north end of the city. His mother says she has hopes he can get acquainted with the children around here, but of course they can't talk with him and it makes it bad. He talks fast enough with his fingers. Dear me, how he makes them fly!"

Mrs. Wilcox turned to where Norton had been sitting, but he was not there. After the visitor had gone, his mother found him crying.

"To think I should have been so mean to him?" Norton sobbed.

"But you didn't know," his mother said soothingly.

Norton started up, and brushed away his tears.

"I'm going straight over to see him!" he cried.

From that hour the two were fast friends, and in time Norton learned to "wriggle" his fingers almost as fast a Jasper himself.—Emma C. Dowd, in Sunday School Times.

We do not know what ripples of healing are set in motion, when we simply smile on each other.—Henry Drummond.

"O, there be million hearts accurst
Where no sweet love-bursts shine;
And there be million hearts athirst
For love's immortal wine.
This world is full of beauty
Like other worlds above
And did we do our duty
It might be full of love."

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

—Bulwer-Lytton.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents

in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.
For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

Writers of Verse will learn something decidedly to their advantage by communicating with the Keystone Publishing Company, 1012 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

MT. HERMON STOCK FOR SALE.

What will you give for two shares of
MOUNT HERMON STOCK
J. E. WITHERSPOON,
Sacramento, Cal.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE
By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, CAL, JULY 16, 1908. No. 29



Rev. Orlando E. Hart, D. D.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

REFORMS AND PARTIES.

Whenever a man appoints himself a reformer and announces his program we laugh him to scorn; but whensoever an office seeker starts out to "redeem" the state, or county, or municipaplity, by himself becoming the champion of the proposed reclamation, men shout themselves hoarse in the behalf of this new Goliath.

The writer does not propose to himself the task of reforming the world, or even that small portion of it known as the United States; however,

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the wondrous land."

And possible the Pacific Presbyterian may become one drop, one grain, so much needed while the world still lieth in the wicked one.

To the mind of the writer it seems not only impolitic, but unwise, to effect the organization of new political parties in order to secure desired reformations.

Reformers unhesitatingly condemn legislation or manipulation of political parties for special "interests," yet, a party organized with the distinct purpose of effecting a specific reform, either in morals or economics, is but a party of special "interests."

We are wont to say: "Though great parties will not give heed to our demands, neither will they secure nor enforce the laws we consider as essential, but, let it be remembered, however, that great political parties are not in advance of public opinion, but rather somewhat in the rear.

If, therefore, the great parties fail to listen, or refuse to grant the reformer's demands, the reason is, the demanded reforms are not endorsed by a majority of the electors, and the appeal should be, not, as I think, for a new party to represent this minority demand, but rather a campaign of education and agitation in the desired reform until the people are in favor of the proposed action, and then the voice of the people will become the voice of the party.

In 1872 the writer listened to excited orators in the Hoosier state, who vehemently proclaimed, "That if a certain nominee were elected, then good-bye to representative government; henceforth there would be a dictator in the White House, but never another presidential election."

Whether we have said a sad farewell to representative government, and whether we have had, since '72, a dictator in the White House, some may be disposed to consider an open question; but sure it is we still have political parties,—an increasing number of them—popliticals conventions and presidential elections.

In this year of grace the diminent parties have nominated men, clean, strong and representative of ideals in government. (Other parties will go and do likewise.) And is it not a Christian obligation upon the people to study the ideals these men represent, and vote at election in that way most likely to conserve the interests of all the people, and be formative of those ideals of liberty, equality, righteousness and world-wide evangelism, for which God in his providence has given to us a separte national life and a representative government. O. E. H.

CONSCIENCE IN POLITICS.

Some years since the writer requested a Presbyterian elder, who at the time was president of the Board of Education in that city, to deliver an address on "The Church and the Public School." The elder made answer that "the church and the school are so absolutely distinct in their functions as not to be named as in mutual relations."

Doubtless there are men who would now say, "Conscience and politics are so very far asunder as not to be susciptible of being listed in the same catalogue. It is common parlance that politics are so corrupt, that men of honor should not engage in political activities.

However, all constitutional governments are and must continue to be governed through the agency of political parties.

In a representative government the chief glory of citizenship is that such a form of government makes necessary a participating citizenship. There are those that would debase all government officials to the lowest levels that they might obey the behests of unrighteous men, and there are others who would raise the standard to the high ideals of the Christian church; as a matter of fact, however, the officials represent neither the one extreme nor the other, but the average standard of moral ideals in the community, state or nation.

From education, hereditary environment, business associations and residence locality men have different political opinions, because they have different ideals of government, both as to its functions and its methods of administration.

With all the divergence of opinions, however, there is the age-long demand that men put conscience rather than cash into their political activities.

The assumption that business necessities compel men to ignore the fixed laws of righteousness in economic transactions; that what is morally wrong may become legally right; that the absence of a particular civil enactment, or the

acuteness to evade an existing law, in some measure, at least, excuses, or exonerates men in the doing of what otherwise would be a moral or social wrong, is but to eliminate conscience from conduct, is to divorce politics and the decalogue.

The publication that sells its space to advertise for a cash consideration what the management of the paper would consider wrong if done by themselves, is putting cash for conscience, and by example gives endorsement to political graft.

The elector who, by his vote, permits or authorizes his representative in the state or nation to do what the voter would personally refuse to do, is but evading responsibility and making political corruption as easy as possible.

To always have a conscience void of offense towards men is perhaps the very highest ideal of political life.

Politics being a necessary condition in our form of government, it would seem to be the duty of all the recipients of the blessings of our government to secure like cherished advantages to all other citizens.

The duty of inheriters of benefactions is to bequeath like inheritances to others. Knowing that sin—any sin, all sin, any transgression of the law—is a reproach to any people, surely the man of conscience should put conscience into his political life, striving in his citizenship, as in home and school and commerce and labor for that Righteousness whose heart is love, and that worketh no ill to his neighbor. O. E. H.

EDITOR HART.

The manager takes the liberty of presenting the portrait of Rev. Orlando E. Hart, D.D., Associate Editor of The Pacific Presbyterian. In the absence of Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D., who is spending his vacation at Mt. Hermon, most of the editorial work of The Pacific Presbyterian has devolved upon Dr. Hart. As he is a busy pastor, and must do this work in addition to his regular church services, his labors should be highly appreciated, and doubtless are by the readers of The Pacific Presbyterian.

CONGRATULATIONS.

The Pacific Presbyterian extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Dwight E. Potter on the birth of a son on July 11th. Mr. and Mrs. Potter are now living in San Francisco.

THE FOREWARD MOVEMENT IN YOUNG PEOPLE'S

The Presbyterian Church has come to realize the necessity of doing more to encourage its young people in their organized work for the advancing of the kingdom of Christ. The permanent committee on Young People's Work, appointed by the Geneeral Assembly of1903, after careful study of the needs of the young people of the church, prepared an excellent Christian Training course, but as they studied the subject more carefullyy they realized that more than a committee's work was needed.

Following the committee's suggestion, the Assembly of 1906 established under the Sabbath School Board what is known as the Department of Young People's Work, placing this department in the care of Rev. Willis L. Gelston.

Our church is just now making unusual efforts along several lines, bringing the men together in the Brotherhood, organizing for more aggressive missionary work in all the Boards and under the leadership of Mr. Stelzle bridging the chasm between the church and the laboring man. Second in importance to none of these movements just mentioned is that of bringing into one mighty army for an aggressive "forward movement" a million and a half of Presbyterian young people.

As our church has ever stood for the best available secular education, so it has ever stood for the best rounded Christian education. To quote Mr. Gelston, the future success of Presbyterianism depends largely upon our "giving the future church intelligent leaders, men and women who are experienced workers and more than all else, the spirit of loyalty to our Master, which we all want her to possess." He then suggests three general lines along which work must be carried on to achieve the best results: (1) Organization, (2) Inspiration, (3) Instruction.

In many of our churches there are no organized young people's societies. In many cases they could be organized with great benefit to the church.

Summer institutes are to be held in many places. A Bureau of Information is conducted by Mr. Gelston, who urges pastors and others to present their problems in connection with young people's work.

Finally, it is the purpose to make all our young people's societies thoroughly educational in character; in other words, to develop them into "religious high schools."

If your Christian ndeavor Society is looking for some line of work or study that will increase its efficiency, drop a note to Rev. Willis L. Gelston, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. There is no purpose to change the relationship of the Presbyterian societies to the great Christian Endeavor movement.

The whole purpose of the "Forward Movement" is embodied in the motto adopted, "Better societies for us all and a better religious education through the work of each society." ARTHUR HICKS.

Oakland, Cal.

ALBANY COLLEGE SUMMER SCHOOL, JULY 17-27.

As noted in a previous issue, Albany College, Albany Oregon, is to conduct a summer Bible school, July 17th to 27th, when over twenty different leaders, teachers and speakers will participate in the program. This is a new idea in Oregon, but the program as outlined is a strong one and will doubtless attract a large number of persons who will be greatly benefited by the outing and the daily programs. For the benefit of those who can attend we give the program in full. The admission fee, which includes all privileges for the entire session, is $2.50. Single day tickets, 35 cents. Camping privileges, and board and rooms in private homes and hotels have been arranged for at reduced rates.

DAILY PROGRAM.

General Assembly.

8:30, Devotional; 2:45, general conferences; 3:30, address or sermon.

Classes—Tent 1—9:00, Inductive Studies of the Gospels; 9:45, the Psalms; 10:00, Religious Pedagogy; 11:15, Sunday-school Methods; 2:00, the Rural Church. Tent 2—9:00, Minor Prophets; 9:45, Conferences Young People's Work; 10:00, Foreign Missions; 11:15, Home Missions; 2:00, the Pauline Epistles.

Friday, July 17, 2:45 p. m., Conference: "The Growth of the Church's Influence." Leader, Rev. O. C. Wright, Eugene. 3:30—Address. 8:00 p. m.—Address: "Shakespeare and the Bible," Rev. J. R. N. Bell, D.D., Corvallis.

Saturday, July 18, 2:45 p. m.—Conference: "Men's Work," President Homan, D.D., Willamette University.

3:30—Address: "The Laymen's Missionary Movement," C. W. DeGraff, cashier Portland Trust Co. 8:00 p. m.—Address, Dr. Homan, Willamette University.

Sunday, July 19, 10:30 a. m.—Sermon, Dr. Selby Frame Vance, Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. 11:00 a. m.—Sermon, Rev. R. H. Washburne, D.D., Salem. 8:00 p. m.—Sermon, Dr. Vance.

Monday, July 20, 2:45 p. m.—Conference: "The Midweek Prayer Meeting," Secretary H. W. Stone, Portland. 3:30 p. m.—Address. 8:00 p. m.—Address (illustrated), "The Face of Jesus," Rev. Frank A. Ferris, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Tuesday, July 21, 2:45 p. m.—Conference: "Health and Christian Healing: What is Legitimate?" President Mock, Dallas College, Dallas. 3:30 p. m.—Address, Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., pastor First Congregational Church, Portland. 8:00 p. m.—Address, Dr. Dyott.

Wednesday, July 22, 2:45 p. m.—Conference: "Boys' Work," Secretary I. B. Rhodes, Oregon-Idaho Y. M. C. A. 3:30 p. m.—Address: "Is the Church Neglecting the Boys?" Secretary I. B. Rhodes. 8:00 p. m.—Address: "The Positive Christ," Rev. Charles R. Adams, Fargo, N. Dak.

Thursday, July 23, 2:45 p. m.—Conference: "Waste in Church Work Because of Lack of Inter-denominational Agreement," Rev. A. J. Folsom, Superintendent Home Missions Congregational Church, Oregon. 3:30 p. m.—To be occupied as decided in conference. 8:00 p. m.—Address, Rev. A. J. Folsom.

Friday, July 24, 2:45 p. m.—Conference: "Young People's Work," Rev. C. T. Hurd, State C. E. President and Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Corvallis. 3:30 p. m.—Address, Dr. Ervin S. Chapman, California. 8:00 p. m.—Address: "The Stainless Flag," Dr. Chapman.

Saturday, July 25, 2:45 p. m.—Conference on Church Finances, Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., Portland. 3:00 p. m.—Address. 8:00 p. m.—Address (illustrated) Entertainment Evening.

Sunday, July 26, 10:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m. and 8: p. m., sermon.

Monday, July 27, 2:45 p. m.—Conference: "The Church's Place in Community's Life." 3:30 p. m.—To be arranged. 8:00 p. m.—Address: "The Relation of Religious Convictions to Public Life," Congressman W. C. Hawley.

GETTING TOGETHER IN HOME MISSIONS.

For the first time the Home Mission Boards of the United States came together in New York last month and discussed, as an organized union, a live religious topic vitally affecting conditions in the home field. The topic was "The Religious Care of the Immigrant." Rev. Dr. H. L. Morehouse, of the Baptist Home Mission Society, presided, and there were present officials of the Congregational, the Methodist, the American Bible, the Episcopal, the American Tract, the Church Federation's National Council, the Reformed, the Presbyterian, and other bodies, with liberal representations of workers among immigrants in other cities. The new Home Mission Council, under which the first conference was held, has just been organized, and includes officials of all societies working in the home fields, all religious bodies in the United States.

A CONFUCIAN TEMPLE FOR NEW YORK.

The term Y. M. C. A. will soon become ambiguous as to the organization it is intended to represent. We now have not only the Young Men's Christian Association, but the Young Men's Catholic Association, and now there is talk of founding in New York a Chinese Young Men's Confucian Association.

In this connection the Chinese are planning to erect a $100,000 Confucian temple in New York's Chinatown. Minister Wu Ting Fang recently addressed a large audience of his fellow-countrymen, advocating the organization of a Confucian Society and the building of a temple.

This building calls for lecture rooms, gymnasium, reading-rooms and a large assembly hall. It is to serve as a place for social, political and religious gatherings of the Chinese.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The California State Federation of Women's Clubs has endorsed the effort to secure school suffrage for the women of California.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman will engage in evangelistic work in Canada to considerable extent next winter, coming as far west as Vancouver.

The Y. M. C. A. of Boston has established a "Vocation Bureau." It is to aid young men to select that work in life for which they have the most aptitude. An expert psychologist is employed, who scientifically examines each case. A set of questions is propounded to the applicant, designed to reveal his traditions, hereditary inheritance and personal characteristics. He is then advised as to the vocation for which he has aptitude, and in which the probability of his success is largest. The results in the case of sixty boys who have been thus advised have been very satisfactory.

The Rev. Walter Walsh is in himself the solution of the riddle of how a minister can mix in politics without lessening his power in the pulpit, says the Western Christian Advocate. "He has a prodigious congregation, and at the same time he serves as councilman for his city, Dundee, Scotland, as Dr. Washington Gladden has done for the city of Columbus. He preaches a simple Scriptural gospel, after the manner of old Scotia's divines. His mixing in civic affairs grew out of what he observed in his pastoral work. He was shocked at the high ratio of infant mortality. On tracing it to its cause he found it to be due to unsanitary tenements. With Jacob Riis, he believed it to be as much murder to kill a man with a house as to kill him with an ax. The improved conditions in Dundee, not in this matter alone, but in many others, are due to the rational agitation of this lover of his city. From municipal reform it was natural that Mr. Walsh should turn to national and international affairs. He has now a world-wide fame as a champion for the abolition of war. He is equally convincing with tongue and pen. His volume, 'Moral Damage of War,' is one of the most trenchant in the increasing literature of the current reform. Mr. Walsh is a welcome visitor to America, where he says he is determined during his short stay to know nothing but peace. Those who were ever privileged to hear the late Dr. William M. Taylor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, also a Scotsman, will be reminded of him when they see Mr. Walsh toss his bushy locks."

A correspondent writes from Rome: "Although the Vatican finances are reported to be low, it is authoritatively stated that more French money has come to the Vatican this past year than for several years and that the principal

financial support of the Vatican is even yet the Catholics of France. It is said also that contributions from the United States have been larger than usual, and it is added that over $200,000 has been received here from America alone since the outbreak of the trouble with France. Those who are keeping close watch of these matters assert that if these contributions keep up the Holy See will be more than indemnified financially for the serious decrease in its income from France. Expectations run high as to the amount which will be received from the United States this year in contributions to the Peter's Pence Fund. It is reported in Vatican circles that a systematic canvass is being made in American churches and that large sums have already been forwarded to the apostolic delegate at Washington, Mgr. Falconio, who is to forward the entire sum to Rome. Rumor has it that more than a million dollars will thus come to the Holy See, but this is the merest guess work. Many people wonder what the pope does with all the money he receives from the Catholics of the world, but the most casual study of the matter will show anyone that enormous sums are needed to keep the Vatican administration going. The expenses of the Vatican palace constitute far from inconsiderable items, and added to these are the salaries of the cardinals and of the many prelates attached to the administration. Pius X insists on having all expenses reduced to the minimum, but it is extremely difficult, even with the closest economy, to make the Vatican income equal the expenditures."

Miss Amy Bernardy, instructor in Italian at Smith College, who, on appointment by the Italian government at Rome has been making a special investigation of the condition of Italian women and children on the Atlantic coast, took departure recently for Italy to make report. Miss Bernardy's investigations have been conducted in the principal Italian colonies in the East—in Boston, New York, Rochester, Buffalo, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. At the same time she has collected data regarding all the important beneficent and charitable institutions which deal with the assistance of immigrants in this country. In speaking of the exodus of Italian immigrants from this country during the past nine months, Miss Bernardy said that it was her opinion, from observations gained in a thorough study of the situation, that the tide of immigration would not turn this way again for another twelve months. The Italian, at least," said she, "is just beginning to feel the real pinch. He has been living on his savings up to now, and they are beginning to give out. This is the explanation of the large outgoing steerage lists to the Mediterranean. They know that they can live somehow in Italy, and they are not sure of that here. The problem before the Italian government now is to keep them. Italy is getting them back; let her make them realize that they are well off at home. They are deceived by the relative value of money. They don't realize that along with higher wages over here go higher living expenses. They are faced at home with no problems of congestion, lighting or heating. How do they know about the hard times so far ahead? Instinct. They 'smell' the hard times. They started to go in September, if you remember. They knew what was brewing before Wall street. The news travels from mouth to mouth, just as in mediaeval times. They are the true trade barometer. The rats leave the sinking ship; it is explained by a kind of animal sagacity." When asked what conclusions she had drawn from her data as to the condition of the Italian women and children in that part of the United States, Miss Bernardy regretted being unable to say, as persons working under a government commission are forbidden to make public any of their information before submitting their official report.

The Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford is reported by the British Weekly as saying in an address at Hackney College, in London: "Earnest care should be given to subjects connected with the unseen life. This has been called a materialistic age, but it is really an age of the Spirit. Why is it that people are not looking to the churches for some clear message about the unseen? Jesus made much of the unseen world, but the Church is leaving this field of inquiry to outside investigation. While in theological colleges men are discussing Calvin's Institutes or how to reconcile Harnack and Loisy, the Psychical Society is doing a more practical work. Two great scientists, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir W. Crookes, believe that it is possible to hold communion with those who dwell in the unseen. In America, two professors in our largest universities have made the same statement. I think the churches should appoint a committee of scholars to investigate this subject and report from time to time. Myers said that 100 years from now, no reasonable man will doubt the resurrection of Jesus. If his investigations led him to such conclusions, much might be expected from similar investigations by the churches. The people are waiting for light on this subject. He is not fit to be a minister who blindly accepts what has been taught him, and never attempts to find out the truth for himself." Speaking concerning Socialism, Dr. Bradford said: "I think the Socialist program will have to be tried both in Great Britain and the States before the people will learn that there is a still more excellent way. The experience will, perhaps, bring more evils than it will cure, but it is a stage on the path of human progress. The poor are not always to be oppressed. It is barbarity that one man should be worth hundreds of millions, while a better man than he cannot bring up his children in comfort or earn a decent living. It is not true that every man could get work if he wanted it." Dr. Bradford's remarks on Socialism were cheered, and then he added: "We hear much of Christian Socialism, and many Christians are Socialists, but I do not think the program of Socialism is Christian. What Socialism cannot do brotherhood will do." The Weekly says in way of comment: "An ignorant and muddle-headed listener might have gone away to report that Dr. Amory Bradford was a Spiritualist, a Christian Scientist, and a Socialist—nothing could be further from the truth. His aim is merely to awaken the minds of young preachers to these burning topics of the hour."

The daily papers having reported that Evangelist Sunday had made caustic criticsim of ministers, Mr. Sunday has made the following statement: "No man on earth appreciates the work of the minister and champions his cause more than I. I will allow no man to lead me in his loyalty to the church. I will allow no man to lead me in his furious and uncompromising assault upon the forces that sap her power and make her an incubator to hatch the devil's brood. I said many a preacher fails because he has no natural ability; is cold-hearted—has ice water and pink tea in his veins instead of red blood; lacks proper training; studies Christianity as others study science or philosophy. Ministers lack spiritual knowledge—it is theoretical with many; all the knowledge they have of God or Christ is an intellectual conception of some of his attributes that they have learned out of books. They know Shakespeare, Browning, Emerson and the latest kinks in the New Theol-

ogy dreamed out over some beer mug and amid tobacco in some foreign seminary. Many a preacher comes intending to do good work, but he finds himself pastor of some godless, worldly church, where his leading members are leaders in nothing but card-playing, dancing, theater-going, society wine-drinking, Sunday golf-playing, novel-reading, fudge-eating, neighborhood gossiping mollycoddles—and when the preacher brings his probe to bear and attacks these sins they tie up their purse-strings and say: 'We don't want to stay; you must preach differently.' I don't blame the preacher for his style of work, but I blame him if, when these sins need rebuking and God calls me to do it, then they criticize me and my vocabulary and mannerisms, which are as God made me—I give God my unfixed-up personality. I am doing my best to make it easier for people to do right and harder to do wrong. I have been used of God to lead over 100,000 to stand for Christ. I have been used to make drunkards sober, thieves to steal no more, harlots to turn from merchandizing their womanhood for gain to leading pure, upright lives; to turn homes of squalor and want into abodes of peace and joy. No one has more friends among the noble, good, true, pure, in the church and out than I; no one has more enemies among the godless, infamous, useless, in the church and out, than I. I never said at Pittsburg or anywhere else that the ministers were 'a worldly, fudge-eating, grafting lot of mollycoddles, fit for the bughouse.' That was an infamous, willful, malicious, slanderous lie, sent out by some newspaper. I love the church that Christ bought with his own blood, with every drop of blood in my body, with every brain molecule, corpuscle, tissue, nerve, vein, artery and hair in my head, and am pouring out my life to help prepare her to meet her Bridegroom. I would like my critics to come forward and show what they have done or are doing. This is the first letter I have ever written in explanation or defense, and I should not have written this, only I want the ministers to know that I would die for them and the ministry, and that reports as to what I said were wrong. Yours on the firing line for God, home and native land."

EVOLUTION.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet,
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mould
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled and our senses thrilled,
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath and death by death,
We followed the chain of change,
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like the great cave bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When night fell over the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.
I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the mammoth came to drink—
Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin,
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With rude and hairy hand.
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall,
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
E'er human laws were drawn.
And the age of sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight, in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's;
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet.
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come amain;
Should it come today, what man may say
We shall not live again?
Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I a fish.

—Langdon Smith.

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

By Mrs. O. E. Hart.

"Will you carry a message to your wife for me?"

'Certainly."

"Our regular monthly missionary meeting will be held next Tuesday afternoon at the church. Please ask your wife to meet with us."

"I—I don't believe in missions. That is—ahem— **Foreign** missions."

"You don't? Well, if you will persuade your wife to attend our meetings I think she will convert you."

With these parting words and a little bow Mrs. Brown pursued her way homeward from morning services at the church and Mr. Pitfield entered his own gate.

He wished Mrs. Brown had not hurried off quite so fast. He wished she had said "missionary meeting," when he first caught up with her two blocks away. He would like to explain; for, evidently she did not know his views on the subject of missions. But he was mistaken, for at that moment Mrs. Brown was smiling to herself and thinking how skillfully she had dropped a word for missions and had avoided a discussion. If it did no good, like homeopathy treatment, it would do no harm. She thought of a conversation which she had had a few days before with the tall, dignified elder, Judge Hyatt. She had said to him: "I do not see why we can never induce Mrs. Pittfield to attend our missionary meetings."

The Judge had laughed and said: "I can tell you why—**Pitfield won't let her.**" Seeing the look of astonishment in Mrs. Brown's face he continued: "I am telling you the truth. He told my wife so. I see you are not acquainted with Brother Pittfield yet." Then dropping his light manner and speaking soberly, he went on: "It is a great pleasure to welcome new members into the church; but it gives me more joy to note the transformation that often takes place afterward,—the gradual but sure growth into the perfect image of our Lord. There is not a man, woman nor child in this church that has grown so much spiritually as Mr. Pittfield. Naturally, he is stubborn and loves controversy. Like Sister Mary, in the Mother Goose Rhymes, he is often quite contrary. Only those of us who knew him before his conversion have any conception of the wonderful change."

With these thoughts passing through her mind Mrs. Brown, the minister's wife, entered her own door and a few moments later was presiding over the Sunday dinner.

In what way Mr. Pittfield delivered her message is not known. Certain it is that no new face appeared at the missionary meeting. However, since this is not all fiction, it ought to be stated that Mrs. Pittfield herself had no real interest in missions.

First, she knew nothing of missions except in a confused, general way.

The minister, it is true, preaced a rousing sermon on Foreign Missions every year. After listening to that she would go home with a little spark of interest in her heart; glad, too, very glad, that she was not a Hindoo widow nor a superstitious Chinese lady with little feet; but she had no missionary literature in her home to kindle the little spark into a blaze and keep it burning, so it soon died out.

The second reason was that she had so many home cares and social duties. These things filled her heart. Like the Bethlehem Inn long ago, there was no room left. The babe was crowded out by other guests, as his cause is crowded out of many hearts.

A month passed away and again it was Sabbath morning. The opening exercises of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school in Centerville had just closed.

Mrs. Brown seated in the back of the church, in the adult Bible class, glanced over the whole school with a smile of satisfaction. She had no regular class. The superintendent, however, found her very useful as a substitute teacher. As some teacher was usually absent she taught a class almost every Sabbath. She thus became better acquainted with the young people and knew all the good little girls and all the good little boys, and she loved every one of them. That day the summer clothing and bright young faces made her think of a flower garden. The swaying branches of the tree outside sent ripling shadows through the open doorway. The primary teacher had led her little flock out into the shade and was seating them on the green grass. The murmur of their voices floated in through the open window and mingled pleasantly with the hum inside.

"Who will teach this class?" It was the voice of the superintendent addressed to the adult class. "Brother Brown is away today; so I will leave you to select a teacher from your own number."

With these words he passed on; but no one would take the class. There were eight present that morning and they comfortably filled two short seats.

Mr. Pittfield was the first on the front seat. He was of medium height and heavy set, with light brown hair clipped very close, blue eyes, and a fair, smooth face. He was almost fifty; but so lightly did he carry his years that he scarcely seemed thirty-five. He believed in Sabbath-schools if he did not believe in Foreign Missions. It was a matter of firm principle and pride with him to have his whole family in Sabbath-school every Sabbath morning. His wife taught a class of little girls. He tried teaching a class of boys—once. That experience would never be forgotten. He decided then and there that Sabbath-school teaching was not his calling. Next to him sat Mr. Adair, an elegant looking gentleman, a little past middle age. He was a wealthy banker and a man of literary culture. His parents were United Presbyterians from the North of England. He was brought up strictly on the Psalms of David, the shorter catechism and the Bible, good, wholesome, spiritual food that it developed in him a sturdy Christian character. In after years, as he grew rich, it was like an anchor, keeping him out of the whirlpool of folly and sinful amusements. Next was Mr. Swartz, an elderly man and a little deaf. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth and a blue Presbyterian. In his younger days he had inherited a fortune. But his riches had taken wings and flown away. Still he was rich, for he was a devout Christian. Farther along in the same seat, next to the wall and almost hidden by Mr. Swartz's portly figure was a small man named Logan. In the corner of the seat back of Mr. Logan was Mr. Harvey, the elder from the country. He was one of those jolly, kind-hearted people who always have a laugh whereever they go. Ill-feeling, like morning mists before the sun, rolled up and fled away at his presence. He lived five miles away, but was rarely absent a Sabbath from his place in the Lord's house. Much of his punctuality, however, was due to his energetic wife, who hurried him here and helped him there until they were finally stowed away in the family carriage ready for the trip to church. Then came Miss Alice Potter, the sweetest, quaintest little maiden lady that you ever saw. Her voice was as soft as a summer zephyr, and she was as timid as a bird. Only those who knew her best realized her true worth. Next was Mrs. Brown, a black-eyed, energetic little woman whom we have introduced before as the minister's wife. And last of all Mrs. Hyatt, a frail woman physically, but

with a great soul which overflowed with love to the Lord and his cause.

In a very short time—much shorter than it takes me to tell you—the class in question decided not to have a teacher, but to ask each other questions.

Mr. Swartz adjusted his glasses and opened his Bible, then remarked: "Our lesson is about Jonah. Of course we are all familiar with the whole story."

Mr. Adair cleared his throat and said, "I suppose it is not wise to take up our time trying to prove that a fish can swallow a man. We want practical questions."

Mr. Pittfield looked up quickly from his lesson-paper and said, in his most pompous style: "One of the most practical questions on this lesson, to my mind, is this, 'Do we as Christians, turn from our duties as Jonah did?' "

Mrs. Brown leaned forward a little and replied, "I think some of us do. The Lord told Jonah to leave the people in his own country—many of them were wicked, too—and go away over to Nineveh and preach to the heathen. The Lord wished him to be a **foreign missionary.**"

Every one in the class smiled. They were all well acquainted with Mr. Pittfield's view on missions.

"I—I—that's another thing. The Lord does not tell us to be foreign missionaries."

"I certainly think he does," replied Mrs. Brown. " 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' That is the last command of our Lord to his church.

"What is his church? Every man and woman and child belonging to his kingdom. Jonah's field was Nineveh. Our field is the world. Beginning at Jerusalem and reaching to the uttermost or most inaccessible parts of the earth."

"Now, look at the wicked people of this town and the poor people, too," said Mr. Pittfield, beginning to recover his usual self-complacency. "We can spend every cent that we can raise right here in our own town; and there is work enough for every one of us right here."

"This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone," breathed Miss Potter. These words spoken by the soft, firm voice seemed to have a new meaning to his heart. His sympathies began to broaden a little. Still he was by no means ready to change his views entirely.

"I would not object to sending some help to parts of our own country. But what's the use of all this hoodoo and expense about sending missionaries to these low down idol worshipers?"

"From what country are you, Mr. Pittfield?" asked Mrs. Hyatt. "I am from England," was the reply.

"Were the Jews led over into England when our English forefathers worshipped idols?"

"No, they never were. I know some crank has written a book trying to prove that the English are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. But to my mind that is a humbug."

"How were our forefathers raised from the lowest heathenism and converted to Christianity?" persisted Mrs. Hyatt.

"It rather occurs to me that it was through some monks sent from Rome."

"You are right," said Mr. Adair, "Gregory III sent monks from Rome to carry the Gospel to England."

"But Rome herself was once a heathen city. Who carried the Gospel to Rome?" still questioned Mrs. Hyatt.

Mr. Pittfield rubbed his head and said he did not remember.

Mr. Swartz said: "It was either Paul or Peter who first planted the church in Rome. Some authorities say Paul and others Peter. Both may have labored there."

"Peter and Paul," said Mrs. Hyatt, "were Jews, and we all know that they received the Gospel from Jesus Christ himself. Our blessed Lord left the heavenly country and the Father's house on high and came to earth, a foreign country, to save the lost. When Peter and Paul were found of him and saved by his grace, and went to seeking other lost ones in their own country, they were Home Missionaries. When they pushed out to the regions beyond and preached Jesus at Rome, they were Foreign Missionaries. The church at Rome, in turn, sent missionaries to England, and England, with the same seeking love, planted the Gospel here in America, and we today are a Christian nation. Can any of us"—

A sharp tap of the superintendent's bell announced the close of the lesson hour.

Every heart in the class was thrilled; every eye was bright with earnest feeling. The discussion might have gone on for hours, so much were they interested, but I have always thought it was providential that the bell tapped at that point. Mr. Pittfield's heart was opening a very little to the great idea, the heaven-born idea of world-wide missions. If the discussion had gone on too long, that old spirit of stubbornness might have shut his heart tighter than ever. As it was he thought. He went home but he could not get away from the thought of his precious household, with charming wife and happy children. In contrast there rose before his mind's eye a picture of heathenism in all its degradation where home in its true sense is never known.

"That would have been my condition without Foreign Missions," he meditated.

He kept on thinking, and before the close of the week surprised his pastor by handing him a subscription for a leading missionary magazine. His wife is now president of the Woman's Missionary Society.

There is no other family in that part of the country so noted for consecrated missionary zeal.

Mr. Pittfield often says, "I never knew the meaning of the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always,' until I became a missionary in spirit."

THEN AND NOW IN FAR CATHAY.

J. E. Walker, D.D.

After long, toilsome years in school, college and seminary to go away and become an infant in a "far country;" to leave a land where all is stir and growth for one where all is stagnation; to exchange respect and good will for contempt and aversion, work among the intelligent, the educated, the respected for toil for the poor, the ignorant, the debased; this to the Greeks is foolishness.

The Chinese styled themselves the Hua-min, the Glory People, and China the Chung Kuo or Central Realm. They said, "We are civilized; we have chairs, tables, bedsteads. Other peoples sit, eat, sleep on the floor. All the nations about us have been our pupils; no other nation has been ourteacher." To them foreign lands were far out specks; Chiina was the great center. Her emperor was the Son of Heaven, holding the decree of Heaven to rule the "nine continents" and the "myriad kingdoms." About thirty-four years ago I was walking along the street in Foochow with a missionary who had been there over twenty years, and we were repeatedly hailed as Huang-kiang—outlanders. "This," he said, "is disagreeable; but it is nothing like it used to be, almost more than human flesh could endure.

In 1872 the foreign residents at Foochow had just passed through a dangerous crisis. Evil men in all the treaty ports had circulated the report that we, in anger at our failure to make converts, were going to poison the wells, and for a time the people were in a dangerous mood. But these reports all came from a base class of men; and a reaction soon set in which worked in our favor. It was no longer good form to treat us with disrespect.

At that time good progress had been made in overcom-

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ing the distrust and consequent ill will of the people about us, while the power of our message to transform and uplift the Chinese had been demonstrated in a number of individual cases. There were renegades, indeed, who, failing to deceive us, tried their hand on the foreign community, and thus gave rise to the assertion that our converts are worse than the heathen.

Every line of work was being vigorously pushed; Christian influences brought to bear on those who served us in our homes, and on the teachers who taught us to speak and read; preaching and conversation in the chapels and on the streets, in the city and in the villages; the sale of books and tracts at a nominal price; the physician with his dispensary and his hospital; free day schools, and boarding schools for more advanced work; young men in training for teachers, preachers, physicians; a small, but increasing band of trained Chinese workers, helping us in school and chapel and hospital.

But everywhere iniquity abounded; in some forms open and unblushing; in others hidden under a specious hypocracy, and all of it entrenched in vast systems of falsehood. But our homes were centers of light, and our lives and preaching were a continual witness and protest. The little chapels and schools and hospitals were nuclei of redemptive power; and so, also, was the increasing number of Christian Chinese homes. And all these instrumentalities were gaining slowly but surely in quality, as well as in quantity. Larger, better churches and schools more efficiently manned; a more numerous and intelligent church membership; and, in time, Chinese pastors and Christian business men and teachers and physicians, men of means and men of influence, gave increasing light.

But this light was not loved. The corrupt rulers and the covetous Scribes and Pharisees scoffed at it, and expected soon to put it out. In fact, for many years the people were told "the Emperor is just tolerating these outlanders till he gets the military forces of the empire in good shape; and then they will be cleaned out to the last shred. By 1884 the Chinese authorities at Foochow had acquired an arsenal twenty miles up a well-fortified river, and had a strong navy so far as ships and cannon were concerned; but it was all in the hands of officers who cared for nothing but graft. They began to be overbearing; and our good American consul was daily vexed by the captious behavior of the Foochow authorities. But a French fleet came, and in a week's time sank their navy, wrecked their arsenal and dismantled their forts.

Again, about ten years later, they had in North China a larger navy and a few myriads of well-drilled soldiers; and they went to war with Japan, only to be again defeated. The humiliation of each defeat brought with it increased regard for us and for our message; but most of all there was an increased desire to avail themselves of our educational facilities.

The Chinese have a calendar of sixty years in which the year 1900 was a little like a year of Jubilee; and the superstitious Pagan anti-foreign elements in North China imagined that the propitious time had come to purge out everything foreign. Kuan Ti, the Chinese god of war, is the patron god of this Tartar dynasty; and the Boxers were devotees of this cult. With them it was Kuan Ti against Jesus; and they believed that they were possessed of a magic which rendered them invulnerable to foreign bullets. Their utter overthrow had not only a tremendous political bearing, but also a profound religious influence.

Close on the heels of this came the war between Japan and Russia; and the Chinese were quite expectant that these two powers would only punish each other. But when the Asiatic power vanquished the European power, the Chinese were mightily stirred with a combination of hope and fear, —hope of what they, too, might do; fear of what Japan might do first. There arose an unprecedented demand for Western learning, and especially for a military education. The new Chinese student changed his long robe and scholarly stoop for a snug uniform and erect carriage. A strong national spirit began to show itself; and they dug out from their musty classics terms for such ideas as public spirit and civic righteousness, and made these terms current in the speech of the people.

At our Foochow college commencement in 1901, men high in authority attended the graduating exercises, and then sat down to a feast with us, happy to occupy the place of honor on the platform of a Christian college, and the chief seats at the missionary's table. In that great city of Foochow there are thousands of the younger men who, while by no means converted to Christianity, have had their moral senses greatly quickened by these years of Christian preaching and Christian practice in their midst. When two years ago the imperial edicts ordered the closing of the opium dens throughout the empire, these edicts were unheeded in many places, and in others the enforcement has been merely nominal. But in cities like Foochow, where we have worked for many years, the opium dens have really been closed, and the sale of the drug greatly diminished; and the long-continued presence of the Christian church and the Christian hospital and the Christian college is what has made such genuine reform work possible.

Our Foochow college was first of all a little day school for the children of a few converts; and it was patronized also by a few poor neighbors. There were also similar little day schools at a few other points. Soon there was added also a small boys' boarding school to continue the education begun in the day schools. Then about twenty-five years ago we began the teaching of English and a smattering of Western sciences. The curriculum was gradually improved, especially so after the war with Japan, at which time students from among the upper classes sought admission in considerable numbers.

For many years our premises, small and inadequate, had been hedged in by prejudice and superstition; but just in the nick of time a veteran missionary, Rev. Charles Hartwell, was able to purchase addition after addition, right there in the heart of the Chinese city, while generous donations from women and men of means in America provided commodious buildings. The American Methodists also have their Anglo-Chinese college, a large and flourishing institution in the Foochow south suburbs. At one time it seemed as if there was not material enough to supply both institutions with a good quota of students; but that state of things is buried in the dismal past.

Foochow now has a system of government schools, and also a number of schools founded and supported by the Foochow gentry. These latter are better than the government schools, and are also more open to the missionary. Many Chinese students have the portrait of George Washington in their studies; and he was first made known to them by our little day-school geographies. But now large and full geographies and histories are published in the Chinese classical language.

These government schools and colleges by no means supplant our Christian institutions; for we have a large Christian constituency, who will not go where Confucius must be worshiped. We secure also an unselfish devotion to the work of teaching which the government's money cannot hire, nor the worship of Confucius inspire. Furthermore the most serious problem which has always confronted us in our educational work is the moral status of the students. In the community about us the standard is fearfully low; and in our boarding schools and colleges we could better dispense with almost anything else than a thoroughly Christian corps of Chinese teachers, and a strong body of Christian youth among the students. Without these we might as well try to sail the ocean in a sieve.

But the larger part of my own personal work has not been at Foochow, but two or three weeks' journey inland from there at Shaowu. There, in 1876, Mrs. Walker and myself, with Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Blakely, began a pioneer work; and the going of these two ladies, each with a small child, to Shaowu in 1876, though the dangers and hard- China as was the coming of Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding to Oregon in 1836, though the dangers and hardships were very much less. Mrs. Walker, in spite of much suffering, clung to this work so long as she lived. Sometimes we were alone and sometimes others were with us. Of those now with me in the work the oldest, Dr. E. L. Bliss, joined us in the autumn of 1892. Up to the year 1900 my time had been given mainly to preaching, touring, and general oversight of the work; but since then the educational work has come to the front.

We have long had, off and on, a boys' boarding school at Shaowu; but it had never been large nor flourishing. The teaching had usually been done by Chinese Christians. But in the autumn of 1901 we had a fine body of youth who wished to study English and the Western sciences; and at their request Miss Walker took the school in hand, and reorganized it after up-to-date models. Each class chose one member to represent it in matters of discipline;

and the committee thus formed has a large share in the preserving of order in the school. This plan, thanks to the strong Christian element among the pupils, has worked well. We had to begin with the A B Cs, each pupil individually; and this involved much tedious routine work. But a fine young graduate from our Foochow college was a great help to us. He also boarded with the students and co-operated with the governing committee. When he had to leave us another like him took his place.

There was recently quite an exciting time in the school. The man who gives instruction in the Chinese classics, of course a Chinese, is very unpopular with the students. They assert that he is incompetent; and when recently he hauled up one of the brightest of them for questioning his accuracy, almost the whole body of students came to Mr. Storrs and demanded the immediate dismissal of this teacher. Mr. S. sympathized with their dissatisfaction; but he refused to entertain any complaint except through the governing committee; and for about half an hour he almost had a small riot on his hands; but he was master of the situation. This is a revolt of the new student against the old.

And now, after thirty odd years of work in the Shaowu field, what have we to show for it? In eight counties 30 churches at 30 important points, with a membership of about 900; three ordained pastors supported by these churches; 24 unordained men who draw about half their support from these churches; also a few men well taught and trained in medicine and surgery. These churches are fairly well supplied with places of worship, and some of them have parsonages. With many of them are connected day schools for the children, and with some, classes for the women to let light into the terrible darkness of their lives.

For our own present plant and working force we have (1), a dispensary and hospital for men, in charge of Dr. Edward L. Bliss, who is a graduate of the Yale classical and medical courses; (2), a like institution for women, in charge of Dr. Lucy P. Bement, who graduated as a trained nurse at Newburyport, Mass., and in medicine at Baltimore; (3), a boys' boarding school of forty odd pupils in charge of Rev. Charles L. Storrs, a graduate of the Yale classical and divinity courses; (4), a girls' boarding school of sixty or more pupils, in charge of Miss Frances K. Bement, a graduate of the Oberlin classical course. Mrs. Bliss is from Nebraska, and is a graduate of Doane College. Messrs. Bliss and Storrs are from Massachusetts, the Misses Bement are from Ohio, while our youngest member, Miss Grace A. Funk, is a well-educated and gifted woman from Arkansas. All these, with one other lady who is a native of China and a graduate of the Oberlin classical course, and one old Oregonian from Pacific University, make up a body of workers who are not splitting kindling wood nor doing patch work. We are eight out of nearly twenty-seven hundred such workers in China, which is no longer "Far Cathay;" and we ought to be 20 out of 5,000, reaping rich harvests from past sowing, and sowing for richer harvests yet to come.

Near the end of 1900 at Foochow we celebrated the 50th anniversary of the coming of a veteran missionary, the Rev. Charles Hartwell, a graduate of Amherst College and Hartford Seminary, and I venture to close with some lines presented to him on the occasion and printed herewith. He was a very energetic worker, a little inclined to depression of spirits; and he felt very keenly the trials through false brethren and weak brethren with which our experiences in China have been much checkered.

Forest Grove, Oregon.

HAVE YOU CHURCH MEMBERS IN LOS ANGELES?

The Church Federation of Los Angeles serves as a Clearing House for churches of all denominations. If members of your church move to this city, write or send their names and addresses, and denomination to which they belong.

Address Church Federation of Los Angeles, Los Angeles, California.

The names will be put in the hands of the pastor of their denomination, nearest the address given.

Strangers come to us in multitudes, help us shepherd them.

A SONG OF MEMORY AND HOPE.

Oh, passing years, oh, passing years,
That seem so short, yet move so slow;
Whose bloom so quickly disappears,
A glint of light, a transient glow;
Whose joys but pave a path to woe;
And while we laugh, grim, haunting fears
Their shadows o'er our pathway throw!
Though love a while our labor cheers,
It meets the fate of all below;
And everything that life endears
But lends to death a sharper blow.

Hold there! Thy life is hid in God
With Christ above the reach of harm;
And when Himself this pathway trod,
His death gave life a deathless charm.
Our feet with peace, goodwill He shod;
Our strength is from His outstretched arm;
These things are but the chastening rod;
Away with pining and alarm.

Each day a loving cup doth quaff,
Each year hath stored up wealth untold;
The tempests winnow out the chaff,
The furnace fires refine the gold.
God's truth is pledged in our behalf;
And though the outward man grows old,
The comforts of His rod and staff
Unchangingly our lives enfold.

Oh, what a boon it is to live
This life that God doth bless and keep;
And what a privilege to give
These years of toil to feed His sheep!
What joys eternal we receive
For all the tears our dim eyes weep.
Though often thou didst deeply grieve,
Oh, what a harvest thou dost reap!

Long, long and hardly hast thou striven,
Like faithful, uncomplaining Job.
When late thou shalt return to heaven,
And change the mantle for the robe
To overcoming spirits given;
We, lingering on this troubled globe,
Will like the ancient churches seven
Let faithful words our quick hearts probe,

That when our course is also run,
Our battles fought, our victory won;
Then all from God's beloved Son
May hear the blessed words, "Well done."

—J. Elkanah Walker.

Foochow, China, Dec. 19, 1900.

SIGNS OF A REVIVAL IN EGYPT.

Encouraging reports come from the American United Presbyterian mission in Middle Egypt, where the Spirit of the Lord has been manifest in love and power. The attitude of the native workers is in delightful contrast with that of a few years ago.

During last year 126 were added to the church at Menhari, and within the past few months many other churches have been richly blessed. Last summer Dr. Watson visited the Island of Sharona and 42 new members were received into the church and more were admitted later. In another neighboring town on the banks of the Nile 37 new members confessed their faith in Christ and eight backsliders were restored to church fellowship. Fourteen others have been admitted, and since then 30 more are being instructed more fully in regard to the duties and privileges of Christians. Similar reports came from many stations.

Not only does the spiritual life manifest itself in the number added to the church, but also in the desire for pastors and evangelistic workers. Another manifestation of spiritual life is the effort put forth to obtain pastors.

Among the Churches.

UTAH.

GREEN RIVER.—Here we have one of the best examples of irrigation-colonizing in the West, and at the same time of the enterprise of our Sabbath-school missionary work. Two years ago last March, when the people had just begun to come in from the East, Rev. J. K. MacGilliray, Sunday-school missionary, was the first of any denomination to enter the field, and so the ground was pre-empted for the Presbyterians. A Bible school was organized at once and the organization of a Presbyterian church followed in May, with some thirty members composed of representatives of seven or eight different denominations. A beautiful church building has been erected at a cost of over $5,000, and is practically free from debt. Rev. McLain W. Davis was called from Westminster Church, of Salt Lake City, to be the pastor. He accepted and has been serving very successfully for over a year and a half. The membership is now close on the hundred mark. The town had a serious set-back on account of the destruction of the irrigation dam over a year ago; but now everything is in splendid condition, and a heavy growth is anticipated. The valley has the finest combination of conditions for fruit-growing of any place in Utah, and is not surpassed in the West.

THE UINTAH.—Another very interesting piece of church and Sabbath-school work has been and is being done in an immense tract of land which was an Indian reservation until a couple of years ago. It lies about a hundred miles to the east of Salt Lake City, and is in the direct path of the Moffat railroad, which is pushing west from Denver. The Indians received their allotments and the remainder was thrown open to homestead settlement and was all taken in a short space of time. Rev. J. D. Stormont, the Home Missionary in charge, and Rev. J. K. MacGillivray, then Sunday-school Missionary, spent a month traveling together over the territory, organizing three Sunday-schools at Myton, Theodore and Rosevelt, and preparing the way for a church in each place, two of which they, with Rev. Josiah McClain, Synodical Missionary, have since organized, viz., Myton and Roosevelt. Mr. W. H. Herrick, the present Sunday-school Missionary, is laboring in that region, and we are awaiting further developments.

OUR TENT WORK.—Two tents have been in commission this summer in the Presbytery, one of them being that used so successfully in former years by Doctor Wishard, now retired and residing in Los Angeles. "Tent Wishard," generously donated by the Doctor to the work, has been in use in Millard county, in the middle west of the state, while the second is in operation much farther to the south, both with able corps of workers. We shall doubtless hear directly from themselves shortly. The tent method has been found to be the most effective one yet tried for the purpose of reaching with the gospel Mormon communities where there is as yet no evangelical organization. Each tent must have at least three workers, one an organist. These are contributed from among our own workers in the Presbytery thus far, and have been quite effective.

FERRON.—The workers on the coast, especially the giving workers, have a right to any news or information we can give concerning the buildings their money has built or is about to build.

"LADD COTTAGE," the Mission Teachers' Home, has been in commission for several months, and is a splendid monument to the Christian liberality of the excellent lady of the First Church of Portland, whose name it bears.

FORSYTHE MEMORIAL Chapel and school building has not yet materialized; but matters are progressing in that direction. We have not been definitely informed, but we suppose that it is to the women of Los Angeles Presbyterial we are indebted for the splendid gift of $1,500, which is now available for the building at Ferron, and the people of Ferron are profoundly grateful, and should there be some delay in using this gift it will be because there is a bigger work to be done at this strategic center of Castle Valley than was contemplated by the Board at New York in planning for so small a building. This amount, with some $1,200 which we can raise locally, would suffice for not more than a two-roomed building; and this would only accommodate the present enrollment of 90, and two teachers; there would be no provision for the growth that will surely come the moment we move from present quarters into the new building in a central location. The Board realizes the need and has appointed a third teacher for next year; besides, we can get a considerable attendance for an academy whenever we have one opened. We hope to do so this fall if the pastor can devote a portion of his time to teaching. Our only hope now for an adequate building lies in what the Board of Church Erection will do for us. With $1,000 from the Board, in addition to what has been promised, we may build the walls of a first story and complete a second story sufficiently to use its four rooms, which would do for the first year, and meantime we would hope to get help to complete the lower story. We are still working on the estimates. But we are all unanimously agreed here that it would be poor economy to go ahead with a two-roomed building under the circumstances, knowing the conditions as we do.

This is not to be construed as an appeal to the friends on the coast for additonal funds; but as an attempted explanation of the conditons at Ferron made to our valued friends who have so nobly responded to the call of our need, and so have a right to know these things in connection with the work to which their money was given. The Women's Board tell us we must not ask another dollar from them. So you can see the dilemma in which the Ferron workers are placed.

CALIFORNIA.

HEALDSBURG.—Monday evening, July 6th, was a very pleasant one for the pastor and his family, as the congregation gave to them, on that occasion, a very hearty welcome home. The church parlors were daintily decorated with ferns and flowers, and a large audience, assisted by numerous vocal and instrumental artists, aided in making the evening one long to be remembered by those present. Dr. J. C. Condit spoke warm words of welcome on behalf of the congregation, and Dr. F. J. Kinley on behalf of the Sunday-school. The pastors of the sister churches were present, and gave hearty greetings to pastor and people, congratulating them on the splendid spirit manifested after a pastorate of three and a half years, and wished for them many more years of fellowship and united service. Before refreshments were served, W. B. French presented Robert Crichton, Jr., with a beautiful silver set, on behalf of the congregation, that being the first anniversary of his birth. The happy evening will be a good thing for all concerned. A mountain of flowers over his grave would not be worth one-half so much to the pastor as one from the many he en-

joyed at that time. On July 8th the pastor had 50 per cent of his membership at prayer meeting. It made us think of the good old days lang ayne, but it made us very hopeful, also, for the days that are to come. Prayer binds a man to his neighbor and to his God. It is the chain invisible that lifts man Godward and draws God man-ward. We hope, therefore to bring our percentage of attendance still higher.

BLUE LAKE Church is in the center of logging operations in the northern portion of Humboldt county. Three mill camps and eight woods camps are within a radius of ten miles, and the pastor supplies these men with Christian literature during the summer. He has just completed eighteen such visits. About one hundred pounds of church and Sunday-school papers, several gospels in the Swedish and Italian tongues have been distributed and a new camp has been supplied with the Primary Lesson Pictures. Five of these were tacked on the walls of the dining hall and eight were given to such men as requested them to put upon the walls of their cabin. The difficulty with the missionary is to keep in supplies. He could use several of these picture rolls every year to advantage, for even the illiterate foreigners get sometning out of them. They ask questions concerning the lesson, and when sick or idle the men in the bunks like to look at something besides old clothes and dark walls. Thus the seed is sown in the lumber camps. The church proper observed Children's Day and rendered the program furnished by the Board in its entirety. A mother and child were received into the church by baptism. A young lady of the Sunday-school united in April. The fruits of labor are small here and the financial condition is discouraging. The seed is faithfully sown in the unpromising camps among men speaking seven different languages. Our hope and prayer is that some person of wealth may come to our rescue and shoulder a portion of the financial responsibility, that the work along such broad lines might continue. Picture rolls and church papers could be sent to the missionary, Rev. Wm. Baesler, Blue Lake, Humboldt county. Those yellow with age will not serve the purpose. All others will be judiciously placed where they will do most good. Our pastor-evangelist, Rev. W. S. Lowry has just visited this field and inspected part of the work during two days. He would gladly give further information to any who are disposed to help in this complex work among many classes of people.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Mrs. Dr. MacIntosh, who has spent the last five months with her daughter, Mrs. Menzies, in San Rafael, left for the East on Tuesday. She goes directly to the Adirondacks, where she and her daughters will occupy their summer cottage.

Prof. Paterson was on the train which was wrecked in Oakland on Saturday, the fourth, when several men were killed. He was fortunately in the car behind the one most seriously injured.

Mrs. William Kirk Guthrie met with a very painful accident recently at her summer home in Ross. She slipped and fell, injuring her spine. She is reported to be improving.

Rev. Ray C. Smith, '00, of Fatehgarh, India, writes that his work is progressing in "a fairly satisfactory way." He says "There is no lack of converts. The tremendous task is to lift them up and raise them up so that they can take strong meat. The most of them have to be fed on milk yet. Last year there were over 1,200 baptized in this district alone, and there are but two men missionaries with only an inadequate and in some ways an inefficient staff of Indian men to feed the multitude. Then there is the great mass as yet unreached—900,000 in this district alone." Mr. Smith's work is almost entirely educational, as he is manager of the Burhpur Industrial School, which is under the care of the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Smith expect to return home next spring for their furlough, after nearly nine years in the field. Mrs. Smith was Miss Trumbull of San Rafael.

WASHINGTON.

EVERSON.—Rev. Samuel W. Richards, D.D., conducted his farewell service with the church at Everson the last Sunday of June. The service was beautiful and impressive. Sixteen children were baptized. Dr. Richards has taken a charge in Montana.

FRIDAY HARBOR.—Rev. W. J. Mitchell is the Bishop of San Juan county, Wash., with his residence and headquarters at Friday Harbor, the county seat. He serves both the Friday Harbor and Emmanuel churches, and the attendance in both churches is large and encouraging. The county comprises several islands in the Straits of Georgia, and is a most interesting field.

BELLINGHAM, KNnox Church.—A church of 26 members, to be known as the Knox Presbyterian Church of Bellingham, was organized May 20th. Rev. J. R. Macartney presided. Rev. J. M. Wilson preached the sermon. The church is located in the north part of the city in a desirable and growing residence district. Rev. W. C. Jones is the minister. He is a worthy, capable young man, and is making a success of this new enterprise. He is already planning to enlarge the chapel

BETHANY AND MAPLE FALLS.—Rev. Robert Tweed recently came from Idaho to take charge of these two mission churches in Whatcom county. The field is scattered and the work is pioneer, but Brother Tweed has the Scotch grit and grace needed to make a success of such a venture. But the Everson and Noonsack churches are seeking his services, and he may decide to accept their invitation.

BELLINGHAM.—We pray "Thy kingdom come," and shall continue to do so, but we do so much need practical and prayerful effort combined. To the men who are on the "fighting line for Christ and the Church" the great drawback, as they see it, is not money, but consecrated ministers. In the Presbyteries of Bellingham and Wenatchee we have not less than a dozen places needing preachers. These places do not, and for the present cannot, offer city salaries, but they offer a good living and one of the noblest avenues of service for the Lord Christ. In the Presbytery of Bellingham we have as chairman of the Home Mission Committee, the Rev. J. R. Macartney of the First Church; and in the Presbytery of Winatchee, the Rev. Irving T. Raab. Both these young men have the extension of the Master's Kingdom at heart, and will be glad to communicate with men who know how to grapple with the common frontier problems. The Rev. James Thomson, formerly pastor of the South Side Church, Bellingham, is the pastor-at-large for both Presbyteries, and will be pleased to answer any questions as to the nature of the fields of work in these parts of our great Northwest.

TWO TRAVELERS.

"Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand
Went journeying up and down the land,
On Lend-a-hand the sunshine smiled;
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child;
Birds greeted her from many a tree;
Bue Selfish said, 'No one loves me.'

"Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss—
The weather was bad, the folk were cross,
Lend-a-hand said when the journey was o'er,
'I never had such a good time before.' "

THE HOME

Wouldst thou be wretched?
'Tis an easy way:
Think of but self, and self alone, all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care,
All that thou hast to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of thy good, thy pleasure and thy gain,
Think only of thyself, 'twill not be in vain.

Wouldst thou be happy?
Take an easy way:
Think of those round thee—live for them each day;
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care;
All that they have to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those round thee—it will not be in vain.

A PRIVATE HOME A PUBLIC TRUST.

A few years ago there came to a Western city a young man seeking employment. He had some ability, but his opportunities had been limited. He was fortunate, however, in securing board with a Christian family somewhat noted for its earnest, aggressive work. The members of the family made his boarding-house a home, brought him to church and introduced him to the young men and women there, and he soon became a regular attendant. He was again fortunate in becoming acquainted with a Christian young woman who materially influenced his life. After a year or so, he passed on to another city, but the impressions he had received stayed with him and determined his course in the new location. Before long he accepted Christ and united with the church, and at present he is actively engaged in the Y. M. C. A. work. There was nothing spectacular about this young man's experience, but it serves to illustrate what might be common if we were alive to our opportunities.

Our Homes a Trust.

We hear much these days about stewardship. We are told that our money is given us in trust, that our talents are to be used as though lent by the Lord, that our time is to be used in God's service—all of which is undoubtedly true. But in enumerating the possessions which belong to the Lord there has been one omission that seems to be quite important. Possibly it is because this is so sacredly personal we have felt that it, at least, belongs to ourselves alone; possibly on account of its personal nature, we have never thought of it as a trust. Whatever the reason, the list of possessions given us in trust is never made to include our homes.

Obviously the home is, first of all, for the members of the family. Nothing must be admitted to its freedom which will in any way prove a menace to its security. Its purity and spontaneity must alike be protected. But while its advantages should be first and always for the family, it is worth while to ask if they should be restricted to its members. Is it not true that the home is as much a trust as either money, time or ability? Realizing something of the importance of its influences, are not those who have homes under obligations to extend those influences beyond their own immediate circle? Knowing that it is a tremendous power in restraining from evil and leading toward good, are we justified in confining that power to such narrow channels?

But it is in the use of our homes as homes that the opportunities for good are greatest. The utter loneliness of a stranger in a city must be felt to be appreciated—felt, not simply for a day or two, but for weeks and months. The young men and women who come to our towns and cities to study or obtain employment suffer untold agonies from this cause. Few have much money. They are obliged to live in cheap boarding-houses or clubs. Their rooms are small and uninviting. Often they are made to feel distinctly that it is expected they will stay in their own quarters. Good books are within the reach of nearly all, it is true; but many do not know how to select them, and often the mind is too jaded and the eyes are too weary to read for long; besides, nothing quite takes the place of personal contact with one's fellows. Then, too, there are old people either homeless or unhappily homed, and there is no loneliness like that of an old person, because the buoyant influence of hope has passed away.

Recognizing these things, good people have equipped reading-rooms, clubs and Christian associations, and much good has been done by them; but, taken alone, they are not sufficient. Many cannot reach them, many who can are unable to pay the expenses, and those who can do both find them only a makeshift, helpful, indeed, but still far from taking the place of a home.

A Help in Resisting Temptation.

It is not proposed that one should throw open his home to every unknown wanderer who comes along. That would only destroy its value. But if each household would seek out one homeless person, invite him in, and, when satisfied that he will not abuse the privileges, give him to understand that he will be always welcome to come and go, to read the books, enjoy the pictures or rest in the quiet of the home life, there would be fewer young women going wrong, fewer young men in our prisons, aye, and fewer old men, too; for temptation does not cease as years advance. The influence of such a privilege on the life cannot be put into words or estimated with figures. It is not only that happy hours are multiplied—though that in itself is important—but its value in holding the tempted and cheering the weary is out of all proportion to the cost.

If there is a disposition to use the home in this way, a little effort will discover some one who can be helped. If

there is a Young Men's or Young Woman's Christian Association in town, the secretary can doubtless furnish the names of several people who would not abuse them. If these organizations are not at hand there will probably be all the more need, though it may require a little search to find the needy. However, a moderate amount of thought and observation will surely discover an opportunity.

The Home a Rest Cure.

Just one more suggestion. In every city there are men and women who are worn out by continued labor in office, shop or factory. They need rest, but have nowhere to go for it except on expense, and, great though their need be, they have not the money to spare. To many such a week or two in a good, quiet home would be a godsend. They need not be "entertained;" what they require is rest, long hours of sleep, good food and cheerfulness. The cost, to many a householder, would never be felt; the benefit to the guest would last for many months, and the opportunity to lead an unsaved guest to Christ would be ideal.

There are many whose daily tasks prevent them from taking an active part in distinctly Christian work, who often wish they could do more for the Master they love. Here are opportunities for service of great value that will not materially interfere with the ordinary employments. If it be true that there are such needs as these right at our very doors, what answer shall we make at the final reckoning if we neglect them? It is a fact of fearful significance that in the illustration of the goats these were condemned, not for any evil they had done, but for failure to do good—among other things, to receive the stranger.

The world is full of people who are hungry, yes, starving, for love, for fellowship or even for companionship. By guarding our homes too closely, we drive them into the haunts of vice and then spend more time and money trying to rescue a few of them than would have been required to prevent a multitude from going astray, and when they are rescued they are often but wrecks of what they might have been. There is a tremendous burden of responsibility somewhere in connection with this matter, a responsibility not lightly to be thrown aside. Let us consider it carefully, and if we find that our homes should be used in the service of Christ, let us seek out some one whom we can help. Even though in some cases our efforts may meet with scant appreciation, this will not always be so, and in any case there will not fail the blessing of him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—The Standard.

An Imperial Valley paper says: "Kenneth, the ten-year-old son of Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Glasby of Heber came as near being bitten by a 'side-winder' as one could be and not get bitten. He was returning from a neighbor's after dark, and just as he reached home and stepped under the ramada he put his bare foot on the tail of a 'side-winder.' The snake was not more than two feet from where Mrs. Glasby lay in the sleeping cage. Kenneth walked into the kitchen and announced to his father that he had stepped on a 'side-winder,' in as matter-of-fact way as if he had stepped on a cricket, but there was no mistaking the voice from the sleeping cage. The lantern was hastily lighted and Mr. Glasby killed the snake under the ramada beside the ice cream freezer. He measured two feet and had eight rattles beside the button. This is the second snake episode the Glasby family has had recently. Mrs. Glasby went to the cupboard one day to get a can of vegetables, when to her astonishment, there lay a snake coiled up among the tin cans. There were not exactly 'razors flying through the air,' but there were numerous tin cans hurled about until the snake disappeared through a crack in the house. Such are the diversions of desert life.'"

WORK ON!

"Work on. Seek not to know too much nor think what you do is of vast value. Work, because it is **yours** to be adjusting the machinery in your own little workshop of life, to the wide mechanism of the universe. **One** wheel set right, one flying belt adjusted, and there is a step forward toward the final harmony."

Young People

THE MILKMAIDS OF DORT.

Girls often declare that boys have all the fun. Well, they certainly do seem to get the larger share of it in a good many ways. Then, when they grow up, they are very apt, too, to carry off all the honors, the literary fame, the military glory, the professional success, while the girls are left at home.

Now and then, however, the girls come to the front in art, in literature, in science and even in war. You all know how Joan of Arc led the armies of France to victory, and how Moll Pitcher stood at the mouth of her cannon, pouring confusion into the British ranks.

Not so great as these women of martial fame were the "Milkmaids of Dort," but still they have their place in history. If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of wooden dikes and windmills, it is quite possible that you may find yourselves some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordracht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting historical event has taken place.

In the center of the great market-place of Dort stands a fountain, and if you will look close you will see upon the tall pyramid a relievo representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milkmaid. They are there to commemorate the following historical fact:

When the provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the burgomaster, who had not yet left his bed. They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The Council was assembled; measures were immediately taken; the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honored the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterward indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honored with the hands of the milkmaids. Then, as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone.—Harper's Young People.

A BOY AT A BANQUET.

I was once riding in an omnibus from a hotel to a station in a country town in Central New York. The only other traveler was a lady, who told me a most interesting story concerning her little boy.

His father was a prominent business man, and, on one occasion, when he was in the city of New York, he was invited to be one of the guests at a very large dinner of prominent business men. This dinner was held, if I remember rightly, at the great house of Delmonico, the famous restaurant of which you must all have heard. It was a very beautiful banquet room, and the table was shining with glass and silver, and the lights were burning brightly, and there was everything to make it a very brilliant grown-up occasion. Into this room the merchant came, leading his little son by the hand, for he did not like to leave him at the hotel alone, so he brought him with him, and the other gentlemen gave him a pleasant word or a smile, and made a place for him at the table. At first he was just a little embarrassed to find himself in the presence of so many grown-up people, but he ate his dinner quietly, and listened while they talked, and watched the ways of older people, just as boys will, and began to feel after a while that he was quite a big man himself.

There were, as I told you, beautiful silver, glass and china, and beautiful flowers, and beside each plate were five glasses or different shapes and sizes. One of them was for water, one or sherry, one for claret, one for champagne, and a little glass for brandy, or a cordial to be taken after the dinner was over. The waiters, who looked grave and serious in their white neckties, hustled about the table, and the first our laddie knew, one of them was holding a decanter of wine over the glass that stood by his plate. The waiter was an old man, and he smiled kindly down upon the little fellow, as much as to say, "It is very good; shall I give you some?" Startled and frightened, the little man looked toward his father; but his father was engaged in conversation and his face was turned away. For a moment the boy's face flushed with distress, and then, quick as a flash, he turned his glass upside down, and glancing up into the waiter's face said, in a tone that could be heard by all the gentlemen near, "Is it wine? I never touch wine." And then, with an anxious glance, lest the same temptation might be offered to his father, he added, "And my papa doesn't take any wine, either."

And then for a moment the little fellow, who had begun to feel at ease and happy, and to think it was a beautiful thing to be there, seemed suddenly to have a terror of the place, and glanced anxiously from one gentleman to another. And now let me tell you what happened. I suspect they all had little boys at home, and that every man of them, even though he sometimes took wine himself, wished that his own children felt as this boy did, for instead of frowning at him they smiled, and when the waiter bent over them with his decanter they quietly turned their glasses down, or made a motion for him to pass on. And so it happened that in a place where such a thing was hardly ever known to occur before, the dinner went on, and scarcely a man tasted a drop of wine.

As the little fellow's mother told me this I thought of my little brothers, and I said, "That boy was indeed a little soldier, and if he had done no other lovely thing in all his life, that was a little hero's act."—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in The National Advocate.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents

in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

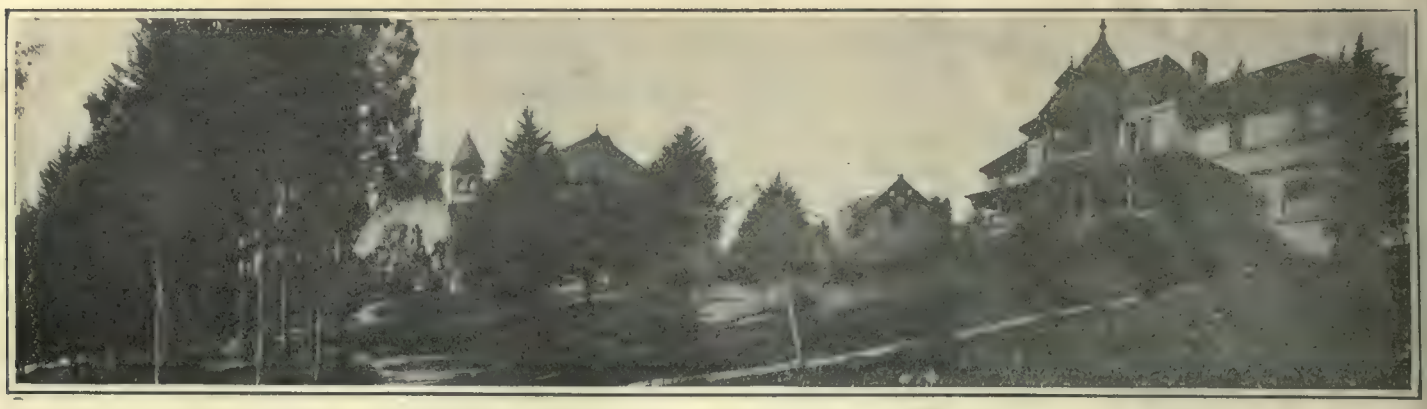
Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

Writers of Verse will learn something decidedly to their advantage by communicating with the Keystone Publishing Company, 1012 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

MT. HERMON STOCK FOR SALE.

What will you give for two shares of MOUNT HERMON STOCK

J. E. WITHERSPOON,

Sacramento, Cal.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY, OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring. Repairing and Supplies.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE
By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 23, 19 No. 30.



Rev. Dwight E. Potter

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. **Orlando E. Hart, D.D.**

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, **Rev. Dwight E. Potter,**
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

TORN UP BY THE ROOTS.

A prominent minister of San Francisco recently remarked, "Any attempt to carry out the teachings of the New Testament would result in tearing up modern civilization by the roots."

These questions are suggested by the above statement: Is modern civilization unrighteous at the roots?

Are the teachings of the New Testament antiquated, so far out of date as to have no practical use in modern civilization?

It is very noticeable that men of affairs consider the church as of little if any practical service; if her teachings are not musty, at least they have but a sentimental value, and of utility only when men have leisure to worship (supposing worship to be a distinct act separate from all the practical service of life), or finally as a means of consolation to surviving friends when death has demanded the payment of nature's debt.

Modern civilization has come to consider men as simply so many atoms, some large and some small, but all to be exploited in the interests of any cause, of any man or combination of men having the skill and good fortune to realize their desires.

While to secure by any means not open to criminal charge whatever interests seek exploitation has become the tap-root of modern civilization, and ability to succeed furnishes the fruits and the flowers.

If the teachings of the New Testament were provincial, local Palestinian, then surely they could have no very appreciable value in our day, and amid the conditions o f our times.

Or, if we must take the teachings of Christ as models only, and read into them modern meanings and applications, then indeed they must remain of small service.

In fact, however, the teachings o f Him who spoke as never man spake, are age-long, world wide, heaven high, time enduring. Instead of being mere matters to be infused with life by the moral enthusiasts of this or of any age, they are the vital truths which can alone save this or any civilization from the canker and corruption sure to come to all civilizations not inbreathed by the Spirit of God.

There have been at least three great streams from the past uniting to form the broad river of modern civilization. First, that stream flowing from the renaissance, that most wonderful mental awakening of men to the possibility of achievements hitherto unrecognized.

Second. That stream flowing from the almost world-wide teaching of utilitarian philosophy.

Third. Those influences coming from the teachings of the organized church.

That influences coming from man's own mental awakening would not necessarily be concerned with questions of the morality of actions seems evident.

That influences arising from utilitarian teachings would ignore moral considerations is still more evident.

What then shall we say of the teachings of the church? What did the church represent and what did the cuurch teach?

Whatever may be said of the church of the present, it is certain that the church of the past represented ritualism and formalism, and taught men to believe in God and to worship God.

The church of the past did not, however, emphasize righteousness, especially so far as righteousness concerned the relations of man to man.

So long as the church openly persecuted men on account of forms of worship, or articles of faith, irrespective of the purity of life or saintliness of character, it were worse than useless to preach righteousness.

The church denounced sin as being against God or in violation of the rules of the church, particularly the latter, but not as affecting the social, economic or moral relations of men in the state or in society.

The teaching that men owe certain duties to their fellow men, that character is more than conduct, that the test of religion is righteousness, not ritual, worthiness and not worship, is a teaching obscured since the days of the Apostles and but just now coming within the range of men's vision.

If the church of our our day would throw off the shackels of medieval formalism and become a life power in modern civilization, and an active agent in the teachings of the New Testament, she must look to Christ, listen to Christ and unite what man has divorced for nineteen centuries.

Taking the word "religion" in its broadest sense of "bind back," and significant of all the relations of man to God, and the word "industry," as expressive of all so-called secular activities of whatever nature, then, we say, the modern cunrch must perform the marriage ceremony of religion and industry. These two phases of man's life must become one, provided the church is to enter as a factor into modern civilization to any appreciable extent.

The religion of Jesus Christ is more than spirituality, it

is for man—and in man's life an expression and realization of mutualism, of brotherhood, a holier and a truer and more God-inspired altruism than that of which any Socialist ever dreamed.

The roots of modern civilization grow in the soil and are nourished by selfishness.

The teachings of the New Testament issue from the lips of One whose unselfish life is a sacrifice for others' good, and whose blood not only atones for sin, but cries for very love, "Serve one another." O. E. H.

EDITOR POTTER.

The manager is taking the liberty of introducing the editors of the Pacific Presbyterian to its readers. This week we present Rev. Dwight E. Potter, department editor. Rev. Mr. Potter is also Western district secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions in the U. S. A., with his headquarters in Oakland. Rev. Mr. Potter was for several years pastor of the Union Street Church, Oakland, Cal., and while acting as such made so great a reputation along missionary lines that the Board felt they should distribute such talents as he possessed among the 800 churches of the West. Their wisdom is shown by the largely increased gifts to the Board from the churches of his field.

THE MINISTER IN POLITICS.

The people in the bay cities have been greatly interested in the agitation that has centered around the pastor of the Melrose Baptist Church, Rev. Walter E. Tanner. Rev. Mr. Tanner has been in the lime light a good deal within the past year, having devoted a number of his Sunday evening services to a discussion of graft, and reforms needed in politics in his section of the city. The newspapers have given much space to a discussion of his utterances, as they are of a character to make striking headlines. He has led the movement in his community against the politicians, who have been running things with a high hand. Saloons of the worst character, known as road-houses, have flourished in this community under the care of the supervisors, and many things have been done that surely need correction. In the pastor's activity in this outside matter he neglected to protect himself in his own church, and when the annual meeting time came, the question as to whether he should be retained for another year as pastor was voted upon and he was not asked to remain. His friends thereupon charged that the politicians he had so courageously assaulted had been at work in his congregation and brought about this unfavorable vote. A few days later the people were gathered together and by unanimous vote rescinded the action of the previous meeting, and instead of inviting Mr. Tanner to be pastor for one year, the vote was for an indefinite period. All this is to warn the ministers that the cause of reform should be attended to, but that a man must protect himself against his enemies, even in the church. When one looks over the whole church field and sees how few ministers are raising their voices in strong protest against the flagrant iniquities, it looks as if the ministers are afraid of losing their positions or else were not greatly concerned over these affairs.

Preaching righteousness is the duty of the minister, but not his only duty. Like the prophets of old he must be the leader in denying evils of his own city and people. This will not please all the members of his flock because some of them will be engaged in business which will be injured, and these few will so diligently talk against him that it will seem as if every one is opposed to him and his work. When it comes to a "show down," as the politicians say, he must be there with the votes or go down, and probably out of the ministry. It seems undignified for a minister to make a fight for his place, but he must do it, and all honor to him who wins out.

STITES INDIAN CAMP MEETING.

Rev. A. Roy Thompson.

Sights are better than sermons when they accomplish more in teaching religious truths. To see six hundred Nez Perce Indians sit down to dinner on the Fourth of July at a church gathering—an old-fashioned camp-meeting; to see them place their white brothers at the positions of honor, then to look away to an abrupt hill less than a mile distant, down which the American soldiers chased the Nez Perce braves only 25 years ago; to think of that coat of human scalps resting less than five miles away; to look to the hills directly above the camp-grounds and remember the three-year-old girl who, when the soldiers came to bury her parents and neighbors, slaughtered three days before, ran to hide under the limbs of the dead because she feared that it was the return of those wno had cut out her tongue and left her; to see the Indian Christianized and so largely civilized, and to remember how short the time since they were still steeped in their heathendom, made all wonder at the revolutionary change and admit that the superiority of these Indians was due to the religion brought them by the



Camp Meeting Dinner Tent

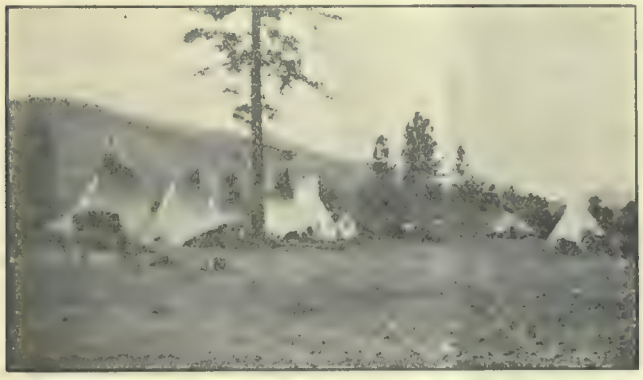
missionary Spaulding and their teachers, the Misses MacBeth.

The Nez Perce Indians have about one-half of their numbers on the church registers as members. Remembering that children are not enrolled and the annual careful revision of the church register, the extent of their conversion to Christianity will be seen. But are they consistent? Several merchants in Stites have said that they have never lo st a bill owed by a church Indian. Three merchants have said that they would be willing to trust every dollar they had, without security, to two or three of those they knew best, when they would not trust a single white man. One dealer makes a practice of getting a "church" Indian on every note received from a "wild" one, and if they are not "church" they are "wild." Once in awhile they are a little overreaching, but their superiority over their white brothers is so marked that we can afford to forget the isolated cases.

They are excellent Sabbath keepers. Last summer a woman thought that she would sell her rapidly ripening peaches to the Indian people as they came home in the afternoon. When she saw them riding by she asked them if they would not like to buy them. She was interrupted

by one of the women of the party with the haughty reproof: "We be Christian Indians. No buy on Sunday. Maybe we come back tomorrow." They came. She saw. They conquered.

Stites is near the southernmost part of the reservation, on the south fork of the Clearwater river, in a narrow valley with steep hills rising from six hundred to twelve hundred feet on either side. Here in a sparse stand of large pine trees was located the large meeting tent, seating three or four hundred, the property of the Nez Perce churches. Around this meeting tent was a large hollow rectangle of tepees, with here and there an American style tent. A hundred yards away was the river. On the gentle slope at the foot of the hill was the Indian church, a quarter of a



A Typical Row of Tepees

mile distant. Near the church in two Indian houses, cleaner, by the way, than many white people's houses, was the party of white people interested in the meetings.

First of all because of her present position and the love given her on account of her character and her long service for these Indians, is Miss Kate MacBeth, who came to them in 1878 to assist her sister. She is still teaching her school at Lapwai, and her mind is quicker than ever before. Dr. D. O. Ghormley, synodical missionary for Washington, and Dr. W. S. Holt, field secretary of the Board of Home Missions, were present. Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Morley, of Moscow, Miss Hatch, who will assist Miss MacBeth in her school the coming year, and Miss Quinlan, a teacher in the government school at Lapwai, these completed the family of whites interested in the camp-meeting.

This camp-meeting, with its tents, chairs, etc., was just like any other—with a few differences, as the Irishman would say. A nicely built platform, pulpit with large Bible, organ, all these things were so well supplied as to be noteworthy. But the meetings themselves! The Indian face is not always handsome, but when one sees those faces change and lighten and brighten as one of their ministers speaks, then, though not handsome, they are very attractive. We could not understand a word of it, of course, but we could easily see the interest and gladness on the faces as the preaching and praying and praising of God in song went on. In an afternoon meeting testimonies were called for and instantly some jumped up—there was no awkwawrd pause—and there were always two on their feet, and a few times there were five up at once waiting to testify.

When it comes to singing, a Nez Perce church is so far ahead of our white churches that they are not to be compared. When they sing they sing, heartily, unitedly, and everybody sings. They sing many of our songs in English to our tunes, but such classics as "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Stand up for Jesus," have been translated and new airs composed t o fit them. These airs sound like a chant that is sung at double time, and at a pitch that is as high as it can be sung. Minor tones predominate, giving the music a peculiar and weird sound. The songs are known to all, and as one starts to sing they all rise and join in. When they stop there is a diminuendo and downward slur till all sound vanishes like the dying of the whistling of the wind in the tops of tall trees. Once heard the memory of their singing will live on and on.

Many a white man has wished, as he sat under the preaching of some of these Indian pastors, that he had the power to speak that his dark-skinned brother has. Miss MacBeth and her sister, whose grave is at Kamiah, have trained all of these ministers. They are their handiwork and their best recommendation.

Rev. James Hayes is the best known of the Indian pastors. He is in great demand as an evangelist and has preached with great success in Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. And with all these activities, he is humble. Rev. Mark Arthur, Rev. Peter Lindsley, Rev. Robert Parsons, and Rev. William Wheeler complete the roster of active pastors on the Nez Perce reservation. Mr. Wheeler's son is vice-president of the Y. M. C. A. at Carlisle, and is to play center on the Carlisle football team this fall. But the list is incomplete without Rev. James Hines, the blind old man, no longer serving a church, but always at camp-meeting, at which occasion he preaches as acceptably as before.

The joint session of Indian ministers and elders manage the details of their annual camp-meeting and of the evangelistic meetings they hold at each of the six churches on the reservation during the year. When the program of the camp-meeting was being made they wanted to have a sunrise prayer-meeting. It was objected to by the white minister that sunrise would mean three or four in the morning, which would be too early. The objection was not sustained, and every morning from the third day on the bell awakened them at half-past three and called them out to the sunrise meeting at 4 a. m. The man that would propose a four-in-the-morning meeting for white churches —well, we would ostracize him. Then came breakfast, and at 8 a. m. a Bible study or explanatory reading. At 10 a. m., 3 and 8 p. m., sermons were preached. The evening sermon being preceded by a halfhour song service and the afternoon meeting often replaced by a temperance or missionary meeting. This program, though slightly varied each day, gives an idea of the services held. The meetings were led by Indian ministers and they were sufficient unto themselves. The Indians sang their hymns without the organ, while ours were usually sung with the instrument.

An interesting feature was the Fourth of July camp dinner, prepared by the Indian women, and to which all were invited. About 600 in all were fed at this time. In the afternoon a very pleasing patriotic program was given by the children from Miss MacBeth's school and those from the government school under the direction of Miss Quinlan. A demonstration of very acceptable work done in the government school was also given.

Sunday morning, July 5th, the Lord's Supper was observed. Drs. Ghormley, Holt and Morley and Rev. James Hayes took part in the service. The remarkable fact in this service was the perfect order in which the eight Indian elders proceeded through the congregation. The elders and congregation were exceedingly worshipful, exciting the admiration of the white preachers who could not help but notice the contrast presented between this service and others.

Sunday was the great meeting. The tent was crowded all day long and at ten o'clock in the evening the camp meeting closed after a final day of almost constant worship.

At the Tutuilla mission meeting in May it was purposed to start a circle of united evangelistic meetings, covering the reservations in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana, and uniting several denominations. The Nez Perces have seven evangelistic meetings of their own each year—six churches and the July camp-meeting. These meetings often last over two Sundays, and as the ministers are allowed the month of August for their vacations, they are away from their home pulpits quite often. Should they all unite in these outside meetings they would be away from home two-fifths of the year at least. This would occasion too frequent absence from the home pulpit, and so it was decided that the Nez Perces should delegate two of their number for each meeting held at other reservations. Under this plan, they, because of their greater number of churches, will still have twice the representation of other tribes.

The Nez Perces have much to teach the whites in their consistent Christian living and strict Sabbath observance, though their progress in ot her ways is not so marked. It is a revelation to see the religious fervor and stable character of these Indians and a privilege to meet her, who, after many years of service with her sister, whose life was given to the Indian people, still works for them—a devoted teacher and leader.

CHRISTIAN CAMP-MEETING AND 4th OF JULY CELEBRATION—TUTUILLA.

Owing to the hot weather the Christian Indians, members of the Tutuilla Church, took their tents, teepees and big tent and put them up in the shade near the river.

There were two encampments on this reservation. As a local daily paper expressed it: "One camp is composed of those who paint, dance and horse race and practice many other immoralities; and the other is composed of the Christian Indians, who celebrate the 4th and honor it in the more modern and sane way. So visitors can see both sides by visiting both camps."

The Christian camp-meeting lasted from June 30 to July 5, with religious services three times daily.

On the 4th patriotic services were held. And besides the exercises of the children, Rev. W. L. Van Nuys, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Pendleton, made a most fitting address on "Good Citizenship," which was interpreted and relished by the Indians.

Other speakers to address the congregation were Rev. E. H. Warrington, the new pastor for Pilot Rock and Ukiah churches, which have just been organized by the Presbytery of Pendleton. Also Hon. Francis Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who was on the reservation at the time.

Commissioner Leupp visited the camp Sabbath morning and made a short address to the people, which was appreciated. In substance he said: "You are called the Christian Indians. To my mind that man and woman is the best Christian who exerts himself to have the best kept home, and cares for his family, and is the best farmer, and the best citizen, etc." And all were glad that he was enabled to see the contrast when he visited the camp of the wilder Indians. He saw them in their paint, feathers, long hair and blankets, and got a whiff of some of their other customs, as one man had to be tied to a tree to "sober up" while the commissioner was there.

But the Christian Indians were "spick and span" in their short hair, their white collars and cuffs, and their nice "Sunday" clothes; and their families were with them. And their bright, happy, cheerful faces must have told the commissioner, "We can deliver the goods, as you say, if you will only look at us, and take the trouble to look over the reservation at our homes and farms."

At the communion services conducted by the Indian pastor, Rev. E. J. Connor, four members were received. In all there were about 70 communicants, though many of the members, as was the Missionary, were absent on other reservations to attend and help in the meetings at the different places. J. M. CORNELISON.

"HIYOU CHICKENS HOLLER."

By Miss Julia Fraser.

Reports of remarkable temperance meetings come from all parts of the country. But it is safe to affirm that none have been more picturesque nor any more thrillingly interesting than those lately held in the Indian church of Lapwai, Idaho.

More inspiring audiences cannot be found anywhere. The small church is packed with over 650 Indians—the only whites present two women, one of whom plays the organ just at the right of the pulpit. She is surrounded by a male choir, while just below are the women singers. Ten Nez Perces pastors or theological students sit on the platform, and at their left are the other Indian pastors and elders. The body of the church is crowded with women, gay in brilliant shawls and wearing marvelously colored silk handkerchiefs for headdress. Happily, there is here no danger of having one's sight of the speaker obstructed by great hats; there is not a single hat in the entire house. The men crowd the left and the rear. The Christians are distinguishable because they have their hair cut short and wear neat American clothes. The heathen are marked by very long hair—some few even by painted faces—but all are gay with beads, feathers and bright blankets. Children are everywhere, and nearly every woman has a baby in a tecasse or in her arms.

Mr. John Allen, the oldest elder and president of the temperance society, presided at all the temperance meetings. Rev. Ed. J. Conner, from the Umatillas, Rev. James Hayes of Kamiah and the pastor of the church, Rev. Mark Arthur, were the chief speakers, though others, younger men not so well known, made powerful appeals. The singing of the Indian songs was led by Kip-ka-pel-i-kan, the grandson of the old head chief, who with tnree others in 1831 went out to St. Louis in seach of "the white man's guide to heaven." Kip-ka-pel-i-kan has a magnificent physisue, is a very powerful man—and with what energy he sings! These are the old songs translated years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, which the Indians have sung for three generations, and there is a wildness and weirdness about the music indescribable.

While the people sing, the pastors earnestly exhort them to come forward and "join the temperance." They wave their hands and beckon while their bodies sway with the rhythm. It is most affecting. Soon an Indian comes up leading a friend, and the singing grows wilder as the preachers and elders pushing down from the pulpit make their way through the crowd to welcome the convert with hearty grasps of the hand. Then the people file by, all singing all the time and all shaking hands, for it would be a great discourtesy for anyone to omit the handshake with the new temperance recruit. There were several little boys, not older than 7 or 8 years, in the temperance so-

ciety, and every time a convert appeared they too came gravely forward to snak ehands.

Now the singing suddenly stops, a prayer of thanksgiving is offered, and then John Allen, with an exquisite tenderness in his voice, asks the convert to "show his heart." If the recruit is a man, a heathen, a hard drinker, he perhaps will tell what a curse the drink has been to him and how he will now stop. If the new member is a woman, she tells how she suffered because her husband or boys were drunkards, until she grew discouraged and fell by the way. The younger people say they are uniting with the society to avoid the drink. Each tells his story in a perfect silence. The people who just before had been yelling like mad, are so still that a pin falling would be heard.

But the instant that the convert takes his seat—always at the very front—the wild singing, exhorting, waving of hands and swaying of bodies begin again, and the tumult goes on until another penitent comes forward, and then the program is repeated as before—opportunity is given for all to shake hands, a prayer is offered, and John Allen with infinite tenderness puts the question of this open confessional.

Three nights in succession they held such meetings. Once one of the white women rashly insisted upon staying to the close; the other reluctantly consented, and it was two o'clock in the morning when the benediction was pronounced. Then the session remained another hour examining and receiving in to the society the dozen applicants who had come forward that night! It is a more serious business to join the temperance society at Lapwai than some churches.

The temperance cause among the Nez Perces has been greatly strengthened by the recent decision of the supreme court ordering the thirty-five saloons on the reservation closed. For two and a half years these saloons have been open, because of a decision rendered by the court of appeals that the clause, in the treaty by which the Nez Perces had ceded their land to the United States, stipulating there should be no saloons for twenty-five years, was unconstitutional. Immediately thirty-five saloons were opened, and month after month they have been wrecking Indians and whites alike. Now they are closed, but it would seem as if the time of prohibition should be extended beyond he original erm of wenyandboysarenflw?a8tssLttabhxiodthnmd time the government did not keep faith with these Indians —the two and a half years of saturation.

The Nez Perces temperance pledge prohibits tobacco and profanity as well as all liquor. One night, completely worn out, the two white women went home early. The following morning one of them, Miss Crawford, who has been associated with Miss Kate McBeth in the Nez Perces mission, asked a woman when the meeting closed. "Oh," said the old Indian, with a glad smile but heavy, sleepy eyes, "hiyou chickens holler"—which is to say in plain English, the meeting lasted until four o'clock in the morning!—The Interior.

MOUNT HERMON.

This is evidently "Children's Year" at Mount Hermon. The woods, the hills, "the old swimmin' hole" swarm with boys and girls, lads and lassies, and babies not a few. Equally noticeable is the number of white-haired children, the older people, all seemingly as joyous as the little ones. Sabbath, July 12, the Bible School numbered 250, while at least 300 were in the later service. There are about 500 on the grounds now. Prof. Towner of Chicago is here working vigorously on the interpretation and rendering o f the gospel in hymn and song, with a working chorus of forty voices, leading the whole congregation. Occasional numbers are acceptably rendered by a quartette c onsisting of Miss Nellie Lawson, San Joes, soprano; Mrs. Young, Oakland, alto; Mr. Howard Bush, Santa Cruz, basso, and Mr. W. F. Davis of San Francisco, tenor. Surely no heart can resist the winning sweetness of the message embodied in voice and face of Mrs. McDowell of San Jose.

Dr. Funkhouser has won the hearts of all who have gotten acquainted with him in his Bible teaching of the past week. The campfire of last Wednesday night was a revelation to those who had never enjoyed one here before. Ranks, tiers and piles of people laughed, chatted and sang songs about the fire, and then listened while Rev. A. B. Prichard presented Christian Heroism for emulation of the young. A good-night prayer, the benediction and the scattering off into the moonlight walks, and soon all was still in white tents and shadowy cottages.

MID-SUMMER AT MT. HERMON.

The week of the annual Bible Institute was carried through with not only the Bible study (led by Rev. G. A. Funkhouser, D.D., Rev. A. B. Prichard, D.D., Dr. Jos. N. Boyd, Dr. Hugh W. Gilchrist and Prof. Chas. A. Paterson), but also with two socials, a conversational, a campfire and a missionary meeting, all of which made each day what we might consider a general "get together" day.

These various diversions, including the nature classes of Miss Du Brutz, the boating, the swimming, the tennis and the rambling made Mt. Hermon a summer resort that was ideal. The Bible Institute, following the council on social and moral reform, extended from July 1-12.

The extensive study of the 55th chapter of Isaiah comprised the first week's work. The message of God through this portion of the word was revealed to us: Isaiah's glorious prophecy of the salvation of the world. The theme of the second week was "The Lord and His Church." Prof. G. A. Funkhouser held classes in the afternoons in studying Hebrews.

The social was held in the parlors of the Zanante Inn on Tuesday evening, July 7th. An elaborate program was provided for all the young people of the grounds. Among the bright, particular stars of the evening was Miss Burnice Bush, who rendered a reading entitled "The Troubles of a Boy" and Miss Weihe, whose ragtime was certainly a change from Mt. Hermon's more solemn strains. The program concluded with ice cream and cake and the social was a success in every sense of the word.

A social for the children, who overrun the place, was held the following week. Games were played in which nature was the predominant theme. This of course was led by Miss Du Brutz. The conversational was led by Miss M. R. Perkins. It dealt with the obstacles confronting today's missionary in India. "Hinduism and caste," Miss Perkins said, "are almost insurmountable, but the Holy Spirit is blessing the work. 'And it shall be in the last days,' saith God, 'I will pour forth of my Spirit upon all flesh.'" two assemblies. The campfire assembly was held in a two assemblies. The campfire was one; it was held in a suitable location on a hill, and a great majority of the people of Mt. Hermon seated themselves on burlap under the open sky. Dr. Prichard gave a stirring address on heroism, after all the familiar songs and hymns had been sung. At the missionary meeting at Zayante Inn, Prof. Paterson took for his subject, "Missionary Heroes," giving

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

an interesting discussion upon the lives of Elliot, Brainard, David Livingstone, Chalmers and others.

Then came the festival of sacred song. The leader, Prof. A. B. Towner, who stands among the first as a composer of gospel hymns, arrived at the close of the Bible Institute. He won himself popularity the first evening, when an assembly at the tabernacle took place, by his voice, his leading, his enthusiasm and his wit. This was our first "feast" Sunday opened with the full spirit of the hymn, as Prof. Towner began to reveal it—the grandeur, the solemnity, the majesty of sacred song.

Perhaps the most fascinating occupation here is to attend Miss Du Brutz and her class in their walks through the woods.

The Sequoia Trail abounds in all sorts of wild flowers and ferns. This trail follows a creek through almost every specimen of California trees. Bean Creek and the sulphur springs are other interesting walks where brook life and brook plants are studied: water crest and wild parsnip, the brook sun flower and water hemlock, surrounded by the majestic sequoia—this is what one sees on a stroll at Mt. Hermon.

KENNETH PERKINS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESSES.

The friends of Rev. Guy W. Wadsworth will note with interest that he has removed from Bellevue, Neb., to 509 West Eleventh street, Pueblo, Colorado. Rev. Mr. Wadsworth has taken the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Pueblo.

Rev. W. N. Price, who has been pastor at Knowles, Cal., has removed to Concord, Knox county, Tenn.

Rev. M. S. Bush of Baker City, Ore., has removed to Ford City, Pa.

Among the Churches.

CENTENNIAL, OAKLAND.—On Sunday evening, July 26th, W. M. Beckwith, M.D., will give an illustrated lecture on Constantinople and environment. Dr. Beckwith was a teacher of mathematics at Roberts College, Constantinople, and so is an authority on the subject of which he speaks.

UNION STREET CHURCH.—The pastor, Rev. Joseph Newton Boyd, is spending a month's vacation at beautiful Mount Hermon, after a year's successful pastorate in this church. While enjoying a well-earned rest, he is also looking after the young people's program in the Institute on Social Evangelism. Several Union Street families are finding their rcereation in this great temple of the groves, among them the moderator of the Oakland Presbytery, Mr. H. H. Gribben and wife. During the absence of the pastor the pulpit was most acceptably supplied for the first two Sundays by Rev. Harry H. Coontz of Vacaville. Last Sunday the interests of the Paicfic Coast Reform Bureau were represented by Dr. G. L. Tufts, and the people enlisted in the reform measures to be presented to the next legislature. Prof. H. C. Biddle of Berkeley occupied the pulpit in the evening. The pastor returns the first of August.

SYMPATHY EXTENDED.

Sacramento Presbyterial Society wishes to extend to Mrs. J. E. Peterson, its faithful corresponding secretary, sincere sympathy in her great sorrow through the recent death of her husband.

REV. W. S. MILLER, D. D.

We learn with regret of the death in Spokane, Wash., on Monday, July 6, 1908, of Rev. W. S. Miller, D. D. Dr. Miller had been a resident of Pasadena, Cal., for several years since retiring from the active ministry. He had been visiting his son, Samuel W. Miller, Jr., since May 1st, and was in good health, preaching at Rathdrum, Idaho, during May. Dr. Miller, who was 73 years old, graduated from Jefferson College, Penn., in 1860, and from the Western Theological Seminary in 1864. He had churches at Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Wooster and Mansfield, Ohio; and Saltsburg, Penn., which last place he left in 1889 to retire from active charge of a congregation. He has preached since then at Los Gatos, Hollister and Beaumonth, Cal., and has for a year past resided at Pasadena. He leaves a widow and two sons, Robert C., in Pasadena, and Samuel W. Miller in Spokane.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

To keep up with the output of books in the United States a man would have to read twenty-six a day.

The home of the late William McKinley at Canton, Ohio, has passed into the hands of Roman Catholics and will be made into a hospital.

The city of New York will spend $33,750,000 on her schools the next year. This will be $7,000,000 more than was required last year, of which $3,000,000 is an increase in salaries of teachers.

Failures for the first half of the present year, as reported to Bradstreet's, numbered 7,560, with liabilities of $178,555,882 and assets of $103,168,993. This marked an increase of 58 per cent over the number reported in the same period of last year, of 41 per cent over the first half of 1904, and of 21 per cent over the first half of 1893. It was, however, a slightly smaller total than was reported in the first half of 1896, the decrease being half of 1 per cent. As regards liabilities, this year was two and one-third times larger than in the first half of 1907, more than double that of 1904, and 4 1-2 per cent larger than in the first six months of 1893. The percentage of assets to liabilities this year was 57.7, as against 54.8 in 1907, 49.1 in 1906, 55.1 in 1904, 57 in 1896 and 1897, and 61 in 1893.

The Dunkards celebrated a few weeks ago the two hundredth anniversary of the organization of their denomination. They are struggling with problems which by other denominations were settled decades ago. The younger people of the church are responsible for most of the trouble. Associating as they do, with young Americans, they are falling in with American ways, and are introducing innovations of which their elders do not at first approve and which sometimes cause heated controversies. The use of lightning rods and of telephones, the insuring of life and property, the employment of railroad cars as means of travel and transportation have all been soberly considered and finally approved. The principal questions now pending are the employment of organs to furnish music in churches and the payment of salaries to ministers. It is said that some of the churches in the large cities have already introduced these features, but that official approval is still lacking.

Completed figures of the country's emigration and immigration during the first half of 1908 were given out recently. Since the first of the year, 377,000 people of the laboring class have left the country, more by 191,000 than

have come in. Since the October panic about 425,000 more have departed than have arrived. Italian emigration to America has practically ceased. Only 4,429 persons emigrated to America during May, while 31,539 emigrants returned to Italy. During the first five months of the present year the number of departures for America was 32,025 and that of repatriations 91,116. Comparing these figures with those for the corresponding period in the previous year the departures show a falling off of 137,124, and the repatriations, an increase of 71,297. A consequence of this state of affairs is that the money which the emigrants used to send to Italy, and which until recently was calculated at $70,000,000 yearly, has stopped going, while at present there are about 200,000 returned emigrants in Italy without work.

Colleges and various educational institutions throughout the country are extensively purchasing mortgages on New York City real estate. A tabulation prepared by the Title Guarantee and Trust Company shows recent sales to Amherst College, Cornell University, Drew Theological Seminary, Packer Collegiate Institute, Packard Commercial School, Peking University of China, Polytechnic Institute, Robert College of Constantinople, trustees of the Syrian Protestant College, Union College, Vassar College, Wesleyan University, Antioch College of Yellow Springs, Middleburg College, Staten Island Academy, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Female Institute of Visitation, Hebrew Technical Institute, Hebrew Technical School for Girls, Hoagland Laboratory, Parish of St. Francis Xavier, Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York; Associate Alumnae of Adelphi College, Brooklyn Art Association, Eulexian Society of St. Stephens College, Fordham University Alumni Association, Lincoln Memorial University, Polhemus Memorial Clinic, and State Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of the State of New York.

The domesticated Lapland reindeer introduced into Northern Newfoundland at the end of last year by Dr. Grenfell of the British Deep Sea Mission, have passed through their first and most trying winter successfully. All are reported strong and lusty. The one mischance was an attack on some of them by the savage dogs owned by the settlers. One stag was seriously mauled, but Dr. Grenfell continued to patch up his wounds, and the beast is now right again. One other difficulty has also been overcome. The Lapp herdsmen are gradually learning English, and are now able to make themselves understood. The reindeer have proved themselves the best means of transport in the northern winter; most successful and speedy journeys have been made. The Lapps have also shown the natives how to get over the snow and ice with ski. A large part of the herd will soon be conveyed to Labrador. Here they have only one enemy to fear, the savage Eskimo dog. It is hoped that when the natives realize all the benefits coming to them from the tame reindeer—food, milk, clothing and transport—the dogs will gradually disappear. Last winter one pack is said to have killed and eaten a whole Eskimo family. The driver became weak from exhaustion and hunger; the pack turned upon him and killed him, the wife and two small children. Such stories are not uncommon.

At the recent International Miners' Congress in France almost all the delegates were in favor of he nationalization of mines. A German delegate, Herr Janscheck, pointed out that the idea was not confined to the workers. In Germany it had been taken up by the government with the object of breaking the power of the industrial syndicates. He cited instances where mine-owners had declared dividends of 45 per cent and even 500 per cent. The French delegate, M. Choquet, advocated nationalization as a means of lessening the number of accidents in mines. He recalled the fact that after a terrible accident at Courrieres the French government proposed to refuse all further concessions to private companies, but was defeated in Parliament. The recognition of the principle was, he said, a step in advance. He added that the French government could make a beginning under the existing law, which enabled them to revoke concessions on the ground of mismanagement and negligence. He contended that not only the mines, but stone and slate quarries, and, indeed, the whole subsoil, should be nationalized. M. Calwaert, a Belgian delegate, argued that general nationalization was the only solution of the social problem. The spokesman of the British delegation thought the chief value of the proposition lay in the comparative security which it would offer to human life. He reminded his hearers that the question of compensation would have to be considered. In Great Britain alone six hundred millions sterling would be required. The Labor party, he said, would probably capture the British government in less than ten years.

"The sharp debate on church union in the Canadian General Assembly this year was almost wholly monopolized by the opponents of union, but fortunately their speeches appear to have had little or no effect," says The Interior, one of our Presbyterian exchanges. "The Assembly, as soon as the debate was closed, rejected by a vote of 165 to 32 an amendment that aimed to substitute the idea of fraternal co-operation for the pending plan of organic union with the Methodist and Congregational denominations. It then adopted a vigorous resolution expressing joy at learning that in the judgment of the committee, so far as they have prosecuted their labors, the proposed union appears to be practicable. The committee was instructed to proceed with its negotiations. While this outcome is a pleasing testimony to the breadth of mind and earnestness with which the majority of Canadian Presbyterians have gone into this great effort at Protestant unification, the interested onlooker cannot escape a sense of depression at the outbreak of even so much anti-unionism in a church which at one time seemed moving solidly into this splendid combination. It is exceedingly disappointing to find men of power and prominence in Presbyterianism alleging as arguments against union selfish and sectarian tendencies in themselves which they ought to be ashamed of rather than to glory in. In view of the quality of the arguments offered by objectors, we are obliged to conclude that the opposition to the union movement in Canada springs from a set preference for separation and division rather than for unity of God's people. We launch no reproach at any man for questioning whether a given plan for union is feasible. But when a man, industriously magnifying trifles, makes it his deliberate labor to erect new obstacles in the pathway by which different denominations are drawing nearer to common understanding, we dare to bring against him the solemn reproach of pleasing not God and being contrary to the best hopes of the kingdom of Christ."

JAPAN.

By Geo. C. Adams, D.D.

At home we rarely employ a Japanese to wash our windows and do rough housework without a large sized interrogation point concerning him. We have come away from his country with the same feeling, and with the conviction

that one of the processes already begun, and destined to progress rather rapidly, is the disillusionment of America and Europe concerning Japan. Lafcadio Hearn, who writes of the country and people in most friendly spirit, says that at first acquaintance you think you know all about the Japanese; when you have lived among them for a couple of years you conclude you know nothing about them, and then you are just ready to learn about them. Because of their wonderful deeds and remarkable self-control in their war with Russia we think we know all about them; when we read Mackenzie's "The Tragedy of Korea," we wonder if the Japanese of whom he writes can be the same one we have been praising. Every missionary in Japan of whom we asked the question, "Can we trust the Japanese professions of friendship for the United States?" answered promptly, "Yes;" and every American business man of whom we asked the same question answered just as promptly, "No." Since leaving Japan we are told that if we were to ask that question of missionaries in Korea we would get the same answer as from business men of Japan. Japan is on exhibition; everywhere she has something wonderful to show. She politely invites all the world to come and see her; and those who really wish to find her at home had better come soon. The nation that in thirty years had caught up with the world's procession that was a thousand years in advance will soon be like the rest of us. Already the changes are so great that you smile, and sigh, at the incongruities. We had an unusual chance to see the people of all classes, so we waited two hours at Nikko for the great annual Shinto procession to come along; there they were, wooden high shoes, kimonas of every color, babies on the back of children five and six years old, all as advertised, with one exception: almost every one of them carried an American umbrella (made in Japan). That picturesque, clumsy, paper umbrella on bamboo sticks, that just tops out the Japanese costume, was gone, and the invariable black, small ribbed umbrella that you and I carry had taken its place.

Japan is beautiful; there is no denying it; there is a lotus influence in her scenery and everything belonging to her. But much of the beauty is already passing; Osaka is a forest of factory chimneys; Sasebo is a naval arsenal—none more modern; the straits of Shimonaseki are filled with smoke, and the soft lines of that beautiful passage are being roughened by great manufacturing establishments. Japan will import nothing that she can make; she is not inventive, but she is imitative, and she can make anything any one else has made; and she knows how to make the inferior article and put the American and English stamp on it for selling purposes. As time passes she will develop the inventive faculty.

The great question with regard to her future is well stated in a recent tract; all depends on whether she regards her mission to be that of a forceful leader of all Asia, which she cannot permanently be; or whether she sees her opening opportunity to be the teacher of Asia, a field in which she can exert unlimited influence, and work practically without a rival. At present she has strained her resources to the breaking point in her effort to lead by force. Her national debt is 2,000,000,000 yen, or one billion American dollars, and it is all owed to other nations. That would not be much of a debt for the United States, the average annual income of whose people, men, women and children, is $244. But the average income in Japan is only $14. A family makes a living from a piece of ground ten by thirty feet in size. The whole family work, even father; they plant wheat or barley in rows; they weed and cultivate it carefully; by the time it is ready for harvest some other crop is already well up between the rows, and we cannot tell how many times in a season they take a crop off that poor little piece of ground. To a people like this such a debt is overwhelming. Everything is taxed. The hotel man pays a tax on every piece of your baggage he takes out over the Hatoba, as the wharf is called, even then Japan finds it difficult to meet the interest bill, and yet she feverishly goes on building more battleships and crusiers, and building them bigger. If she is ever compelled to risk her fleet in a pitched battle with some foreign nation, and is defeated, she is ruined. But she is determined that she will never be defeated. The spirit of "The forty-seven Romans" is in her, and every man she has got is full of the Shinto spirit that makes him want to honor his ancestors in death. It was in those desperate, persistent charges that finally carried the Russian works; it was in the dispatch in which Tago announced his victory over the Russian fleet. The spirit that has made Japan invincible thus far is religious, Shinto to be sure, but it permeates the nation, and they live up to it.

Labor is cheap in Japan, but not so cheap as it was; living is twice as high as it was five years ago, and wages have risen. Osaka and every other manufacturing place have had strikes, and a Japanese strike is a hard one to handle; the laboring man has won his fight in nearly every case. Cheap labor enables Japan to undersell the rest of the world, but how long will she have cheap labor? If European or American capital ever get control of those Japanese manufacturing establishments it will be a serious day for Japan. She says she will never permit it, but even while she is saying it she has entered into partnership with the men in Europe and America who make big guns, in order to get the uses of their patents and secret processes, and they are to have a half interest in those manufactures in Japan.

Again, Japan knows the value of her merchant marine. Since leaving San Francisco the rarest thing we have seen is the Stars and Stripes on a merchant vessel; the British, German and Japanese flags are in every port; the American flag has been driven off the ocean. Japan can sell her goods, made in Japan, anywhere she chooses, and deliver them in Japan ships. Here is foood for thought, and here is revenue for Japan.

On Memorial Day we gathered on the bluff at Yokohama, on the grounds of the U. S. naval hospital, and listened to an excellent addresss by the American ambassador; the sailors and marines from the U. S. cruisers were present and a Filipino band furnished the music. And on Sunday we met with the people of the Union church and heard a memorial sermon in the morning, with our sailors present, and in the evening a plain, helpful, gospel sermon by the pastor, Rev. T. R. Good.

We stood with heads bared in the foreign cemetery at Yokohama; before us was a plain monument in memory of the officers and men of the U. S. warship "Oneida," that was run into in 1870 and sunk by the British ship "Bombay" as she was leaving Yokohama with the home pennant flying. Captain Williams of the "Oneida' had his home in Maine right across the street from the home of the writer, and when he left via Boston to take his command at Yokohama we occupied the same stateroom. Living over the memories of that long ago we turned around and faced the headstone at the grave of Earle Swan, whose young life went out not long ago; these men both laid down their lives in the line of duty. Then we went to Tokyo, and in the bright brick building of the Y. M. C. A. we were greeted by Galen Fisher, active, alert, filling a most important place, beloved and trusted by all who know him.

W. C. T. U. ASSEMBLY.

(At Pacific Grove, July 6-12, 1908.)

Foneta Chase.

Pacific Grove is an ideal place for a summer conference. The climate is delightful; just cool enough, with sufficient fog to give the fault-finder some excuse for yielding to her propensity. There is a fascination about the place which few can resist; Monterey and Carmel Mission to entice the student of history, the army post for the philanthropic or romantic, Del Monte for those who appear to worship the works of man rather than of God, the lighthouse for those who look out to the mystery and magic of the sea, the silence of the pine forests or of the sand dunes along the shore for those who love to be alone with nature and nature's God. If the convention worker has sojourned here many times till all these attractions are in the memory, it is well; there is little time for her except for meeting and eating and a modicum of sleep.

The annual summer conference of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been held for many seasons; the sessions have been interrupted, however, for two years on account of the great earthquake. It was my privilege to attend the Peace Conference of 1905. I had expected to attend a few of the meetings, spending the greater part of the time out of doors. However, such were the attractions of the session that they silenced the call of the outer world; and I missed, if I remember rightly, but two of the meetings. On coming to the Educational Assembly of 1908 I was prepared for the inevitable disappointment which comes on repeating a delightful experience; I was most happily disappointed of my disappointment. From Monday evening, when the Assembly began, till Sunday evening, when it closed, each day was filled with good things.

A conference of workers depends for its success mainly upon two elements; the executive ability of the leader, and the earnestness of the workers inspired by real love of the work, not self-love disguised as a wolf in sheep's clothing. The personnel of the women who stand shoulder to shoulder in the W. C. T. U. deserves a word in passing. This is an age which glorifies youth. We are too much inclined to push aside those qualified by experience to carry the work on to victory. It is gratifying to know that there are still many of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day. It is equally gratifying to see a band of younger women listening respectfully to the wise words of experience, but standing ready to assume the burdens and responsibilities, and to aid in carrying out the plans of older and more experienced minds. The faith of the president, Mrs. Sara J. Dorr of San Jose, in the righteousness of her cause and the loyalty of her women was justified by the carrying out of the program as planned with scarcely a change.

First of all, I would speak of the music. Mrs. Bailey, state superintendent of that department, made it more than a rest and an inspiration to the artistic sense; she made it also an inspiration to the work itself. In doing the latter she has not lost sight of the artistic side. She seemed to know just when and how to make her songs tell most for the success of the Assembly. She preaches a sermon not soon forgotten in "A Little Bow of Ribbon White," "The Nation's Going Dry," etc. And in speaking of her, a word of appreciation of her faithful helpers, Mrs. Painton, Mrs. Willy, and Miss Lofland, must not be forgotten. The Pacific Grove Orchestra and the local Treble Clef Club also entertained delightfully. The singing and wonderful whistling of Mrs. McCauley was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Miss Edna Rogers gave much pleasure by her rest drills and recitations. Her rendition of Riley's "The Wind and the Sun" was especially enjoyed. I wish to say a word for the rest drill. Her naivete and magnetism of manner broke down the conservative attitude of reserve which dignified women are wont t o feel. And old and young followed Miss Rogers in exercises which made the the latter half of a session lose its weariness.

To those not directly engaged in the work, the evening sessions presented t he great attraactions. The lecture on Monday evening was by Rev. I. N. McCash of Berkeley, on "The Coming Power." The speaker followed the story of American liberty from the little band on Plymouth Rock in search of religious freedom, through the days of '76 and the struggle for political liberty, the triumph of commercial independence, and the great struggle of the nineteenth century, which resulted in the freedom of the negro slave; and finally he showed us America taking her place as a world power, assuring liberty beyond our own borders in the islands of the sea. Then, going back, not so far, for history of temperance is only a century old, he outlined the story of that cause for which the W. C. T. U. primarily stands. Touching all too briefly the great steps in the campaign against the power of rum—from the pledge o f a century ago, which was so drastic as to fine one becoming intoxicated on Sunday or a holiday the immense sum of 25 cents, though the gradual evolution of the teetotal idea, to the doctrine of prohibition which recognizes that man is his brother's keeper. We were forced to blush when we were told that California is one of the seven states at the very rear of the temperance procession. He closed by a magnificent description of the destruction of the rocks in New York harbor, comparing this to the final overthrow of the saloon, a veritable Hell Gate.

Tuesday evening's lecture on "Juvenile Courts," held the undivided attention of the audience to a late hour. Judge Murasky of San Francisco began by giving an account of the new method of dealing with the child criminal which has been so rapidly developed within the last few years. To many, doubtless, the atrocious treatment of the youthful offender of a century ago was a new story. To those of us most familiar with the shameful story, the terrible details were not less shocking. We were told how only a few years ago mere boys were sent to San Quentin to come out in most cases hardened criminals. God be thanked that those in power are finding out at last it will pay society better to prevent a child from becoming a criminal than to punish that criminal. The Judge compared the old way with the new at some length, and told the stories of many boys with whom he had been obliged to deal, and read many interesting letters from those he had sent to Preston. He closed with an appeal for the dependent child.

The addresses on Thursday evening were given by two women, both of whom were faithful in their attendance and did much to make the session a success. Mrs. Helen M. Stoddard of Palo Alto spoke on "Dixie Land." She gave an account of the t emperance reform in each of the Southern states, dwelling more on the work in Texas than elsewhere as she had been president of that state for sixteen years. Mrs. Hester T. Griffith, president of the Southern California W. C. T. U., brought greetings from 4,500 women of her organization. She spoke on the subject nearest her heart, "Conditions in Our Prisons." She described the treatment accorded the inmates of San Quentin and Folsom, and contrasted the Elmira system of New York with our methods. Mrs. Griffith is giving her life for the unfortunate. She is an eloquent speaker, addressing her audience in the simple, earnest language of the heart with no effort at oratory. Nothern California was highly favored by her

presence throughout the Assembly. She addressed the soldiers at the Presidio on Sunday morning.

An entertainment was given on Wednesday evening by the local L. T. L. under the direction of Mrs. Sheppa. The principal part of the program was an exercise, "Uncle Sam Reviewing His States." On Friday evening a large audience was entertained by six contestants in a diamond medal contest. The medal was awarded to Mrs. Edyth Haycroft of Oakland.

On Sunday two impressive sermons were delivered: in the morning, one by Rev. J. H. N. Williams of Pacific Grove on "The Obligations of Optimism;" and in the evening Rev. Bridelle C. H. Washburn of Lodi, on "The Cause and Probable Outcome of the Present Prohibition Movement."

Throughout the Assembly there were many excellent papers presented, many eloquent addresses, many short, but impressive, talks by workers too numerous to mention in this brief account. If space permitted I should like to tell of Mrs. Maria Freeman Gray's paper, "Are We Training for Peace?" Mrs Mae M. Whitman's "Direct Legislation," Mrs. G. A. Stoddard's "The Saloon and Sabbath Observance," Mrs. Durst on "The Ballot in the Hand of Women," Mrs. Coleman on "Child Labor," Miss Anna E. Chase on "The Industrial Condition of Women."

During the progress of the meetings, reports of various departments of work were made. Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer reported for the department of work among the Indians, Mrs. Gilley for Loyal Temperance Legion, Mrs. Armstrong on Sabbath Observance. A most interesting exercise, "America the Crucible," was presented with Mrs. Effie D. Whatman as presiding officer.

Last, but not least, I will speak of the devotional part of the program. Miss Helen Marcus of the Moody Bible Institute, gave a series of talks on Bible Study which were most profitable and enjoyable. Mrs. Everts had charge of the cottage devotionals, and made those meetings one of the features of the Assembly.

Many others who worked throughout the week to make the Assembly a success should be named. Among these Mrs. Holston, the treasurer, Mrs. Hoppin, the editor of "The White Ribbon Ensign," and the three members of the Courtesies Committee, Mrs. Southard, who is especially interested in the press; Mrs. Bainbridge, a field organizer, and Mrs. Cartwright of the Department of Mercy, will be gratefully remembered by all.

A delightful feature of the Assembly was the social intercourse during the week; and especially at the Pacific Grove Hotel, where most of the workers from abroad were entertained. The week will remain a bright spot in the memory of every one fortunate enough to have been present.

HOW CAN WE SERVE THE CHURCH?

(Christian Endeavor Topic for August 2nd.)

Albert W. Palmer.

This topic is based on Psalm 84. I must confess that, though I have long loved this psalm, it had always seemed to me somewhat disconnected until I read it as printed in Moulton's "Modern Readers' Bible." I have admired lines and phrases in it, but never saw its beauty as a whole until assisted by Prof. Moulton's notes and his arrangement of the lines into stanzas.

The psalm tells of the love and longing of this ancient Hebrew for the services of the Temple, and the topic naturally grows out of it: How can we serve the church? As a pastor let me make some plain and homely suggestions:

1. Attend the church services. Church going should be more than a matter of personal caprice. No person would expect to get much out of college if he attended classes or not, according as any given morning he might prefer to work in the garden or press his clothes or sweep the house. Especially here in Northern California we need, and need sorely, the example of a body of persistent and faithful church-goers. A pastor recently called on some new-comers who proved to be Roman Catholics. "You better call on the people in the next house, they seem to be heathen; they don't go to church at all," he was told. He called and introduced himself only to be met by the staggering reply from the supposed "heathen:" "Oh, yes, well we are members of the———————— Church!" If you want to serve the church one way is very simple: attend the services. You haven't any idea how much life and fire it might put into your minister's sermons to have an increase in the evening congregation of only twenty or thirty.

2. Invite others to attend. The church cannot do much to help people who never get inside its doors. If a church has a warm and Christ-like passion to serve and inspire its community, its members will invite others to the services. This need not be done in a Pharisaic or unpleasant way. It can be done in a spirit that will make the person invited feel the friendliness and good fellowship of the church. When there are special services don't go and enjoy them alone—take a friend or neighbor with you.

3. Be a contributor. People are not apt to care much for anything in which they are not willing to invest their money. You may not be able to invest much, but there are certainly few who could not subscribe to their church at least five or ten cents a week. Don't let your father be the only subscriber to the church funds in your family. Give proportionately and generously and you will find a sense of ownership growing up within you. You will be able to say with a new joy of personal possession, "that is my church," or "that is my minister."

4. Give your service. Perhaps you can sing, or teach in Sunday-school, or have time to do calling; then give these things which are often more valuable than money. If you are poor in money but rich in these other forms of service, then say, "Such as I have give I thee." Even if you could get a paid choir position in some wealthier church, do not accept it while your own church needs your voice. A Christian Endeavor Society to which I once belonged took care of the church grounds and saved the trustees the expense of fifty dollars a year for a gardener. The way to serve your church is to serve it! Go to the pastor and say, "I want to do something for the church," and I venture to predict you will not need to discuss this topic again for some time!

5. Prepare yourself for better service. The best and most efficient work is not done impromptu, even though it may appear so on the surface. It is the result of long and often hidden preparation. One of the most far-sighted ways in which you can serve the church is to prepare yourself for better service. Ask your pastor for a list of books which will help to deepen and broaden your Christian life. Make a specialty of some one branch of church work; foreign missions, a church kindergarten, a boys' club, the Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society, and then make a conscientious effort to study and master that branch of church work. If you could get a group of five or six interested in a serious and systematic course of Bible study and then ask your pastor to conduct a teacher training class next winter, you would be laying a real and substantial foundation for efficient future service.

BOTTLED GAS.

If the claims of the incorporators are made good, a recently organized gas company is about to revolutionize the illuminating business in America. Consumers are promised gas in bottles over the grocery store counter, or they may have it peddled to them from door to door like milk. Each house or apartment, for that matter, may have its own gas plant, and the dweller may run his own lines from retort to lamps, burn as much or as little gas as he cares to, and when his supply runs out, he may get another bottle at the nearest store. Moreover, the new gas is said to be economical. Its promoters also claim that it is non-asphyxiating. The properties of the new chemical permit it to be compressed to about 1-400 of its original volume.

Blaugas is the name of the gas. It is the discovery of a Bavarian chemist, and has been successfully developed in Germany. Its rapid advance there attracted the attention of American capitalists, who secured the exclusive rights for Canada and the United States.

In explaining the new product, one of the promoters said:

"The company was formed for the purpose of taking over and operating the patents of Herman Blau of Augsburg, Germany, covering the production and liquefaction of gas, derived from crude oil. This gas liquefies under compression to about 1-400 of its original volume, and is then introduced into steel flasks, in which shape it is distributed to consumers. A committee of experts recently returned from Germany, where they made a close investigation of the gas and its uses, and their report is commendatory.

"Blaugas is coming into general use abroad for all purposes for which ordinary gas is utilized. Besides its value for technical purposes, for which Blaugas commends itself on account of its high caloric properties, which make it valuable for welding, soldering, and the like, it is available for many uses out of reach of ordinary gas. In this direction Blaugas encroaches, to a considerable extent, on the field now exclusively enjoyed by electricity, principally in the matter of decorative effects.

"Owing to the high pressure under which Blaugas is used, and its absolute purity, thus doing away with the corrosion of fixtures and pipes, so common with ordinary gas, the gas can be fed through tubes no larger than an ordinary telegraph wire and quite as pliable, thus making it available for swinging lamps and for installation in the same manner as electricity.

"If farmhouses in Bavaria, five miles from town, having from ten to fifteen rooms, and using Blaugas plentifully for lighting and cooking, are being supplied with the gas at a net cost of not over $2.25 per month, some interesting conclusions may be drawn when it is considered that gas companies in some smaller cities in this country charge from $3 to $4 per 1,000 feet for their product. Blaugas, in steel flasks of various sizes, compressed to 1-400 of its original volume, can be as easily handled. The purchaser is assured of the quantity he gets. Gas meters, which sometimes present some wonderful indications of speed in running up gas bills, are not required."

MOODY AND WHITEFIELD.

A little while ago there was a young man in Chicago helping in a shoe store selling shoes and boots; a man who never was able to read a letter with any ordinary school boy of 16. When the Lord took the trouble to save him, the church he offered himself to saw so little in him that they made him stand aside for a year before they would accept him. His name was D. L. Moody, and Moody put one hand on America and the other on Great Britain and two continents rocked toward God. A while ago a young man in the city of Gloucester, England, was helping his brother to sell wine and beer and spirits, and God looked at him and saved him, and his name was George Whitefield, the mighty preacher. It takes God to see an angel in the marble before the mallet and the chisel have touched it; it takes God to see the best in the world and he does—he does.

WOMEN AS BANKERS.

The election of Mrs. Phoebe M. Rideout to succeed her late husband as president of the bank of Oroville, and also as president of the banks at Marysville and Gridley, institutions with an aggregate capital of $3,000,000, indicates the increasing participation of women in financial affairs.

Mrs. William Langdon, wife of the district attorney of San Francisco, is also president of the Union Savings Bank of Modesto, and altogether there are about twenty-five women officials or directors of California banks which report to the State Bank Commission, and yet, no one of these women has a vote as to the officers who shall effectuate policies or impose taxation upon the interests which they represent. A Chinaman born in this country or an irresponsible roustabout with no financial interest or fixed abode, who has the qualification of being a male human being, having resided for a certain time within a certain precinct, is allowed a vote, while the tax paying woman, the mother of a family of children, a graduate of a state university or a public school teacher, is denied the right of suffrage in California.

Is there any man of intelligence who can logically justify this discrimination against the womanhood and the motherhood of the state?—Oakland Enquirer.

THE HOME

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept:
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White peals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked.
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees

On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

—George Eliot.

TONICS.

A great deal of harm is done by self-drugging for the relief of various real or imaginary ills.

Every man, of course, believes himself a doctor, and often thinks he is better able to attack a cough or a case of rheumatism or a headache, whether it be his own or another's, than those who make the cure of disease a special study. All he has to do is to make up his mind what the trouble is,—and any one can tell a cough when he has it, —and then to take something that is "good for a cough."

There is nothing easier. The only objection to the plan is, that what is good for the cough may be bad for the cougher.

So it is with a headache. Almost any pain in the head not due to actual brain disease may be moderated, if not relieved temporarily, by some form of "headache powder;" but a frequent recourse to this means of cure may fatally weaken the heart. When this stops beating the headaches cease to trouble, but the patient is not in condition to know or care.

Less serious, but not much so, is the abuse of tonics A true tonic is anything that promotes the nutrition of the body. This may be done by increasing the appetite and improving digestion, which is the function of the bitter tonics; or by improving the condition of the blood by adding to it the iron it has lost; or by supplying the system with some needed substance, such as fat in cod-liver oil; or finally by stimulating the tissues to increased absorption, an action which is ascribed to arsenic, mercury and others of the mineral tonics.

But these are not the "tonics" to which people are apt to resort when they run down. They take to stimulants, alcohol usually, and think they are getting strong because they feel better after each dose. The alcohol in the "tonic" is often disguised, and the user, perhaps a conscientious teetotaler, would be shocked to learn that what he was taking to give him strength had more alcohol in it than has the strongest whiskey. If the system is seriously run down, a physician should be consulted, who will be able to give what is needed, whether iron, or bark, or gentian, or cod-liver oil, to correct the underlying condition that causes the debility.—Youth's Companion.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Strawberry Jam,
A-growing very red;
"What a most unfortunate creature I am!
I can scarce hold up my head.
To think that I should live to see
An insult offered like this to me!
That I should be placed on the very same shelf
(Oh dear! I hardly know myself)
By the side of that odious Blackberry Jam—
That vulgar, common Blackberry Jam!"

She fumed and fretted hour by hour,
Growing less and less contented,
Till her temper became so thoroughly sour
That she at last fermented;
While Mr. Blackberry Jam kept still
And let her have her say,
Kept a quiet heart, as blackberries will,
And grew sweeter every day.

One morn there stopped at Dame Smither's fence
The parson to say that he might,
By the kind permission of Providence,
Take tea with her that night.
And the good old lady, blessing her lot,
Hastened to open her strawberry pot.
"Oh, what a horriblemess! Dear, dear!
Not a berry fit to eat is here.
After all," putting it down with a slam,
"Nothing will keep like good Blackberry Jam—
Honest, reliable Blackberry Jam."

Mrs. Strawberry J. went into the pail;
Oh, my, what a dire disgrace!
And the pig ate her up with a twitch of his tail
And a troubled expression of face;
While Blackberry J., in a lovely glass dish,
Sat along with the bread and honey,
And thought, while happy as heart could wish.
"Well, things turn out very funny!"

—St. Nicholas.

THE JOY OF HABIT.

We hear a great deal about "the chains of habit," of the power of "bad habits," of how "habits are hard to break." All true enough, but why assume that habits must be bad and that we need to break them? Even a chain is a good thing if it holds an anchor or if by it we hitch our wagon to a star. The power of habit is one of the most useful of natural forces, and we should learn to enjoy its service and not fear it. Wise old Mother Nature, proceeding along the line of least resistance, had in view an economy of life-force when the power of habit was developed.

The whole business of Nature may be described as the transmission of force. We may observe that such and such processes are going on, and that we are in the game whether we like it or not. Being in it, we wish to play well, if for no better reason than that success is pleasure.

In this great game of forces, the human mechanism finds itself possessed of a little private battery called the will. We are no all-powerful creators; we must recognize the supremacy of the great, underlying laws; but, though moved by wind and current, we are no logs of driftwood—we have still within us a propeller, a little engine that can push and steer.

This power of ours is a most precious possession. By its use we can manage natural forces as no other creatures may; we can, to a certain extent, manage our own instincts and impulses—yes, even our own habits. But it is a costly power, slowly accumulated through long ages of evolution; and Nature gives us this vehicle of habit, that we may be saving of our steps withal. Do a thing but twice, and the discharge of nervous force along those channels becomes easier. Do it a hundred times, and it is easier than not. Do it every day, and you can do it in your sleep!

When you learn a new process, be it the art of walking, so difficult to the baby, or that of riding a bicycle or playing the piano, at first you must use your will. You have to push, to "put your mind on it," to send voluntarily the power into your feet or fingers or wherever it is wanted. But this uphill work is soon replaced by the smooth-running wheels of habit; and then, instead of pushing, you may ride. Even the initial act of governing one's habits may itself become a habit, and so be easy to us. It is no harder for a king to be a king than for a slave to be a slave—he has only to be accustomed to it.

In view of these facts—good, solid, provable facts—is it not a pity that we should cry out against our horses because now and then one runs away with us? "My habits are formed," some tell us solemnly, as if God made them! —as if they were carved out of rock! Of course they are formed. A baby forms habits before he is weaned, and goes on forming and reforming them as long as he lives. The point is that we may at any age consider our habits, examine them and change them all, if we so desire. It is easier in youth, to be sure, but it may be done as long as any consciousness and any will power remain.

"I have no will power," some will say. Even here habit is the main question. If one uses the will, never so little, but regularly, it soon becomes a habit, and then is easy. "The force of habit" will augument the will. The habit of command is easily developed.

There are plenty to teach physical culture and cause our biceps to bulge and our chests to expand; we need some one to show us how in a year's time we may develop a set of habits which, with a little care and attention, will last a lifetime.

"It is so hard to get up in the morning!" says one. Make it a habit, and then it will get you up in the morning with no difficulty at all.

The practical point is that the force of habit is a natural force and a great saving to the will. You invest a certain amount of energy, carefully and wisely, in laying the track and starting the train. Once regularly set going, it accumulates energy, and carries you with no further effort. You can then withdraw your original capital and invest it in another habit, gradually developing a set of which you are rightfully proud, and sit back at ease while they carry on the business. The same amount of nervous energy that we now spend in tugging vainly at the reins of old habits would establish new ones more to our minds.

If this were done, with a scientific use of power, we should be as proud of our habits as we are of fine horses, learn to break and drive them for our service, and make their strength save ours.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in The Circle.

ENTHUSIASM GONE SILLY.

The Democratic convention at Denver yelled and howled and carried on a regular "rough house" for one hour and twenty-seven minutes. The Republican convention in Chicago did almost the same thing. This is not politics, it is a plain attempt to substitute noise for the evident lack of a satisfactory issue. There is nothing so utterly silly as empty enthusiasm. No one could object to the three or five minutes of shouting over a nomination of a presidential candidate. In both these cases the nomination of the candidate was a foregone conclusion, and hence the demonstration lacked the excuse of fierce contest. The performance was about on a basis with the Ephesians in Paul's day, "when they cried out for the space of two hours, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' " If we could separate the act at Denver and Chicago from the men who permitted themselves to go into such exeess, such riotous nonsense, we should like to say that such screeching, such yelling and hooting is raw heathenism and beneath the dignity of American citizenship. It destroys the judgment of the country at large, it dissipates all deliberative character of the convention. It is a sort of a war-dance without the war.

Young People

THREE RULES FOR HAPPINESS.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, known and beloved as the president of Wellesley College, was wont to devote part of her time each week to the very poor children found in a vacation school in Boston. On one occasion Mrs. Palmer talked to them on how to be happy, and gave them three rules to follow. In her husband's biography, which has just been issued ("Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is given Mrs. Palmer's story of one little girl who tried to follow the three rules given her.

"One July morning," wrote Mrs. Palmer, "I took an early train. It was a day that gave promise of being very, very hot, even in the country, and what in the city! When I reached my destination, I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, and there were a few to spare. 'Now,' I said, 'what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?' 'Talk about life,' said one girl. Imagine! 'I am afraid that is too big a subject for such a short time,' I said.

"Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child with a great, fat baby on her knee: 'Tell us how to be happy!' . . . And the rest took up the word and echoed: 'Yes, tell us how to be happy.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week and not to skip a single day.' So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

" 'The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day—something good. It needn't be much; three or four words will do—just a pretty bit of a poem or a Bible verse. Do you understand?' I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried: 'I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad to remember if we went blind.' 'That's it exactly!' I said; 'something you would like to remember if you went blind.' And they all promised that they would and not skip a single day.

" 'The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you can all walk to?' (Yes,

there was one.) 'And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say: "Isn't it beautiful?" Drink in every detail and see the loveliness all through. Can you do it?' They promised, to a girl.

" 'My third rule is—now, mind, don't skip a day—do something for somebody every day.' 'Oh, that's easy!' they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said—'Oh, that's easy!' 'Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day? and wasn't that doing something for somebody?'

" 'Yes,' I answered them, 'It was.'

"At the end of the week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm and a little voice said: 'I done it!' 'Did what?' I exclaimed, looking down and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial fat baby asleep in her arms. . . . 'What you told us to do; and I never skipped a day, neither,' replied the child in a rather hurt tone. 'Oh,' I said, 'now I know what you mean. Put down the baby and let's talk about it.' So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

" 'Well,' she said, 'I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park; but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standin' at the window, 'most cryin', and I saw (here the little face brightened up with a radiant smile)—I saw a sparrow takin' a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was handsome.' It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

" 'And then there was another day,' she went on, 'and I thought I should have to skip it sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feelin' terrible, when (here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant look came to her face) I saw the baby's hair!' 'Saw the baby's hair?' I echoed. 'Yes; a little bit of sun came in the window, and I saw his hair, an' Illl never be lonesome any more.' And catching up the baby from the sidewalk, she said: 'See?' And I too saw the baby's hair. 'Isn't it beau-ti-ful' she asked. 'Yes, it is beautiful,' I answered. You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair there were the browns, the reds, the golds which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful. 'Now shall we go on?' I said, taking the heavy baby from her."

REVELATIONS 3:20.

C. E. C.

Great my poverty, small my store,
Before Lord Christ came to my door;
Dark my ignorance, deep my sin,
Before I let my Lord Christ in.
The Lord Christ came, I let Him in,
Gone my ignorance, gone my sin.
The Lord Christ came within my door,
Gone my poverty, great my store.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents

in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

MT. HERMON STOCK FOR SALE.

What will you give for two shares of MOUNT HERMON STOCK

J. E. WITHERSPOON,

Sacramento, Cal.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY, OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

Writers of Verse will learn something decidedly to their advantage by communicating with the Keystone Publishing Company, 1012 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE

By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

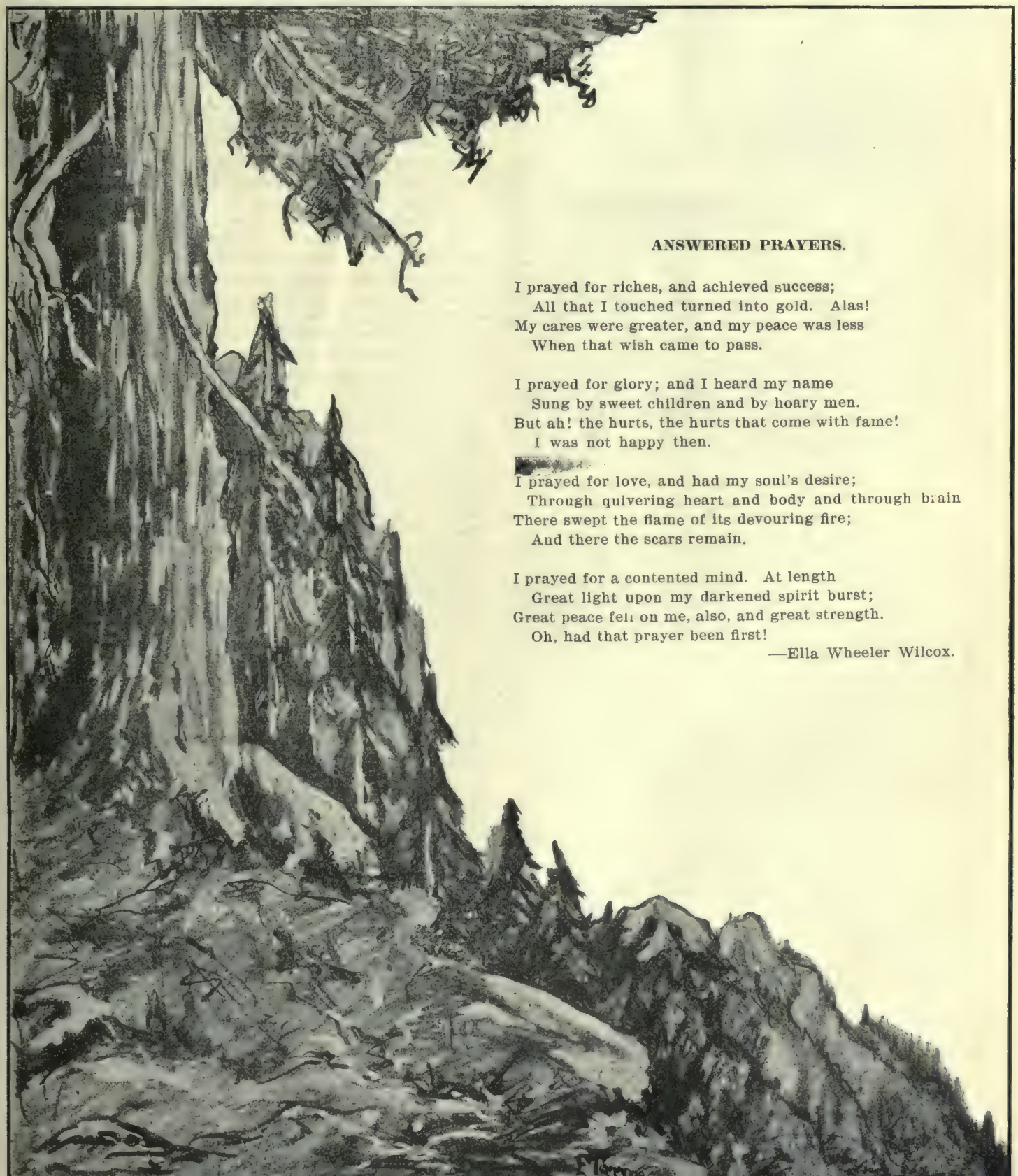
Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, JULY 30, 1908. No. 31



ANSWERED PRAYERS.

I prayed for riches, and achieved success;
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!
My cares were greater, and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and through brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst;
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength.
Oh, had that prayer been first!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

MISSIONS AND REVIVALS.

There are two sides to the story of a "Unique Revival at Petosky, Mich.," which has been reported in some of the recent papers. In the following quotation from the Gospel Message and Evangelistic Bulletin, the gratifying outcome is well reported, but what seems to have been the underlying impulse has only passing note, and therefore is underscored as we reprint the article, adding to it a letter from the pastor and some conclusions of our own.

"The First Presbyterian church, Petoskey, Mich., Rev. Wilson Aull, pastor, is one of the most difficult fields in Michigan or elsewhere, yet a unique revival has come to it, without an evangelist or an evangelistic singer, and without any advertising, but purely by the influence of the Holy Spirit on the Word of God in preaching, and especially in personal work.

"Over fifty persons have united with the church within a few weeks, most of them on confession. Forty-four were received on one Sunday. There were so many baptisms that the sermon was crowded out. On Decision Day in the Sabbath-school, ninety signed cards, fifty consecrating themselves more fully to the Lord, forty accepting Christ as their Savior and many later making a public profession.

"Some of the prominent ladies of the church and city have made systematic calls in a distant and less favored part of town; the social life of the church which was cold and formal has been transformed into a warm, genial fellowship.

"The Sabbath-school has broken all records for attendance, interest and contributions; it has built a large new room for a young men's Bible class, which is very active; its home department has been reorganized; it has established a new mission Sabbath-school in Wisconsin, and plans to furnish funds for one in Michigan. The adult Bible class conducts one church prayer-meeting each month.

"The Endeavor Society is flourishing in point of attendance, spiritual meetings and home and foreign missionary activity. They go in a body next Sabbath to conduct service in a country church. A young people's choir has been formed and furnishes music for the evening service.

A large Junior Endeavor Society has been formed with enthusiasm. **The largest Foreign Mission contribution ever taken here was followed in a few weeks by an unprecedented offering for Home Missions.** Current expenses have been met promptly and ahead of time, and the church building and manse are to be painted and decorated. The prayer-meetings are increased in numbers and are marked by spiritual fervor and active participation by the people. The session is soon to be enlarged to twelve members, and the membership is over 400.

"A great change in spirit has come over the entire church and its societies and departments. The work has been quietly done. It has been through personal work by the pastor and people, and has been based on the Word of God and the Holy Spirit. As a prominent business man and elder said: 'I like a revival like this.' The work is still going on and additions are expected from Sabbath to Sabbath. It is impossible to tell it all. Our experience moves us to use the words of David: 'O magnify the Lord with us and let us exalt his name together,'"

Along with the above should go a statement that last January this church was visited by Dr. Bradt, and the claims of the great commission with the promise "I am with you" if you "go" were forcibly presented. There was a real surrender to do the will of God, and a deep purpose to obey his comamnd. This, as we understand it, underlies what is reported above. The following letter from the pastor to one of the secretaries of the Foreign Board throws further light on this subject:

"You had from me part of the story of what the Lord has been doing, now I must tell you the rest, or some of it, at least. After our Foreign Mission offering of $354.00 on January 19th, I preached on Michigan Home Missions, and we took an offering of $244.00 as compared with $125 a year ago when Dr. Howell, Synodical superintendent, was here, and a special effort was made.

"Although business is dull and money very tight, on May 10th the Lord gave me faith in the power of His Word, so that I preached on Mal. 3:10, and considered the subject of tithing at two prayer-meetings, then next Sunday, May 17th, the Lord gave me faith in the text that "The Word of God is living and powerful" and I preached on Stewardship. We took an offering of nearly $300.00 for church repairs, and one wealthy man promised on certain conditions to give more, and our trustees and I are making plans for an offering on a special effort in two or three months. Recently we received 54 new members and expect 16 or more next Sabbath, thus making 70 or more in a few weeks. A great change has come over the church; all departments are flourishing. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.'"

There are some pertinent conclusions that it seems fair to draw from the facts stated above:

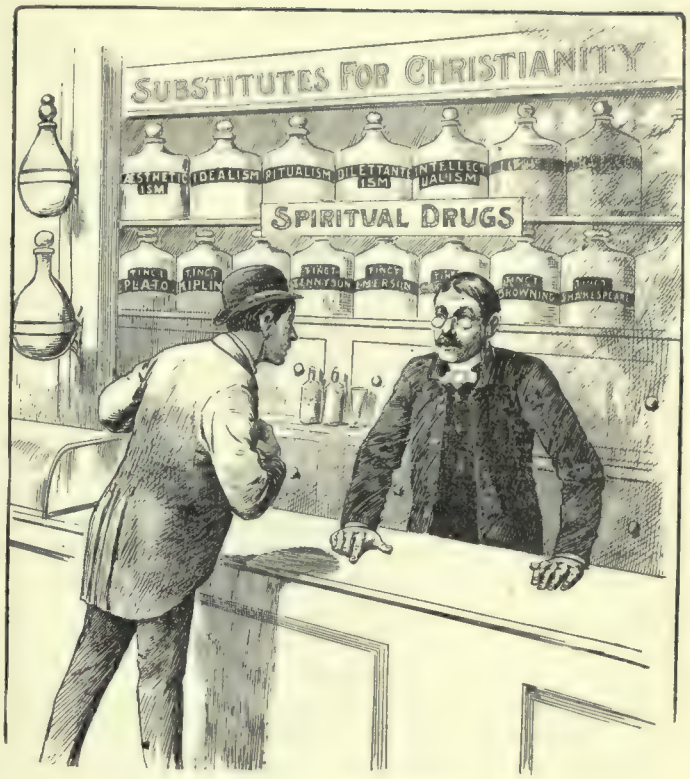
First.—In many cases a separate presentation of im-

portant causes, rather than a budget or omnibus presentation is most effective. It would hardly have been possible on one Sabbath, and as the result of the preaching of one sermon, to have secured the total of $898.00, but with the causes presented separately, with a reasonable time intervening, gratifying results were obtained.

Second.—Missionary enthusiasm and a willingness to obey the great commission are the foundation of much successful church work today. The reflex of missions is a reality in practical experience. A living God blesses obedience, and it is true that "gifts to missions evangelize the heathen and spiritualize the church and the givers, working both ways like a two-edged sword." Revivals and missions are vitally connected, and the proper order is the reverse of what has been usually expected—missions first and then revival is the real way.

Third.—Giving to Foreign Missions stimulates givers and leads to greater gifts for Home Missions, and Home Missionary enthusiasm, united with that for Foreign Missions, still further stimulate the gifts of the people which are poured out for local causes. Unfortunately a good many church officers do not believe this truth: "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, but they may be discerned in practical experience as well." D. E. P.

One of our readers has asked us to give the relative strength of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism on the Pacific coast. We comply with the request—and more. We find from a statistical exhibit of the Presbyterian Church for the year ending April 1st, 1908, that the Synod of California had a membership of 36,002; the Synod of Oregon, 10,481; the Synod of Washington, 18,117. This makes a total membership in the three states of 64,600. The statistics in the Congregational year book for 1908 give the Congregational churches of California a membership of 24,137; those of Oregon, 4,078; those of Washington, 10,308. A total of 38,513. To this should be added the Congregational membership of 184 in Nevada and 321 in Alaska; for the presbytery of Nevada is in the Synod of California and the presbytery of Alaska in the Synod of Washington. The presbytery of Nevada has a membership of 547, and that of Alaska, 1,004. The Presbyterian churches in the Synod of California received 6,133 members last year; the Congregational churches of California received 3,653. The Presbyterians received 2,586 on confession; the Congregationalists 1,299. In Oregon the Presbyterians received 1,780, of which number 841 were on confession. The Congregational churches of Oregon received 456, the number on confession being 224. In Washington, including presbytery of Alaska, the Presbyterians received 1,553 on confession and 1,656 by letter, a total of 3,209. The Congregational churches of Washington received 691 on confession and 921 by letter—a total of 1,612. The Congregational churches of Alaska added 155; the church at Reno, Nevada, 20. We note that the Presbyterian churches of California gave $36,550 for home missions, and $37,443 for foreign. The Congregational churches gave $25,217 for home missions and $25,740 for foreign. In Oregon the Presbyterian contributions for home missions were $15,842; for foreign, $8,420. The Congregational contributions in Oregon for home missions were $1,706; for foreign, $1,861. In Washington the Presbyterians contributed $13,963 for home missions and $9,133 for foreign. The Congregationalists of Washington gave $8,364 for home missions and $7,939 for foreign. In these figures throughout there is food for thought; and each reader can do his own thinking unprompted.—Pacific.



Suffering Sinner: "I want salvation."

Divinity Druggist: "Salvation? Well, you see there has been no great demand for that lately, and we don't keep it any more. Better try some of our new patent medicines, which are **just as good** and are **easier to take.**"

The above cartoon and inscription appeared in the Ram's Horn about ten year's ago, and we reproduce it now and ask if this is applicable at this time. There is no question but what some so-called ministers of the unorthodox type are guilty of offering "something just as good," but we believe that the Presbyterian pastor of today knows there is no substitute and none of them are offering it. There was a time when even the orthodox minister was considering whether it would not be wise to introduce some so-called new-fangled methods of sensational topics and questionable methods to draw an audience, but he has learned from experience, or in some other way, that the crowd comes but once, and when it leaves it takes with it some of his faithful attendants. That the minister was not entirely to blame for using the methods he did we are certain, because his elders—and especially his trustees—were forever fussing about the small attendance, and forever telling about the crowds some other minister had who spoke on the topics of the times, and the trustees intimated that he must get a crowd and pay the bills or his salary would be reduced, or he be invited to find another field. It is more than common flesh and blood can stand to see one's family go without the things needed, and have a vacation without pay forced upon the minister. So if he yielded to this cry for a crowd, and offered "something just as good," under another brand, for the true gospel, in the hope of drawing a crowd, and earning the necessities of life, he could be excused. But now even the trustee has learned that the imitation is soon discovered and the church loses its regular customers and fails to get new ones by

attempting to give something that people need, even if it is not what they ask for.

DR. IRA LANDRITH'S TOUR.

There has been a rather persistent rumor to the effect that Rev. Ira Landrith, D. D., LL.D., General Secretary of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America, was on the coast for a tour of meetings in the interest of the Brotherhood. We learn from him, however, that such is not the case. His speaking appointments were arranged for Chautauqua Assemblies. However, Dr. Landrith has taken time from his vavcation to speak at a number of places in the interest of the Brotherhood. What promised to be a delightful outing in the West has been suddenly terminated by the serious illness of Mrs. Landrith, while at Pacific Grove, July 19th. She was hurried at once to Los Angeles, where she is slowly recovering. It is expected she will be strong enough to be taken home about August 10th. We are assured by Dr. Landrith that he will make a Brotherhood tour of the West in a few months, at which time he will speak in many places, and undoubtedly greatly advance the cause of the Brotherhood.

CARTONS.

As far as our limited knowledge extends, religious newspapers are not using cartoons to illustrate great truths. Perhaps some of the readers of the Pacific Presbyterian will hold up their hands in holy horror at the thought of this paper resorting to such methods, but as we read from statistics that 85 per cent of all we learn comes through the eyegate, we believe we should use this effective means of teaching. If in this effort at instruction we should strike somebody square between the eyes, we will not be surprised, for if people stand on the street car track they are liable to be run over. We have no intention of throwing bricks at anybody except the people that ought to have bricks thrown at them. We will not caricature the minister unless we should snap-shot him in an awkward position. The saloon man is liable to be "showed up," as he deserves to be. We may even take a few shots at politics and politicians, but as the policy of the Presbyterian is to build up the good and tear down only the bad, we think that it will not be necessary to dodge the office force when you see them coming.

PUBLIC EXPRESSION OF PRIVATE OPINION.

Beginning with the next issue of the Pacific Presbyterian we will open a column under the above caption, where all may have an opportunity of expressing their views concerning any matter they feel might be discussed with profit. We will insist that the articles be signed by the writers, but a nom-deplume may be used, provided the writer's name and address is furnished the publisher.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN.

Sacramento Presbytery has within its bounds some of the most interesting territory to be found in California, particularly at this season of the year, when are open its many resorts for all kinds of recreation,—fishing, hunting, quiet retreats, bathing places of natural hot, sulphur, mud and steam baths. There is scenery to suit the most varied tastes, from rivulets to roaring rivers, from the joyful, babbling cataract to the mile-deep canyon,—a great furrow plowed through the face of nature through which her tears course in torrents to the sea.

A recent 140 mile stage-ride from Marysville to Quincy, the county-seat of Plumas county, and thence to Beckwith, was a revelation of the richness of this region in gold mines, forests of pine, fir and cedar and water power. The Western Pacific will surely reap a harvest from the region through which it passes when it is in operation, but judging from the amount of work yet to be done, some time will elapse before the whistle of the through train will awaken the denizens from the woods around about.

The church is but feebly represented among the hundreds of people scattered along the lines of travel through these mountains. The Methodist Church supplies some of these places with occasional services. We have a fine mission at Sterling City, which has recently suffered a great loss in the death of Rev. W. D. Kidd, formerly of Calistoga. He came to Sterling less than a year ago, thinking the mountain climate would benefit his health, being afflicted with asthma. Mr. Kidd was a preacher of ability in the pulpit, and a man among men in his daily life. He left a wife and two children, bereaved indeed, who have the sympathy of all. Presbytery loses a strong man, and the church at Sterling will have difficulty in filling the places of Mr. and Mrs. Kidd, who in so short a time had endeared themselves to the entire community.

Another mission occupying a strategic position is at Weed, our most northern outpost. From this point, where we have a nice church and manse, the new line of the Southern Pacific to Klamath Falls branches off, opening up some fertile lands for settlement. These are rapidly being taken. We need a man for Weed at once. It is a fine locality and offers a great opportunity for the right stamp of man.

D. H. McCULLAGH.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Day supplied Trinity Church, San Francisco, July 19th, and is to be with them again next Sabbath.

Rev. Alexander Eakin, '91, pastor of Calvary Church, Riverside, has preached at St. John's Church, San Francisco, the past two Sabbaths.

Dr. Landon spent last week at Mount Hermon assisting in conducting the services of the Institute of Social Evangelism.

A daughter was recently born to Rev. and Mrs. James H. Sharpe, '05, of Red Bluff, in their temporary summer home at San Anselmo. They now have a son and a daughter.

Rev. William J. Clifford, '05, of Monterey, preached two Sabbaths for the church of Sausalito. Prof. Paterson was supplying this church for July, but was unable to be present those two Sabbaths on account of the illness of his children. They are now much better. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford took their vacation at Mount Herman. They have resumed their labors at Monterey.

Dr. Landon preached in the Brooklyn Church, Oakland, last Sabbath. Dr. Day had charge of the services at San Anselmo.

Dr. and Mrs. Wieher have gone to Lake Tahoe for a few days.

Rev. George M. Day, '08, writes from London of his interesting trip across the ocean in the steamer Finland. He had the privilege of setting at table with a distinguished

company. Among them were Mr. John R. Mott, Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation; Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Brown, of our Foreign Board; Dr. Zwemer, the distinguished missionary among the Mohammedans, and Dr. Garfield Williams, a young Englishman, who goes to Calcutta to have charge of student affairs. They were congenial spirits and had a delightful time—or, to use Mr. Day's modern phrase, they were a "jolly bunch." On this voyage Dr. and Mrs. Brown celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary—or the passengers celebrated it for them in a very happy manner. Mr. Day will see something of London, then attend the British Student Conference with Mr. Mott. Later he will visit Oxford, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Cambridge, and then proceed to Berlin, where it now seems probable he will spend the winter in study instead of at Halle.

Among the Churches.

OREGON.

MOUNT HOOD.—Last November a committee of the Presbytern of Pendleton consisting, of Revs. R. J. Diven and J. M. Cornelison, with the assistance of Dr. J. V. Milligan, visited the field of Mount Hood to organize a church, if the way was clear. The church was organized with 21 members and three elders on the rotary plan. Since that time the field has only been occasionally supplied by different ones, yet its membership has increased about fifty per cent. Early in July Rev. C. C. Babbidge, a candidate for the ministry, was sent to supply Mt. Hood for the summer months, after which time he will go to San Francisco Theological Seminary. Already Mr. Babbidge reports good crowds and a great interest in the work, and says that there are fine prospects for growth in every line. We are expecting a good report from this field, both because of these facts and because of the man that has been in charge of it for the summer. We are looking for a permanent man for this field about October 1st. But he must be a **rustler** to follow Bro. Babbidge, and no other kind need apply.

PILOT ROCK AND UKIAH.—On June 17th a committee of Presbytery (Pendleton) visited Pilot Rock, which was a part of the Umatilla Circuit church, so faithfully ministered to by the Sky Pilot, Rev. R. J. Diven, for a number of years, and organized the Presbyterian church of Pilot Rock with about 25 members. This is a needy field and good prospects for growth in the community and the town since they now have the railroad. It will be grouped with the Ukiah church, which was just organized by a committee on July 19th. The Ukiah petition has more than 35 names on it as members and there is every indication of rapid growth in both these fields. They have been put in the care of Rev. E. W. Warrington, who is just out of the Princeton Theological Seminary and has been on the ground since July 1st. Both these fields are in the southern part of Umatilla county and have never had any permanent church work among the people.

CALIFORNIA.

HEALDSBURG.—Seventeen were received into the membership of this church at the last communion, all on profession of faith. Nine adults were baptized at that time, one of them being a man 74 years of age, whose changed life is an eloquent testimony to the power of the gospel to regenerate. Miss Julia Fraser, secretary of the W. H. M. Board, paid us a visit this week, and her cheery face and missionary enthusiasm was an inspiration to our ladies. Rev. R. A. Crichton, our pastor, has supplied the Baptist pulpit the last two Sundays, during the absence of the minister of that denomination, who is on his vacation. A very fraternal spirit is exhibited by the co-operative work of the churches of this city.

HAYWARDS.—The people of this church are working on a fund for a parsonage and hope to build in the near future. Many of our people are off on their summer vacation, at Pacific Grove and mountain resorts. Mrs. John Gamble has returned from Mt. Hermon and reports splendid meetings at hat place. Many people are working at the cannery and the Christian Endeavor Society has been having its meeting there for some Sundays.

MELROSE.—In the absence of the pastor, Rev. C. C. Herriott, who was unexpectedly called East, the members of this church are still "holding the fort." Although quite a number of the good workers are away on their summer vacations, the attendance at church and Sunday-school has kept up very encouragingly. On Sunday evenings the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Churches are taking turns holding union services, with excellent results as to attendance, interest and unity of spirit. The prayer meeting and missionary society are holding their own during the summer months.

WALNUT CREEK.—The Young People's class in this Sabbath-school, composed of young men and women, held a social last Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Angus C. Cameron. After spending several hours in games, delicious refreshments were served, and then the young people were asked to ballot for a new teacher for their class. Miss Jennie Bickerstaff was their choice, and a happpier choice it would be hard to make. Miss Bickerstaff will throw her whole heart and soul into the work. Rev. J. M. Ferguson, of Concord, and a few friends, cheered us by their presence at our weekly prayer meeting a few nights ago. Their good words in the meeting and the little social time following at the home of the pastor, helped to brighten the evening hours.

SAN FRANCISCO, LEBANON.—A number of the members of Lebanon Church are enjoying their summer vacations at the different resorts here in California. Still others have gone further away for their vacations. Mr. and Mrs. David Lewis have just returned from a three months' tour of the British Isles. Two days after the return of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Linden and three daughters started for their tour of the British Isles and the continent of Europe. They expect to be gone a year. Lebanon church has been well represented in Europe during the past year, Mr. Wm. Barr and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and family being among the number who have made the voyage. Mr. Logan is now taking a short vacation. Rev. Dwight Potter, in his absence, occupied the pulpit Sabbath morning and gave a splendid sermon on "Foreign Missions." The members of Lebanon church were delighted to have with them Sunday morning Rev. and Mrs. Carrington. It was largely through Mr. Carrington's efforts that the present church building was erected, during his pastorate of Lebanon church 25 years ago. Mr. Carrington has devoted the last 23 years to missionary work in Siam. At a business meeting held for the purpose, the name Lemajo was chosen for the new Bible class. This word was formed by taking the first two letters of Lebanon, the first two of May, the month in which the

class was started, and the first two of John, the first book of the Bible to be studied by the class.

LOS ANGELES.—Rev. C. A. Berger, Ph.D., of Girard, Kansas, is visiting his parents and other relatives here and has preached in the Third church with acceptance and spoken in other places, having been much in demand. In the earlier years of his ministry Dr. Berger was a missionary in Siam, and helped in establishing a high school in Bangkok that is now one of the greatest forces of God in Southern Asia. In recent years he has done some very effective work in the pastorate and in lines of temperance and evangelistic work.

Dr. W. A. Hunter of the First church is meeting with much encouragement in his work. Recently he spoke before the Brotherhood of the Third church, giving a strong address on Brotherhood work. Dr. J. W. Newell of Bethesda church came with some of his men, and a few others were in as especially invited guests. The ladies of the church served a bountiful supper and the evening was one of enjoyment and helpfulness.

A recent visit to the mid-week service at Immanuel church gave an evening of spiritual uplift and showed why the lecture room is well filled even in mid-summer, and revealed some of the reasons for the growing popularity and deepening affection for Dr. Walker. The hour, and more, was filled with helpful testimonies, scriptures selections, songs and prayers.

Rev. R. W. Holman of Westminister church is winning and holding the affections of his people. The writer heard him at a Sunday evening service, when for nearly an hour he held the close attention of his congregation to a strong sermon delivered with the eloquence peculiar to the negro race. A large assessment for sewer work falls just now as a heavy burden on this little band, which had already undertaken new and added responsibilities. As it has to be paid very soon, any help toward it would be much appreciated.

The Bible Institute is holding a most helpful Bible conference at its rooms, 260-264 South Main St. One does not need to go to Winona or Northfield to get instruction and inspiration. Daily lessons and lectures are given from 8:45 to 12 a. m., and plans made for practical work in afternoon and evening.

The Federation Club, one of the efficient agencies for the promotion of practical Christianity, is making a campaign for new members preparatory to moving into new and better quarters. ROY.

A GREAT STORY TELLER.

Joel Chandler Harris, the much esteemed Uncle Remus, died early in July. He was only sixty years of age. He was editorial writer on the Atlanta Constitution for twenty-five years. His original negro dialect stories were published in that paper. Since that time he has filled the air with Uncle Remus' songs and stories, ringing delightful changes down to "The Tar Baby Story." His humor was as unique as it was delightful. Bre'r Rabbit and Bre'r Fox have made life more tolerable. Mr. Harris held a field in the literary world all his own. Nasby, Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Bret Hart, Artemus Ward and the ubiquitous Mr. Dooley have each a distinct sort of humor, but none of them cross the path of Mr. Harris. He was greatly beloved by the American people, and will be sadly missed. His stories will be read with delight until some other genius shall arise and produce a better catalogue of stories. That is not likely to occur in the present generation.

THE INDOMITABLE SPIRIT OF ADMIRAL TOGO.

Rather Than Obey the Emperor Against His Judgment, He Prepared to Die.

William E. Curtis, the noted traveler and correspondent, tells the story in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A friend of mine, who has spent a good part of his life in Japan, told me a strange story the other day of the late war which illustrates the indomitable spirit of Admiral Togo. The incident has never been published, and is known to very few persons, but he learned it from a very high authority.

It seems that there was a decided difference of opinion among the military and naval authorities at Tokio as to the intentions of Admiral Rojestvensky, who came out from Constadt with the great fleet of Russian ships. Most of them believed that he had instructions to attack the southern coast of Japan and divert attention from the struggle in Manchuria and the siege of Port Arthur. They were convinced that he would attack Kobe and Yokohama and other ports and try to reach Tokio. If he failed there they expected him to sail up the eastern coast and atack Hakodate. At any rate, they were absolutely certain that he would not run the risk of almost certain destruction by entering the China Sea or try to pass through the straits between Japan ad Korea, where Togo lay in concealment waiting to pounce upon him.

This conviction was so positive that the council of war at Tokio, which was composed of cabinet ministers, veteran generals and admirals and that notable group known as "the elder statesmen," ordered Togo to come out of his lair and patrol the southern coast so as to be near by when the attack came. Togo remonstrated. He was convinced that Rojestvensky had come from the west to vindicate the Russian navy and not to invade a fortified coast. His arguments were earnest, but they had no weight with the Tokio authorities, and he was again ordered to come down to defend the coast. To their amazement he refused to obey and they finally appealed to the emperor, who, at their solicitation, repeated the order.

It is tradition in Japan that no man ever disobeyed an order of the emperor, who is descended from the gods, who is himself divine, and the highest object of reverence. Hence, when Togo received instructions from his majesty to abandon the strategic anchorage he had chosen and cruise down along the southern coast to await the mysterious fleet of the enemy, he called his captains together and laid the facts before them. He told them that the information he had received from his scouts and spies as well as his own judgment convinced him that the Russian fleet was intending to attack him in the Straits of Korea, and he had decided to await it there, notwithstanding the orders of the Mikado. He fully appreciated the significance and realized the penalty of such unheard of disobedience, but he believed that his majesty had acted upon mistaken information, and he was willing to accept the responsibility of disobeying his orders, because the honor of Japan was at stake. He did not ask any of his captains to share the awful responsibility with him. Those who declined to do so would be relieved of their commands by men who were willing to make the sacrifice. To those who would stay by him in defiance of the emperor he would be accordingly grateful. He gave them twenty-four hours to think the matter over and consult among themselves.

The captains were so overcome with amazement at the audacity and the enormity of the offense proposed by their commander that they made no reply. Many of them left

the flagship suspecting that he had lost his reason. Even to suggest or to think of doubting the wisdom or of disobeying the sacred voice of the emperor was the highest treason, and here was Togo deliberately determined to defy it. As may be imagined nothing else was discussed or even entered the thoughts of the captains that day, but they were careful that the cause of their anxiety should not become known to their subordinates. They had no conference, for none was necessary. The mind of every man was made up from the moment that Togo mentioned his purpose. Not one of them hesitated for an instant as to the course he should pursue, and when they met in the admiral's cabin on the flagship the next morning there was no controversy, no explanations, no difference of opinion.

As Togo called them one after another he found himself unsupported, and when he asked their opinion they told him that they did not believe he could find a single officer upon any of his ships who would stand with him against the orders of the emperor. They laid their swords upon his table and resigned their commands.

With tears rolling down his weather-beaten cheeks, Togo asked them to reconsider their decision. He argued with them for an hour, giving the reasons why he believed the Russian fleet was coming up the Straits of Korea and every captain heartily indorsed his judgment, but the emperor had spoken, and they must obey him, right or wrong. There was no alternative. Togo asked them what they would do in his place, if the responsibility was upon them. They answered with one voice:

"Obey the emperor."

He dismissed them sadly, again affirming his determination to meet and fight the Russians in the straits even if he had to meet them alone, and asked them to return for a final conference the following morning.

They met again, as before, even more determined than at the previous councils, and, finding himself without a single supporter or sympathizer, Togo announced his intention to solve his dilemma by taking his own life. His judgment as a sailor, his conscience as a patriot, would not permit him to abandon the spot which he had chosen for an attack upon the Russians, and his reverence for his sovereign would not permit him to disobey his majesty's orders, although he was confident they were wrong. Therefore he would relieve the situation by suicide, and the next in command must assume the responsibility of carrying out the emperor's orders.

The admiral's farewell to his comrades was interrupted by an orderly, who brought the news that Rojestvensky's ships had been sighted, and in a short hour every captain was at his post and the line of battle had been formed. The result is well known.

After the war was over and the admiral had returned to Tokio to receive the honors he had so richly earned, he asked a private audience of his sovereign and frankly related the story of his disloyalty. None but the two men know what was said at that interview, but it was satisfactory to both.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE JAPAN MISSION.

By Dr. J. D. Davis.

The meeting was held in Arima, a mountain village fifteen miles from Kobe, commencing May 28th and closing June 2nd. We were favored with perfect weather, and the fresh-leaved beauty of the valleys and gorges around the village made a charming setting for a most profitable series of meetings. Our numbers were smaller than usual for several have recently left us on furlough and others were too weary and near the breaking point to be able to attend the meeting. Secretary and Mrs. Hicks were a delightful addition to our number, giving us the benefit of their nine months' observation of the outlook and conditions in Turkey, India and China.

The meeting was a most harmonious one. The several stations reorted progress and open doors for work everywhere. When Pastors Ebina and Hori visited the city of Niigata last December the superintendent of schools ordered the schools closed and that the students attend one meeting in a body. The governor also ordered the officials to attend, and over one thousand young men gathered to hear these brethren speak.

There have been large accessions to the churches in many places, as the result of **"Shuchu Dendo"** (concentrated evangelistic work), four or five, and in one case ten prominent pastors and workers uniting in a series of meetings several days in succession. As a result of such meetings ninety-eight persons were received into one church in Kyoto, and sixty-eight into another. In the Okayama field sixty were received into one church and eighty into another, while in Ayabe, fifty miles northwest of Kyoto, eighty-six were baptised the second Sabbath in January last, and the new members completely filled the body of the little church, so that the old members had to sit in the small gallery, or look in at the windows. The Doshisha school has over 800 students, and there were seventy-six baptised during the year.

Kobe College has 210 students. Forty-one were graduated from this school last March, and eighteen were baptized during the year. President Harada was present and spoke most earnestly and enthusiastically of his hopes and plans for the Doshisha, and also of the utter inadequateness of the government higher schools to meet the needs of those who apply. Only 150 could be admitted into the seven higher middle schools last fall, and over 2,000 applied. In some of the middle schools over 1,000 apply and only 130 or 140 can be admitted. He also spoke of the fund the alumni of the Doshisha are pledging for three years to tide the school over until a larger endowment fund can be secured. Their aim is to raise 15,000 yen a year for three years. Ten thousand nine hundred yen are already pledged.

He outlined the present needs of the school, as follows: Two foreign and two or three more Japanese professors for the Theological Department; two more foreign professors for the College Department, and one more for the Academy. He also spoke of the need of $1,000,000 additional endowment for the school, to be raised by the joint efforts of its foreign and Japanese friends. He also emphasized the great need Japan has of educated men of strong moral character such as the Doshisha is fitted to train.

There was, however, one sad feature of this meeting. It came out in the report of nearly every one of the twelve stations of the mission. In the midst of unprecedented openings for work on every hand and a readiness to hear the gospel, not only is there no money to open work in new places, but many of the stations have had to dismiss one or more of the Japanese workers, and in some of them there is no money for the missionary to do any touring. We have passed one-half of the work which was under the care of the mission over to the Kumi-ai Home Missionary Society, but the money granted for evangelistic work has been so reduced, and the cost of living has so increased, making such an increase in the salaries of Japanese work-

ers necessary, that we are crippled as stated above. Thirty-two years after we have entered Kyoto the larger part of th field about us is untouched. The great rich Yodo river valley, in the south part of this province, is not being touched or worked at all, save in Fushimi, a suburb of Kyoto. The region west of Kyoto, extending to the Japan Sea, ninety miles distant, has in it only three Kumi-ai and one or two Episcopal workers. There is not a missionary in it. On the east is the Shiga province, embracing the rich Lake Biwa basin, with a population of 800,000, and more than twelve hundred towns and villages. There is no foreign missionary in the province and only seven or eight Japanese workers all told. The great mass of the population is as untouched and unreached as it was thirty years ago.

How many more generations of these millions about Kyoto must pass away without hearing the gospel? One generation has already gone since we entered the city. We have passed all our work outside the city save that in Minakuchi, over to the Kumi-ai Home Missionary Society. Are we to have no funds to open work in new places among these waiting millions, and so raise up more self-supporting churches? Must the mission cease active evangelistic work while there are thirty or forty millions in Japan who have never heard the gospel, and when they are ready to hear than ever before in the history of the mission? The great province about Niigata, with its two million souls appeals more strongly still. Save in the extreme southern end of the province there is no missionary now in the province, but Mr. Cobb. Mr. Curtis has broken down under the strain and has gone home to rest. There are seven or eight Japanese workers all told. Missionaries entered the province thirty years ago, but the great mass of the people have never heard anything of Christ. We are proposing to Mr. Pedley to locate there, but to do that we remove the only man we have in Maebashi station and the great Joshu province. We have not men enough to man our stations, to say nothing of opening new ones. These are some of the burning questions which pressed upon our hearts and minds at this annual meeting.

Kyoto, June, 1908.

WHY AND HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for August 9th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Why be healthy? The question answers itself: Be healthy because to be healthy is to be normal, to get out of life the things God intended, to see clearly, act efficiently and grow symmetrically.

How secure and retain health? A few years ago this question would have appeared only in medical journals or in the "Health Hints" corner of the daily press. Today we find it put down as a Christian Endeavor topic and discussed in religious papers. This change is indicative of a profound advance in public thought. How be healthy? The old answer, "Live in harmony with the laws of health," is still true, but there has come recently a much broader unnerstanding of what the laws of health are.

The material factors. Some of these forces which determine health are what we call material. Just what "matter" really is, is something for the metaphysicians to quarrel over. Even suppose that, as our Christian Science friends say, it is only an "illusion," it is an illusion we cannot get away from, and has all the practical value of reality. A man must have pure water, fresh air, exercise and nourishing food. Impure water means typhoid, lack of air means consumption, lack of exercise means indigestion, and lack of proper food means all sorts of trouble.

Mental and Spiritual Factors. But the material factors are not all—there are mental and spiritual forces that make for or against good health, and it is the importance of these that we are discovering today. Worry, jealousy, loneliness, fear, anger, selfishness,—these are breeders of disease along with impure water and improper ventilation. They arrest weaken the powers of resistance. A great deal more disease is caused by, or allowed to continue because of these unhealthy mental and spiritual conditions than we dreamed of a few years ago.

What About Christian Science? This is the secret of the power of Christian Science. By its preaching of cheerfulness, its insistence on the non-existence of all that is evil or unpleasant, it banishes a great many of these mental obstacles to good health and health comes back. The weakness of Christian Science is, of course, its attempt to deny the reality of the physical factors of health. This weakness may lead to tragedy. If followed out to its logical end it would mean no provision against the pollution of the city's water supply with typhoid germs (for according to Christian Science there is no disease, no pain, and of course no germs), it would mean no sanitary measures to prevent the spread of tuberculosis, no quarantine against small-pox, the abandonment of the campaign against mosquitoes, which has almost banished yellow fever from the South, and it would mean no gates or flagmen at railroad crossings, and no regulations for the safety of steamships.

Sane Religion and Good Health. But, fortunately, it is not necessary for us to embrace all the tragic absurdities that masquerade under the curiously inappropriate title of Christian Science. The simple, common-sense view of the situation seems to be about this: Some of the laws that make for good health are material, have to do with avoiding poison and contagion, with securing proper sleep, ventillation, exercise and food. But there are also other elements involved, certain great religious principles to observe which is just as important as to drink pure water and eat proper food. What are these spiritual factors? One is faith in God. To realize that one is not alone, but always in the presence of Him whom Jesus called Father is to cast out fear. Another is self-control. The man who realizes that as a child of God it is his duty to be "master of his ship, captain of his soul," who refuses to lose his self-mastery in any passion or intemperance, has laid a strong foundation for good health. Another factor is love for our fellow men. Hate shrivels the body and the soul, but if any man persistently and in the spirit of Christ will love even those who fail to appreciate his love, if he shall have "the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," then he is in the shining way to good health. Another factor in good health is prayer. To take one's life day by day, or hour by hour and commit it to God is to cast out worry and open the soul to the healing indewelling of the Holy Spirit.

One last word: Suppose someone has done all this, and yet accident or disease come and take away good health; what then? Christian Science has no reply except a cold and comfortless denial of the fact. But the religion of the New Testament has a glorious and still triumphant answer. It is in the experience of Paul who prayed that his thorn in the flesh might be taken from him. It was not

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

taken from him, but a greater answer came: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my power is made perfect in weakness."

RACE TRACK GAMBLING IN CALIFORNIA.

An Open Letter to the Voters by Earl H. Webb, President of California Anti-Race Track League.

Each individual who casts his vote at the coming election for an Assemblyman and State Senator will be called upon to decide whether or not he will support men who are pledged to vote for legislation prohibiting race track gambling or for men who will vote against said proposed legislation. The responsibility is upon the voting public.

But it does not require argument to convince the average honest citizen that the two gambling institutions, Emeryville in Alameda county, are evils of the worst kind and are rapidly undermining the business integrity and morality of our citizens. The average citizen also knows that these institutions are being maintained and protected under color of law; for this particular kind of gambling is omitted from its provisions, although roulette, monte, faro, poker, and the like, are included. Yet gambling on the races, as now carried on through pool selling, is a thousand times more far-reaching in its corrupting and injurious influence than other kinds of gambling.

At the last two sessions of the legislature bills were introduced in the Assembly prohibiting race track gambling. With much difficulty these bills passed the Assembly, but were defeated in the Senate.

With the experience of the last four years before us, the officers of the California Anti-Race Track League have decided to begin with the people instead of waiting until after the legislature has convened and adopting the principle of the initiative, let the voters decide whether or not they wish this legislation.

The general law of the state also provides that the trustees of such a municipality shall have power to **suppress gambling and gambling houses,** but nowhere does the law give to said trustees the power to encourage, permit or license gambling houses. The trustees of the city of Emeryville have by ordinance granted to the New California Jockey Club permission to maintain the business of horse racing and have also granted to said jockey club permission to maintain book-making or gambling at said race track. Arcadia has, either directly or indirectly, granted the same privileges to its gambling institution.

It is the contention of the Anti-Race Track Gambling League that the charters of the cities of Emeryville and Arcadia should be annulled by quo warranto proceedings instituted by the attorney-general of the State on the ground:

First—That the charters were procured through fraud, the purpose being not primarily for the government of each particular territory, but to protect institutions which are against public morals and therefore contrary to law; and,

Second—On the ground that the Boards of Trustees of said cities are acting illegally in granting the permission above referred to, and as said towns derive revenue from a source which is against public policy and are practically maintained by said illegal institutions, their charters should be annulled.

We present these facts and suggestions to the voters of the state, and we ask each individual to assist us in the movement to stamp out this evil.
is the principal point.

Will each one of you, the honest, conscientious voter

But this is only one place of attack. The legislature and citizen, make it your personal business and as a matter of civic duty to interview every candidate for the legislature who appears in your community and demand from him whether or not he will support this particular legislation, and if he refuses to answer you or evades your question, then do what you can legitimately and through publicity to defeat him at the polls?

Let us force the issue before the conventions meet and in the conventions make the legislative candidates declare themselves.

A METHODIST PROTESTANT VIEW OF METHODIST CHURCH UNION.

We quote the following very sensible words by the editor of the Methodist Protestant of Baltimore in an article concerning the overtures for union made by the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"There are a few facts which we may calmly consider. It is said that certain modifications in polity, made by both denominations to meet the needs and conditions confronting them, have brought us closer together, and that the essential differences which divided us are no longer matters of controversy—and all that is certainly true.

"But the fundamental differences are the same as when the Methodist Protestant Church was first organized. The differences are so radical that they cannot be removed by modification of polity on the one side or the other. The one form of church life is the hierarchy which is a body of officials disposed organically in ranks and orders, each subordinate to the one above it, while the other is a democracy deriving all its power from the people thmeselves. The one begins with the bishops as the chief pastors, and who are invested with large and definite authority. The other begins with the laymen, whose vote and will determine the entire policy of the denomination. That difference has not been modified. The fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church has granted laymen in equal numbers with the ministers, the rights of membership in the law-making body of the church is a concession for which our fathers contended, and with which in 1828 they would have been satisfied. But when they organized another Methodism, it was modeled after the civil government under which they lived, and it became in the fullest sense an ecclesiastical democracy.

"This is the actual difference. But it is a fact that this difference is no longer a matter of controversy. The world has lost interest in the controversies of denominations. Sometimes we hear of symposiums in which ministers tell 'Why I am a Methodist;' 'Why I am a Presbyterian;' 'Why I am an Episcopalian,' etc.; yet it excites no special interest. Not many care. It is probably true that there are more people in other churches who were once Methodist Protestants, or the children of Methodist Protestants, than now constitute the entire membership of our church. They could change from one to another without much concern over differences of polity. Our people now go to other communities and join other churches in preference to ours for business, social or political reasons, while the principles that differentiate us from them are not considered of sufficient importance to hold them to their own. No church has taken a bolder stand or made a braver fight for the layman's rights, and yet a very large number of our lay people do not appreciate it. We may explain the differences clearly and

plead for them eloquently, but it does not excite much interest."

"It is also true that our extreme liberty has in many places worked to our disadvantage. A shrewd layman, inflamed by pride and selfishness, has been able in many cases to dictate the policy of the local church to its ruin, and there was no power to check him in his lawless career.

"A delinquent minister can come to the conferences without having made an effort to collect the assessments made by the conference, without the remotest danger of having his official character challenged. We have learned that we need more government, a stronger administration of law. There is, therefore, something in both denominations that is needed in each. What both want, and what both should seek above all else, is the most perfect denominational machinery to work out the will of God in the salvation of men."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A few years ago John D. Rockefeller gave the First Baptist Church of Mexico City $7,000 with which to buy a lot. It is worth $100,000 now.

The midsummer number of the Century Magazine, the August number, contains twelve short stories. Among them is one by Jack London, entitled, "To Build a Fire," a vivid dramatic story of the Yukon wilds. Another special feature is "A Group of Aldrich Letters"—letters to such interesting personalities as Taylor, Lowell, Fields, Stoddard, Stedman, Howells, Clemens, Woodberry—edited, and with comment, by Ferris Greenslet.

Through the church papers the Los Angeles Church Federation is asking of pastors of the churches of all denominations throughout the country that they send to the Federation the names of members of their churches moving to that city from time to time. In a circular which we have received it is stated that representatives of different denominations have agreed on making the Federation a "church clearing house, for this purpose. The word is: "Strangers come to us in multitudes. Help us shepherd them!" The names sent in are to be put in the hands of the pastor of church in the denomination to which the persons belong—the pastor of the church nearest the place where they reside.

In 1901 there was organized in Los Angeles what is known as the Sequoya League. It is an incorporation and has a national executive committee, among its members being President Jordan of Stanford University; George Bird Grinnell of New York, editor of "Forest and Stream;" C. Hart Merriam, chief of the Bilological Survey, Washington, and Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles. The League seeks the betterment of the condition of the Indians. Through the efforts of the League more has been done to adjust the historic wrongs of the California Indians during the last few years than had been done for decades before. Members are solicited. The annual fee is $2. Life memberships are $50. The League took the name of the great Cherokee, Sequoya, the American Cadmus," the only Indian who ever invented a written language, and after whom the giant redwoods of California have been named.

At the Educational Association at Cleveland, Principal Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, Ala., made a plea for the education of the black children of the South. Among other things he said: "On the basis of school population each child in the Northern States had spent upon him last year for his education for teaching purposes about $5. On this basis of school population each negro child in the South had spent upon him for teaching purposes about 50 cents. At this rate it is impossible to educate the children of 10,000,000 of people sufficiently to make them useful and effective citizens."

Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, recently made the statement that he had discovered the secret of longevity, specifically mentioning a period of two hundred years to which he could live through a system of diet. He volunteered to give his system to anyone who wished to know it, and a gentleman who sent him an inquiry received from the Imperial Chinese Legation at Washington the following: "In answer to your letter requesting my plan of diet I have to say as follows: (1) I have given up my breakfast, taking two meals a day, lunch and dinner; (2) Abstain from all flesh flood; my diet is rice or, when I go out to dinner, whole wheat bread, fresh vegetables, nuts and fruit; (3) I avoid all coffee, cocoa, tea, liquors, condiments and all rich foods; (4) I have given up salt also, because it is found that salt makes one's bones stiff; (5) I masticate every mouthful of food thoroughly before it is swallowed; (6) I don't drink at meals, but between meals or one hour after meals; (7) I practice deep breathing; (8) I take moderate exercise."

In eight of the eleven Presidential elections since 1868, including the one for 1908, Indiana has had candidates either for first o. second place. In 1868 Mr. Colfax was Republican candidate for the vice-presidency. In 1876 Mr Hendricks was on the Democratic ticket with Mr. Tilden. Four years later Mr. English was the Democratic candidate for vice-president. In 1884 Mr. Hendricks again had the second place on the Democratic ticket with Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Harrison was the Republican Presidential nominee in 1888, and again in 1892. In 1904 Mr. Fairbanks was on the ticket with Mr. Roosevelt. This year it is Mr. Kern. As far back as 1852 George W. Julian has the second place on the Hale ticket. And in 1872, after the death of Mr. Greeley, which occurred between election day and the day of the meeting of the electoral college, Mr. Hendricks received the bulk of the Democratic vote. In the same year Mr. Julian, as the vice-presidential candidate of the Liberal party, received five electoral votes. Indiana has long been considered pretty fair fighting ground. Therefore this record.

Writing concerning the Democratic candidate for the vice-presidency, the Indianapolis News, an independent Republican paper, says: "The nominee is not widely known outside of Indiana, and certainly he has no national reputation, but he is strong within the State, and popular with men of all parties. He is a man of high character, and of more than average ability. There is nothing that can be said against him. Neither he nor his party need fear that he will not be able to stand the test to which men are subjected in a Presidential campaign. We have differed from Mr. Kern many times on important questions, and have often criticised him with much severity. Many of his opinions are not our opinions. We have always thought that he missed a great chance to serve his party in 1896 when he failed to stand by his own previously expressed principles. But he thought that the only way—or at least the best way—to serve the party was to stay regular, and to support the nominee, whoever he might be. Probably most men will agree with him. But in spite of past differences, we are glad to say that Mr. Kern is a clean man, a good neighbor, and, as we have said, a man of more than average ability. An effective campaigner, he will do good work for

the ticket. Indiana is fair fighting ground, and it was well to take a man from a State which the party had no chance of carrying, or from one who was certainly Democratic,would have been unwise. The nomination of Mr. Kern points clearly to a vigorous effort by the Democrats to capture Indiana."

The Rev. Dr. Caspar W. Hiatt of Cleveland, Ohio, made a marked impression at the International Congregational Council in Edinburgh. A special representative of the British Congregationalist writes: "The surprise of the first week was Dr. Caspar W. Hiatt, of Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. Hiatt is not so well known on this side of the Atlantic as he deserves to be, so suffer a pen picture. Imagine a fairly tall, dark, handsome man who faces a congregation bolt upright, and with the air of a speaker who means something and means intensely. Dower him with a voice of rare quality that under his skilled control now rolls like thunder, and now is dulcet with low dove-like notes. This description will do for a beginning, and it must also suffice for an end, for the plain truth is that Dr. Caspar Hiatt must be seen and heard to be believed. For half an hour by the clock, noteless, he poured out on us a studied and modulated stream of epigram and exhortation, of good-natured easy jest and sonorous and reverberating solemnities; and the ink pales at the mere memory of his peroration. The whole speech was stupendous and astounding. It was Niagara Falls in full flood with its broad cascades swelling beneath the sunlight and rainbows amid its spray. And even at at Niagara one does not analyze the water, so were we all too amazed to realize the quality of the matter that contributed to his torrent of eloquence. This was a pity, for I am sure the address will read magnificently; and when next Dr. Caspar Hiatt pours himself down from rivers to rapids ,even at the risk of being submerged in the whirlpool, may I be there! Happy and astonished will be those who are with me."

The Rev. Dr. Frank H. Foster, of Olivet College, Michigan, gave an address at the Congregational Council in Edinburgh on The Doctrine of the Sacraments. The British Congregationalist, in its report, says that Dr. Foster held the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as merely a memorial." We quote: "The address dealt with the two historic positions of Congregationalism on the doctrine of the Sacraments—the one constructive and the other critical—but, as will be seen later, not with the full assent of his hearers. The first account, he said, which was given of the institution of the Lord's Supper, that of the Apostle Paul, made it merely a memorial. In the original Gospel, Mark, nothing was added which warranted an expansion of that meaning to something so widely different as was the sacramentarian. It was only in the third stratum, where they were visibly receding widely from the simpler earlier tradition at many points, where the stories of the virgin birth and its cloud of accompanying miracles were told, and the impossible exegesis of Matthew was introduced to sustain the Messiahship of Jesus, that a deeper meaning was attached to the Lord's Supper in the hint that it had something to do with the forgiveness of sins. Criticism did not long hesitate between that which agreed with a spiritual gospel and that which was upon the road towards the later distortions of Christianity which resulted in the externalism and puerilities of Rome. The meaning of the sacrament," continued Dr. Foster, would never be found by discussions concerning the word 'is' in the phrase 'This is My Body.' Undeniable historical certainty, such as was sufficient and also imperative and indispensable to fit any text to become the foundation of a dogma, and especially of a dogma so far-reaching and important as was the dogma of sacramentarianism, belonged to no word that Jesus was reported to have spoken, and to no single fact in his related life. Hence the whole basis had been withdrawn from beneath the argument for sacramentarianism, and it fell to the ground, there to become buried amid the other rubbish which had been accumulating throughout the centuries. A brief but brisk discussion ensued in which Dr. Adamson vigorously attacked the views of the last speaker, and stated that if those opinions represented Congregationalism he would cease from being a Congregationalist."

We judge from reports in the English newspapers that one of the best received addresses at the recent International Congregational Council was that by the Rev. Dr. Bradford of Montclair, New Jersey, on Culture and Philanthropy. "In a striking passage Dr. Bradford said that the perils which threatened the Church were all from its own household. It need have no fears concerning any forces from without. The Ingersolls, the Bradlaughs, and the Blatchfords were all helpers of the Church, because, like the outriders of the stage-coaches in new countries, they kept whipping it into the road into which it ought to travel. Turning to the dangers which threatened the Church from too little culture and from not enough philanthropy, he remarked, these are very real. The Church had been slow in recognizing and utilizing progress in various departments of knowledge. The average man of affairs who read the creeds to learn what the Church taught, believed that to this day all Christians thought that the story of the Creation was literal history; that God was a King who might be angered by his subjects, rather than the Father who was seeking his children; tnat the Atonement was an expedient for maintaining the majesty of outraged law, rather than the manifestation of the divine nature in terms of time and humanity, for the purpose of drawing all intelligent beings into unity. The intelligence of the Church believed in the universe, in the spirit of truth and love which pervaded it, in the universality of the moral order, in a real Incarnation, and in a vital atonement, in the inevitable consequences of right and wrong conduct; that all men were being drawn upward, and that the consummation of history would be the Kingdom of God. The ideal of Jesus and the ideals of philanthropy were identical. The Church was intended to be a brotherhood of free souls, united in the worship of God and the service of humanity. As a matter of fact, it was often an organization of intelligent men and women dominated by a dictator. Even in some so-called Free Churches similar inconsistencies appeared. Many of them were not brotherhoods. The best place in them was still reserved for the man with the gold ring; more attention was given to wealthy families than hungry souls. Church buildings with fatuous frequency were located so as to accommodate the rich, rather than to reach the depraved. Whether rightly or wrongly, many of the very people who needed the Church most felt that lodges, labor unions and social clubs provided more tangible benefits. The Free Churches of the world were not invariably examples of brotherhood. That fact ought not to be evaded. How could it be when even men as good and brave as Mr. Moody and Campbell Morgan conducted gospel meetings in cities in the Southern states of America from which all, even decent colored men, were excluded solely because of their color. Evangelism which appealed to white people alone was hardly Christian. (Loud applause.) That so few colored people were Christians was not a matter of surprise. The wonder was that they were not all infidels. (Hear, hear.)"

THE HOME

Only a frown,
And the day is dour,
And chill is the air,
And the wide skies lower;
And dire foreboding,
With unknown power,
The soul makes bitter
And sad the hour.

Only a smile
On a pleasant face,
But it gives the sunbeam
A long stern chase,
And it makes the hearth
A joyous place,
And it fills the day
With a nameless grace.

A cheery word
And a cheery smile,
How feat they foot it
For many a mile!
With what bright glamour
And what sweet wile,
They make home heaven
And life worth while!

ONE MOTHER'S OPINION.

The Little Mother, who was sewing, and the Schoolma'am, who was curled up in an armchair, were talking. The Schoolma'am always said she got many a hint from the Little Mother which helped her wonderfully in ruling her motley little subjects in the brown school-house. Presently five-year-old Winnie ran in, bubbling over with excitement about an accident that had befallen her doll. The Little Mother's sewing had to be laid aside while she listened to Winnie's story, sympathized with and comforted the little maid, and finally saw her run off happily to her play again.

"How could you stop your work and listen to it all so interestedly when you were in a hurry to finish your sewing?" asked the Schoolma'am. "I'm sure I wouldn't have the patience."

The Little Mother smiled. "I'm afraid I wouldn't have either, always. But last summer I learned a lesson one day when I was calling on Mrs. Clifford. You know her daughter, Edith Clifford, that bright, handsome girl who is so ambitious? Mrs. Clifford was talking to me about Edith. She said that Edith never confided in her, never talked to her of her plans and hopes, her failures and successes, as she did to her own girl friends, or as other girls did to their mothers. She said she felt completely shut out of her daughter's inner life. The tears were in her eyes as she spoke. I felt so sorry for her, and yet I couldn't help thinking that she herself was greatly to blame for it; although I am sure she would have been much surprised had anyone told her so, for she has always been a most affectionate and self-sacrificing mother. But often when I was there, when Edith was just a tiny girl, I have seen her come to her mother just as Winnie came to me now, eager to tell some little incident or plan which seemed very trifling to a busy woman, but of great importance in the eyes of a child. Mrs. Clifford would push her away impatiently, saying, 'Edith dear, mother is too busy,' or 'There, there, I haven't time to bother now.' Edith's face would cloud over and she would go away with quivering lips. What wonder if, after repeated repulses, the child came to think that none of her little interests mattered to her mother? She has grown up with that impression, and it can never be effaced. I thought of all this while Mrs. Clifford was speaking, and I made a compact with myself never to risk the loss of my child's confidence in like manner. I believe that if Winnie, when she comes to me with her small trials and triumphs now, always finds me ready to listen and smpathize and suggest, she will continue to do so when she grows into young girlhood."

"You are right, Little Mother," said the Schoolma'am. "I haven't forgotten how grieved and hurt I used to be when I was a mere mite and found that grown people took no interest in what seemed so wonderful to me, or, what was even worse, laughed at or ridiculed some of my childish thoughts when I tried to express them. Oh, it cut right to the bone and marrow! It is such a pity that most folks never seem to realize how sensitive the blossom of a child's confidence is! At the first rude touch it shrinks and closes, never to reopen. By the way, Little Mother, what are you doing?"

Little Mother laughed. "Something foolish, perhaps you'll think. You know I made these two print aprons for Lilian to wear to school. They were long, full, high-necked and long-sleeved—very neat and nice, I thought, besides being very serviceable. Well, when Lilian came home from school yesterday there were tear-stains on her face. When I asked her what the trouble was, she said that the girls in her class had laughed at her aprons and called them 'baby dresses.' So I am taking out the sleeves and cutting down the necks. I suppose many people would think me very foolish indeed, but I don't think I am. Of course, I think a mother should stand firm if a real principle were involved, and I don't believe in humoring mere whims or vanity either. But neither do I think a mother ought to inflict unnecessary discomfort on a child. Lilian is sensitive and would really suffer if she had to go on wearing those aprons at which her little world laughed. This seems trifling to me, of course. But suppose I myself were compelled to wear abroad some garment, no matter how serviceable it might be, which an acquaintance ridiculed. I know how I would feel. So I didn't try to scold or ridicule Lilian—and I am fixing over the aprons."

"I know," nodded the Schoolma'am, "when I was a little tot an uncle from the West brought me home a pair of embroidered deerskin moccasins. My parents made me wear them to school, and I'll never forget how I suffered. Looking back now, I know that the moccasins were really pretty, and I wish somebody would give me a pair like them nowadays. But nothing like them had ever been seen in my small world before, and they seemed to me odd and bizarre. Nobody else wore such things, and I felt as if every one was looking at my feet. How I loathed and detested those poor little, gay little moccasins!"

They both laughed, then the Little Mother said, "I'm going to 'fess to smoething else, so that you'll not get too much of a shock when you meet him. I had Teddy's curls cut off today."

"O Little Mother," protested the Schoolma'am, "why did you do it? I've approved of you right along, but I can't—no, I can't—approve of this. His lovely, long curls!"

"Well, I discovered that his lovely, long golden curls

were just so many thorns in my little son's soul. Oh, I hated to let them go! They did look so sweet and picturey when I combed them out over his velvet suit and lace collar. But poor Ted's heart was broken. He said the other boys laughed at him and called him 'girl-baby,' and offered him curl-papers; and he just couldn't stand it. I had a bit of struggle with myself. Then I thought I had no right to make Ted's life a wilderness of woe just to gratify my maternal vanity. So I took Ted to the barber and he is a shorn lamb now, bless his dear little round, close-clipped pate! He isn't half so pretty, but he is a great deal happier."

"What a wise Teddy to choose you for his Little Mother!" said the Schoolma'am, with a resigned sigh.—L. M. Montgomery, in The Interior.

THE OLD FARM.

When the busy day is over with anxious hopes and fears,
And the telephone stops ringing and the last clerk disappears,
With a sigh I lean back weary in my swinging office chair,
And my thoughts go back to childhood and the old farm that is there.

I can see the dear old homestead, broad and low beneath the trees,
And the rows of shining milk pans sunning in the fresh, sweet breeze;
I can see the barn and horses, and the orchard on the hill,
Where we gathered golden pippins for the old straw cider mill.

I can see the upland pastures dotted o'er with grazing sheep,
And the wheat field waving golden, ready for the men to reap,
I can see the old stone fences where the chipmunks used to play,
And the cornfield and the meadow with its piles of fragrant hay.

I can see the cattle standing 'neath the willows by the brook,
Where I used to fish for minnows with a bent pin for a hook;
And the pond where grew the lillies that my mother used to prize,
Ah, the light of heaven's shining now within those dear old eyes.

And I sigh while fancy lingers o'er each well-known pleasant scene,
Of the happy days of boyhood thrown by memory on the screen;
And I'd give all I have gained since, all my wealth and treasure rare,
To go back one day to childhood and the old farm that is there.

—Townsend Allen.

There is a new degree, "Doctor of Delusions." It is a D. D. correct enough. It is conferred on those who have some dominant delusion, and particularly on those whose delusion is that they can disillusion the delusions of other people.

Young People

THE TRUEST WISDOM.

The long, rambling summer hotel, with its deep galleries and open halls, stood high upon a bluff, at whose feet ran the clear, rippling mountain stream; and on beyond was the country—the beautiful, infinite country. To Clare Chester, whose home was in a closely built street of a great, noisy city, the sight of this far-reaching, placid land was an inexhaustible pleasure. So he spent most of the long, quiet days leaning over the banisters of the west gallery, watching the laborers down in the sunlit fields and the occasional white-covered wagon passing along the narrow road. Here and there farmhouses nestled upon the green hill slopes; but it was at the little house nearest the hotel that all travelers seemed to stop, and its small front porch was always filled with groups of visitors. Clare concluded that the gentleman who lived there was a very interesting sort of person, who had a great many friends, and he wanted very much to go and see him. But then there were a lot of things that he wanted to do that were forbidden, because he had been ill a long time, and his parents had brought him here to the mountain resort that he might get strong again.

Today Clare's mother and all the guests at the hotel had gone away in a pleasure wagon to see a wonderful cave where they would have a picnic lunch and not come back till dusk. Not to be allowed to go when the others were planning the splendid trip was almost more than the child could endure. He had to jingle the money which had been paid him to stay at home and think very hard of the fine things he might buy with it in order to suppress the tears as he watched the big wagon pass down the road and vanish beyond the woods.

"Does you-uns want ter buy some good eatin' apples this mawnin'?" The oddest voice that Clare had ever heard interrupted his revery, and the sight which greeted him as he leaned farther over the banisters was equally as odd.

A little gray donkey, whose burden consisted of one passenger and considerable freight, was nibbling grass about the steps. The passenger was a small boy, whose round, flushed face was as nearly covered by freckles as ever was a guinea egg. His red hair protruded unrestrainedly through the holes in his straw hat, and his clothing was scant and ragged. He seemed to be a well-supplied "market man." Over one shoulder hung a cotton-cloth satchel filled with plums. Tied to the pommel of his saddle was a bunch of frying-sized chickens, whose feet were closely confined by means of twine, and whose heads hung downward. On his left arm swung a basket of eggs, and on his right another basket of striped apples. Tied to the back of his saddle were a couple of tin pails.

"Ef you-uns ain't er-wantin' apples, thar's plums, nice 'n' ripe." The speaker's small, sharp eyes looked eagerly toward Clare, and it was evident that it was he who was being addressed as "you-uns."

"Why, yes; I'd like them very much if my father will let me have them. Wait a minute and I'll ask him." Clare turned to his father, who was busy with his writing just inside the hotel office. "Father, here's a boy with fruit to sell; let's buy it."

Mr. Chester came out upon the gallery and looked

good-humoredly down at the donkey and his burden. "Yes, I'll take your fruit, sir," he said.

Hardly had he spoken before the lad had slid lightly from his perch, regardless of incumbrances, and was emptying the bright red fruit into a convenient receptacle. "Thankee, sah," he called as he hastened down the steps and nimbly resumed his place.

"Wait a minute, please. I want to talk to you if you're not in too much of a hurry," said Clare, as he followed the boy down the steps. "Where are you going, and what do you mean to do with all those things?"

"I'm er-goin' to ther sto' fer to trade 'em."

"I didn't know there was a store away out here in the country. Where is it?"

"Right down thar." The speaker pointed directly to the house where all the travelers stopped to sit on the porch.

However, that surely could not be a store. Clare thought, for it was merely a cottage; whereas all the stores he had ever seen or heard of were great, tall buildings with lots of plate-glass windows and elevators and splendid counters. "Do you mean that little white house where the people are sitting on the porch?"

"Yep; that thar's it."

A very happy idea suddenly occurred to Clare. He had wanted very much to go across the stream to that small house, and now was his opportunity. He might ride behind the boy on the donkey! Of course the poor brute was already heavily loaded; but his weight would not make much difference, and it was so near by—right in sight all the way. He was feeling a deal stronger today, and maybe his father would let him go. At any rate, he would ask. "You wouldn't mind letting me go with you, would you? I don't weigh much, and I could ride behind you."

"Nope. You can go ef you wants to."

At this reply Clare ran up the steps and into the office. It didn't take so very much insisting to obtain his father's permission; for the lenient parent felt sorry for the lonely little fellow, and wanted to pacify him as far as possible for his disappointment of the morning.

The donkey raised no objection to his additional passenger, and began a cautious descent of the winding path which led to the shallow mountain stream. It was very pleasant to feel the cool water spatter up on one's bare legs; but, for that matter, the whole trip was full of novel delights.

"Do you mean to sell these things?" asked Clare as the boys neared the store.

"Nope; I'm er-goin' to trade 'em fer flour an' coffee an' the like; an' ma said ef they weighed more'n whut we need, why, then I could git me er hat an' er pa'r uv breeches to w'ar to school nex' week. These I got on ain't fitten to wear. The money yo' pa give me'll have to go fer medicine fer ma."

This explanation was not very clearly understood by the boy, whose needs had always been supplied without any thought on his part; but there was no time to inquire further, as the donkey had already stopped in front of the little store.

The group of roughly dressed men who sat about the door talking and laughing good-naturedly looked surprisedly at Clare as he followed his newly made acquaintance past them. "Whose kid's that?" said one.

"Some o' them city folks over to the hotel, I guess," another replied.

The interior of the store was unlike anything that Clare had ever seen. It was small and dark, and its contents included hardware, dry goods, groceries, drugs, red stick candy, and ladies' flower-decked bonnets in topsy-turvy confusion. He looked about in silent interest while his companion was effecting his "trade."

When the contents of the baskets and tin pails had been weighed and provisions measured out in exchange, the scantily clad boy hesitated for a moment, looking wistfully at the short jeans trousers and coarse straw hats displayed on the counters. "Ma said ef thar wus eny balunce I could git me some breeches an' a hat," he ventured at last.

"'Twa'nt no balunce," said the storekeeper dryly. "They come out jes' even."

The lad made no reply, but started toward the door with an expression of unconcealed disappointment.

The truth of the situation suddenly dawned upon Clare Chester. He understood now what was meant by "trading" the provisions. The poor boy had no money with which to buy clothes, and would have to wear those ragged garments to school. For a moment Clare jingled the money which had been given him as a reward for staying away from the cave party. It would buy a good many things which he really wanted, but then—"I'd like to buy a pair of those trousers and that hat with the blue band," he suddenly announced to the storekeeper as he handed over his money. The order was readily complied with, but both his compion and the merchant looked quizzically at the well-dressed boy as he took the parcels.

The return trip to the hotel was a very happy one, and by the time the boys had reached their destination they felt as though they were old friends.

"I thank you very much for taking me along with you. It's been great fun. Good-by. Here are your parcels," said Clare as he slid off the donkey and held the newly purchased clothes toward the mountain lad.

"They ain't mine; they're yo's," was the reply.

"No, they're too big for me. I got them as a present for you. Please take them."

The lad hesitated for a moment, as if he did not understand the meaning of Clare's words; then a smile of gratitude lit his face. "Thankee," he said. "Ma'll be glad I has 'em to wear, an' I won't never forgit you."

* * * * * *

Clare seemed to gain new strength with every day spent in the fine, highland climate. The resident physician advised out-of-door exercise as the surest way to vigor; and Mr. Chester in riding about the country had found a gentle little pony, which he at once purchased for his son's use. The boy was delighted with this new possession, and often rode to the station beside the hack on its daily trips. One morning he arose rather late, and when he rode down to the gate he found that the hack had already started for the station. However, it had not long been gone, and he felt sure that he could overtake it quickly, so set out alone. He had traveled over the forest road many times, and believed beyond a doubt that he knew the way; but the forked roads through the dense woods are sometimes very deceptive, and before the young rider realized it he had taken the wrong road and was lost. He tried to turn back, but the more he turned the more confusing became the byways, and he had wandered helplessly about the woods for almost an hour when a sudden, heavy shower began to fall. To be lost was bad enough, but to be lost in a drenching rain was worse; and Clare was on the verge of despair when he heard a sound of galloping down the road toward him. In another minute the gray donkey came into view and a familiar voice called out: "Whut are you-uns doin' here in the rain?"

"I started to the station and got lost. I don't know my way back, and I'm sure my mother must be uneasy for me," Clare explained.

"Wa'al," exclaimed the lad in surprise, "you're right at my house. It's right thar behind them trees. Let's hustle in out'n the rain."

Clare followed his rescuer down the road and into the little log cabin, where a woman and several small children were huddled about the door. "Here he is, ma! Here's the feller whut give me the breeches. He'd started to the station and got lost on the way," said the lad as Clare came into the house.

"Lands alive! we're right glad to see you; but you're all wet, an' you'll be sick. Take him up in the loft an' give him some dry clothes, Tommy," said the woman.

Clare ascended a ladder which connected the upper story of the cabin with the lower, and soon found himself clad in a blue cotton shirt and the very same trousers that he had bought at the country store.

"Now you stay here with my folks till the rain holds up, an' I'll gallop over to the hotel an' t ell yo' folks you're all right," said Tommy as they descended the ladder.

"But you'll get wet again," Clare protested.

"Aw, I'm used to it," the lad called back as he ran out the door into the shower.

It was almost noon when the rain ceased and the gray donkey and the bay pony, with their riders, set out for the hotel.

Clare looked very odd in the ill-fitting, rough clothes as he ran up the steps into his mother's arms, but she thought that the sight of her little boy had never been so tender to her before.

"These are the trousers I bought at the country store. I never thought I'd really wear them," said Clare laughingly.

"Your deed of charity has repaid you. Kindness is the truest wisdom, my son," whispered the mother happily.—Christian Advocate.

The press informs us that the Chinese Government has decided to appoint Tang Shao Yi, Governor of Moukden province and former president of Foreign Affairs, as High Commissioner to visit Washington for the purpose of thanking the United States Government for remitting a portion of the Chinese "Boxer" indemnity. China will send a hundred students to the United States to be educated and continue to send them for four years and thereafter fifty students a year until the whole amount remitted has been spent. China desires the closest friendship with the United States.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California, Co-educational, High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents

in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

MT. HERMON STOCK FOR SALE.

What will you give for two shares of MOUNT HERMON STOCK

J. E. WITHERSPOON,

Sacramento, Cal.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY, OAKLAND.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

Writers of Verse will learn something decidedly to their advantage by communicating with the Keystone Publishing Company, 1012 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

August 17, 18, 24, and 25.
Sept. 15, 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer. Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

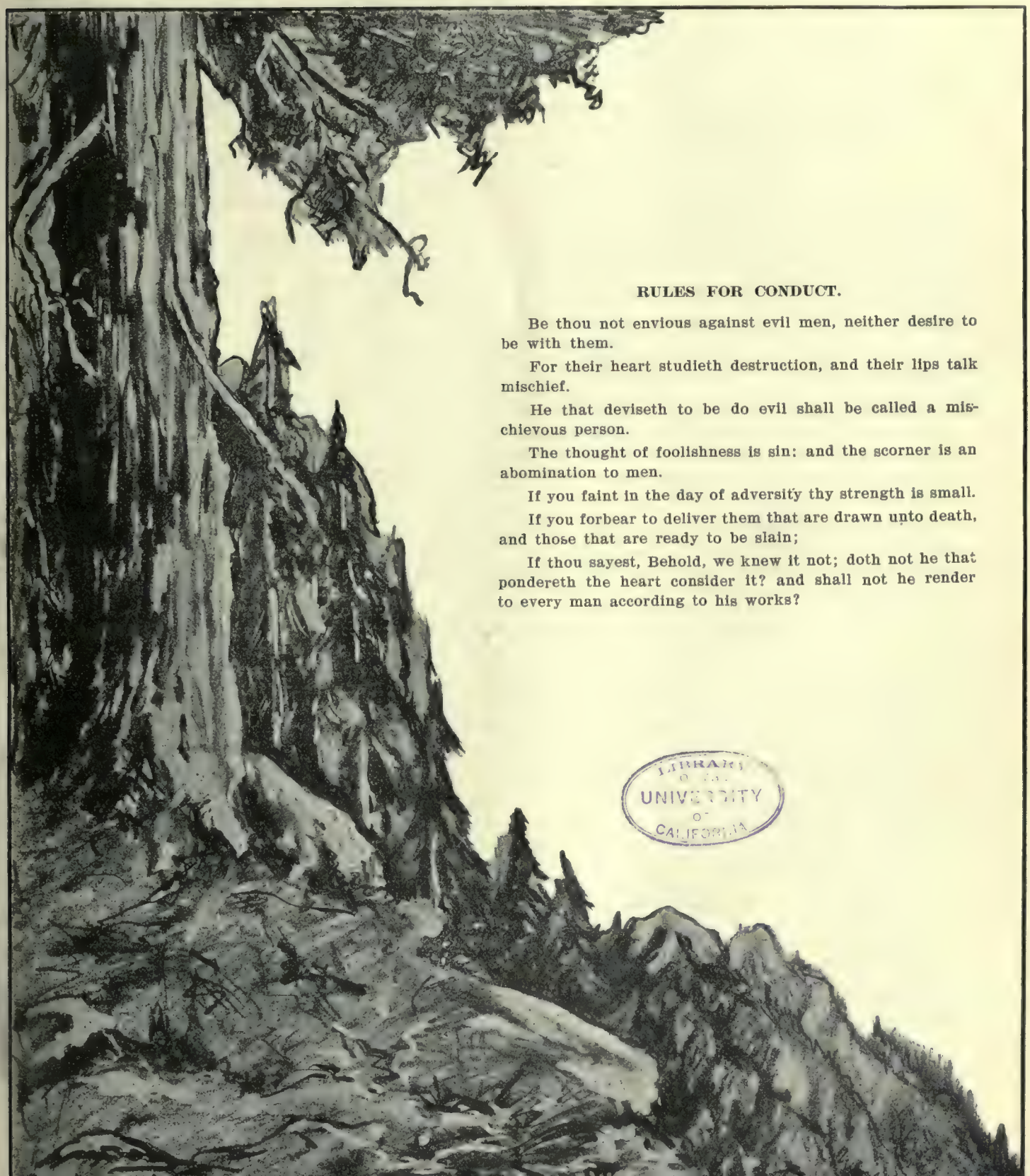
See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, AUGUST 6, 1908. No. 32

University Library



RULES FOR CONDUCT.

Be thou not envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them.

For their heart studieth destruction, and their lips talk mischief.

He that deviseth to be do evil shall be called a mischievous person.

The thought of foolishness is sin: and the scorner is an abomination to men.

If you faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.

If you forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain;

If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, . . Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
Room 433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

VAMPIRES.

A recent report in the secular press recounts that a certain man and his wife on awaking from sleep found the pet house cat with its paws about their infant's neck, while with its mouth to the lips of the infant, "Tabby" was inhaling the child's breath. Hastily seizing the cat and throwing it from the window the parent returned to the bed to find his child dead.

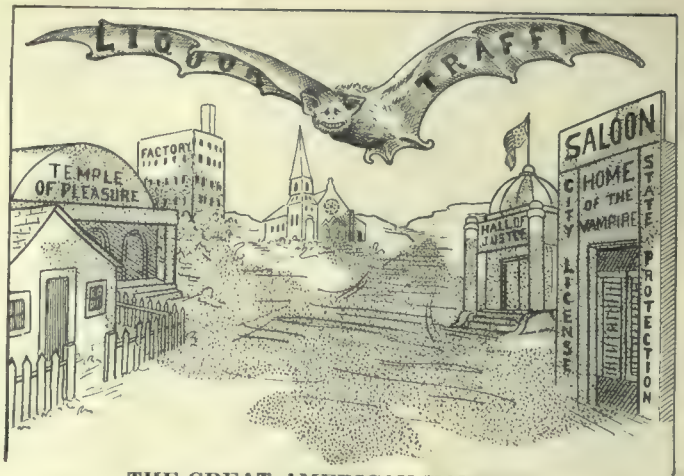
That cat was a household pet; the parents, however, did not know that there was danger.

The vampire of superstition is a kind of ghoul, that, remaining in its bed or grave during the day, goes forth at night, and finding its victim, sucks his blood until the vampire is satiated, returning night after night, until the victim dies from loss of blood.

The vampire of science is said to be a comparatively harmless creature, that sucks the blood of horses and of other animals, but in such small quantities as not to cause results other than those of irritation.

The vampires of society are not creatures of imagination or of superstition, neither of a harmless nature, producing only irritation.

These deadly vampires are customs, habits, laws, conduct, whatever, if slowly, yet surely, sucks the life blood of energy, of moral force, of intellectual precision, of vital power, until the state, society or the individual is a limp, helpless and, mayhap, a dying victim of the vampire's presence.



THE GREAT AMERICAN VAMPIRE.

The vampire of science does not make a seriously painful incision in the flesh of its victims, but with its tooth scrapes the skin until the blood appears, then slowly sucks its victim's life current.

There is an American vampire working day and night, summer and winter, in public and in private, not with painful incision, but with sure results, that has sucked the warm, invigorating life current from the brain and heart of the American conscience until that weak, enervated, enfeebled conscience lies as dormant as if dead, while the helpless cry for assistance and wrongs innumerable lack resistance.

A vampire that has sucked the blood from the tongue of protest until the great political platforms and candidates for high office are as silent as the Pyramids concerning the greatest evil of our day, the greatest menace to the peace of our homes, the greatest hindrance to the progress of righteousness, the greatest foe to industrial success, and the prolific source of more want, and wretchedness and woe, than is caused by war, pestilence and famine. Ah, yes—"And my people, saith the Lord, love to have it so!"

Christian reader, has this vampire sucked your blood of moral resistance until you can rest in supine indifference while this arch enemy of God, and the supreme Benedict Arnold of our race sends forth his officers to establish recruiting stations in every city block, enlist in his service young men and maidens, provide a secure shelter for red-handed anarchy, debauch the public service, drain your treasury to pay its court costs, its pauperisms and its crimes; flaunt its red flag of scarlet sin on every street; write Ichabod above your church doors, and send its own victims a-reeling, drunken, lost army, plunging over the precipice into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell!

Are parents so sound asleep as not to be conscious that this vampire is sucking the life blood of manhood from their boys and the blush of innocence from the cheeks of their girls?

Citizens, are you so benumbed as not to feel shame that this vampire has so sucked the blood of life from public morals that politicians dare to announce themselves for official positions in your county at hell's headquarters and in a drunken brawl!

With apology to a great writer, may we not in truth exclaim, Americans, countrymen, citizens, Christians, awake and strike for your country, your altars and your homes; but strike not to wound, strike not to subue, but strike to kill this vampire from the pit.

THE NEW STANDARD AND THE BEST METHODS OF ATTAINING IT.

Rev. Henry Jones.

It gives me great joy to have this privilege of expressing my belief and conviction in regard to the New Standard and the Best Methods of attaining it. I would like, first of all, to lay before you this porposition; that it is within the reach of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, this year, not five or ten years hence, to attain an average of $5 per member for Foreign Missions, or $6,000,000 to meet the great responsibility laid upon us in the greatest of all enterprises, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation."

Allow me now to endeavor to demonstrate this proposition by what the Second Presbyterian Church of Emporia, Kansas, has done, and I firmly believe that what this church has done nearly all other churches can do. This church was represented in the never-to-be-forgotten Omaho Convention by its pastor and one elder, the honorable L. W. Lewis, who is a commissioner to this General Assembly and is present in this afternoon conference. When the New Standard was discussed there in a solemn and prayerful spirit, one of the speakers requested of every delegate present to ask himself earnestly and prayerfully, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" in order to attain this New Standard so as to meet the responsibility laid upon us of evangelizing one hundred million souls in non-Christian lands in this generation. Immediately Mr. Lewis said in his heart, "Lord, I will be responsible for the Second Presbyterian Church of Emporia, Kansas, for the sum of $5 per member." At the same time the pastor of the said church said in his heart, "Lord, I will multiply by five the amount I gave last year for Foreign Missions." Both of us returned home filled with the missionary spirit and desperately in earnest, and the following Sunday we aroused and stirred our people with enthusiastic reports from the convention. The pastor announced the pledge Mr. Lewis had made for our church in the convention, and scores of the members said at the close of the services, "He will not have to pay for us, we will gladly give the $5 ourselves and receive our own blessing."

Several missionary sermons were preached during the year; a monthly missionary prayer-meeting was held the first Monday evening in every month; a Mission Study class and a Brotherhood were organized. Several sermons were preached on the Grace of Giving, and the Rule of Three in our Church Policy was emphasized, which as most of you know is as follows: Individually, "Let every one of you;" Systematically, "Lay by him in store on the first day of the week;" Proportionately, "As God hath prospered him."

On Sunday, January 19th, of this year, Dr. Bradt was invited to be with us and to address us in two services. Immediately after the first address was delivered six men were appointed to go to every one in the congregation asking for their subscription or contribution for Foreign Missions. Their names and the amount were recorded. The collectors' faces were aglow and their hearts overflowing with joy in seeing the people responding with their $5, some giving more and others less. In the evening service, after listening to an excellent and inspiring missionary sermon on the familiar text, John 3:16, the same collectors went to see all that were not present in the afternoon service and solicited their subscriptions or contributions for Foreign Missions. Before closing the evening service it was announced that about 80 of the 120 members had subscribed or contributed their $5, and that some had given more and others less, and that all who gave less expressed their desire to give more next year. Then Mr. Lewis came forward to the platform with his heart overflowing with joy, and said that he expected to have the privilege of contributing much more than they had left for him to give to make up the $600.00.

It was a never-to-forgotten Sunday in the history of our church, and from this on the third Sunday in January is established as our Foreign Missions Sunday. Many of us shed tears of joy as we examined the list of names in finding many with $5 to their credit, which we knew called for heroic sacrifice. One widow in humble circumstances, with four children and only one daughter earning $35 a month, brought bills amounting to $25 and placed them on the altar of God for the extension of His kingdom. Her husband, who was a pillar in our church, was as much interested and enthusiastic over the New Standard as any member in our church. After hearing the reports from the Omaha Convention he said to his wife and children, "Well, mamma and children, we must give $25 this year, whatever it may cost us, for the glorious work of taking the gospel to the millions who have not heard of our blessed Savior." On Sunday morning, April 7th, 1908, he was suddenly called to his eternal reward; but his beloved wife requested to have his name on the subscription list for Foreign Missions and gave $5 to his credit, and $5 each to the other four members in the family that are on the church roll, making the total amount of $25. This widow had been sacrificing for months to buy this alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious—very costly—and on Foreign Missions Sunday she broke the box and poured it on the Savior's head and anointed the feet of Jesus, and the house of God was filled with the odor of the ointment. The following verse in the book of Nehemiah gives a very vivid and real description of this memorable Foreign Missions Sunday in our church: "Also that day they offered great sacrifices and rejoiced; for God made them rejoice with great joy; the wives also and the children rejoiced; so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off."

What about our gifts to the other Boards? They are larger than we had ever given before; 75 cents per member to Home Missions; gave to Emporia College from April, 1907, to April, 1908, over $330; the pastor's salary was raised; and had at the close of the fiscal year over $200 in the church treasury over and above our current expenses.

Before closing allow me to repeat my first statement, that what the Welsh Presbyterian Church of Emporia, Kansas, has done, nearly all the Presbyterian churches throughout the United States can do. The New Standard can never be attained by having every member in the church give $5, for there are many members in every church who cannot give $5, and there are always some in every church who have the means to give but will find scores of excuses, not one reason for not giving. Therefore we cannot expect every member in our church to give $5 for Foreign Missions; but an average of $5 per member can be attained in nearly every church, for there are two or three, or half a dozen or more in nearly every church who can easily afford to give $25, $50, $100, $200, $500, or a $1,000 for Foreign Missions, and who will gladly give it when they see the need of it and are filled with the spirit of their Lord, whose supreme mission on earth was to save the world, and He Himself says: "As thou, Father, hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." "The field is the world." "Ye are the light of the world." "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel

to every creature. And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The average of $5 per member is within our power now. It is true that there are many Home Mission churches who cannot give $5 per member; but there are a great many more large and wealthy churches that are able to give more than $5 per member, as the First church of St. Paul, Minn., has done, and others that were reported in this afternoon's confernce, so that an average of $5 per member for Foreign Missions can be attained in the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A., without cutting down on any department of Christian work to meet this end. This can be attained. This will be attained just as soon as the churches will become intensely in earnest to fulfill the supreme mission of the church of God in the world —"To win the world to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

May the Holy Spirit lead us to attain this New Standard of giving, of service, of going to carry the Light of the world to the millions that are in darkness and in the shadow of death."

"Till pagans fling away their gods
And crown Him Lord of all."

A NEWSPAPER MAN AT MT. HERMON.

One of the significant events of the year at Mt. Hermon was the address on Wednesday night, July 22, by Mr. L. P. Hathaway, editor of the Palo Alto Citizen, on "The Purification of the Daily Press." For almost an hour Mr. Hathaway held the fixed attention of his audience to his clear, sane and graphic discussion of the present state and future possibilities of the press of the country.

There are in the State of California 722 newspapers, 144 of which are dailies. These newspapers are published in 280 towns and villages. There are near 2,000,000 of people in California. "Two-thirds of the people read a daily newspaper every day. Practically every person in California who is able to read reads a news no less often than once a week. They study the newspapers. They make them a part of their daily life." Upon these facts Mr. Hathaway based his further discussion, illustrating and demonstrating the power of the press to produce public opinion, good or bad.

"If every newspaper in the United States were to say the same thing at the same time and keep on saying it for a week or a month, or until all the periodicals could get a whack at it, there is no reform that could not be successfully brought about. Since the people base their opinions upon what they read in the papers and the voting class comes from the people and the people can be influenced to think and act alike, would it not be possible for a band of reformers or a gang of political villains to bring about almost any sort of a condition if they could gain control of the public press? Don't you think we could almost force good times if there were no pessimistic newspapers to cry 'hard times?' Don't you see how we could put the saloon out of business if we could get all the newspapers in the country to grinding out public opinion along that line? I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, nothing is impossible if the public press will get shoulder to shoulder and work for a common purpose."

Mr. Hathaway pressed most strongly the possibility of a very large per cent of the papers getting together, and expressed certain suggestions and plans for a concert of purpose on the part of the press for the general public good. This address, delivered from a platform such as this at Mount Hermon, is very significant, seeing that Mt. Hermon has stood for some time as an advocate of "The Partnership of the Moral Press." This address is prophetic of the good times to come.



BUSINESS METHODS IN THE CHURCH.

The report of the General Assembly Committee on Rehabilitation shows that the churches of San Francisco and vicinity, while valued at $179,000, carried but $19,000 insurance. This looks like poor business management, to say the least. It is said that the children of this world are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light, and this negligence, or lack of business sagacity, is a proof of the saying. What makes it difficult for one to understand, is why a man who is a success in business and wise in the world's knowledge does not use that same business reason in conducting the affairs of a church of which he is a trustee. It would be an interesting comparison, if it could be procured, to have a report of all the trustees of these churches carrying an insignificant amount of insurance or none at all, placed alongside a report of these men's personal business. While we have no knowledge whatever of the facts, yet it is safe to say that the great majority of these carried large insurance. Such being the case, why did not these men use the same precautions against loss on their church? If these were cases in the mercantile world, it would probably mean the loss of these men's positions. It could hardly be explained satisfactorily to a merchant, but to a church it is different. As the boys say, "Any old thing goes" with them. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. A trustee is as responsible for the care of the church property as he is of his employer's, and more so. If we had the same business energy and wisdom applied to the affairs of the church by the trustees as these same men apply to the management of their own business, the church would not only keep pace but lead in the onward march of progress.

Are there not other churches besides those affected by the earthquake not insured, and in danger of loss by fire? If so, let the trustees bestir themselves, lest they be called into judgment by their church for neglect of duty.

STETON.

SOME CHANGES.

1st. All churches in rural districts paying a salary of less than $1,200 per year, exclusive of manse, and all city churches paying less than $1,800, exclusive of house rent, or manse, should be known and recorded in the minutes of the General Assembly as Home Mission churches.

The present plan of calling aid receiving churches Home Mission fields, while others as small in numbers and paying even less in contributions is as senseless as it is invidious and injurious.

2nd. Since the time dishonored method of fixing the salary of the average minister on the supposed cost of living, and estimate his salary on his worth, his productive value to the community. If the minister has no real, material, this

world-value to the community, then he is an object of public charity, and the farce of paying a salary should cease; and let him live or die on the gifts provided by the saints and friendly sinners.

3rd. The time is not only coming but now is when ministers should ceaes being "scabs" and when they should stop cutting wages. The present "scab" plan is for a minister to apply for a job and, being given a "hearing," his workmanship is approved; then the salary. In the absence of a wage scale he reasonably demands $1,800. But the church has paid but $1,200, so another workman is "called," and as he willingly offers to do the job for $1,100, he is accepted to the injury of religion, the discredit of the church and his own loss of self-respect. There should be a fixed scale of wages to be honorably met by the churches and as willingly accepted by ministers.

4th. The large churches should join the Ministerial Labor Union. The present independent plan is for the large church to pay out annually its thousands per minister, music, etc., while its neighbor of the same craft, that is, denomination, and in the same city, languishes and starves to death. The Standard Oil Co. is called a trust, with all the gratifying adjectives at hand as prefixes, provided the said trust diverts trade from an independent dealer. But a church, rich and large and flourishing is a great "success" provided she can divert numbers and money and public service; that is trade—not from an independent, no, but from a fellow trader. "Brethren, these things ought not so to be," but because they are, the world sneers and you vainly hope to secure a remedy by praying for more ministers.

OVER FORTY.

ALBANY BIBLE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The Summer Bible School closed last night with an able address by Congressman Hawley on the relationship of religious convictions to public life, showing that after all there is considerable religion put into the public life of the country, though a great need of more.

The local attendance was far from satisfactory, the general effect of the Bible school is believed to have been good and to have been a splendid thing for Albany. It has in a material way advertised Albany College as a Christian institution.

The program has been one of far more than ordinary merit. The addresses of Rev. O. C. Wright, of Eugene, Dr. Bell of Corvallis, President Homan of Salem, C. W. Degraff of Portland, Dr. Rader of Portland, Dr. Vance of the Lane Seminary, Dr. Washburn of Willamette, Secrtary Stone of Portland, Rev. Ferris of Grand Rapids, Mich.; President Mock of Dallas, Secretary Rhodes of Portland, Rev. Adams of Fargo, Dak.; Rev. Folsom of Forest Grove, Rev. Hurd of Corvallis, Dr. Holt and Congressman Hawley, covered a wide field comprehensively.

The daily class work was in remarkably competent hands. Dr. Vance did splendid work in the presentation of the minor prophets and the Epistles of Paul; Dr. Washburn displayed a fine knowledge of Psalms, Mr. Cross was remarkable in his Sunday-school demonstrations, well assisted by Mr. Steele, Rev. Nesmith put a new life into the subject of the rural church, the young people's conference under Rev. Hurd of Corvallis was particularly good, Dr. Holt is perhaps the best exponent of missionary work on the Coast and Dr. Geselbracht of this city endeared himself to all in his splendid treatment of the important subjects, the inductive studies of the Bible and the training of children during the different stages of their lives, from the cradle up, thoughtful and convincing.

The attendant entertainments were good, the presence of Fred Butler, prehaps the best gospel singer in the United States, was a treat, Mr. J. C. Irvine did faithful work in the leading of the music, the pictures of Rev. White added to the interest and many others assisted materially.

More than all was the superior head work and organization of President Crooks, thoughtful and unrelenting in his determination to have the school get a good start. It will grow and become a power in Albany.—Albany Democrat.

OUR SPEECHLESS SPANIEL.

The dumb brute cannot tell how much he loves;
He cannot speak with words we long to hear;
We cannot understand the cooing doves,
Whose murmurings fall sweetly on our ear.
But true affection reigns within the heart
That welcome us with gladness unexpressed;
Our "Duke" has his caresses that impart
The joy that only thus can be confessed.
But how he loves to lie around and sleep,
With nothing else to do but take his ease;
And yet to run and greet you, and to leap
Upon you, is the way he seeks to please.
The beauty of his silken, glossy coat;
His overflowing friendliness and joy;
His heart from all ingratitude remote;
His playfulness, like that of some glad boy,
Are charms which our spaniel is endowed.
But he is speechless and can never tell,
With words that he can clearly speak aloud,
Just why it is he loves us all so well;
Should oftentimes the thankless ones remind
Of One, who in His happy home above,
Would in them all such true devotion find.

—James Smith McDonald.

CHAUTAUQUA AT PACIFIC GROVE.

Rev. H. N. Bevier.

The chief interest of Presbyterians at the Chautauqua Assembly this year centered in the presence of Rev. Ira S. Landrith, D.D., LI.D., of Tennessee, who came to lecture and preach the sermon in the morning of Chautauqua Sunday. Dr. Landrith is an ex-moderator of the Cumberland General Assembly; regent of Belmont College, Nashville; general secretary of our new Brotherhood, and a popular lecturer of growing repute, delightfully at home before a Chautauqua audience. He enjoys telling of a former experience on the coast in attendance upon the 1897 International Convention of the Christian Endeavorers in San Francisco. He was asked to fill a vacancy on the program at a moment's notice, a vacancy made by the non-apeparance of Dr. Russell H. Conwell for an address and he insists that he would have been hopelessly at sea but for his sudden recollection of a funny bear story which made an instant hit and set him on his happy way at once. It turned out that his impromptu effort was one of the events of the convention.

Dr. Landrith was accompanied this year by Mrs. Landrith, a daughter and two teachers of Belmont College. He was on a circuit of four assemblies in California and Oregon: those of Ashland, Willamette Valley, Long Beach and Pacific Grove. He arrived at Pacific Grove on Friday of the first week, just in time for a hasty dinner and an immediate appearance upon the platform. His first lecture was on

"That Lit'le Cabin," and was a plea for a sound, true clean Christian home. Another was on "Level Best Living," a ringing call to manhood in civic domestic and religious spheres. Both were admirable specimens of popular lectures, striking high notes and touching the common heart. His style is colloquial, richly flavored with Southern accents, lighted with homely, quaint humor, warmed with pathetic allusions here and there and tender telling anecdotes. Vice-President Rev. H. N. Bevier presided at both lectures and at the last the speaker was given the Chautauqua salute.

Between lectures Dr. Landrith's party took the long drive along the beach, visited Monterey, Del Monte and San Carlos Mission, and enjoyed a cruise in the glass-bottomed boats. The only thing that marred a happy visit was the sad sudden illness of Mrs. Landrith, which was alarming for a time and caused an abrupt termination of their Coast tour after Los Angeles. Mrs. Landrith was quite well on Friday and Saturday, though somewhat fatigued after the trip across the continent, but on Sunday morning, an hour before service, she was attacked suddenly with a critical nervous collapse, which it was feared would prove fatal, but from which she rallied and is now in Los Angeles convalescent and hopes soon to be strong enough to return home. Dr. Landrith could not preach Sunday morning as scheduled, but Dr. William Rader of Calvary Church was on the ground to deliver the evening discourse and was suddenly called on for the morning service, as Dr. Landrith had been for the convention address eleven years before. Dr. Rader preached an able sermon on the "Temptation of Christ," which was so well received that in the evening he had an overflowing congregation for one on "The Destiny of the Republic." On his arrival at Los Angeles Dr. Landrith addressed an enthusiastic meeting of the Brotherhood. He regretted very much that the lecture schedules, arranged by his bureau so as to reach each of the four assemblies in time, made his acceptance of an invitation for an invitation for an address in San Francisco impossible. His visit in the city was limited to a few hours at mid-day.

The Assembly had a full program and was successful and delightful throughout. There was one important slip only and that was the lecturer's own. Congressman Williams of Mississippi was down for Monday evening of the first week, but a delay of trains brought him Tuesday instead, which was too late for the schedule, and he left soon for an automobile ride to Salinas, en route for Long Beach and another date. It was a disapopintment, but providentially it saved the Assembly a large item of expense, which in a quiet financial year was soothing to say the least, and the feast was large enough to spare one big turkey. Mrs. Lenora M. Lake, a well-known speaker of the Roman Catholic Church on Sociological subjects- voiced the "Cry of the Children—their right to be well-born and well reared" one evening and was the lecturer at both Forum hour and afternoon service on "Anti-Saloon Day," speaking on "Woman and Temperance" and "Our Homes," giving us some of the best work done at the Assembly. In the evening Dr. McCash of Berkeley, who was once a field worker in the Anti-Saloon field, gave a stirring address on "Civic Conscience." Perhaps no impression was more intense than that made by Weather Forecaster Maurice Conneeller of San Jose in a lecture two hours long on "His experiences with the ill-fated Greely party at Camp Sabine, near the North Pole. He was one of seven survivors after all the others had starved or frozen to death, and his recital of his personal hardships and sufferings was most thrilling. At the close of the lecture he perdicted that the present Peary expedition would reach the long sought pole. Some humorous filling in was provided in the lectures of Dr. Southers, popularly known as "Cyclone," or the "Man without a Soul," and other subjects. Mrs. Emma Greenleaf of Los Angeles, a prime favorite on Assembly platforms always, and who gave interesting courses last year on "California Missions," gave this year "Snap-Shots of Our Navy," and did effective work in other lines. Bishop Hamilton lectured on "Some Boston People of Quality." Dr. Geo. L. Spinning on "The Indians of California," and Francis J. Heney gave one of his most powerful addresses on the graft prosecutions. The oratorio concerts under the direction of Mrs. Weaver McCauley were excellent, as was also one fine musical evening, by leading San Francisco artists. Recognition Day with its graduation ceremony and address by President W. C. Evans, D.D., was notable. A large class received diplomas and were passed through the arches into the order of the "Hall in the Grove." The alumni banquet was a great event as always. A Forum hour conducted by Dr. Filbin, superintendent of instruction, on "The Outlook for Prohibition," was most interesting. The Bible hours by Dr. Coxe of St. Louis, a veteran normal instructor for years at Western and Southern Assemblies, was most educational and stimulating. The attendance at these studies steadily increased until the auditorium was well filled at 9:30 in the morning. One of the best attended classes were those in Conchology by Prof. Josiah Keep of Mills College, a vice-president of the Assembly and president of the Alumni Association. He also gave outside lectures to classes along the beach on marine life in general. An interesting round table was conducted by Mrs. E. J. Dawson, secretary of the Assembly. Old First Night, a rally of graduates and their friends at the opening was well attended and a sort of a camp-fire home-coming, with the fire and camp visible only to the imagination, as it was held in a parlor of the Assembly Hall. Woman's Club Day has come to be a recognized feature of the program. This year it was notable in every way. There were representative women from San Francisco, San Jose and other cities. Mrs. Lovell White of San Francisco spoke among others, as did Mrs. Hurff of San Jose and Mrs. C. Ruzon. Mrs. Franklin of the University of the Pacific, who gave a series on prominent writers of English Fiction, presided. At the close of the afternoon lecture there was a reception given to the visiting women and their friends in the Sun parlor of the Pacific Grove Hotel. The last lecture was by Prof. Robert G. Aitkin of Lick Observatory on "The Study of the Stars with a Camera." The Assembly closed in a blaze of light and beauty, with the traditional Feast of Lanterns.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS. G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

St. Luke's hospital of the city of New York, has come into possession of $3,000,000 worth of property by the will of William Wheeler Smith, an architect. It is to be applied to the care and relief of needy convalescent patients recovering from acute diseases and surgical operations, and from these and other causes requiring care and treatment not obtainable in their homes, and without regard to religious belief or sex.



NEVADA.

Rev. H. S. Jones has been commissioned Pastor Evangelist for the Presbytery of Nevada. The Presbytery of Nevada has over 130,00 square miles, embracing the entire State of Nevada and three counties of California,—Inyo, Mono and Alpine. This is a new Presbytery set off last October from the Presbytery of Sacramento. So many new towns are springing up in this territory that this is the only efficient way of caring for the work. His work is to lay the foundations for permanent occupancy. Rev. Mr. Jones has been the pastor at Columbia, Nevada, which will now be left vacant.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALVARY.—Seven new members were added last Sunday to this church. In the morning the pastor preached on "The Upper Room," and in the evening on "The Shipwreck." The congregations in the evenings fill the house; there has been little falling off during the vacation season. A volunteer choir of male voices is being organized. It will consist of a double quartette. Dr. Hemphill, pastor emeritus, has been on his ranch near Paso Robles during the summer, and may not return until September or October.

VALLEJO.—Rev. D. M. Gandier, recently gave us a strong presentation of the good work in hand, conducted by the Anti-Saloon League, to which the people of Vallejo responded liberally. He will be found to be a wise and able worker in this much needed field. Rev. and Mrs. T. F. Burnham have been welcomed home after and Eastern trip. There have been been many social affairs given by the people of the Presbyterian Church in the many years since it was first established in this city, but none that was more thoroughly enjoyable than that of last evening, when a large number of members and friends gathered in the church parlors to extend a welcome to the pastor, Rev. Theo. F. Burnham, and Mrs. Burnham, who returned only a few days since from an extended Eastern trip. It was the first opportunity that many of the members of the church had to meet the guests of honor socially since their return, and the evening was accordingly one which was greatly enjoyed. The affair was opened with prayer by Samuel Kitto of the Methodist Church and during the evening an excellent program was rendered. Miss Fowles contributed a piano solo, which displayed technique and expression and was heartily encored. S. E. Williams gave a recitation, "The Church Bell," with telling effect, and Mrs. James Claxton's solo was rendered in even richer voice than usual, Miss Minnie Burnham acting as accompanist. Several interesting recitations were given by Miss Alice Hawkins and two seclections by the double quartet, composed of Messrs. Coombs, Fowles, Knuchell, Brown, H. Cassady, Graham, Hawkins and Jeffers, completed the program. The feature of the affair was the address given by the pastor, Rev. T. F. Burnham, who spoke interestingly of the trip throughout the East which he and Mrs. Burnham enjoyed and which have proven so beneficial to them both. A social hour followed. the serving of ice cream and cake bringing the pleasant evening to an end. The pulpit during the three months' absence of the pastor was ably suplied by Prof. F. F. Day, Rev. Geo. D. Day, Prof. W. H. London, Rev. James Mitcheli and others. A united and prosperous congregation was kept intact.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. John H. Kerr, D.D., who was for 7 years professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Seminary and then pastor of Trinity church, San Francisco, has recently resigned the secretaryship of the American Bible Society, New York, which position he has occupied for the last five or six years. While there he has published one volume of his own and edited a number of other volumes. He will now return to the pastorate.

Rev. James Ervine, '02, who had to retire from his work in New Zealand a year ago on account of his health, has been recruiting in British Columbia. He has quite recovered and is now ready to resume work anywhere on the Coast.

Dr. Moore was in Leipsic, Germany, when last heard from. He has had a profitable summer moving among the universities and meeting the professors. He and Mrs. Moore will leave Edinburgh for home on the 26th of August.

Dr. Mackenzie visited the Seminary last week Thursday. He left for the East the following day.

Rev. Henry C. Minton, D.D., of Trenton, N. J., who was for ten years professor of theology here, has a very strong article in the August number of the Homiletic Review on "The Pope's Encyclical Against Modernism." It is worth finding and reading.

Rev. J. W. Lundy, '86, has been pastor of the First church of Stockton for the past eleven years. His is the second oldest Presbyterian Church in the State. The church was never more united and never in more effective working condition than now. Mr. Lundy has participated in and is reaping the benefits of the revival services conducted by Rev. J. E. Bulgin, D.D. On July 5th there were 60 accessions to the church, all but 12 on profession of faith. The forces of righteousness are making themselves felt in Stockton. The saloons have been closed on Sunday and the people are erecting a Y. M. C. A. building to cost $75,000.

LESSONS FROM THE SEA.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for August 16th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Life is like the sea, and our souls are the ships upon it. You cannot see all of the ocean, only a few miles nearest to your ship are visible to you; only the surface reveals a few of its wonders and beauties to you. It is so with life, we know only a small part of it, and that part has great depths which we cannot explore, while out beyond the horizon line the great sea of life still stretches on and on.

One of the most solemn and impressive sights I ever saw was the coming of the fleet into San Francisco Bay. I was standing on the deck of a steamer just inside the Golden Gate when I became aware of a cloud of smoke far away on the horizon out to sea. It was our fleet—nothing but a cloud of smoke slowly moving toward the land. Soon it became not a cloud, but a line of columns of smoke. On and on it came, straight, steady, silent. It seemed to move by the mighty impulse of some mysterious power beyond. We could not speak to it, could not control it, could only wait and watch it come resistlessly, silently, with all the majesty of planets swinging on their orbits through space.

Only these planets were manned by our fellow creatures and coming nearer every moment. Soon the masts and then the hulls are visible, the salutes begin to thunder forth, the Connecticut passes the forts, and soon the whole fleet lies at anchor in the harbor.

How solemnly suggestive this coming of the fleet is of the mysterious coming through infancy and childhood of a human soul into the port of manhood and womanhood. The new-born babe, hardly more than a cloud of smoke on the far-off horizon of human life—how like a wrinkled little old man a tiny baby looks, how old and wise he seems, how far away from our humanity. And then as the months and years go by it is like a great ship drawing near the harbor's mouth. Various human characteristics develop. Language comes and the rest of the household talk with the child. Ideas grow and the talk becomes filled with ever deeper meaning. The grandfather lives his boyhood over again with the six-year old. The boy is growing, the ship is almost in the harbor's mouth, and at last the day comes when, a full-grown man, he passes into the harbor of adult life and drops anchor beside his father, strange new soul, akin to the father and yet forever separated from him, bearing the father's likeness, and yet if that father's deepest prayers are answered, a larger, nobler, better man.

I have also stood on shore and watched a ship put out to sea. Out through the Golden Gate she goes, out into the west, with all sails set until at last she is lost to sight on the horizon—and yet not lost at all, only sailing her proper and determined course. And around her still stretches the same blue sea, over her the same sun and stars. To her captain, as he looks back from the wheel, it is the shore that has faded away and sunk beneath the horizon line.

And so it is in our human experience—there comes a time when, ship by ship, we must steer out of the harbor's mouth, out across the sea into the sunset light across that horizon line which we call death. But we have this faith—that the great Sea of Life stretches out beyond the horizon line; that out there on the great deep the sun still shines, and it shall seem to us, as it seems to the captain, that it is the shore line and the ship that has disappeared. And out across the Sea of Eternal Life we sail to find new islands and a brighter continent, but the sea is one and the same stars shine over us at night.

"I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

And so, beside the silent sea,
  I wait the muffled oar,—
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore."

The Watchman, a Baptist paper published in Boston, has the following good hit on the proposition for Methodist church union: "The Methodist Episcopal Conference seems to have another case of Mike. Says Mike to Biddy, when he heard she was engaged to somebody else, 'Would you marry me if I askt ye?' Says Biddy, 'Do you want me Mike?' Says Mike, 'Not unless I can't get ye.' The Methodist Episcopal Church paid no court to the Methodist Protestant Church until it seemed likely that somebody else would get her. Then love burned. And the coy Methodist Protestant maiden discovered suddenly that she loved the Methodist lover better than she loved the one with he strange name, to whom she had almost yielded her hand."

FEEDING OUR CHILDREN POISON.

Francis A. Downs.

In the San Francisco Call of May 3 Mr. Andrea Sbarboro, president of the Asti Colony of Italian and Swiss, is reported to have spoken two hours to more than 100 grape and hop growers in Santa Rosa in support of a plan to organize a campaign for the purpose of educating people to use wine and beer. A committee was appointed to effect a permanent organization of this sort throughout the state. Mr. Sbarboro, according to the Call, said: "Wine and beer are the true preventives of intoxication." We have to organize a campaign of education. We have to teach American mothers to furnish their children as soon as they sit on their baby chairs at the table with a little wine and water at their meals, just the same as mothers living in the grape-growing and wine-producing countries of the world have done for generations past, and where children, becoming accustomed to the use of these non-intoxicating beverages at their table will have no desire for stronger beverages between meals, and thus become proof against intemperance."

This man's name, Sbarboro, reminds me of the ancient Greeks' "Hoi Barbaroi, and whether he be "Barbarian" or not, his name certainly has a "barbarous" sound, and there can be no question as to the "barbarity" of his teaching. His doctrine strikes me as being so absurd that I am really puzzled as to how it should be dealt with. It is very much like replying to a man who has denied that two and two are four. Yet he and his co-laborers seem to be grimly in earnest and are seriously contemplating the task of teaching the American mothers to give their babies wine. I do not envy them their task. With the startling progress of prohibition, with almost every state in the American Union teaching in her public schools the evil effects of alcohol in all its forms, with the great body of physicians standing almost unanimously against the use of any alcoholic drinks, with 13,000,000 Sunday-school scholars and teachers, among whom total abstinence is taught, with the evangelical churches pledged to teetotalism and the great business interests of the country combined against intemperance, the field of effort for the so-called "Viticultural Society" is not very inviting. The conditions are hard, and I am not seriously alarmed. The truth is, **their** alarm is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. A cause must be in desperate straits before it resorts to the methods of the man of barbarous name. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

What is the logic of the doctrine of our Asti friends? Simply this: To keep a man from loving alcoholic drinks teach him to love them. To save a man from the appetite for strong drink create the appetite. If you do not want your boy to smoke teach him to smoke cigarettes. That logic is certainly profound and unanswerable—it answers itself. I wonder those men—senators and others—did not smile, or are they devoid of a sense of humor? There is a reason for the humor—the absurdity—of this situation escaping these gentlemen, as we shall see by and by.

But the man of barbarous name spoke too fast. Facts are against him. He forgets that the world is not as large as it once was and news travels fast. Carefully compiled statistics show that France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Denmark and the United Kingdom lead in wine and beer drinking and also lead in the consumption of absolute alcohol, and that increase in the use of wine and beer means an increase in the use of spirituous liquors. Germany and England use twice, and

UNIVERSITY

France three times as much alcohol (per capita) as the United States; yet the growing economic superiority of the United States is unquestioned. Is there any connection between these two facts? When we come to think that a very large per cent of the alcohol consumed in this country is imbibed by men of foreign names, and then remember that the management of the stupendous American enterprises are largely in the hands of the sober Anglo-Americans, we are still more convinced that the health, wealth, wisdom, honor and happiness of our country does not depend on teaching our babies to drink wine and beer. The American mother looking on the stalwart, sober and honored sons of her own great commonwealth in comparison with the beer-guzzling, wine-bibbing, low-browed foreigner will be slow to take lessons in pedagogy from the owner of the largest wine tank in the world, though his name were twice as long and "barbarous" and his wine tank twice as large. She will be quick to suspect a direct connection, between the sign of the wine tank and the strength of the teaching.

American mothers of common sense know that alcohol in any form is unfit for food, never necessary, and its use is always frougnt with danger. They know that fewer boys go from homes of teetotalers than from homes of moderate drinkers down to the drunkard's grave, and the drunkard's hell. They know their hearts and love their boys, and the barbarous doctrine of Mr. Sbarboro will fall on ears that are deaf, t hough the mournful wail of the bursting wine tank rise never so loud and sad.

What means all this? Does he of foreign name and his co-laborers, with names equally barbarous, and his hirelings—do they care for the American youth? Does their manifest anxiety spring from their great love for the American child, the American home and the American flag? I tell you, "Nay—they have **wine to sell!**" There lies the whole secret. To sell that wine they would deceive the American mother, debauch the American child, break up the American home, dishonor the American flag and send the American citizen staggering drunk to death and hell. What care they for temperance—they are anxious to transmute the contents of their over-filled wine tanks into American gold. They are so blinded by their love for the American dollar that they would pour their vile poison down the throats of infants in the cradle. Away with such teaching! It is the work of fiends more diabolical than the ghoulish robbers of the dead. It springs from a selfishness, pure and simple; so debased that it would spoil the American home of its most priceless jewels in order to fill its own till. Mothers, resent it with all the strength of your pure souls and your strong love. Let the wily foreigner and his servile mercenaries know that we can care for our own homes and children, and least of all will we crush out the lives of our sons on the altars of their lust for gold. Let us organize and wage eternal battle against all such satanic effort. Let us forth to the fight, strong in the strength of God, assured that victory will perch on the banner of purity, sobriety and righteousness, that the effort to debauch the American youth for the sake of foreign wine and hop producers will be completely foiled and its promoters branded with that shame its selfish methods so justly deserve.

A short time before the Denver convention President Roosevelt said that he regarded Mr. Bryan as the strongest man for the Democrats to nominate.

A NEW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The wine growers have organized an alleged temperance campaign. Like what the Scriptures say about wine itself, "Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Primarily the object of this wine growers' campaign is to defend the wine industry and furnish a substitute for prohibition. They became alarmed at what they call "excessive and indiscriminate temperance agitation." This new temperance organization of wine growers will print books, booklets, circulars, and send lecturers over the country to inform the people that "wine is not a mocker," that "strong drink is not raging," that whosoever is deceived by these books, booklets, circulars and lectures is after all wise. They are going to show that at last the wine does not bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

These wine growers have levied a tax of 25 cents an acre on all the wine grape acreage in the State. This is only one of the many ways inaugurated to raise money. The campaign contemplates the expenditure of more than one-half million dollars a year to beat back the rising tide of temperance. Mr. Sharboro, the president of the Italian-American bank was elected president of this new temperance. propagandism. In this opening address he says: "The wave of prohibition, which is now passing over our State and over the Union, having for its aim the removal of alcoholism, unfortunately does not discriminate between total abstinence and true temperance, and, therefore, the prohibition people would stop the use of wine as well as strong alcoholics."

The next rather ridiculous thing Mr. Sharboro tells his new society of wine growers, temperance crusaders, is that "prohibition does not prohibit," that "in Maine there are as many drunkards according to the population as in any State in the Union." Having laid down this principle the newly elected president of the new temperance organization proceeds to tell the company how he was sent to Washington, D. C., by the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco to defeat the Littlefield bill protecting free States from the aggressions of the liquor dealers' associations and the Sims bill, having in view the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor in the District of Columbia. He convinced the Judiciary Committee of the Senate that the Littlefield bill prohibiting the liquor men from freely shipping liquor into prohibition States would lead to rebellion and civil war, just as the prohibition of slavery into the free States had led to civil war. Mr. Sharbbro thinks he effectually convinced the judiciary committee of the Senate that the liquor dealers' association was abundantly able to plunge the country into civil war. This is the unique way in which he states his argument: "In addressing the committees I showed them that the bill would do no good, except in the creation of a new industry—the industry of smuggling—but that, on the contrary, it would be exceedingly harmful by creating and fostering serious dissensions between State and State, which would eventually lead to another civil war." Although eleven of the eighteen senators had expressed themselves in favor of the Littlefield bill, when they saw Mr. Sharboro's war cloud they changed their views. Having changed and completely reversed the mental and moral machinery of the eighteen members of the judiciary committee from the United States Senate, he proceeded to the Congressional committee having in charge tne Sims bill, which was to make Washington a "dry city." He startled and confounded the committee with a single statement. Addressing the Congressional committee he said: "Gentlemen, you cannot prohibit the

use of wine in the District of Columbia. Why, this is Washington, the capital of the United States, where are ambassadors, ministers and diplomats, come from all parts of the world." Mr. Sharboro grows quite dramatic and adds: "Do you mean to say that when these gentlemen go to their hotel and order their usual bottle of wine that they are to be told by the waiter in attendance: 'Sir, the laws of the country do not permit the use of wine!'"

These foreign diplomats would be shocked into insensibility and they would cry out, "Is this the land of the free?" The president of the Italian-American bank has not only a vivid imagination, but a lively convincing way of putting things. We must add one more quotation from his speech before the Congressional committee: "Now, suppose that our own minister goes to Paris, Berlin or Rome with his family, and on arriving at their hotel the lady would ask for a pot of tea. Suppose then that the waiter would say: 'Madam, the laws of this country do not permit the use of tea.' Wouldn't she be shocked?" Then he turned to the assembled ladies and prohibitionists present and said: "Ladies, methinks I read your thoughts—tea is not an intoxicating beverage. Very true; but let me tell you, ladies, that to those gentlemen who have been accustomed to the use of wine at their meals from infancy, wine is no more intoxicating than tea is to you."

This final flourish not only paralyzed the growing temperance shoots in the minds of the Congressional committee but turned the sentiments of Mr. Sims, the author of the bill. Mr. Sharboro informs his new temperance organization that he only mentions these matters to show how easily the thing can be done. He says: "I have brought these facts before you in order that you may see that the American people can be convinced of facts when properly presented to them."

It would be easy for the temperance people, too, if "Uncle Joe" were on their side as he is now evidently on the side of the liquor dealers association. It may be of interest to note that the wine interest in California now has an investment of $100,000,000 and produces $25,000,000 income.

There is only one thing to do, and that is to keep up the the agitation. There is a new power in this temperance reform movement.

AN AWAKENING IN MANCHURIA.

Lioa-Yang, one of the stations of the United Free Church of Scotland, has been greatly stirred by a spiritual awakening, which is directly traceable to the revival in Korea. One of the missionaries who had visited Korea, held a series of services for Christians in February. Special prayer-meetings were held for months previous in Liao-Yang and many surrounding o ut-stations, and when Mr. Goforth of Hunan began his meetings the people were in a receptive spirit. After a prayer by Chang, one of the native elders who had been to Korea, the whole congregation was greatly stirred and broke forth into weeping and praying. Day after day three or four hundred came together. Many made confession of sin and were filled with the Spirit of God. The missionaries wrote of it as a very sacred, awe-inspiring time, and yet joy-bearing for all. One exclaims: "How easily the wheels go round when God's Spirit moves the machinery."

In Mukden a similar blessed revival was experienced, not by human might or power, but by the Spirit of God. Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones was actualized in the spiritual resurrection of many. Churches full, confessions sincere, generosity, service increasing, righteousness, love.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Three years ago there were 10,000 Chinese students in Tokio. Now there are 4,300.

There are thirty-six daily newspapers printed in the city of New York in languages other than English.

The new Y. M. C. A. building in Philadelphia cost with the lot and furnishings $1,030,000. The lot cost $300,000. The money that is going into the Y. M. C. A. buildings is going where it will do great good.

Certain parts of the city of New York have so many tall buildings that in event of their occupants rushing out of an earthquake or some other great calamity the adjacent streets would be filled several times deep, and great loss of life would ensue.

The United States has double the railway mileage that it had in 1882. The capital stock has increased from $3,478,-914,224 to $7,458,126,785; and the bonded debt from $3,-214,084,323 to $8,228,245,257. At the beginning of 1908 the number of miles of road was 228,128.

In an address recently before the graduating class of the Wisconsin University, Mr. Bryce, British ambasador to the United States, called attention to and emphasized a very grave danger which is menacing the universities and schools of higher learning both in this country and in Europe, and that is the tendency to emphasize that class of study which is useful to get dollars.

New York is to have a building which will overtop even the proposed 909-foot Equitable Life structure. One thousand feet will be the height of the new building, plans of which are said to have been prepared by Earnest Flagg, architect of the Singer tower. A plot at Board and Wall streets, now occupied in part by the Mills building, is said to be the site on which this highest tower will be erected. The cost is placed at $7,000,000, and the area of the tower will be, according to report, 100 by 80 feet.

Another feature will be added soon to the interesting sights and scenes of New York by the placing of a group of four large bells on the forty-sixth story of the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's building in Madison Square. The bells will be placed nearly twice as high as any others in the world. The largest will weigh 7,000 pounds and the smallest 1,500, and are said to be the largest bells ever assembled in a group. They will strike the quarters of each hour in chime and in the night may be heard at a great distance.

The union movement between Baptists and Disciples was started a few months ago in Western Canada. Already churches have united in more than a dozen places. A correspondent of the Christian Evangelist writes: "There is nothing unnatural or forced about this union movement. It is not an effort to mix oil and water. It is not an attempt to join things which, like sand, will not cohere. Rather, it is the removal of the restraints of former misunderstandings, and giving love permission to do her perfect work. Eeasily and naturally as two streams approach and form one mightier one, so approach and coalesce these peoples in Western Canada."

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, has offered to furnish phonograph records of his sermons to any church that may care to use them. He is quoted as saying: "A pastor who wishes to take a vacation during the extreme heated spell of July and August can regale his congregation with these sermons, and I'll guarantee they will be interesting." The Springfield Republican calls them "canned sermons," and remarks: "Certainly the innovation is interesting. The up-to-date 20th century church equipped with canned sermons and canned music will only need to lay in some praying machines fitted with electric motors to reach a state of automatic perfection. But have the preachers fully considered the consequences which might follow this innovation they have so light-heartedly taken up? It is all very well to have an automatic substitute through the hot months. But suppose the machine to prove more eloquent than the man? Why should a church pay $3,000 a year for excellent but wooden sermons when it can listen to the great public orators for a trifling sum? We may yet see the preaching for the whole country done by a half-dozen silver-tongued speakers, constituting the canned-sermon trust, and undertaking to supply any brand of doctrine that may be called for, with a side line in funeral and wedding services. Any deacon can turn the handle, and the line of goods can be exchanged if not satisfactory, which is not always the case with viva voce sermons."

Bridge builders and contractors for buildings which are intended to carry variable loads will find much of interest in a unique machine designed by the government to help them to answer the question which comes up very often,—How is the strength of the wood affected by repeated shocks? At the present time no satisfactory answer can be given. To fill the need for information on this important subject a special form of impact machine has been designed by the United States Forest Service to investigate the behavior of wood under repetitive loading, and it is to be built by the University of Washington, at Seattle, Wash., and is to form a part of the Forest Service timber testing station operated in co-operation with the university. This machine will be provided with a 1,500-pound hammer, which can be dropped upon the wood specimens under test from any height up to three feet. It is so constructed as to be both automatic and autographic. The record showing the behavior of the specimen under test is drawn on a long sheet of paper which constantly unwinds from one cylinder, and rolls up on another. This record is drawn by means of a pencil attached to the hammer of the machine. When the machine is started the hammer is automatically raised to a height previously determined, when it falls on the specimen, and continues to be automatically raised and dropped until the machine is stopped.

According to the views of the Department of Agriculture experts if a medicine is advertised to accomplish certain results it must do so or the owners thereof violate the law. Acting on an order to this effect a seizure was made in Washington recently in one of the largest department stores. The goods seized are branded "Excelsior Skin Food," "Fertilizer Tablets," "Excelsior Hair Tonic, the Great Hair Grower," "Excelsior Complexion Bleach," "Blush of Youth," etc. It is charged that he articles are misbranded in violation of the pure food act and are liable to condemnation and confiscation, for the reason that the packages and labels bear certain statements regarding the drugs which are false and misleading—that is to say, that the said "fertilizr tablets" are "a specific for curing flatulency and all gastric troubles" and are "a cure for obesity." "And said last-mentioned statements," continues the charge, "are false and misleading in this, that the said last-mentioned drug is not a specific for curing flatulency and gastric troubles and is not a cure for obesity." "The Blush of Youth" preparation is declared misbranded, in that it does not restore the complexion to childlike purity, and the "Excelsior Skin Food" is declared not to be a food for the skin, and both are therefore misbranded in violation of the pure food act. The mixtures seized are known as the "Madame Yale" preparations. The Department of Agriculture intends to make a test case of the seizure.

Several times during recent years the newspapers have announced that some of the extinct volcanoes in our Pacific Northwest were in a state of eruption. Announcement was made to this effect about ten days ago concerning Mt. Baker in the state of Washington. The statements of mountain-climbers who so declared have not, we believe, been verified. Nor, so far as we know, has there been anything to discredit them. It may accordingly turn out that Puget Sound will have a genuine volcanic marvel on exhibition by the time the Alaskå-Yukon-Pacific exposition shall have opened up next year in Seattle. It would be characteristic of the Seattle spirit. But it is not at all certain that Portland may not lead off as to volcanic exhibitions. We quote now from the Springfield Republican: It has been asked more than once of late whether Mt. Hood is really extinct. In the National Geographical magazine for July A. H. Sylvester of the United States geological survey goes further and raises the question, "Is our noblest volcano awakening to new life?" It means much to Portland, which lies but 50 miles to the west, and would find things in the event of an eruption, mighty interesting, even if the city itself was not actually endangered. The author had long been interested in this mountain, and took much pleasure in his assignment, in the spring of 1907, to the work of mapping the Mt. Hood special quadrangle. This mountain, to summarize the latest results of the survey, lies in north latitude 45 degrees, 22 minutes, 26.74 seconds, and west longitude 121 degrees, 41 minutes, 42.81 seconds. It is on the coast of the Cascade range and about 20 miles south of the Columbia river. Mr. Sylvester verified the height as 11,225 feet. Timber grows to an altitude of 6,500 feet. In shape the mountain is an almost perfect volcanic cone, rising about 7,000 feet above the surrounding country, and visible far out at sea. Its symmetry and isolation, therefore, give it a beauty such as few mountains in this or any other country can boast. From its form and structure it seems to have been built up entirely of lava ejected from a single central crater, and there is no evidence that it was ever much higher than it is now. Geologists believe that it became extinct before reaching the stage of ejectment of the more basic basalts which Shasta and Adams poured out in more recent times, but Mr. Sylvester calls attention to a large lava flow about ten miles to the northeast of the crater, which seems to be more recent. Except for this and a fissure flow which dams Bull Run lake, the mountain has clearly not been in eruption for untold centuries. But now for the suspicious facts. In 1882 Prof. Russell, in a book on American volcanoes, gave a picture of a fumarole on the south slope, and apparently just east of Crater rock. Apparently since then it has disappeared; later visitors do not mention it. Ever since the mountain was known steam has been escaping from certain places, but chiefly from Crater rock, together with gas, generally hydrogen sulphide. But in the last three years things have been "warming up," says the author; the fu-

marole mentioned by Prof. Russell has so developed that it has cut the White river glacier in two, exposing its bed for 150 feet. On Crater rock Mr. Sylvester found steam escaping from numerous fissures, and in many places the rock is too hot to touch with the hand. On August 28, 1907, numerous witnesses saw a "cloud of smoke, probably dense steam, rising from Crater rock, high above the skyline of the summit of the mountain." This persisted throughout the day, and at night there was a glow "like a chimney burning out." Sudden floods the next day were inexplicable except on the theory that the glacier had melted rapidly from volcanic heat. As an interesting coincidence it is noted that at the same time there were throes in the Bogaslof group off the Alaskan coast. No further signs has been noted, and it is very possible that these faint activities mean merely a last flicker of life in an expiring volcano. It is, at any rate, abundantly intersting that Mt. Hood, as Mr. Sylvester says, "must be taken from the list of extinct volcanoes and placed at least among the doubtful."



My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand ships from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas,
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might crush another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For wind to waft me on my way.
Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so.
And blow it east or blow it west
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

"THE WHIRLWIND PASSETH."

Benyon stepped back as he was about to pass over the narrow crossing, and the carriage whirled by, raising a cloud of dust on the summer air, the bells on the harness jingling with a sort of triumphant melody; at least, so it seemed to Benyon, and as he wiped the dust from his face and tried to blow it from his shabby clothes, there was a slightly bitter expression on his face. He was a middle-aged man, with stooping shoulders and a care-worn face, while his general aspect was that of the toiler, who had to earn every step of the way. Once he had walked alert with the best of them, and his handsome face had shown no lines, but only the courage and buoyancy of youth.

He had just come out of church, not his own church, however, but one in a village somewhat remote from his own home. He had arisen that morning with the desire to possess his own soul, and had walked by field and river to a village ten miles distant, and arriving in time for service, had turned in. It was not until he was right in his pew that he realized that he had come to the very place he would most have wished to avoid, the church of which Sir John Eastwell was patron, and where he occupied the patron's pew, with his family grouped about him, and the decorous row of his servants behind. That picture spoiled the sermon for Benyon, though he listened with all his might in order to prevent his thoughts or his eyes straying to the Eastwell pew. Benyon did not know the preacher, a man with a strenuous face, but received from him an oddly comforting message. His text was: "As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more, but the righteous is an evarlasting foundation."

In its course he referred in no measured terms to the curse of riches unfairly won, and exalted the man who, through a long course of strenuous life, preserves his integrity even at the price of his purse.

Such was Benyon's position absolutely. Once such chance had been his; he had refused it, and he had paid the price. He had been a poor man all his life, occupying an obscure position, not altogether unhappy, since he had a wife who believed in him and a family who respected and loved him. But they had eaten the bread of poverty all their lives, and he had suffered the pang of being unable to give to those he loved the chances they deserved. The man who had grasped the chance of preferment offered to them both in one day was there in the pew of the prosperous man, lord of the manor where he lived, a patron of the poor, a magnate of the county.

The carriage swept by. Two ladies, a young boy, and a middle-aged man (Eastwell himself) sat in it, and when they got to the sudden bend in the turnpike, he rose, and called the coachman suddenly to stop.

"I'll walk home across the Meads, Arabella," he said to his wife. "Don't wait luncheon if I'm late."

She expressed her astonishment at this unusual suggestion, but he did not give any further explanation; and having alighted, signed to the coachman to drive on.

Then he turned back, and walking clear in the middle of the road, met Benyon just as he was about to go over the stile into a footpath which would take him across the fields the way he had come.

There were a few stragglers in sight, walking leisurely from the direction of the village.

Both stopped, as was natural, and it was Benyon who looked embarrassed.

There was nothing he desired less than to meet his old acquaintance, and could he have left the church decently before the service began, he would have done so. Eastwell held out his hand.

"Won't you shake hands with me, George? Queer that we should meet today of all days, and in such a place."

Benyon somewhat limply gave his hand.

"I did not think you would remember me," was all he said.

"We have both changed a good deal, perhaps not for the better," Eastwell replied, with a somewhat hard laugh. "I haven't heard anything about you for a long time."

"You wouldn't," replied Benyon. "I am not one of the men that get talked about. I'm simply one on the ant heap."

"But it's odd that we've never met anywhere. I go to the city every day; so, I presume, do you. Where do you live?"

"At Broadford Green. I thought I'd like a walk this morning, and as the bells happened to be ringing when I got here, I went into church."

"Did you know it was my church?"

"I had forgotten until I saw you come in."

"Odd, wasn't it, that we should sit in the same place and listen to that particular sermon? It might have been con-

cocted for us both. Can't get rid of the beastly words, 'The whirlwind passeth.' I suppose the're prophetic. I'll be passing one of these days, and you'll be left on the sure foundation."

"I don't aspire to be one of the righteous," said Benyon, with a faint, melancholy smile. "The text was a mere coincidence, that's all."

"Ah, I'm not so sure. Say, George, do you remember that day at Rushworth's office, when we were both had in about the Manila business?"

"I haven't forgotten it."

"Where are you going now, and have you any objections if we walk together for auld lang syne?"

"I'm going back to Broadford Green, where I live, and I have no objections to your coming if you wish to."

Eastwell passed through the stile, and they began to cross the meadow together in a kind of strained silence.

"How have you been doing all these years, George?" he asked, after a few moments. "I'm afraid you haven't made much headway."

"Very little. I'm still at Ledbury's, where I went after the Manila incident, and my salary has increased a hundred pounds in nineteen years."

"I suppose you have married?"

The sudden sweetness of a smile which had its mainspring within illumined Benyon's somewhat grey face.

"Oh, yes, and my wife's still alive; she looks younger than ever. She has never failed me. She has made up for a lot."

"Any children?"

"Two, neither of them strong—that is where the shoe has pinched, John," said Benyon, unconsciously dropping into the old name, which had once been so familiar on his tongue.

"You haven't been able to do all you would wish for them?"

"No; one died because we could not afford to send her away for the English winters. The income just suffices when we are all in health. There isn't any margin, yet we manage to live with a fair, even an astonishing, amount of happiness, which will doubtless be a mystery to you."

"It's more than a mystery, George; it's a cause for envy. I have never had a day's happiness since I made that compromise with my conscience."

"Then it wasn't a square thing, after all?" asked Benyon, interestedly."

"No, it was dishonest, and nobody knew better than old Rushworth. Yet he died in the odor of sanctity."

"And you live in it," added Benyon, with a faint smile. 'I know of your benefactions to Rood Lacy, the beautiful church we worshipped in this morning."

"**You** worshipped; I sat a miserable sinner, one of the wicked that is going to pass, for instance, like the whirlwind. But I have my whirlwind in my own heart, George, at bed and board. I am not happily married like you. I often curse the temptation that lifted me to a station to which I was never called. Had we remained together chums in Suburbia, as we used to be in our city lodgings, and watched our children grow up together, I should have been a happier and a better man."

"I have always missed you, John," Benyon admitted, touched in spite of himself by the words to which he listened, and which filled him with a great amazement.

"I am glad to hear that; I never thought you did. You have always seemed to avoid me."

"It was better; our ways could not but lie apart, circumstanced as we are," said Benyon, simply.

"Listen, George. I have sometimes been tempted to relinquish everything to go back to obscurity and peace of mind. But as one grows older life becomes more complicated, and independent action no longer becomes possible, or at least easy for us. I have a son in the army who costs me a thousand a year, and a daughter who married the son of an impecunious peer. I allow them fifteen hundred a year. I couldn't stop all that, could I?"

"It would be difficult," Benyon admitted. "But haven't you ever had an opportunity to make the record clean, to wipe out the Manila incident?"

"No, it was the foundation of my fortune. Upon it everything has been built; but I have the odd feeling that I shall not be allowed to leave the world Scot free."

"If you have suffered as you say, you may have thus paid part of the price," said Benyon, kindly.

"I wish I could believe that," said Eastwell, rather painfully. "But I don't. Will you come and see me sometimes, George, or let me come and see you?"

"If you don't mind the small house at Broadford Green, come to us. Lucy will be pleased to see you, and though our home is very simple, it is happy. We try to keep care outside as much as possible."

"I'll come next Sunday if I may. In the interval will you think over my position, and tell me frankly what you would do if you occupied it."

"I could not do anything," said Benyon, quietly. "And it is possible you exaggerate things."

"You didn't think so at the time; you'll remember when Rushworth had us in and explained about the Manila business. If I recollect rightly, you called it a rascally business, and declined to have anything to do with it. Rushworth's rage was a thing to see. He literally chased you out of the office."

Benyon had not himself forgotten any incident or word of that memorable morning, which had marked a crisis in his life; he was therefore not surprised at the accuracy of Eastwell's memory.

"It's a long time ago, and poor old Rushworth didn't live long to enjoy his gains. His end was most tragic."

"As mine will be," said Eastwell, as he stopped short in the middle of the wood.

"Don't say that, John, and try to get rid of this depression. It—it grows on one. I know it from experience. Talk it over with your wife."

Then Eastwell laughed, and the sound lingered long and not pleasantly in Benyon's ears.

"That's the last thing I would do, George; the very last. Well, I must get home to luncheon, and next Sunday, if I'm still to the fore, I'll turn up at Broadford Green for tea. Give me the address so that I may make no mistake."

Benyon looked at him keenly, as he uttered the name and number of his own street.

"May I look in on you in the week?" he asked, suddenly. "I don't find you much changed, but I don't like your way of speech. It isn't right, Eastwell. You can atone in other ways—if you are conscious of the need for atonement," he added, a little awkwardly, for the theme was a delicate one, though Eastwell had given him the opening.

"Yes, come whenever you like; come every day. Lunch with me tomorrow at Simpson's, will you, at one-fifteen?"

Benyon thanked him and promised, and they parted with a warm handshake. They did not meet again. Next day the city was startled by the news that Sir John Eastwell, arriving at his office at the usual time, had in the course of the morning died there, by his own hand.—British Weekly.

Young People

BEDTIME.

As A was sitting fast Asleep,
"It's time for Bed," said B;
C crept into its little Cot,
To Dreamland off went D.

E closed its Eyes, F Fretful grew,
"Good-night," G softly said;
H hurried up the wooden Hill,
I put Itself to bed.

J Jumped for Joy when bedtime came,
K Kissed good-night all round;
L asked for Light, M found the Match,
The land of Nod N found.

O Owned that it was Overtired,
To Pillowland P Pressed;
Q Queried why it was so Quiet
When R Retired to Rest.

S went in Search of Slumberland,
Too Tired was T to stay;
U went Upstairs, V Vanished, too,
And W led the Way.

When X 'Xclaimed, "How Y does Yawn,"
Z with Zest responded:
"Dear me! it seems I'm last of all,"
And tumbled into bed.

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

"I wonder why Sam Darrow is so popular?" said a visitor at the house of a friend of the Darrows.

"I know," piped a little voice; "it's because Sam loves everybody."

"How do you know Sam loves everybody?"

"'Cause he does. Now, there's Jim Blake; his father drinks, and sometimes Jim don't bring any lunch to school. Then Sam divides his lunch with Jim, always. And when the boys made fun of Jim Short because his elbows were out, Sam gave 'em a look that they won't forget in a hurry."

"A look! What would boys care for a look?"

"Well, sir, if you'd seen Sam's look, you'd understand. It was just as if he'd said: 'Now, ain't you 'shamed of yourselves—making fun of a poor little fellow who wears the best he's got?"

"Doesn't that look of Sam's make the boys angry?"

"No, sir; it makes 'em ashamed, and they like Sam all the better for it."

"What else does Sam do?"

"Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you all he does, but he's forever doin' something for somebody. That day Dick Mills got hurt, Sam carried him all the way home in his arms, an' Dick just loves Sam. When Burt Brown broke his leg, Sam went to see him every day; and when Billy Chester was sick, you'd ought to have seen the nice things Sam took him."

Obeying Orders.

Some time ago, during a large fire in a great city, Fire Company 42, with a line of hose, was stationed under a great wall. The men could not watch that wall and at the same time direct the stream of water being hurled into the flames. They gave all their attention to the nozzle of their hose, and let the wall take care of itself.

But a superior officer above them, the chief in command himself, was constantly watching their perilous position. While he darted in and out, giving orders, he always had an eye on that wall.

Suddenly he saw the topmost portion of it begin to sway back and forth, and, jumping into the center of the street, he shouted as loud as he could, in unmistakable tones, "Fall back!"

Instantly, the men, obedient to discipline, withdrew their line and moved back to the opposite side of the street. A moment later the wall came tumbling down, covering the spot where they had just stood.

The incident is one that can be taken into the daily life of every boy. There is a chief who is God, always watching the dangerous positions. In the moment of temptation, He calls out in unmistakable tones, by the voice of conscience, "Fall back!"

Wise is the child who heeds and steps back into the place of safety before ruin overtakes him.

There is no cowardice in falling back under such circumstances. It is the right thing to do, and the warning always comes at the right time. It is then for you to obey just as quickly as did the drilled firemen.

"Fall back" when ordered to.—Boys' World.

CONFUSING.

Wonder what my name is?
I can never guess,
But if someone calls me,
I just answer, "Yes."

Daddy calls me "Sweetheart,"
Mother, "Margaret,"
Brother calls me "Bright-eyes,"
Sister calls me "Pet."

Daddy says, "You mischief,"
Mother says, "You love,"
Brother says, You rascal,"
Sister says, "You dove."

Names that I've forgotten,
Names I've never heard,
Keep me always guessing;
Isn't it absurd?

—Russell Whitcomb.

Steering by Mother's Light.

A very beautiful story is related of a boat out at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp, and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway, with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter,

"although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept he surrendered himself to God, and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept; "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by mother's light."—"Sent of God."

Two Clever Boys.

Atlanta, Georgia, boasts of some ingenious and ambitious boys, since two lads of that place, the older but fourteen and the younger eleven, have designed and constructed a clock that is a wonder of painstaking work.

It contains over three hundred pieces of wood, all of them cut from boards with a small foot-power scroll-saw, and afterward sand papered and put together with screws and mucilage.

The clock represents a cathedral, from the dome of which a bell peals forth the hours of the day. Inside the building the columns and statuary of a cathedral are reproduced in wood.

The clock is fifty-one inches high and twenty-one inches wide at the base, and the contrast in colors is decidedly pretty, the wood used being maple, white holly and walnut.

The figures on the dial were cut from walnut with a pocket knife, and look attractive on the white holly.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of the tools used, the boys have succeeded in producing a timepiece of which they may justly be proud. It represents their leisure time after school hours, for other work was not neglected during its construction.—The Boys' World.

PACIFIC SURF.

There's an icy inkling of Behring Sea,
  And a warm whiff from Singapore,
And the brace and the balm of Great Nippon
  In the surf that strikes our shore.

It marshals its might in the wake of the storm—
  It tosses and lunges galore:
Then it breaks in pearls on a sun-kissed beach—
  The surf that strikes our shore.

There's the swing and the swirl of the Hongkong trade,
  And the Lotus of Hindu lore,
And the wild, weird wonder of new Luzon
In the surf that strikes our shore.

It mounts in a maelstrom of ocean, swept
  By the typhoon's royal roar:
But it breaks in pearls on a sun-kissed beach—.. :. ....
  The surf that strikes our shore.

—Rev. C. W. Williams.
Santa Catalina Island, Cal.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents
in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

Writers of Verse will learn something decidedly to their advantage by communicating with the Keystone Publishing Company, 1012 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

CHARLES M. WOOD. EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

August 17, 18, 24, and 25.
Sept. 15, 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, AUGUST 13, 1908 No. 33



A PRAYER FOR USE FOR THE OPENING OF EVENING SERVICE.

O God, author of light and darkness, as thou hast given unto us the hours of wakeful service and the sense of gracious fellowship in our worship upon this holy day, we beseech thee to guard us as we go down into the darkness of the night. May thy good Spirit lead out our thoughts in ways of reverent devotion, and interpret to us the mysteries of thy divine word, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

E. A. W.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

THE CHURCH'S PROGRESS.

The figures have just been given out by Dr. W. H. Roberts, Stated Clerk, as to the growth of our Presbyterian Church during the past year, in advance sheets of the Minutes of the General Assembly.

The Church has lost from its communicant roll the whole memebrship in two presbyteries of China, who have gone into the Chinese Presbyterian Church. We have, in the same way lost all our membership of India and Mexico. This cuts down our numbers considerably.

There has been some confusion for the last year or so as to the adjustment following union with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Last year the whole body was counted in, as the Church had voted constitutionally for union. This year only those ministers and churches and communicants are counted that have reported for enrollment. This being so, the enrolled membership this year is 41,163 less than last, although 141,667 more than it was two years ago. As the gain of the membership for the two years preceding was 63,754, it would appear that there has been a reported accretion from the Cumburland Presbyterian Church of something like one hundred thousand. As the Church might have expected to advance during the last two years fully as much as for the two preceding years, there seems to be reason for thinking that one hundred thousand have come as a result of the union. But matters have not yet been entirely settled. Many others may conclude to come, and the next year may show a large advance.

We have now, after final settlement of boundary lines, 36 synods, 279 presbyteries, 8,951 ministers, 10,017 churches and 1,300,329 communicant memebrs. The Sabbath-school membership is put down as 1,164,790.

There were added to the Church last year 74,829 by confession and 54,851 by certificate. There were 5,795 restorations in addition. But there were 50,595 dismissions and 15,866 deaths, and there are 47,737 on the suspended roll. The dismissions should just balance the number of those received by certificate, but it is smaller by some 4,256, so that we must have received some from other denominations.

There were 29,992 baptisms on confession, or of adults, and there were 30,033 infant baptisms. It does not at all appear that infant baptism is failing of observance. The number of adult baptisms represents the inroad which the Church is making on the world, as these came from families in which they had not been devoted to God in their infancy.

For all purposes the Church had an income, in all departments, of $23,659,821. Of this $16,230,716 was for congregational needs, such as the building of churches and manses and the payment of annual expenses. For Home Missions $1,485,626 was raised, and for Foreign Missions $1,179,260. The rest was for the other boards, for the Bible Society, Temperance and for miscellaneous purposes.

The Church has done a great year's work as compared with its work of previous years. It has not exceeded all other years in every particular, but has advanced in a great many things, and has not seriously fallen back in any. The question of what we could have done or should have done is a different matter. No one doubts but that more could have been given if our hearts had been larger to the love of Christ and the needs of a lost world, and more souls might have been won to salvation if all God's people had been full of tender longings to see them brought to life in Jesus Christ. Another year's record is being made up. but one-third of the year has already passed.—The Herald and Presbyter.

THE NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

W. M. Burke, M. D.

A new means has been discovered whereby the great curse of the open saloon and drunkenness may be eliminated from our civilization!

The pledge of signers of the Washingtonian movement were all right in their day. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union may have done something. The Prohibition Party may have helped to raise a little public sentiment against drinking, and the Anti-Saloon League and churches have no doubt had some influence in their way, but the real Simon pure method of getting rid of the evils of the drink habit has just been discovered. It has remained for California to bring forth the man of the hour, the great discoverer of the century and now all so-called temperance warkers may forget all their old fogy notions on the subject and join Mr. Sbarboro in his crusade against intoxication and all its attendant evils!

This new method is nothing less than the application of that old saying "A hair of the dog will cure the bite." The plan is that everyone shall stop drinking beer and whiskey and begin to drink "light wines." This light wine to contain not more than 13 per cent alcohol. When we all have learned to drink 13 per cent alcoholic wine nobody will get drunk any more!

Let us then give our best effort to teaching others to



THE PROPER TEMPERANCE TRAINING, ACCORDING TO ANDREA SBARBORO.

NOTE.—The percentage in the above cartoon should read 13 per cent instead of 15 per cent alcohol.

drink wine. Let the fathers take their boys into the saloons and by example and precept show them that alcohol is good for them if they will only drink it with 87 per cent of something else. Show them, if possible, that although 4 per cent beer will make them beastly and not fit to associate with clean men, that 13 per cent wine will make them perefct gentlemen, keep their nerves steady and their brains clear. Let us by all means have "light" wines on our tables and make our sons drink them whether they like it or not. Let us by all means create an appetite for alcohol, for surely in this way we can be assured our sons will never become drunkards!

Let the mothers add "light" wine a little at a time to the food of the infants, for there is no surer way of making them like it, and then they can be happy knowing that they never will become intoxicated by drinking beer or whiskey!

Older boys and girls need have no fear of the effect of light wines and the school books which teach that liquor with as much as four per cent alcool is intoxicating are all wrong, for our latter-day prophet, Andrea Sbarboro, says the way to teach true temperance is to teach our boys and girls to drink 13 per cent alcoholic wine!

This is exactly the proposition our temperance prophet made to he Congressional committee when he said, "If you will only advise the American mothers to imitate the mothers of the great wine-drinking countries of Europe, who furnish their children with a little wine and water with their meals, you will then succeed in raising your children in sobriety and temperance and there will be no more drunkards to disgrace your homes."

The only axiom which can compare with this child-destroying sentiment was that of the brewers in Columbus several years ago when they said that "Nickels spent in treating boys now will return in dollars to our tills when these boys grow to manhood."

Sbarboro and his gang have reached the climax in the effort of the liquor traffic to debauch the people in order that their diabolical greed may be satisfied, even though it fattens on the tears of women and the bread of helpless children.

I can now in imagination see the new idea Sunday-school. Andrea Sbarboro, president of the Grape Growers' Asociation, is the temperance lecturer. He holds in one hand a bottle of "light" wine and in the other a glass. On the table before him are many glasses, in front of him are boys and girls. He fills the glasses with wine and has it passed to our little ones while he says, "Your Sunday-school teachers have asked you to pray for the closing of the saloon. Your school books tell you that alcohol in any form and in any quantity clouds the brain, makes the nerves unsteady and poisons the whole body. You must stop praying and forget what your school books say, for they are all wrong. Drunkenness is not nice, of course, but the way to get rid of it is to drink just as much of this sparkling wine (13 per cent alcohol) as you can. The collection this morning is to pay for lecturers and literature to convince all the people o this great discovery; so put your pennies into the basket and they will help other boys and girls learn that the best way to fight intemperance is to drink alcohol 'in wine.' "

This really sounds like a joke, but it is not. Mr. Sbarboro is no joker; he is a wine grower or merchant, and he says: "The true remedy by which the evil of alcholism may be removed from our own people is to foster the grape industry and encourage the use of wine at home by the families as freely as we now use tea and coffee." And he goes on: "In addition to the moral good, let me show you what commercial advantage the propagation of this industry will be be." This is the milk in the cocoanut. The "moral good" is "the sop to Cerberus." The commercial advantage is raison d'etre of the new temperance movement. It is in the interest of temperance that this new temperance society taxes the vineyards 25 cents per acre and intimates that he who does not pay need not bring his grapes to the wineries of members of the association. It is for money and money alone that this association is formed and the members do not care if your boy and mine are ruined by an appetite for alcohol so long as the dollars flow to them.

It is comparatively easy to rouse a mob to passion; it is almost impossible to stop it before the passion is satisfied. It is easy to create an appetite, but in many cases nothing but the grace of God can overcome it.

Dare we for the sake of dollars listen for a single instant to Sbarboro and his greed, when he calls upon the American mother to feed the innocent baby with that which creates the appetite? It is suicide for the individual and suicide for the nation. Yet Mr. Sbarboro has the effrontery to ask the United States Congress to enact the following as a part of a prohibition law for the District of Columbia: "Provided that the naturally fermented juices of fruits containing not more than 13 per cent alcohol are not considered and are hereby declared not to be intoxicating liquors."

RALLY DAY, 1908—ITS POSSIBILITIES.

Did you ever watch a crowd of small boys following a fife and drum corps? There wasn't much music in it, perhaps, but there was a swing about it that started all the boys in town down the street.

Fife and drum might be all right in your Rally Day Service, but you don't need them. An enthusiastic superintendent of the Sunday school, teachers and officers who are in earnest, then a little encouragement from the pastor and the crowd is coming.

Now, try 100 of the Rally Day postals for the absentees and newcomers in town; a Rally Day button worn by each scholar for a few weeks preceding the occasion, a short and lively program with an address by your pastor on "The Foreigners in Our Midst," a reasonable amount of judicious advertising, and your church and school can have one of the greatest days in their history.

Programs, with envelopes for the Foreign Colportage offering, are furnished free by the Board, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. Postal cards, buttons and flags will cost you a trifle.

Here's a chance to do Home and Foreign mission work, both on one Sabbath. Millions of foreigners in this land must be reached by the gospel. Experience has shown that this is best accomplished by house-to-house work as carried on by our colporteurs. Let us help to make Christians as well as Americans of the millions who are flocking to our shores.

"If we do not do for them they will certainly do for us." These are the startling words of one who has studied this problem. These people need the gospel. The Sabbath School Board needs our assistance in order to send them the gospel.

Literature is being published by our Sabbath School Board in six languages to meet this need; 10,000 Bible picture cards in these six languages are distributed every week.

Can we count on you to bring your Sunday school into line with this great Home and Foreign missionary movement?

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR HICKS,

Synodical S. S. Superintendent.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, JUNE, 1908.

Six churches among the Nez Perces, two among the Spokanes, one among the Umatillas, one among the Shoshones of Southern Idaho, and one among the Shivits of Utah represent the direct present outcome of the missionary labors among the Indians led by Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spalding. However, Mrs. Eliza Spalding and the two McBeth siters, Miss Sue L. and Miss Kate C., are to be credited with a large share of the permanent results. It is exceedingly fortunate that we have this familiar first-hand record of the most notable Protestant missionary work among the Western Indians. Miss McBeth's account furnishes a faithful picture of the difficulties, trials and victories experienced by the devoted missionaries in their efforts to Christianize the Nez Perces. As the record is compiled by a more recent missionary , the later phases are depicted with more detail and reliability than those reports of which were handed largely in the form of tradition. Miss McBeth's sketch, however, is throughout absolutely candid. It portrays in detail the real life conditions of this noble representative of the native races. Their struggle to adapt themselves in the trying transition from barbarism to civilization appeals to our sympathies. The abiding faith of the missionaries in the all-sufficing efficacy of the gospel coupled with a broad-minded wisdom elicit our admiration. The book is a genuine record of devoted missionary effort that rang true at every stage and which was crowned with a large measure of the rewards sought. An apepndix gives the most important Nez Perces myths.

It is to be noted that the elder Miss McBeth compiled a dictionary of the Nez Perces language during the years of her life among them. This was turned over to the Smithsonian Institute. For "The Nez Perces Indians Since Lewis and Clark," apply to Mrs. A. G. Garratt, 15 Seventh Ave., San Francisco.

INDIAN CONFERENCE AT MOUNT HERMON.

If you want to see nature in all her beauty, good Presbyterians and Christian workers from all over, go to beautiful Mount Hermon. The Indian Conference has just opened, and as the Indians told at the informal opening in the parlor of the Zayante Inn on Tuesday evening of their struggles for an education, ejection from their homes as the white man came, of the liquor sold by white men, luring young Indians into their dens, and then getting their work from them, etc., one could but feel that as we were once aroused by the wrongs of slavery so the North should see now that justice is done to the Indians. Dr. Spinning outdid himself on Sunday, and all were aroused. When Mrs. Bidwell arrived one of the Indians said, "Mrs. Bidwell most noblest woman in the world." We thought he was not far in the wrong. Meetings in the interest of temperance, missions, the Presbyterian Orphanage, Sunday-school work, Bible study and numerous "reforms" have been held. One cannot do better than to pack one's grip and start for Mount Hermon. Dr. Gilchrist is the presiding genius and will welcome you so cordially that you will feel that you belong to the very elect.

M. F. B.

SUCCESSFUL SUMMER SCHOOL.

The Albany Summer Bible School is closed for this year. It has been remarkable from several points of view. The character of the work presented in the daily classes has been remarkably fine. Dr. Washburne's course on the Psalms, Dr. Geselheacht on Religions Pedagogy, Dr. Holt on Home Missions, Mr. Hurd on Young People's Work, and Mr. Steele on Sunday School Methods were all noteworthy. Mr. Neswith's lectures on the Rural Church were very suggestive. But most inspiring of all were the lectures on the Minor Prophets and the Pauline Epistles by Rev. Selby Vance, D.D., of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. It was a great treat to the pastor or Sunday-school teacher to be able to meet and to hear these masters in their different departments of work.

Not less remarkable was the character of the afternoon conferences, and the evening addresses and entertainments. Among the afternoon conferences that the writer found of special interest may be mentioned that on Health and Christian Healing, opened by Dr. Mock, president of Dallas College; that on Boys' Work, led by Secretary Rhodes of the Oregon, Idaho, Y. M. C. A.; on Young People's Work, led by President Hurd of the Oregon C. E. Union; and on Church Finance, led by Dr. Holt.

The evening services were exceedingly enjoyable, as well as very profitable. Shakespeare and the Bible were hand-

led in his inimitable way by Dr. J. R. Bell of Corvallis; and Rev. A. J. Folsom, superintendent of Congregational Home Missions, gave a vivid presentation of the debt of English Literature to the Bible. Other notable addresses were those on the Face of Jesus by Rev. Frank A. Ferris of Grand Rapids, Mich.; on the Positive Christ by Rev. Chas. R. Adams, Fargo, North Dakota; and the addresses by President Homan of Willamette University, and by Congressman W. C. Hawley. The singing by Fred Butler would have been noteworthy in any gathering. The readings by Miss Pollock were enjoyable, and likewise the stereopticon views of scenery in Oregon, the United States, Canada and England.

Rev. G. A. Lilly with his wife and five children came over the mountains from Redmond in Eastern Oregon, spending a week on the way. Other ministers were present from different parts of the State, and a goodly number of the Albany people were present at the various sessions. Bryant's Island, where the sessions were held, is particularly favorable for such a gathering, both on account of its natural attractions and its nearness to the city of Albany, which is a railroad center in the heart of the Willamette valley.

It was the universal sentiment of these in attendance that the Summer Bible School should be made a permanent institution, and plans are already being laid for next year's session.

C. T. Whittlesey.

Newport, Oregon, Aug. 4, 1908.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE LAYS ANOTHER CORNERSTONE.

Tuesday evening, July 21st, marked another step in advance with Westminster College, Salt Lake City, Utah. As the sun went down a little company gathered about the spot where the cornerstone of the residence hall for young women was to be laid. It was the pleasant hour of the day. A cool breeze came down upon us from Emigrant gulch; the atmosphere being perfectly clear, the mountains stood before us us in clearest outline. President Stevenson presided and the exercises were begun with singing, "On Christ the Solid Rock I Stand," after which Rev. Charles C. McIntyre read, "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it," and other scripture. Mrs. William M. Ferry, whose generous gift of fifteen thousand dollars toward the building made it possible, took a new trowel and placed the first mortar beneath the stone and made suitable remarks. After the workmen completed the work of setting the stone, Rev. Herbert E. Hays, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, offered prayer and Rev. William M. Paden, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, delivered an address. President Stevenson gave out the information that the first cash received for this building was five dollars from an invalid woman in Wilmington, Delaware, that there had been eighty-three givers, some of whom gave several times and that practically all of the gifts were from women. Darkness was settling down upon us as we sang the doxology and just then we had the pleasure of seeing the electric lights flash out along the streets of the city, over which we were looking.—Utah Wstminster.

WOMAN'S BUILDING, WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

Delay in construction of the Woman's Building at Westminster College, Salt Lake City, Utah, have increased the cost so that $25,000 will not meet the entire cost of this building, but it cannot be made smaller, for every room in it will be needed from the start.

When the plans were drawn for it it could have been built for that money, says the architect, but since then the price of labor and material has advanced in a very remarkable degree.

Three contracts have been let, viz.: Concrete, $3,287; masonry, $11,047; carpentry, $9,650; making a total of $23,984.

This will enable us to enclose the building so that it will not be exposed to the elements, but the finishing carpenter work, plastering, plumbing, painting and wiring will remain to be done.

Seven bids were handed in for masonry and out of that number three ran above $15,000. The bid which we accepted was $4,000 less. There was a bid which contemplated doing all the work on the building and that was $37,743. The carpenter bid which was accepted was very much less than the other bids. The building committee have exercised every possible care to have the work done well for the least possible outlay. The lowest bid for plastering was $3,550, but not having the money we have not let that contract. Ten thousand dollars will still be needed.—Utah Westminster.



NEVADA.

GOLDFIELD.—Rev. James Byers, the strenuous pastor of the Goldfield church, has come down from the high mountains and is enjoying the pleasures of life about the bay region and at Capitola. He preached at the First Presbyterian and Centennial Presbyterian Churches, Oakland, July 26 and August 2. He will return to his work in Goldfield August 23.

MONTANA.

HELENA PRESBYTERY.—This has been a year of almost unprecedented prosperity in this State. In this Presbytery four new churcmhes have already been organized, and petitions have been received for organization of churches at Hysham, Rancher and Billings Bench. The rapid inflow of settlers into Eastern Montana makes these new organizations necessary if the church is to keep pace with the development of the country.

HELENA, FIRST.—Rev. Newman Burdick began his work in this church July 19, with a most promising outlook for a successful pastorate. A united and enthusiastic congregation greeted him on his first Sabbath.

BELFRY AND WASHOE.—Rev. Buell Love, during the interim of his work as an evangelist, is serving in these fields for a month or two. These are both new organizations, and are usually served by Dr. W. N. Sloan, pastor-at-large, and W. J. Large, Sunday-school missionary.

BILLINGS.—This church has been very acceptably supplied by Rev. Charles A. Highfield during the absence of the pastor, Rev. B. Z. McCollough, on a six months' vacation in the Holy Land and the East.

TERRY.—Rev. Robert Tweed of Goshen, Wash., began work in this church Aug. 1. This is a new organization in one of the most thriving towns in Eastern Montana. It

is a promising field,—a rich surrounding country, two transcontinental railroads, and no other church of any denomination nearer than forty miles.

FORSYTH.—The congregation of this church regrets the resignation of the Rev. Banard Rice, stated supply for the last six months. Rev. Rice, who intends pursuing a post graduate course, has done some very successful work during his pastorate, and leaves many stanch friends in this field.

HARLOWTON.—Rev. Delmar Ralston, graduate from Princeton Seminary, began his pastorate in this church June 21, with every promise for a successful future. This is a new organization in a rapidly growing and prosperous community. Contract for a new church building was signed August 1.

OREGON.

W. S. Holt, D.D.

Rev. F. Schmitt has accepted the call of the Sumpter Church, and will begin his work August 23rd. Dr. Kitchum, our Sunday-school missionary, is now at Sumpter, helping in the Sunday-school and preparing the way for the new minister. Rev. L. M. Boozer has been invited to Baker City, has accepted, and expects to begin September 1st. Rev. Mr. Youell of Ireton, Iowa, will come to Union, September 6th. Rev. I. Boyles, Sodaville, has been invited to Elgin and Summerville, and has accepted. Rev. C. C. Bobbidge has come to Pendleton Presbytery from the M. E. Church and has taken work at the new Mt. Hood Church. He is planning to enter San Francisco Seminary in September.

A new church has been organized at Ukiah, and will be united with the Pilot Rock Church. Mr. Warrinton of Princeton is in charge of the work. Rev. Harry Leeds of Payotte, Idaho, has signified his willingness to accept the call of the Mizpah Church, Portland. Rev. Boudinot Seeley of Germantown, Pa., is preaching for Calvary Church, Portland, part of his vacation. Dr. Foulkes of the First Church, Portland, is at Cascade, in the Cascade mountains.

Rev. A. J. Montgomery of the Third Church and H. H. Pratt of the Forbes Church, Portland, with their families, are at the foot of Mt. Jefferson, on vacation. Rev. Robert McLean and wife have gone to Grant's Pass to begin their work. Rev. H. T. Babcock of Salem is preaching in the Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore, during the vacation of the pastor, Rev. John Timothy Stow, D.D.

PORTLAND, ORE.—At the recent Chautauqua held at Gladstone Park, near the city, Dr. Ira Landrith delivered two very popular lectures and preached the Chautauqua sermon on Sunday afternoon. Rev. E. Nelson Allen adds: That evening he filled the pulpit of the Hawthorne Park Church and was greeted by a large audience. The pastor had the pleasure of having Dr. Landrith and his family in his home at the breaking of bread and in renewing memories of old school days in Cumberland University. Dr. Landrith assisted in dedicating this church eleven years ago. During this time its growth has been exceedingly gratifying. The church membership is now about four hundred. Three hundred of this number have been received during the present pastorate. Recent campaigns for membership have increased the Endeavor Society to 80 and the Ladies' Missionary Society to 180. The pastor has been granted a vacation during the month of August. He will spend a part of the time with his family at the New Mineral Springs in the mountains of the Columbia and the remaining portion at the coast. The pulpit will be supplied at the morning service.

PORTLAND, FORBES CHURCH.—The congregation of Forbes Church, which was dispossessed of its home last winter, has at last come into its own. The new building is completed. It is very beautiful, indeed, the interior is one of the most beautiful church interiors in this city. Services were held in the new home for the first time August 2. Dedication will be early in September. Rev. H. H. Pratt, the pastor, and his wife, are spending their vacation in the heart of the Cascade mountains, near the foot of Mount Jefferson. All departments of the church are feeling the inspiration of the new home in the increase of effort on the part of the leaders and their assistants. The carrying on of the many plans for the fall and winter work will assuredly make Forbes Church a power for good in the surrounding neighborhood. The features of the work to be done are the fitting up of the gymnasium and free reading room.

Rev. T. C. Whittlessey, pastor of the Newport, Oregon, Presbyterian Church, writes: "The question is often asked if the summer visitor attends church. If many more attended at Newport we shuld be obliged to enlarge our churches. At our communion service on August 2, there were 96 communicants, although there were services at the Episcopal Church and Archbishop Christie was holding a confirmation service at the Roman Catholic Church. During the pastor's absence for a month's vacation, three Presbyterians, three Methodists, one United Brethren bishop and one United Evangelical College president have preached for him. Last week the pastor found in one house a family from Eastern Washington, another from the Willamette valley and a lady from Southeastern Oregon, who were all members of his church in Northwestern Oregon. Dr. W. S Holt is conducting a class in Home Missions on Wednesday evenings, using as a text book "The Challenge of the City," by Josiah Strong. The lessons are very interesting."

WASHINGTON.

BELLINGHAM.—The Bellingham Presbytery held a special sessions in this place, July 20, 1908. Rev. Thomas M. Gunn, D.D., was dismissed to the Presbytery of Olympia. His address is Auburn, Wash. The new Knox church of North Bellingham was received and enrolled. John M. Thomson, son of Rev. James Thomson, pastor evangelist of Bellingham Presbytery, was licensed as a local evangelist. He is a student at San Anselmo, Cal., or the ministry and is doing missionary work during the summer in Okanogan county, Wash. Mr. Jay B. Edwards was also licensed as a local evangelist. He is very acecptably supplying the church at Maple Falls, Wash. The fall meeting of Bellingham Presbytery will be held at Acme, Wash., Sept. 29.

TACOMA.—The community of this place sustained a great loss in the death of Dean Albert H. Heath of Whitworth College, July 20. His influence will be greatly missed at the college. He was a good teacher and a sincere Christian.

Calvary church, Rev. John A. Rogers, pastor, finding himself surrounded by factories, has concluded to move farther up where the people are. The old ground is to be retained in hopes that it may later be sold for enough to aid in erecting a new church.

Immanuel church, A. L. Hutchinson, D.D., pastor, is to have a new church building, services to be held in a large tent in an adjacent lot pending the erection of the new building.

FERRON, UTAH.

Ferron is in Emery county and is forty-five miles from the railroad. The journey is made by train to Price and then by stage. For over twenty miles of the way from Price the country is very forbidding, rough, treeless and without a house. But this state of things will not continue, for a large irrigating ditch has been opened up for many miles and when completed much of the land will be cultivated. This county is peculiarly fitted for fruit and honey. A carload of bees arrived while we were there and we learned that seven carloads of honey was shipped out of the county the last season. Blossoms abound which make a very choice article of honey possible. The industry is in its infancy, but is destined to assume much importance. The value of land for fruit raising is evident from the price it brings. While we were there some was sold for $325 an acre.

Nine miles south of Ferron some ten thousand acres of land are to be brought under cultivation and largely planted in fruit trees. The irrigating ditch for this is under way.

We arrived in Ferron on May 30th and began preaching the next day. At the evening service the room was filled to its utmost capacity and many turned away, not being able to get in. We preached every night the following week and had a very gratifying attendance. The first Sabbath in June was "an high day." We arranged to make double the room and still had the place crowded. On this occasion the committees appointed by Presbytery, a part of them, installed Rev. J. K. MacGillivray as pastor.

Rev. Josiah McClain presided and charged the people, Rev. R. M. Stevenson preached the sermon and charged the pastor. This church has been called MacGillivray's "kid," and hence he feels a keen responsibility for it. The outlook for its growth is very bright.

Two years ago we organized a mission school here and during its second year between ninety and one hundred pupils have been enrolled. Miss Margaret LaVenture and Miss Laura Stumbaugh have been the teachers and are to continue during the next year. But another teacher is to be added and the first year of academic work is to be taken up.

Recently the farmers gathered with their teams and demonstrated their interest in this enterprise by doing about $500 worth of work in excavating and hauling stone. A building is to be constructed that will be suitable both for school and church, its dimensions being fifty-one by sixty feet. It occupies a sightly place just above Ladd cottage (home for teachers) and commands a fine view of valley and mountain.

The tent work and the Sabbath School missionary made this church possible so far as human agency is concerned. He who is now pastor was the Sunday-school missionary. It is not the pleasantest thing for an educated, cultured man and woman to live in an isolated place like this, but this good man and wife are doing it cheerfully for the Master's sake.—Utah Westminster.

CALIFORNIA.

POMONA.—At the first communion service in the new church at Pomona, Cal., Rev. T. T. Creswell, pastor, held July 12, thirty-seven new members were received, of whom twenty-five were by letter. The fall meeting of Los Angeles Presbytery will be held here.

NAPA.—Nothwithstanding vacation, and many of our people having been away, and there being so many other attractions to take the people out of the city on the Sabbath day, there has been a very fair attendance on the church services, particularly the morning services. Will some one tell us how to get the people to attend evening services? Last Sabboth evening all the churches united in a union service, held in the Methodist church, in the interest of the Anti-Saloon League. Dr. W. M. Burke, assisted by the different pastors, presented the matter. Dr. Burke's remarks were f orcible and right to the point.

COCORAN.—This is a new town, only eighteen months old, with a population of 500. A million-dollar sugar factory has just been completed; run one day and then shut down for the season for the lack of beets. The sugar beet culture up to this year was only experimental in this section, but that period is past and the people now know that the beet, with sufficient moisture, can be grown in paying quantities. The acreage, therefore, planted to beets the coming season will be immense. The moral and religious interests of the community and town are being carefully nursed. Every land deed contains a prohibition clause and saloons are forever barred. The Methodists have a beautiful church house now in the process of construction. The Presbyterians are also preparing to build. We confidently hope to build both church and manse during the year. Church will be modern and will cost not less than $3,000, including the furnishings. The manse will be 5-room with modern conveniences. The people are from the East and have very pronounced convictions. All in all the prospects are very flattering.

HANFORD.—At this time, during the enforced absence of the pastor, Rev. J. W. Mount, Rev. Mr. Rushing, formerly of Texas, is at Hanford. It is feared Mr. Mount will not be able to take up the work again right soon. He is now in Arizona suffering from throat trouble. From what we hear, we infer that Mr. Rushing's work is very acceptable and no change is likely to made till Mr. Mount returns.

VISALIA.—This important field, by choice, as we are told, is now pastorless, and the interests in such matters, both by the town and the church are somewhat neglected. Visalia is dominated by saloon influences and everywhere such is the case, the church languishes.

TULARE.—This town is fourteen miles from Corcoran and only recently, through the influence of our church and others, it has gathered strength sufficient to shake off the liquor traffic. The town has already taken on new life. The hammer, saw and brush are now busy. In the midst of this hot season, nearly all the churches in these parts are holding the evening services in the open air.

SAN MARTIN.—One of the most attractive spots in Santa Clara valley, abounding in apricot, peach, prune orchards and vineyards (which are just now yielding a most bountiful crop), on the main line of the S. P. R. R., twenty-five miles south of San Jose, is proving itself to be a profitable place for Christian growth and activity, as well as along material lines. Last Sabbath evening four new members were received into the church, making twenty-three in all that have been added to the church in the past two months—fifteen on profession and eight by letter. The Sunday-school is more than a third larger than formerly

and increasing in interest. A young men's Bible class has been formed, with eighteen members, emphasizing the physical and social side, as well as the spiritual. There are more than five hundred people in this new and rapidly growing community. The pastor, Rev. J. B. Vance, and people, are encouraged to improve the large opportunities that invite aggressive effort.

FRUITVALE.—A Presbyterian Brotherhood was organized in the Presbyterian Church of this place, August 4th, with Edward McKinlay, ex-state president of the Y. P. S. C. E., as president; L. A. Ward, vice-president, and Zach D. Tallman as secretary and treasurer. There were present at the meeting, besides men of the local church, Rev. Dr. Brush of Alameda and Messrs. Lowry, Hanna and Castle of Berkeley First Church.

PLACERVILLE.—Rev. E. E. Clark, the pastor, is spending his vacation at Pacific Grove and about the bay. On Sunday, August 10, he preached at Elmhurst, where he served as pastor prior to going to Placerville. Marked improvements have been made in the interior and exterior of the church during Rev. Mr. Clark's two and a half years' pastorate. This has caused an expenditure of $1,300. This church is one of the oldest in the state, celebrating its fifty-fifth anniversary in May of this year. It is the only Presbyterian church in Eldorado county. The Rev. Mr. Clark has met with good success in this mining town, despite the drawbacks that have occurred through the loss of large business interests, which have been compelled to close down, owing to loss sustained through the failure of a San Francisco bank.

OAKAND, UNION ST.—Rev. Joseph N. Boyd, pastor of this church, has returned from his vacation at Mt. Hermon, and resumed his work. While at Mt. Hermon he delivered four addresses before important gatherings, and in addition to this had charge of the young people's work. His strenuous vacation has fitted him for another, which he will take later.

HOWARD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.—Judging by the attendance at services a larger number than usual of the members of this church went away from the city during the vacation season. Still, owing to the many from the interior who come to seek the cooling influences of our glorious fog and soothing trade winds the size of the congregations has been quite encouraging. This has been especially true of the evening services. One exceedingly hopeful sign is the fact that the attendance at the midweek prayer meeting has been larger than for sveral years. From the growing interest that is being manifested in this "hour of prayer," and especially by the members of the Christian Endeavor Society, we are looking for great things in the months to come. Just now there is an extra effort being put forth to interest the whole congregation in what some one has termed "the pulse of the church." It might be of suggestive interest to others to see how this is proposed to be accomplished. It is in the form of a special call issued on the following card: "**A Special Call to the Mid-Week Service.**—Members of Howard Presbyterian Church and congregation: You are most urgently invited to give your support to the **Wednesday evening service.** Will you not be good enough to put your name to the following covenant: Unless providentially prevented, I promise to be present at the Wednesday evening services during the month, or months, which I have indicated by the sign of a X (cross). Name ..... The following are the subjects for prayer and study for the next nine successive months: **September,** outline studies in the book of Genesis; **October,** Jesus Christ as presented by Matthew; **November,** some present-day messages in the Book of Isaiah; **December,** Jesus Christ as understood by the heart of John; **January,** Some of the events of today, as typified in the events described in the book of Exodus; **February,** messages in the letter of Paul to the Church at Rome which are especially applicable to the church in San Francisco; **March,** the gospel according to Nehemiah; **April,** the lives of five men—Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Daniel and Paul; **May,** some of the plain truths contained in the mysterious book of Revelation. **Note.**—Two cards will be given to each person, one to be kept by the signer, the other to be returned to the pastor." We are glad to say that several cards have already been returned to the pastor with an X before every one of the months.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. William Kerr, son of Rev. Rev. John H. Kerr, D.D., has been apopinted a missionary to Korea, and will sail from San Francisco September 15th.

Rev. William H. Darden, '81, pastor at Corning, is spending his vacation with his family at Sebastopol. He supplied the pulpit in San Rafael last Sabbath in the absence of Rev. Lynn T. White, who is taking his vacation at Ocean Side in Francisco.

Rev. Dr. Talling of Toronto, who with his wife has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Wicher, preached for Dr. Landon in San Anselmo last Sabbath. Dr. Talling is the author of a profitable book on "Extempore Prayer."

WELSH CHURCH DESECRATED.

The Welsh Presbyterian Church at Fifth and Crocker streets, Los Angeles, was entered last Friday night by vandals who wrecked the interior. The altar was overturned, an organ upset and the stops torn off another. Varnish was spread over Bibles, chairs and carpet. Chalk-written additions were made to the Bible quotations on the blackboards in the little Sunday-school room. Threats and boasts of vile nature were scrawled on the floor.

The wall clock was thrown to the floor and splintered in the fall. Dishes and spoons were scattered over the floor.

The vandalism was first discovered by Janitor Thomas E. Jones. Word was telephoned to him at his residence, 924 East Eighth street, that lights were going at full blast in the church. Jones immediately hurried to the church and when he saw the ruin he sent word to the police.

All the members of the church are of the hard-working class, and all had contributed their mites to help fit up the church. Repairs had only been finished a few months ago, and Friday night's destruction will practically compel the entire refitting of the structure.—California Independent.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS. G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE REV. WILLIAM COLLINS MOSHER.

The senior member of the Synod of California, passed on to his heavenly reward on the 7th of August, in his 89th year. He had resided in Berkeley for the last four years with his family, and was lovingly watched over by his children in his declining days. His health had been failing ever since the death of his wife just three months ago.

Mr. Mosher was born in Phelps, New York, on April 24, 1820. He attended the academy at Canandaigua, and graduated from Union University in 1845, having also been elected to the membership of the Phi Beta Kappa. He taught for several years in Virginia and then took up his studies for the ministry, graduating from the Theological Seminary at Princeton in 1853. The same year he was ordained by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. He had been in the ministry 55 years at the time of his death.

He was sent out to California to engage in Home Mission work. He served the church at Stockton, where he had the happiness of seeing the church become a strong, self-supporting church. In 1858 he was sent as a commissioner to the General Assembly meeting in New York. He became pastor of the church at Pontiac, Michigan, that same year. At the same also he married Miss Maria Louise Billings, the daughter of Col. Charles Billings, at Trenton, New York. He remained in Pontiac four years, but removed to Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras county, California, on account of the failing health of his wife. Her death occured in 1863. While engaged in the work at Mokelumne Hill he carried on extensive Home Mission labors in that locality. He was also superintendent of schools in Calaveras county. In 1864 he married Miss Mary Stratton in San Francisco.

He removed to Georgia in 1865 to work among the Freedmen. After several years residence he returned to California in 1870 to take up the pastorate of the church in Wilmington, near Los Angeles. In 1872 he removed to the site of the present town of Pasadena. He has often told how he built the third house in that city. He was a pioneer in the interests of the church, organizing the first church there, and continued its pastor for three years.

He continued his residence there after resigning from the pastorate, for twenty years. During that time he was a colportuer of the American Tract Society. When the Presbytery of Los Angeles was organized he was a charter member and never changed his membership from that Presbytery. He moved with his family to Los Angeles, living there for five years and in 1904 moved to Berkeley, where he has continued up to the time of his decease.

He is survived by a large number of children and grandchildren, and one great grand-child, Herbert Johnson, who was born on the mission field in West Africa. His children by his first wife are William B. Mosher and Mrs. Jane S. Walker. Six other children of his latter marriage also survive him: Edward S. Mosher, Mrs. Robert (Lavinia) Dodsworth, James W. and Herbert C. Mosher, Mrs. A. G. (Mary) Walton, and Mrs. S. F. (Laura) Johnson.

Mr. Mosher was a faithful and devoted servant of the Lord throughout his long lifetime. His sweet and gentle disposition endeared him to his host of many loving friends.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy."

—R. S. Eastman.

VACATION RELIGION.

Christian Endeavor Topic for August 23rd.

Albert W. Palmer.

A wisely-planned, genuine vacation will be a time for wearing out old clothes and renewing worn-out nerves; a time for getting away from conventional society and living life upon a primitive program of out-of-doors, plenty to eat and early to be bed, early to rise. It is a time when a man may best let go, for the time being, the deeper problems o f his own life and of society and surrender himself gladly and trustfully to the mountains, the woods, the river, the sea, and all the apparently trivial occupations of vacation days. The more completely a man can get out of the ordinary rut of life the better. Cut loose from all your personal prejudices, steer out to sea, welcome each day and its new experiences, and try to look at the world through new and impartial eyes. If you have anything like a sound constitution the result will be a body strong and elastic—ready for another year's work, and a mind stored with new impressions, eager to take up the old problems, but seeing them from a higher angle. And, if you had any measure of real religion to start with, the result will be a broader and deeper religious life as well.

Our topic, as I understand it, has to do with this last statement. It may be expanded into: How may a vacation be useful in renewing and upbuilding our religious as well as our physical and mental capacities? We are interested in vacation religion not as an end in itself, but as a means of bringing renewed life to the religious interests of all the rest of the year. How shall a vacation be made spiritually stimulating?

1. The companionship of Nature.—The first spiritual influence vacation brings is, or should be, the world of God's out-of-doors. I do not mean we are to go about consciously seeking a religious message from every tree and hill. Let it be enough just to live with Nature—walk often upon the trail, take time to be silent beside the roar of the sea, if possible sleep in the open air, where you can look up at the stars, and feel the hush of midnight and the awakening of dawn. Do not try to read your ideas into Nature; rather be content to lose yourself in the presence of the mountains or the sea and learn to wait and listen. Do not be anxious for some great message to come pealing in your ear, just be glad to be alone in the presence of these great revealers of the God who made them.

2. The companionship of books. I believe in taking a book along on a vacation—a book to be lived with, read page by page, lovingly, loiteringly. During my vacation this year I read Scott's "Quentin Durward," and "Religion and Medicine," the new book of the Emmanuel Movement. They were my friends, one of them always in my knapsack. A book read a few pages by the side of a mountain stream, a few more on top of a pass, a few more at the noon-day halt, and yet others in your sleeping-bag by candle light becomes a very real and intimate friend—there is time to chat with it and time to sit in silence with it. In vacation time let at least one good book enter into the very marrow of your bones, or, to change the figure, go out through the door of some book into a new and unexplored country.

3. The companionship of folks. Religion is a social as well as individual matter. Vacations bring people, often strangers, together under conditions which make for frankness and reality, conditions where conventional standards and labels are largely obscured, and for this reason there come opportunities for interesting and delightful interchanges of ideas on religious subjects. Outdoor life stimulates a passion for reality and cant doesn't ring true in the mountains. One summer I shared a stateroom with a sailor whom I grew to like very much indeed. The third day out he said: "Say, partner, what's your business?" "Oh, I'm one of those parsons you were hitting so hard the other day," I replied. "Sure now," he said, "you don't believe all that stuff in the Bible—about Jonah and the whale for instance!" Whereat I gave him an elementary course in modern Biblical interpretation, to which he listened with the keenest interest. "Well, that sounds sensible," he commented, "and you must pardon me for speaking the way I did, but nobody ever put it up to me this way before!" We parted good friends; he had taught me much about the sea and I trust I had let in some light upon the clouded pages of his Bible.

4. Vacations Sundays. I believe in going to church even in vacation. The little churches in seaside resorts are often very interesting and helpful. One of the sermons I find I cannot forget I heard in a little Baptist church in Oceanside. Avalon would not be complete without its Congregational Church, and when shall I ever forget the services in St. Paul's or Canterbury Cathedrals and R. J. Campbell's sermon at the City Temple, heard when on a vacation in England?

This summer on the Sierra Club outing in the Kern River Canyon, many of us found Sunday made especially beautiful by the quiet and simple service held early in the forenoon out under the great pines a little way from the main camp. It was not the power of the preacher or the sermons, it was rather the beauty of the great cliffs and noble trees and the satisfaction of giving expression in a service of religious worship to those feelings of reverence and awe with which the beauty of the week had filled our souls.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A recent census gives China a population of 438,214,000.

It is said that by means of a new invention for feeding ground-up bituminous coal to water-gas generators a good heating gas can be made at a cost of nine cents a thousand.

Between January 1st, 1908, and July 1st, 1908, more than six thousand saloons were closed. There is nothing comparable with it in the history of the temperance crusade.

There are 115 American firms engaged in business in China, and 2,862 persons. The British firms number 490, the persons 9,205; Japanese firms and persons are the most numerous, being 1,416 and 45,610 respectively. There are 239 German firms, and 3,553 persons.

More than 150,000,000 barrels and smaller circular articles for similar purposes are made in the United States each year. The heaviest demand comes from the cement business. The flour business ranks next, closely followed by sugar. Containers for fence staples, bolts, nuts, nails, and packages of roasted coffee, spices, crockery, fruits and vegetables follow in the order named, while glass manufacturers, baking powder companies, liquor distillers and candy, tobacco and cheese packers are big users of barrels. The demand for barrels for molasses, oil, lard and pork is also enormous, while dry paint, glue, snuff, oatmeal, screws, castings and general hardwood articles annually increase the demand.

The census bureau is authority for the statement that the output of pins in the United States for 1907 reached the vast total of 133,000,000 gross, or 19,000,000,000 pins, which means 225 pins for every man, woman and child in America. These figures are for the common pin, and do not include hairpins, safety-pins, or the importation of an unstated quantity of pins from other countries. If the average length of pins be assumed to be an inch, America has produced in a single year, at a cost of about $700,000, 1,600,000,000 feet, or 320,000 miles of pins—pins enough, if laid end to end, to go around the world 13 times, or to make a 100-strand cable between New York and Liverpool.

It is said that the city of Toledo, Ohio, has fewer young criminals in proportion to the population than any other city in the United States. This is attributed to the wisdom and activity of Mr. John E. Gunckel. He set to work with the newsboys, who give the tone to the juvenile underworld. He provided for the organization of baseball teams, bands, cadet and drum corps, but no young Arab could "make the team" without going into training, and sweating from his system swearing, stealing, gambling, lying, drinking and cigarettes. No one is excluded from membership in the Newsboys' Association; but no one can become an officer or enjoy any of the special honors without first having gained moral distinction. This seems to be one of the best examples of the merit system on record—every one invited, but absolutely no hope of advancement except for desert.

The Pacific coast, especially California, is usually thought of by many people as the greatest fruit country in the United States. And it is as to some kinds of fruit. But as to apples there are several states that lead the best on the coast. A recent estimate of the number of apple trees of bearing age puts Missouri in the lead with 20,040,399. New York comes next with 15,054,832. Illinois has 13,450,006; Ohio, 12,952,625; Kansas, 11,848,070; Pennsylvania, 11,774,211; Michigan, 10,927,899; Indiana, 8,624,593; Kentucky, 8,757,238; Virginia, 8,190,025. California has 2,878,169; Oregon, 2,825,898; Washington, 2,735,824. And ahead of us in addition to the states already named stand Tennessee, Arkansas, Iowa, North Carolina, West Virginia, Maine and Nebraska, in the order named. In the number of pear trees California leads with 2,512,890. New York stands next with 2,183,900. Michigan next with 1,187,110. Texas next with 1,644,680. In Oregon and Washington there are not many pear trees, according to the estimate, less than 400,000 in each state. Idaho gives promise of becoming noted as an apple state. She already has 982,394 trees of bearing age. Utah has 715,778. Arizona 45,996.

There is in operation in the Gulf of Lower California what is said to be the largest pearl farm in the world. One thousand persons are employed in harvesting the annual crop. Some of the gems are worth $300 a carat. Pearl farming, as originated by the Mexican company who own the big Lower California farm, is the result of the discovery of a very simple fact concerning pearl-bearing mol-

lusks. After twenty-five years of study and experiment it was discovered that the shell loses its gem after it is two years old, and, unless opened at the proper time, there will be no pearl within. Following this discovery the system whereby the shells are cultivated until the proper time and then opened, was devised. A writer in the Scientific American says concerning it: "From the time of planting the eggs to the harvesting of the crop, two years must elapse, as that length of time is required for the growth of an ordinary shell. The eggs, which are gathered with the shells during the season when the eggs are being deposited, are placed in protective cages in the bottom of which are little artificial channels, made to imitate the bottom of the sea. The utmost care is taken to protect the young mollusks from their natural enemies. When they have arrived at the proper age, they are transferred to larger cages also designed to protect them. During the transferring the stock is carefully inspected and all the "dead" or non-bearing shells are thrown out. The second cages are placed in deeper water and in them the shells are left to develop for two years, when the harvest of pearls is ready to be gathered. The divers descend into the cages with little risk; for, like the mollusks they seek, they are protected by the stout walls of the cage. The pearling methods in vogue across the equator are vastly different and serve as a horrible example of wastefulness. The usual method under the old system in addition to being most uncertain is unnecessarily destructive. In the search for pearls great quantities of shells are pried open, an operation that is certain death to the mollusk within. The extent of the waste by the old method is shown by the statement that at the Australian pearl fisheries one gem to the bushel of shells is considered a good catch. Many pearl fishermen crush the shells in their eagerness, thus destroying the value of even the shell; while others use the Oriental method of opening the shells, namely, piling them in the sun to dry and decay. On the model Lower California farm it has been demonstrated that it is possible to open gently the valves of the shell with a pair of tweezers to disclose the presence or absence of the pearl and to return the mollusk to the water alive and uninjured."

THOUGHTS OF GOD.

The stars spell out God's name
In fire and flame.
The mountains, towering, high,
Shout, "God is nigh."
Wherever oceans roll,
God's name is told.
Little flowers everywhere
Lisp, "God is here."
The tumbling waterfall
Obeys God's call.
Men cannot live apart
From God's own heart.
The savage in his den
Must worship Him.
The cultured, Christian man
Heeds God's command.
God loves poor, fallen man
In every land!
God always loves you, men,
Do you love Him?
Man will pray evermore
On every shore.
On life's great battlefield
God is a shield.
In all earth's broad domains
God's mercy reigns.
Let men and angels sing
Of Him, our King.
Jehovah is the name
Men will proclaim.
God's way should be our way
For life's short day.
If I live on land or sea
God comforts me.
For the crown that he will give,
Let me love and live..
Oh, be patient, kind and true,
He will lead you through.

—W. W. Riley, Woodland, Cal.



Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod.
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread to God.
The shuttles of His purpose move
To carry out His own design;
Seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent dread
You view each somber fold;
For lo! within each darker thread
There gleams a thread of gold.
Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread to God.

—Exchange.

"SMILING CONQUERORS."

Better than poems, essays or sermons is the lesson of contentment to be learned from the interesting human lives which surround us.

Heroes and martyrs elbow us daily in the crowded city streets, but there is none to sing their praises or tell their courageous history.

What a world this would be were we all awake to the wonders of it, instead of being perception-muffled by conventionality and indifference!

A little Italian newsboy once taught the writer a beautiful lesson in unselfish, smiling devotion. He was but ten years old, but what a brave little toiler! We became acquainted in a most interesting way (it would take too long to tell the whole story), and one evening, soon after, page by page, lovinfily, loiteriggly. During my vacation From the supper table into the kitchen his teacher quickly went to find Antonio standing, cap in hand, a bundle of newspapers, wet with snow, beneath one small, sturdy arm. He looked cold and pinched, and, in spite of his bright brown eyes, and the smile which hovered about his

half-frozen mouth, seemed a miserable specimen of boyhood.

Soon a plate heaped with hot viands was placed before him, and hoping to see the boy eat with pleased avidity, the teacher paused beside him, but much to her surprise Antonio sat looking across his plate at the wall beyond.

"Are you not hungry, Antonio?" was asked in wonder at this unusual state of affairs. The boy hung his head, and answered in a low, hurried tone, "But, you see, I would rather take it home to the little ones. I'm not hungry, no!" and the brave little hero looked appealingly into his teacher's eyes. Of course he was hungry, for he made things fairly fly after the promise that "the little ones" should have plenty too, but what a lesson in unselfishness!

Antonio's was a remarkable character, so thoughtful was he, while at the same time being one of the most active, indefatigable workers one could well find. He would spend hours o' the cold, pitiless winter days picking up kindling wood along the railroad tracks, and then sell his papers till nine o'clock at night. He was "no lazy, dirty Neopolitan," but an "industrious little Genosese," as was proudly confided to the teacher by his cheerful, hard-worked mother.

Father, mother and seven children ranging in age from Mary, thirteen, to Mary of six months (and there was a third "of the blessed name" who had gone to heaven), made up the household.

Always hard at work, with never quite enough money to give all plenty to eat, and at the same time pay the rent, this Italian family was, nevertheless, clean, contented and happy.

Many times a welcome guest in the poor little home, the "teacher" sometimes has wondered if the window-box containing its wealth of emerald parsley did not also contain some blessed element from which the smiling-eyed Italian mother brewed deep draughts of sweet content for her little family.

If it had not been for the Irish boys screaming "dago" after him in the streets, Antonio would have been the happiest boy in town, but as it was, he set his white teeth together and went on patiently "working for the little ones," with just a muttered bit of scorn at the rudeness of the idle boys.

The writer once had the good fortune to meet a noble-hearted woman whose hopeful spirit and sunny disposition as well as her beautiful Christian resignation preached another long-to-be-remembered sermon.

The text might well have been, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." For twelve weary years, so I learned, this uncanoned saint had been a sufferer from insomnia, her maximum of sleep amounting to but three and a half hours out of the entire twenty-four, while sometimes but two hours' fitful slumber fell to the share of this stricken woman. Under her physician's orders much of the day was spent in the open air, but not once could she experience the blissful sense of drowsiness, that vestibule of blessed sleep.

Notwithstanding this grave state of affairs, one never saw the invalid "blue" or anything less than cheerful, and at times she was brimful of life and overflowing with delicious, irresistible fun and nonsense.

"I would dearly love to sleep just one whole night through, once again," she said musingly one day, "but remedies fail, and physicians and friends advise in vain. Some day it must end in death—or madness, I suppose, but I'm going to keep smiling and hopeful till that day comes."

A moment later her courtly, devoted husband entered and walked toward her with the tender look of concern his face always wore when he approached his brave little wife, and instantly the heroic woman threw all thought o f coming ill to the winds, and soon we were laughing merrily over one of her witty little stories.

I forgot to ask, but should not much wonder if the brave woman's life motto were this, from Victor Hugo's pen:

Hope for tomorrow, child! then hope again tomorrow!
These morrows evermore!
Trust in the coming day!

People tell us that a sunny, contented disposition is constitutional, so we must not fail to give due credit to those melancholy creatures who are cheerful only when they force themselves into the mood.

Another "living epistle" was seen and read by the writer, one summer some years ago. In answer to an advertisement our select little party had found a pleasant boarding place in a beautiful part of Pennsylvania. As we descended from the wheezy, rickety little stage which had conveyed us in leisurely fashion from the small dingy station to our destination, my first thought was, "This is a charming, restful spot and will suit us perfectly," when my eyes fell upon a queer gnome-like little figure perched upon the piazza railing. "Is he boy or misshapen dwarf?" flashed across me.

Later we learned that the grotesque, twisted figure, the old, shrewd face, belonged to an invalid boy of scarce eleven years.

While unpacking my belongings the boy's face and figure haunted me; nothing had ever affected me in such a peculiar, nervous way, nor could the weird, questioning gaze of those marvelous bright eyes be dispelled.

The supper bell rang, and in silent reluctance I followed the others into the cozy dining-room. Oddly enough it chanced that the afflicted boy was my vis-a-vis. For a moment nature rebelled; it really seemed as if to eat with zest under this depressing state of affairs would be impossible.

It was while planning a change of place before breakfast time next morning that our gentle-voiced Quaker hostess entered the dining-room and in simple-hearted fashion proceeded to introduce the later arrived guests to the rest about the table.

As we had supposed, the sad-faced, refined lady beside the invalid boy was his mother. "And this," said our hostess, in most cordial tones, "is Bennie _ields!" with which she laid a kindly hand upon the boy's shoulder and smiled benignantly.

The ice of formality thus gently broken, a moment later, to my great surprise, a bright bit of originality fell from Bennie's lips which made everybody laugh heartily.

Two hours later Bennie and I were chatting as freely as old acquaintances could have done. So bright, so witty, so original were his boyish sayings that his sad infirmities were for the time actually obliterated. Sorrow and pain and the lack of all that makes boyhood happy had not embittered him, but had made him old for his years and wise in many things.

It did not take many days to find out his unfailing patience, his shrewd, philosophic reasoning, his loving unselfishness, for he set every one of us a shining example and made friends of all.

More than anyone I ever knew, Bennie possessed the "smiling spirit" poet-sung. Rough without, his true little

heart was a polished gem. Many a time, all unknown to the boy, have I seen him hold his poor aching back with both hands and grit his teeth hard from intense pain, but let his patient, distressed little mother suddenly appear and Bennie would hastily gulp down his agony, sometimes making frightful grimaces before the rigid pain-lines about his mouth would soften into a smile, but smile he would, this young hero martyr.

When feeling too badly to talk, after one of these paroxysms, he would silently bury his face in his mother's dress and wait for strength; at other times he would eagerly make some funny little remark, often about himself, "just to make mother laugh, you know."

Ah, Bennie, you were a "star actor," and surely "the angels who behold the face of their Father" must often have watched you with wondering, love-filled eyes!

One morning several rollicking, sturdy boys asked Bennie to join in their play, "Captain Kidd," or "Wild Indians," or some such boisterous amusement, and the boy left me, with a look of delight on his face.

Occasionally peals of boyish laughter distracted my attention from the book I was reading, and a half inclination to join the fun came over me, which if acted upon might have prevented what followed.

Presently the laughter died away—then came an indistinct murmur of excited boyish voices—then all was still. A moment later something caused me to look up, and there, toiling slowly, painfully up the ascent from the village street to the house, was Bennie.

Hastening toward him I beheld him for once "a knight of the rueful countenance." He was ashen with pain and trembling visibly; his face below the eyes seemed to writhe, but the brown eyes, bright with unshed tears, even then showed a gleam of humor.

In answer to a hurried inquiry of sympathy the little hero answered, "Yes, they did pound me pretty bad, but they didn't mean to." Then dashing the tears from his eyes he set his mouth in a determined fashion which meant stern resolve, for he had seen his mother coming toward him with a look of pained anxiety on her pale face.

"O, my boy, were they rough with you? Did they hurt you?" she asked piteously.

"Only what they couldn't help, mother," he answered. "I've settled it now. Boys don't understand me. I'd better not play with them any more, had I?"

His brave, whimsical tones and sunny smile were irresistible. "Anyway, mother, you know I like grown-ups better, for they understand me, you know, and—and never make sport of me, do they?"

Three weeks after our first meeting Bennie and his mother returned to the city, and the way everybody missed that boy was wonderful.

"As Bennie would say," became a daily expression, while the lesson of his struggle to be sunny-hearted, and make the best of even his deepest suffering, seemed almost beyond belief, and could not well be forgotten.

It has been said that "all emotion is a gracious gift of God to man, and we ought to bless our very faculty of pain, by which we so often pass to good," but in the case of this boyish martyr pain pressed almost ceaselessly,

> Such wearing pain
> As has no end in view; that makes of life
> One weary avenue of darkened days.

Such was the sorrowful portion of this sufferer. It really seemed as if he "had set his soul to suffer perfectly" and conquered. Surely, if one small boy could, in all his stress of agony, accomplish so much, we, who fully enjoy our God-bestowed faculties, should, at least in the times when free from special suffering, be happy and cheerful and contented.

"It is a comely fashion to be glad. Joy is the grace we say to God," Jean Ingelow sweetly tells us.

It might not be a bad idea to commit the lines to memory, and repeat them on the "blue Mondays," rumpled Fridays and busy Saturdays of our hurried, ofttimes discontented lives.

Happiness is a wayside flower, free to all who will pluck it, not a rare orchid only to be purchased by the rich. There is a bit of joy in every floating, fleecy cloud, every golden sunset tint in each day's evening sky. There is music in the free winds of heaven if hearts are a-tune to catch the harmony. And, best of all, there is the thought of our Fathers approving smile, that sunlight of His presence so sweet, so invigorating, so marvelous that we may learn to rejoice even "under the shadow."

> Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
> My soul content doth softly sing.
> No breath of danger or of harm
> Can touch me, or my soul alarm.
> Loud roar the winds, but safe am I,
> Unruffled as the summer sky.
> In peace and comfort 'neath Thy wing,
> My soul doth softly sit and sing.

—Miss M. G. Woodhull, in The Christian Advocate.

THE LITTLE TUNKER BONNET.

A maiden came driving a sleek black mare
  Into the town, into the town;
And the light wind lifted her raven hair
  In innocent ringlets hanging down
To the neck of her fleecy, lead-colored gown,
From under the puckered, silken crown
  Of her little Tunker bonnet.

She'd a red-rose lip and an eye of brown,
  And dimples rare, and dimples rare,
But the lassies laughed as she rode in town,
  For the graceful gown that she wore with care
  Had never a flounce upon it,
And they made remarks on her rustic air,
And wondered what country hulk would dare
  Make love to that "queer old bonnet."

O merry town girls, you do not know,
  Acres are wide, acres are wide;
And wheat and corn fields lying a-row
  Are the Tunker's wealth and the Tunker's pride;
  And the farm and houses on it,
The cow for milk, and the horse to ride,
Are gift and dower for the bonny bride
  That weareth the Tunker bonnet.

But the merchant beau in the dry goods store
  Welcomed her in, welcomed her in;
And the sweet little face with smiles ran o'er
  As the cunning purse of crocodile skin,
  With the clicking clasp upon it,
She drew at each purchase, and from within
Coaxed arguments that were there to win
  Sure grace for the Tunker bonnet.

Then she mounted her buggy and drove away
Through meadows sweet, through meadows sweet,
Where her graybeard father raked the hay
By the Tunker church where the turnpikes meet
The church with the steeple on it.
Said the merchant, musing, "Her style is neat,
I'll join the Tunkers, raise beard and wheat,
And win that little bonnet."

—B. S. Parker.

Young People

AN APRIL SHOWER.

'May I please get board and lodging here?" asked the little school teacher of a tall, gaunt-looking country woman who lived in the Greenbrier school district.

Miss Rebecca took a few steps nearer the little front porch upon which the woman was standing.

"Please say 'Yes,' " said Rebecca sweetly.

This remark did not seem to settle well on our rural neighbor. She shook her head forcibly and said very sternly: "No, ma'am; I don't take women boarders."

Rebecca nevertheless pressed her suit. "I am teaching the spring term at the little school just over the hill, and it would be so convenient right here. I could easily walk both ways, and then the road isn't a bit lonesome along here. This is my first school, and I am a stranger in the neighborhood. At present I am at the village inn until I can get with a private family."

"No, indeed; I wouldn't have such a thing as a woman boarder around, and then especially a schoolmarm, a-giggling at my mistakes. You might as well try farther out the road. There are some folks who might be persuaded to take women boarders who live a little farther out."

The woman then stepped down to where Rebecca was standing, in order to show her the direction of a certain house where she might perhaps find lodging. In such close range with her friend, Rebecca found that she was not so homely, but her mode of dressing made her severe looking. Her dark brown hair, the very shade of her own, was tightly drawn into a knot at the back of her head; the muscles of her neck and face were drawn and rigid-looking, probably from the stern attitude of life that she was taking.

After thanking her for her kindness in directing her, Rebecca asked some questions of the immediate neighborhood to draw her new friend into conversation and, if possible, to make the woman have a kindly feeling toward her; for she wished to go no farther away from her work.

It had been a beautiful spring day; but, as if directed by Providence, an April shower came up so suddenly and sprinkled down so heavily upon them that our friend was forced to ask Rebecca up on the porch till the shower was over. The door of the little drawing-room stood ajar, and Rebecca got a glimpse of the portrait of a noted divine. "Oh, I see the picture of the Reverend Mr. Moore!" said the little teacher. "I joined his church when I was a child."

"You are a Methodist, then," cried our friend.

"Yes," replied Rebecca, "and Mr. Moore was our pastor at that time; but his health failing, he went West. A great, good man he was."

Rebecca was then ushered into the little parlor, where she might have a better view of the portrait.

It was still raining, or rather, during the conversation on the merits of Mr. Moore it had stopped; but the clouds were quickly gathering, bringing shower after shower. "You had better have a chair, Miss. I believe it is still raining; and if you don't mind, I will draw a cup of tea. These here spring rains are sorter chilling. Here is the family album that you might entertain yourself with while I brew the tea."

Rebecca thanked her and took the book; but about the peskiest thing in the world, in Rebecca's mind, was a photograph album—people who had lived over a hundred years ago. Still she turned the pages, for perhaps her new friend might question her about them. But they all looked alike to her—the women with their hoop skirts and bishop sleeves and high-dressed hair. Even the children looked alike. As she leisurely turned the pages she thought she recognized a picture. She now looked closely. Yes, the more she looked the more convinced she was that it was her grandmother's picture on her father's side. Yes, and there was her grandfather also. Not waiting for any ceremonies, Rebecca rushed out into the kitchen with the album in her hand.

"What do you think? here are my grandfather's and grandmother's pictures."

The astonished woman then took the book, and after turning several pages showed Rebecca another picture.

"Oh, that is my father!" cried the girl.

"And that is my brother," said the woman.

"So you are my Aunt Rebecca, my father's only sister, for whom I am named. I have heard father speak of you so often, but we lost your address after you went West."

So the two talked until bedtime; and when the aunt accompanied her niece back to the lodging house at the inn, she helped Rebecca gather her belongings.

"Are you going to take Miss Rebecca away from us?" asked the innkeeper.

"What's the use for a child to go stalking around the neighborhood to live, with her own aunt right here in the midst?"

"I thought some of the neighbors would work in one of their relatives in the school," said the innkeeper to one of the men standing around; but it was a good thing that Aunt Rebecca didn't hear his remark.

As they walked back home the aunt said: "Rebecca, I believe that it was all through that album that we found each other."

"No, aunt; I believe it was all through that April shower," said Rebecca.

A MONKEY'S PRANKS.

Louis W., now a prosperous business man in a large city, was born in Denmark, and when young was a sailor and visited many parts of the world. One evening lately he told the following story to a group of children and grown-ups:

Somewhere in the East a monkey was found and taken on board of the ship as a mascot He was a large, brawny fellow, stronger than any of his sailor companions, and was as full of mischief as the little fellows who are so funny to watch capering about in cages. The monkey became a great pet of the sailors and at night would go into the forecastle and sleep in the bunk of one of the sailors whose duty happened to keep him on deck. The days were spent

in romping with the sailors and getting into mischief.

One day when the vessel was in an English port, a crowd of people stood on the wharf watching the large monkey on the deck. Some would throw things up to the monkey which he would cleverly catch, examine, then eat, if to his liking. In the crowd and close to the ship's side stood a well-dressed man in frock coat and high silk hat. This man wrapped a cigar in paper and tossed it to the monkey, who caught it, opened the package, tasted the cigar and then broke it up and threw it overboard. Holding on the lower rigging, he slyly leaned out and quickly grabbed the man's silk hat with which he hurried up the shrouds and perched on a yardarm. First he pulled out the lining of the hat and threw it at the man, then he tore the hat to pieces, throwing it bit by bit back to the owner. The monkey and the crowd seemed to enjoy the performance, but the hatless man didn't.

At another time a store boy came aboard with some delicacies for the captain's table. He carried the basket on his shoulder and had not noticed the monkey sitting on one of the life boats just above. The monkey sitting on one of basket from the boy's shoulder and quickly scampered up the rigging. The boy, astonished and bewildered by the sudden disappearance of the basket, could do nothing but watch Mr. Monkey sitting aloft quietly selecting the things to examine, taste and throw overboard. When the basket was emptied it followed the fragments of things that the monkey could not or would not eat.

His spirit of mischief finally brought the poor monkey to a very sad end. One day the captain entered his cabin and discovered the monkey having a lively time. A box of expensive cigars had been opened and destroyed. A valuable nautical book had been carefully inspected and each leaf of the book had the corner torn off by the monkey's deft fingers. The captain had a handsome gold watch which he had left hanging on the wall of his cabin, and which was worth more to him than the mere money value. The monkey had found the watch more attractive than either the cigars or the book, but when he saw the captain come in he must have known that he was doing wrong, for he darted out of the cabin and climbed up the mast, carrying the watch with him. The captain called all hands on deck to rescue his precious watch, and the monkey was chased to the top of the mizzen mast. Two agile sailors started after him, but the captain called them to wait. He feared the monkey, with his great strength, might push the sailors off, or when cornered would surely throw the watch into the sea, as was his custom when caught stealing things. The captain went to his cabin for his rifle and with one shot brought the monkey to the deck, dead with the watch still clasped tightly in his hand.

Though every sailor knew that such a sad end was necessary and justifiable, there was not a dry eye on board the ship. Even the captain joined them in their grief.—A. Duncan.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents

in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

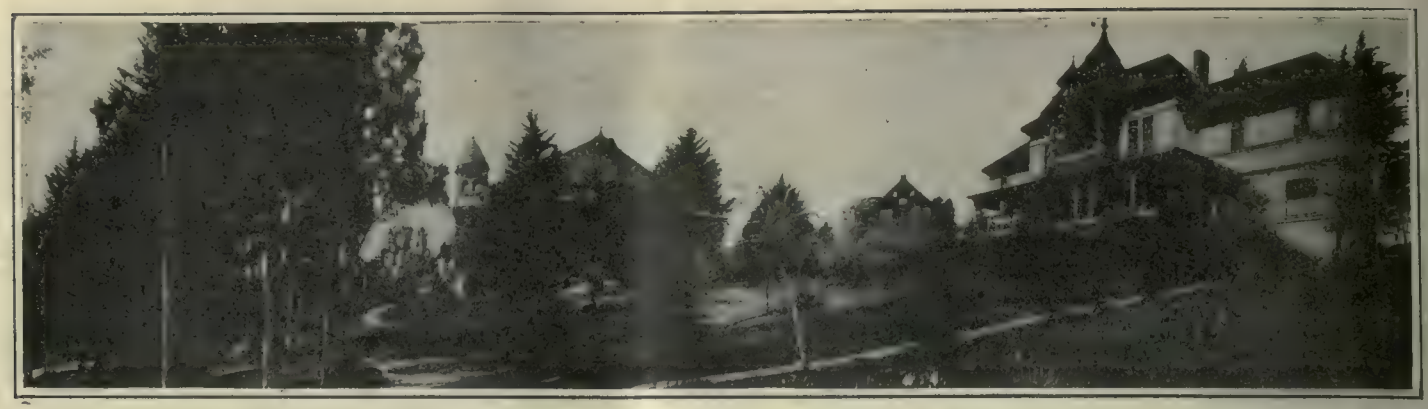
Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work doné in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD. EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

August 17, 18, 24, and 25.
Sept. 15, 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

University Library

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, CAL., AUGUST 29, 1908 No. 34



A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

O God, strong and mighty, make us to be strong and mighty in thee. Give us strength of body that we may do our work cheerfully and well and bear the burdens of others; give us strength of mind that we may receive thy words in the fullness of their truth and steadfastly abide in them; give us strength of heart that we may love thee with all our powers and love our neighbor as ourselves. Enable us so bravely to contend with the world that we may not be overcome of evil, but may overcome evil with good. Help us to believe in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, truth over falsehood, love over hate, and ever to work in the strength of this great faith. In our turmoil, give us clearness of vision; and in our sorrows, give us peace; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen! E. A. W.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
First National Bank Building,
433, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

THIS LOOKS GOOD.

Eastern advices say there has been a greater change in the outlook for all crops during July than in any one month in many years. E. H. Harriman, the railroad man, who is considered a good judge, declares that while he does not expect the crops as a whole to be the largest the country has seen, he does expect the money returns will be greatr to the farmers than at any time in the history of the country. There is plenty of money in the country. Almost everyone has enough for his present needs—and a little more—but he is afraid to use it, lest there be a scarcity later. If we could be certain that no forced stringency would take place, we could get along very well with the money market as it is.

CACHED.

In this issue of the Pacific Presbyterian appears for the first time a column headed "Cache of Stolen Stuff." We think this will be an appropriate heading for the items which will be run from time to time. The word means the storing of articles of value in a place of safety. The hungry were always welcome to all they needed to satisfy themselves, but beyond this it was a crime to take. There are many good things floating around, and oftentimes valuable articles do not have their writers' names attached, so that if we gather them up and cache them here, they may be of good service to some passer-by. We will be glad to have our readers help us to gather up good things,—their own or any one's else,—that they think suitable for this column. The cache by the side of the trail in the mountain has been the means of saving the life of many a traveler, and those refreshed have gone on their way better able to do their work. We trust this column will be of help to many of our readers.

CACHE OF STOLEN STUFF.

Goodness is beautiful.

Let us preach what we practice.

Optimism is the superlative of good.

Everything is marked "Temporary," but Love.

No wrong is ever righted until it is righted right.

Christ loved humanity out of its meanness into life.

Christ loved the world so that He gave His own life. What will you give?

Everybody goes to church because everybody goes to church.

Nobody goes to church because nobody goes to church.

Are you preaching what you believe, or what your congregations wants to believe?

If you let the devil run the saloons your won't have long to run the church.

The saloon kills more than the plague. We protect one and quarantine the other. Why?

The most beautiful things in the world are not nature, music and art, but life.

Some people love their enemies so they will come up close, that they may swat them good and plenty.

ANOTHER REASON FOR HOME MISSIONS.

Here are some important words from a Senator. At the close of the eighth convention of the Luther League of America, held in the Auditorium, Chicago, 3,000 people were present. Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, made an address. In it he spoke of the source from which trouble may be expected in the United States. In that address he made use of the following words: "Severed by two vast oceans from the other great powers of the world, with our hundred millions of people, and our almost limitless resources, we have no occasion to fear any attack or invasion from abroad. The enemy that will attack us, and the danger that will threaten us, against which we must be constantly on our guard, will come from within; will come when we are untrue and unfaithful to our trust; will come when we grant immunity to transgressors and law violators; will come when we allow the mammon of pelf and and unrighteousness to rule and dominate; will come when we stifle or permit to be stifled, the conscience of the nation. Against this enemy and this danger the only standing army and the only navy which can protect us and guide us, in the future as in the past, are our schools and our churches. These rather than brute force, will be our solace, our hope and our salvation."

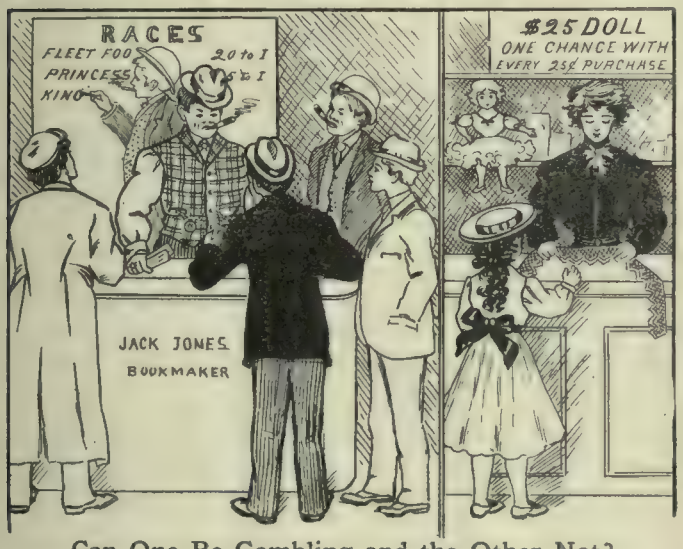
The value of our schools as a help against internal troubles depends on other matters than education. For we all know that an educated bad man is a greater menace than an uneducated bad man. But there is real help in the churches. For large portions of the country, and increas-

ingly for the great cities, the churches can give their help only through Home Missionary effort. The church planted in the neglected community, by the Home Mission agencies, becomes at once a center for the cultivation of the purest patriotism not only, but for the cultivation of that conscience of which Senator Nelson speaks. Then the Church brings to bear on the entire community the teachings of Jesus, in which personal responsibility is urged and all right living is insisted upon. The injunction to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," "to honor all men, love the brotherhood, honor the King,' lie at the center of good citizenship, and the acceptance of Jesus Christ as a personal Savior and friend are a sure move toward preventing any internal troubles to the union.

Senator Nelson hits the center when he says our help must come from the work of the churches. This means we must push Home Mission work with vigor through all the cities and into the outlying communities, with its precious leaven of right living and thinking which make good citizenship. Home Missions are invaluable for all reasons which lead good men to care for their country, and make internal difficulties impossible as the Christian spirit prevails.

W. S. Holt.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 17, 1908.



Can One Be Gambling and the Other Not?

THE RACE TRACK.

According to the old English, or common law, "Wheresoever more than three persons use force or violence for the accomplishment of any design whatever, all concerned are rioters." Governed possibly in his decision by a real or a fancied similarity, a certain New York jurist recently decided that "If one person bets with one other person it is not gambling; but if one person bets with many or all comers, or causes others to lay bets for him, it is gambling," the former being an act of personal liberty, the latter an enfringement of public morals.

The excerpt of the decision was published on the "sporting" page of an Oakland daily. Very possibly it is such like decisions that cause many people to make sport of the decisions of great Sampsons of jurisprudence.

A San Francisco evening daily is a champion of civic righteousness, an heroic defender of the graft prosecution, and an outspoken foe of an Oakland pro-graft daily, which it denounces as of the "gutter press." Every evening these papers shoot at each other from across the bay, from guns loaded with much powder. And at noon both of these evening warriors unite the glad hand in the "Racing Special," and strenuously strive to debauch men and women with the sale of their race track specials.

Another old English law is suggested in the trial of Lord Dacre and others who went to kill deer in a private park. One of the hunters killed the park keeper. The others of the hunters were at the time in another part of the park, but all were adjudged guilty of felonous homicide; the court ruling that "All present aiding and assisting are equally guilty with him who gave the stroke."

Is it not now true that all papers and persons uniting in support of the race track evil are in a conspiracy to do an immoral act, and are each guilty of all the results following? Whatever murder, suicide, robbery, loss of virtue or ruin of home results from the race track evil, every conspirator, every abettor, every aider and helper of the race track,—whether as owner, political defender, book maker, ticket purchaser or voter,—each one of all such is guilty of that homicide or other deplorable result issuing from this gambling evil.

But what is gambling?

Perhaps no more accurate definition can be given in fewer words than this: Gambling is an attempt to secure something for nothing. Gambling is radically different from rewards of merit or premium on service, it is essentially trying to get something for nothing.

To pay 30 cents for a can of baking powder and secure a chance on a stove worth $30 is gambling, and the man that sells the baking powder, as well as the purchaser, is a gambler,—one trying to get something for nothing. One drop of water is as truly water as all the liquid in Lake Superior, and the mother who sends her girl to the store to purchase 25 cents worth of lace and get a chance on the $25 doll, is teaching her child to be a gambler, as surely as the book maker who persuades the young clerk to purchase so much interest every month in the Emeryville race track.

The race track in Oakland, Los Angeles and at the State Fair is a source of evil untold, and it is maintained not only by the saloons, the sports and the railways, but fostered, protected and defended by every one who aids, encourages or sanctions gambling in any of its forms.

O. E. H.

SAN FRANCISCO PRESBYTERY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Presbytery was held on Aug. 18 and 19, in the Welsh Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Rev. D. A. Mobley acting as moderator. The principal items of business were the decisions to unite with the Presbytery of Oakland in a petition to the Home Board for a Sunday-school missionary who would divide his time between the 2 Presbyteries; and the examination of a Japanese student from the Theological Seminary, Mr. Suzuki, as a candidate for the ministry.

Mr. Suzuki's examination was most satisfactory, and a committee was appointed to ordain him, on Thursday, Aug. 20, in Westminster Church, San Francisco. Dr. Mobley was to propound the constitutional question; Rev. E. A. Wicher was to preach the sermon; and Dr. Sturge charge the minister. After his ordination Mr. Suzuki will have charge of the Japanese Presbyterian work at Salinas, Cal.

BREWERS DO NOT WANT THEIR MONEY USED FOR Y. M. C. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 15.—The Young Men's Christian Association of this city and the Brewers' Protective Association have locked horns over a recent proposal to give the former organization a surplus of $4,728 left from the fleet reception funds to which the brewers contributed.

Chairman Frank J. Symmes of the reception committee suggested that the amount be given to the Y. M. C. A. for the naval club house to be established by that organization. The brewers did not propose that any part of their money should be used for the advancement of a society they considered antagnonistic to their interests, and sent an urgent message to Symmes asking the return of the Brewers' Association's pro rata of the surplus money. This matter Symmes now has under advisement, and his election is awaited with great interest.

MEN OF MANY MINDS AT THE COSMO-CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

The recent "Cosmo-Congregational Council" at Edinburgh seems to defy any brief characterization, since it consisted only of a long series of addresses quite as varied in theme as the divers interests of modern Christianity. It is therefore impossible to designate any particular note unifying the whole. From an English viewpoint the assemblage was very conservative. Rev. Reginald Campbell and his "new theology" friends had no representation whatever in the program and apparently none in the membership of the council. The dominating English figure was Principal Forsyth, who has recently been conspicuous for his insistence on the atoning power of Christ's death as the central and essential element of the Christian faith. On the other hand, from the viewpoint of American Congregationalists, the tendencies of the council were quite radical. There was a great deal of praise of modern criticism of the Bible, especially in the address of Dr. R. F. Horton, who applauded Professor Vernon of Yale—the man whose speech at the late American National Council caused talk of schism in the Congregational fellowship. Dr. Horton insisted that the total effect of criticism was to strengthen and not to diminish the power of the Bible over men's lives. There was a great deal said on social subjects—some of the speakers from England advocating socialism outright. The American speakers were more reserved, and combatted not the existing social order but the unchristian spirit by which men work for selfish ends through the social order. A whole day was given to missionary addresses. In the discussion of temperance Dr. Charles R. Brown, of Oakland, California, offended the entertaining city greatly by saying that from his observation Edinburgh was more drunken than wicked San Francisco. He was called to account for the statement but would not retract. From all reports it appears clear that the one feature of the sessions which left the deepest impression on all minds was the "council sermon" delivered by Dr. George A. Gordon, a native of Scotland, but now identified with America as pastor of the New Old South Church of Boston. The discourse was a fervent plea for fearless confidence in the principle of spiritual liberty—absolute reliance on the promise of Christ that the Spirit of Truth shall guide believers into all the truth. He said: "Our gospel is an organism of ideas. It is vital in every part and cannot die. There is nothing that our faith cannot assimilate except atheism and inhumanity, the denial of the Infinite Soul and the denial of the soul of man."—The Interior.

A MODERN CLINICAL BAPTISM.

In one of our Baptist exchanges we find a letter from a correspondent with the heading "A Modern Clinical Baptism." To our surprise the letter proves to be an account of a "baptism" by "sprinkling," so administered in view of the physical condition of the recipient. The person to be received was ill, and no one would take the the responsibility of "immersing" him. Consequently the Baptist pastor hit upon the happy expedient of applying the water to the fonfessor by touching his fingers to the basin or font and then to various parts of the body. It was so "modern" and so satisfactory that the letter-writer wished to assure everybody there was no patent on it. As indeed there should not be, seeing it has been used by the great body of believers from time immemorial. The thing that seems strange is that it must require a case of life or death to convince our Baptist brethren that a rite which was adapted to the climate of Syria could be modified in climates sub-Arctic without invalidating the purpose or clouding its sanctity. We like the article and approve the discretion of the pastor, but this "clinical baptism" was just as "modern" as Saint Paul, who taught his converts to distinguish between the letter that killeth and the spirit that maketh alive.—The Interior.

IF I HAD BUT A WEEK TO LIVE.

In the Saturday Evening Post of August 15 there are brief statements from prominent men setting forth what they would do if they had but one week in which to live. The answers to this question are interesting, in that the statements make it perfectly clear to the reader which of the men are Christians, although a number of them do not so state in words, and we are left to judge by what they say they would do. There has been a good deal of sport made of Chauncey M. Depew, but his answer to the question heads the list and is worth repeating. He says:

"If I had but one week to live, how would I spend it? Your inquiry seems rather pertinent to a septpuagenarian.

First, I would make my peace with Heaven, as I was taught by my mother, according to the ways of Calvin and the Westminster Confession.

"Second, I would so arrange my affairs that courts and litigants could not divide my estate.

"Third, I would revisit the home scenes of childhood and youth, and spend a few hours under the elms of Yale, recalling with classmates and other alumni of my period the happiest days of one's life, his four years at Alma Mater.

"Fourth, I would invite to dinner those who have written the most vicious and nasty things about me. They would come if I sure was to die within the time, and, while disliking each other, we would unite in endeavoring to neutralize past vitrol with present honey.

"Then with those I love and who love me, the world and its cares forgotten, the closing hours should glide swiftly, cheerfully and sweetly by in story and song, in reminiscence and in soul communication—the parting here a foretaste of the meeting beyond."

George Barr McCutheon concludes the list, and his statement should make one a Christian, if for no other reason than to have peace of mind here and hope of the hereafter. He says, "I have such an unholy horror of death, and I can say in perfect sincerity that I should be compelled to spend that week in a madhouse."

EMPHASIS PUT ON MORAL EDUCATION.

We quote from some of the resolutions and utterances at the meeting of the National Educational Association in Cleveland this summer:

"We earnestly recommend to boards of education, principals and teachers the continuous training of pupils in morals, and in business and professional ethics, to the end that the coming generation of men of aaffirs may have a well-developed abhorrence of unfair dealing and discrimination. The establishment of the honor system in schools, the ostracism of the dishonest or unfair pupil, the daily exemplifications in the routine life of the school of the advantage of honest and truthful methods, are commended to the especial attention of teachers as a partial means to this end.

"The association wishes to record its approval of the increasing appreciation among educators of the fact that the building of character is the real aim of the schools and the ultimate reason for the expenditure of millions for their maintenance. There are in the minds of the children and youth of today a tendency toward a disregard for constituted authority, a lack of respect for age and superior wisdom, a weak appreciation of the demands of duty, a disposition to follow pleasure and interest rather than obligation and order. This condition demands the earnest thought and action of our leaders of opinion and places important obligations upon school boards, superintendents and teachers.

"The highest ethical standards of conduct and of speech should be insisted on among teachers. It is not becoming that commercialism or self-seeking should shape their actions, or that intemperance should mark their utterances. A code of professional conduct clearly understood and rigorously enforced by public opinion is being slowly developed, and must one day control all teachers worthy of the name.

"It is apparent that familiarity with the English Bible as a masterpiece of literature is rapidly decreasing among the pupils in our schools. This is the direct result of a conception which regards the Bible as a theological book merely, and thereby leads to its exclusion from the schools of some states as a subject of reading and study. We hope for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the reading and study of the English Bible, as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part formed."

Upon the subject of college honor, Dean Fordyce had some searching questions to put:

"Should it not become clear that cheating is cheating, whether in the class-room or in the counting room? That stealing is stealing, whether engaged in by student or civilian? That gambling is gambling, whether indulged in by the sport on the New York race track, or by those matriculated in the Christian college? Deceit, vandalism, theft and murder are crimes, whether perpetrated by men and women in cap and gown or by those in civilian garb. The adjective 'college' before the word 'ethics' does not grant the student a freedom in conduct not conceded in the market place or in the church pew.

"A careful study of the problem leads one to believe that students have the opinion that they are granted a leeway not enjoyed in the world outside; that cheating in the class-room is less disgraceful than cheating in the counting room; that it may be a crime for John Jones to indorse a check with the name of another whose credit in the bank is good, yet he may with impunity secure value on the professor's class-book by signing his own name to a Greek translation whose value is earned by another. That the law prevailing in the streets may consign to prison a poor, hungry tramp, who takes a loaf of bread, but exonerates a collegian who pilfers from the tables of friends a dozen souvenir spoons. That civil authorities may arrest and imprison a group of drunkards who obstruct the streets and disturb the quiet of the night, yet laugh at the college gang that makes the night hideous with its unearthly howls and cries. That it is a crime to bet on the New York race track, but simply a display of college spirit to bet at the annual college debate, oratorical contest, or inter-collegiate football game. That the academician who inflicts wounds upon the newcomer, torturing him until he reaches feverish heat, then plunges him into a tank of cold water, laying the foundation for pneumonia, leading ultimately to death, is less responsible than the highwayman who takes more directly the life of his victim. There is no excuse for the laxity in morals thus found in our colleges, for there is no place in the world so favorable for the development of good morals as here.

"It is true that students as a rule have a high sense of honor. Many of the breaches of moral conduct in the college are not the result of intentional wrong-doing, but rather of college usages. Many things, which to the Faculty and outsiders appear dishonorable, are not so regarded by the student.

"Expert cheating often receives applause. Equally dishonorable are many of the customs in the class-room, where cribbing and other forms of deception go on under the eyes of the school authorities. Students even maintain that it is no serious offense to cheat under the watchful eye of the proctor, claiming that where there is no confidence cheating is no crime. The need of a quickening of the conscience of student bodies, of a crusade against the low standards of conduct is everywhere felt. I am convinced that indolence is responsible for many of the evils. Laziness weakens one morally as well as mentally. A considerable percentage of our students come from opulent homes, dress attractively, and flit about as society leaders. A large number of the students yield to the dissipations of loafing and of social life, neglect their studies, and then come up for examination unprepared, when the temptation for deception is strong.

"The ultimate solution of this problem lies with the Faculty itself. The character of the Faculty limits and determines the atmosphere in which the student lives. There is scarcely a college where there are not petty factions in which jealousy, selfishness, and unlawful ambition lead instructors into dishonest measures to satisfy personal ends. Then students, following the example of Faculty, acquire the habit of gratifying unlawful ambition at any cost. With teachers of great influence for morality the ethical life of our colleges will revive."

OAKLAND PRESBYTERY INCORPORATED.

At a meeting of the seven commissioners appointed as directors of the Presbytery of Oakland, held on August 18th, the following were elected officers: President, D. C. Mitchell, vice-president, Rev. O. E. Hart, D.D.; secretary and treasurer, Rev. R. S. Eastman.

To allow of the construction in Chicago of the new $20,000,000 station of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad a building weighing 6,000 tons must be moved a half a block. It will cost $50,000 and will take three months' time.

PRESBYTERIAN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Presbyterian Teachers' Asociation of Utah will convene in Springville, Utah, August 20th to 26th. A program of much interest is shown for each of the days and a good attendance is anticipated. Rev. Dwight E. Potter of Oakland, Cal., secretary of the Western District of the Foreign Mission Board, who is advertised to be present, will not be able to attend.

Among the principal speakers are: Mr. John S. Welch, supervisor of the grammar grades of the Salt Lake public schools; Mrs. A. H. Burkholder, superintendent of the primary department of Hungerford Academy, and Rev. R. M. Donaldson, field secretary of the Home Mission Board for the Rocky Mountain District.

The meeting of the Presbytery will follow the meeting on August 27th, and will be held at Springville.

PERSONALS.

Rev. W. D. Landis and family spent part of their vacation at Catilina.

Rev. Samuel J. Ward of Los Angeles has removed to El Monti, California.

Rev. S. T. Montgomery, pastor of the Alhambra Church, is away on his vacation.

Rev. W. J. Thompson of Enumclaw, Washington, has accepted the call of the church at Rothdrum, Idaho.

Miss Julia Fraser, department editor of the Pacific Presbyterian, leaves Aug. 21, for a trip of some length to Alaska.

Rev. W. E. Dodge, pastor of the Westminster Church, Pasadena, is spending his vacation with his family at Pacific Grove.

Rev. Charles F. Woodward of Roswell, Idaho, has accepted the call of the Danville, California, Presbyterian Church.

Rev. D. H. McCullogh and wife, who have been taking their vacation at Pacific Grove, have returned to their home in Sacramento.

Rev. H. K. Sanborn, pastor of Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, Oakland, has returned from his vacation and resumed his work.

Dr. and Mrs. Ira Landrith returned East last week. Mrs. Landrith stood the home trip remarkably well and is much improved.

Rev. W. A. Hough of Mendocino, who has been acting as state supply at Walnut Creek, California, has accepted a call to the pastorate.

Rev. Richard Hardin, of Oakland, Cal., who was recently married to Miss Elsie G. Brown, has returned from an extended trip through the East and South.

Rev. Jas. Byres, pastor at Goldfield, Nevada, who with his family has been spending their vacation about San Francisco Bay, has returned to his field and work.

Rev. W. H. Reedy, who until recently has served as assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, has taken up his new work as secretary of the college Y. M. C. A. at Berkeley, California.

Rev. John Fergusson has accepted the call of the Concord, California, Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. Fergusson has been the Home Missionary of the Presbytery of Portland, Ore.

The Central Church, Los Angeles, holds its mid-summer meeting of the Missionary Society in one of the parks. This year it will be held at Echo Park, on August 22. The Sunday-school will unite with them, and as many of the members of the church as can attend.

Rev. Anson P. Atterbury, D.D., pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church, New York City, recently occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal. He has been detained at San Francisco by the serious illness of his wife, who is now convalescent at Hahnemann Hospital. Dr. Atterbury hopes to return to his church in time for the communion service on October 1.

Rev. J. C. Van Paton, one of the pioneer ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Oregon, is visiting in Illinois among some of the churches he served in his early days. Rev. Mr. Van Paton has many encouraging things to say in regard to the work of the church in the West, stating that there were no objections to the union of the two churches and that the work is in no way hindered by it.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, New York City, has intimated his intention to accept the invitation extended to him two years ago to become president of the San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo. His change of location will probably not take place for one year. Dr. Landon will serve as president in the interim. Dr. Mackenzie will doubtless resume the chair of Apologetics, from which he has had a vacation for seven years.

CHURCH NEWS

WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE.—The Interbay Church, conducted as a branch of the First Church of this place, has prospered under the administration of Rev. Rollin E. Blackman as never before. The Sunday services are well attended, the Sabbath school is crowded, and the prayer meetings are increasing in interest. At the July communion,—the first held by the Rev. Blackman since he took charge of the work in April—thirteen new members were enrolled. In fact, so marked is the church's growth that a new building is being planned, including reading room, gymnasium, kitchen, Sabbath-school and amusement room.

OREGON.

TUALATIN PLAINS.—Deep regret was felt by the members of this church over the resignation of the Rev. Albert Robinson. Rev. Mr. Robinson ministered to the church for almost nine years, and during his pastorate the membership grew from 35 to 140, finances were increased, and the church building improved. No less regret was felt at the loss of Mrs. Robinson. As a slight expression of their appreciation for her labors among them, the Ladies' Missionary Society presented her with a purse of gold. The church has secured the services of Rev. J. R. Welsh, formerly pas-

tor of Fourth Church of Portland. It is expected that Mr. Welsh will successfully carry forward the work done by the retiring minister.

MONTANA.

BILLINGS BENCH.—Twenty settlers of this place have petitioned for a church organization.

CLARK'S POSTOFFICE.—This is a very out-of-the-way place, and destitute religiously; but a number of people have expressed a desire for a church organization. Still others have signified their willingness to attend and support such an organization.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.—This church has just extended a unanimous call to S. W. Richards, D.D., of Carson, Iowa, which he has accepted.

SYNODICAL WORK.—Excellent work is being done by Rev. W. N. Sloan, Ph.D., pastor-at-large, and W. J. Large, Sunday-school missionary. Four new churches have been added to the roll in the Helena Presbytery, and petitions for two others are in hand. Rev. Sloan secured the services of Rev. Robert Tweed of Soda Springs, Idaho, for the Terry church. The Terry church has had a very substantial growth from Sunday-school missionary work begun in August, 1892.

California.

POMONA.—The new church building recently dedicated was used for the first time at the mid-summer communion. At this service 37 new members were received, which increases the membership of the church to 475. Rev. T. T. Creswell is the pastor.

COALINGA.—Rev. Geo. B. Greig, who came to us recently from First Church, Merced, has been invited to the church at Hanford to succeed Rev. Jas. W. Mount, who resigned the Hanford Church last April on account of illness. We much regret losing Mr. Greig, but as Hanford will furnish his family with high school privileges, we can but wish him "God speed." Mr. Greig will take up his new work October 1st.

SELMA.—The Presbyterian Church here has given a unanimous call to Rev. Prof. Howe of the Lemore High School staff. Prof. Howe has resigned his position at Lemore to take up the work.

HANFORD.—Rev. Jas. W. Mount, our late beloved pastor for six years, who resigned because of illness, and who sought his health in Arizona and New Mexico, has returned and taken up his residence here. We much regret that the restoration sought was not found, but his many friends are glad to see him daily regaining his strength since his return and earnestly hope for complete recovery. Our church has called the Stated Clerk of the Presbytery, Rev. Geo. B. Greig, late of First Church, Merced, and now of Coalinga, to succeed Mr. Mount to the pastorate.

RED BLUFF.—Vacation is on. All services are suspended, we are sorry to say. The architecture of the church is such that it is difficult to make it comfortable during the warm season. Union services are held in the court house park every Sunday evening, and are largely attended. Messrs. Gandier and Lawson spoke early in the summer in the interest of the anti-saloon work. Pastor Sharpe is a sturdy leader in the work of reform. He is at present attending the Winona meetings, and we look for good things when he returns.

OAKLAND, FIRST.—The congregational meeting of the First Presbyterian Church, held on Aug. 19, elected an executive committee of three elders, one trustee and one deacon, to serve with a committee of two, to be named by each of six societies of the church, to secure a pastor. The resignation of Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., will take effect on Aug. 31st. The committee will doubtless have a difficult work in securing a pastor, as there are many men to be considered. The Rev. Charles R. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, has written a letter from London, strongly urging the advisability of the First Presbyterian Church calling the Rev. Franklin J. Van Horn, D.D., pastor of the Congregational Church at Seattle, Washington, who is now filling Dr. Brown's pulpit in Oakland, during his absence.

UNION STREET, OAKLAND.—Miss Edna McGraw, who has been for some time an active worker in the Union Street Bible School, left on Tuesday for Utah to engage in missionary work among the Mormons. Miss McGraw was the motif of a recent social evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith, on Myrtle street. The affair was in the nature of a farewell reception by the officers and teachers of the Bible School. Impromptu music and a simple repast concluded with the singing of "God Be With You Till We Meet Aagin."

Miss McGraw takes with her the well wishes of many friends to whom she has endeared herself by her kindly and unselfish service to the cause of Christ as she goes from her faithful labors here to her reward in larger service and greater usefulness yonder. Union Street Church has also recently contributed one of its young men to the work of the ministry and mission field, in Wallace B. McAllister, who left last week for Park College, Kansas City, Mo., to pursue his preparatory studies for his life work. Mr. McAllister was a charter member of the Junior Bible Class and an active worker in both the Bible School and Endeavor Society. The young people of the church tendered him a farewell on last Friday evening and presented him with a beautiful Bible containing the autographs of the host of young friends who have been associated with him in the young people's work of the church. His brother, Oscar McAllister, is preparing for medical missionary work in our University of California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Rev. G. A. Blair has been here since April 1 as pastor-evangelist for the Presbytery of San Francisco. He writes as follows of conditions on the coast: During this time I have consummated the organization of the St. James Presbyterian Church which had been begun by Rev. L. T. White, my esteemed predecessor, and Rev. C. G. Watson is now located as their pastor. This church has 67 charter members; a neat chapel and gymnasium, all paid for. Since May 24, we have had another mission started at Twenty-first avenue, near Point Lobos avenue, in a hall; the Sunday-school was started with 47 in attendance; we have had 73 present. The Presbytery has furnished the money, $3,000 to buy a building site in this district and plans for the chapel are being drawn and it is confidently expected that we can worship in it before the year closes. Services were also begun at Glenn Park, June 21, in a hall, 67 being present at this service, and we have had 91 present. Mrs. Blair has charge of this Sunday school and conducts a service at 11:00 a. m., also. I preach here at 8:00 p. m. each Sunday. At each place a petition for the organization of a church is being circulated, at the first named 72 having signed it, thereby becoming charter members, and 57 at the other, with more to follow at each before formal

organization is effected August 30. Mrs. Blair has organized a missionary and aid society at each place with 20 and 22 members, respectively. We will soon be ready for two or three good home missionary pastors provided the Home Mission Board can assist us in providing for their salaries. There are now six home mission churches in this presbytery with two more about to be organized. All in a prosperous condition; and it is hoped some of these will soon be self-supporting. Dr. Fisher is a very popular pastor in the reunited church. His accomplished daughter, Mrs. Madden, is secretary of the Woman's Occidental Board, and the son-in-law, Mr. Madden, is secretary of the City Presbyterian Brotherhood. The rehabilitation of San Francisco goes forward in a most gratifying way from a commercial viewpoint, but the churches are having a hard time to recover. With assistance we will establish new churches in some of the sections of the city now so destitute of church privileges. To this end we are bending every energy and ask the sympathy and prayers of the church.

FRIENDS HONOR MRS. WHITMAN.

The lecture room of the Valona Presbyterian Church was filled on July 31st with a large number of members and friends who had gathered in honor of Mrs. G. H. Whiteman, who was soon to leave their midst. The tables were set and tastefully decorated. Rev. and Mrs. Whiteman were sent for and conducted to the lecture room. A short program was then given, several recitations being rendered by different ones. Mrs. D. Swanson then on behalf of the Ladies' Aid presented Mrs. Whiteman with a set of beautiful silver teaspoons and a silver sugar spoon. In a few appropriate words Mrs. Swanson expressed the deep regret of the members and friends at the departure of Mrs. Whiteman for Berkeley, where she goes to make her future home. Mrs. Whiteman then made a little speech thanking the friends for the pleasant surprise accorded her, also for their many kindnesses and considerations of her during the three years she had lived among them as the pastor's wife, assuring them they would have a warm spot in her heart and that she hoped to often visit them again. Rev. Whiteman spoke thanking the friends on behalf of his wife, also telling them how events had been leading up to his making a home for his family at Berkeley. Delicious ice cream, cake and fruit were served and the company parted after a pleasant time had been spent.

Rev. Whiteman has taken a room with Mr. J. P. Vind, where he can be found when not visiting his family in Berkeley.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Wicher supplied the San Rafael pulpipt last Sabbath. Dr. Day is to supply the next two Sabbaths.

Rev. Arthur G. Welbon, '00, and his family, recently returned from Seoul, Korea, for their furlough. He has been eight years on the mission field. They went at once to Mt. Hermon and attended the missionary conference there.

Rev. James M. Cornelison, '99, our enthusiastic superintendent of Indian missions on the Umatilla Indian Reservation, in Eastern Oregon, was down at Mt. Hermon, attending the Indian Conference. His wife and two children were with him. Mr. Cornelison went to this work from the Seminary, intending to devote his life to it. He has already put in nine years of efficient service.

Rev. Edward Conner, a Nez Perce Indian, now a pastor on the Umatilla Reservation, who took a partial course in the Seminary several years ago, attended the Indian Conference at Mt. Hermon. As he was passing through he came and spent a night in the Seminary.

Dr. Moore's latest letter reported him as resting for a few days in the Austrian mountains, after his summer studies in the German universities. He expects to land in New York September 3rd.

Prof. Buck was in Rotterdam on the 31st of July. He has had a "wonderful" trip in England and Scotland. He is on his way through Germany to Switzerland.

The Seminary lost a friend in the death of Miss Agnes Walker on Friday of last week. She had for many years made her home with Mrs. Thomas Menzies in San Rafael. She had for some years taken a prayerful, sympathetic interest in the Seminary, especially in its missionary activities. She passed away in her 84th year.

Rev. E. T. Allen, '02, pastor of the South Chicago Church, is making good progress in what has been considered one of the most difficult fields in Chicago. At a recent communion he had an accession of 21 members.

CYRUS HAMLIN AND MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

Christian Endeavor Topic for August 30, 1908.

Albert W. Palmer.

Cyrus Hamlin was in many ways a typical American of his generation. Born on a New England farm, brought up in poverty, apprenticed to a jeweler, he decides to go to college and, with pluck and energy, earns his way through Bowdoin College and Bangor Theological Seminary. In 1838, at the age of twenty-seven, he sails for Turkey as a missionary of the American Board.

In his thirty-five years of life in Turkey there are three things which may well attract our attention. The first is the school for the training of ministers, which he opened at Bebek in 1839. This seminary not only provided some sturdy and influential ministers for the mission, but, through an industrial department connected with it, provided a livelihood for a large number of evangelical Armenians who had been excommunicated, and therefore boycotted by the conservative native church. These people he trained in the Christian doctrine of the nobility of labor by means of a stove factory, flour mill, bakery and laundry!

The second event which stands out in Cyrus Hamlin's life in Turkey is the way in which, by means of his bakery and laundry, he was able to aid the wounded English soldiers brought to Constantinople from the battlefields of the Crimean war. For the service thus rendered he received, as a legitimate profit, $25,000 from the British Government. He immediately turned it all into the missionary treasury to be used to help native communities to build themselves churches and chapels.

Soon after this came the third great event of his life in Turkey. Christopher Robert of New York decided to found Robert College and Cyrus Hamlin was made first president. He overcame the many vexatious obstacles in the way of anyone trying to start anything in Turkey and succeeded in getting the college well under way in a large and well located building on the Bosphorus.

In 1878 he returned to the United States, where he became a professor in Bangor Seminary, and, later, president of Middlebury College. He died in 1900, at the age of 89. The Encyclopedia of Missions says of him: "He was a most spiritually minded man, and of deep feelings. A little quick in temper and sometimes disposed, in a land of turbulence like Turkey, to take the law into his own hands when a

OF
CALIFORNIA

hopelessly irreconcilable element needed to be removed, he was extraordinarily ready to make amends, in a tender and whole-souled way that really did make amends, for any injustice done in haste. No American missionary, without exception, ever gained such hold upon the hearts of the evangelical native community in Turkey nor is regarded by them as having accomplished so much as Dr. Hamlin for the spiritual and moral renovation of that land of darkness."

Turkey as a mission field is of especial interest to us Congregationalists, for we have practically the entire responsibility for its evangelization, the Presbyterians taking the work in Syria, while our own Board looks after the work in Turkey.

Our work is divided into four "missions," those of Eastern, Western and European Turkey. The work is carried on chiefly among the Armenians, and has resulted in putting new life into the ancient but nearly fossilized native Christian churches. The Congregational Year Book shows a total of 189 missionaries, 140 churches, 15,668 communicants, and 1,031 native workers in the four missions. There are also 8 collegiate institutions with 1,020 students, 52 high and boarding schools with 3,504 pupils, and in all the schools of all grades maintained by our Board there are 26,268 pupils. This work is laying a foundation for an intelligent Christian population who shall some day lead in the redemption of Turkey and the Levant. Thus all around the world our American Board is laying deep and well foundations upon which the Kingdom of Heaven shall some day arise—that coming "civilization of the brotherly man," of which Prof. Bosworth loves to speak.

HARVEST HOME.

And have you come to help us,
Dear comrades of the Cross?
Unfurl the Heavenly Banner!
With energy and force
Tell of your glorious mission,
Imbue our hearts with zeal
And courage for this noble work,
Until we too shall feel

The rising of the waters,—
Salvation's fount supreme;
Its streams so cool, so cleansing,
Its powers to redeem!
Oh! tell us more of Jesus,
His life so full of love;
Thus strike the sympathetic chord
Which leads to joys above!

We welcome you, brave warriors,
To this, our golden land,
Where God's blest smile is with us.
Yet still we need your hand,
To help us raise the fallen,
The child of sorrow soothe,
And lead the wanderer home to God,
The narrow way to choose.

So grand his work for Jesus!
The sin-sick soul abroad
Is ready now to serve Him,—
Just speak the kindly word.
Get ready then the sickle,
For see! the golden grain
Is waving in the harvest-field!
Come now, with might and main
To gather in our treasures,
Good wheat from God's own hand;
Thus making earth more lovely
In spreading o'er the land
The heavenly seeds of wisdom,
Blest fruits of Christ's own love;
Oh! now it fills our hearts with joy
Like unto that above!

Now look! the skies are brighter,
The sun's effulgent rays
Shines over all in beauty.
With folded hands we pray,
Our Father, for thy Spirit
To guide us as we roam
In search of wanderers from the fold.
Lord! speed Thy Harvest Home!

—Mrs. Edwin Sutherland, Berkeley.

California pears sold in New York the last week in July for one-third what they brought at the same time last year. A writer in a New York paper says concerning fruit this year: "Peach and pear consumers may buy at low prices all the fruit they can eat and pay for this year, and apple lovers are likely to have a similar opportunity, if the present prospects for a heavy crop are maintained. Merchants who keep in close touch with the fruit-growing sections say this is a 'fruit year;' that never before have there been such heavy crops of peaches and pears, and that while the consumer and railroads have profited the producer has had to be content with small profits, and, in some cases, losses. The fact is, large crops and decreased consumption have operated to bring down prices to the producer, and he has suffered accordingly. For instance, it is estimated that 6,000 carloads of peaches will have come into New York from Georgia alone before the season ends. A carload is 500 crates, each crate containing six baskets. The freight on a crate is 50 cents, and some of the crates have already sold for not more than that sum. Others have brought 75 cents, while the producer has been pleased if he obtained $1 or $1.25." A merchant is quoted as saying in reply to the question, What is the cause of the small consumption of fruit this year? "Fruit is a luxury. Bad trade has raised the price of meat and potatoes, but has helped to lessen the price of fruit. That sounds like a paradox, doesn't it? When times are good, the workingman buys fruit and a variety of vegetables; but when times are bad, as they have been for the last few months, he lives on things that will sustain him, such as meat, potatoes, onions, cabbage and bread, and spends little of his money on fruit and the more fancy vegetables. The result has been disastrous to the fruit grower, and, to a lesser extent, to the market gardener. At certain times during the season, shippers have left hundreds of packages of fruit and vegetables on the railroad docks rather than pay the freight and sell the stuff in a market which was already overstocked."

RELIGION AS A POPULAR TOPIC.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

The Appleton's Magazine has decided to introduce Christianity as a popular magazine topic for discussion. The editor asks, "Has religion, the Christian religion, had its day in America? How many of your friends are

church members? How many go to church? How many know their Bible—inside the covers?" and answers the queries, "Mighty few!" The editor says some very true things and makes some wise and otherwise observations anent the whole subject. He goes on to say: "Some of us know splendid men and women who do not open their Bibles, and who would as soon think of discussing the philosophy of Maimonides as religion." It is true that these men and women display all the Christian virtues except inward honesty and inward sincerity before God. They are unconscious, let us hope, hypocrites. They are self-deceived. They do not acknowledge their obligation to Christianity, though they eat at its table all the time. The editor certainly over-estimates the significance of the actions of a few degenerate clergymen. This is a paragraph of what he says touching that matter: "There is a kind of death agony hysteria about some of our religious observances. A newspaper the other day displayed big first-page headlines: 'Soda and Cigars at Church Services.' It appears that some New Jersey clergymen are leading the way in 'summer novelties for Sunday.' The 'non-churched' are lured to outdoor services by 'soft drinks, served by professional bartenders.' The services are advertised as 'smokers,' and automobilists' sunset services.' The men are permitted to smoke and to keep their hats on if they choose. They need not stand for hymns and prayers if it is too much trouble. The sermon is clipped to a few minutes so as not to interfere with 'Singing with cornet leadership and special quartet music." Appleton's has rendered a real service to the church by giving these abuses publicity. Churchianity, ecclesiasticism, may not be Christianity by a great deal. One almost loses heart when he sees how far a-field some ministers and church critics go in order to create a "death-agony of hysteria" in misrepresenting the purpose of the true church of Jesus Christ. The editor makes another remark which we fear may be misunderstood. He says: "If the Christian religion means believing certain doctrines, belonging to churches, listening to sermons, and singing hymns, its days are numbered.' Fortunately, all these things are the least part of it, not unimportant in themselves, but the least part of true religion. We can have flowers without botany; stars without astronomy. So we can have Christians without theology; religion without churches. We must draw a sharp distinction between religion and the efforts men have made to formulate it. Doctrines and dogmas represent man's groping attempts to formulate it. The churches represent his efforts to organize it."

It is true we may have "flowers without botany and stars without astronomy," but the flowers and stars without botany and without astronomy are not the same flowers nor the same stars they are in the light of intelligence. This utterance of the Appleton's taken by itself would clearly indicate a return to the quagmires of naturalism. This may not be gracious, but it is entirely true to say that this paragraph of Appleton's able editor is on an exceedingly low pragmatical plane. To talk about Christianity without any definition of Christianity is dangerously near religious inanity. We maintain that Christianity is not an indefinite diffusion of some general religious ideas. On the contrary, it proposes a definite end and employs definite methods to reach that end. Christianity demands repentance, provides definite regeneration and proposes the instantaneous transformation of the moral status of every man who meets its conditions.

Suppose one should say an education means going to school, committing rules, mastering primary principles, in short formulating principles—is such an one to be discounted because he does not know things without trying to understand them? We may indeed make a sharp distinction between science and the attempts to formulate it at the same time such a statement would not carry a high percentage of unadulterated intelligence. It is only in a most inadequate sense that we can know flowers without botany, rocks without geology, stars without astronomy. The stars, the universe, without the telescope is unreal and untrue. The flowers without botany are usually degenerates.

Probably Appleton's means to stir up some investigation of the subject in a popular way and has purposely taken no pains to formulate the system of Christianity. We may have "Christians without theology," education without science, but up to this time they are largely in "the mind's eye."

DEATH OF IRA D. SANKEY.

Ira D. Sankey has stood at the head of the long list of evangelistic singers for nearly forty years. In 1870 at the great International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Indianapolis, Indiana, he met Dwight L. Moody and began a national and international career. He was born in Edinburg, Pennsylvania, 1840, and early identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Sunday-school and specially the Young Men's Christian Association. He became a choir leader and identified with the song and hymn life of the church. He achieved his greatest results as a solo singer accompanying Mr. Moody over the world. He compiled the "Gospel Hymns" in 1875, and for twenty years these song books controlled the market. They have been translated into several languages and had an enormous sale. The "Sacred Songs" is also one of his publications. It is estimated that 50,000,000 copies of this book have been sold. The "Winnowed Songs" and other books he has published with great success. His most popular song is "Ninety and Nine." The simple truth is that Mr. Sankey had the gospel in his own heart as a living vital power. About five years ago he was stricken with blindness and partial paralysis. He died August 13 in his home in Brooklyn, N. Y. We first heard him in San Francisco in 1881. He was at the height of his success. We heard him fifteen years later in Sacramento. He was still fresh and aggressive, but not quite so responsive. He has done a great work. God gave him ten talents and he has brought the largest increase in results. The influence of his life will go on for a thousand years. Few men in the history of the Church have done so much to stir its young life. There has grown up a good deal of poor, trashy singing in the wake of the Sankey singing, but his own compositions have been, though emotional, are at the same time devotional and sufficiently elevated in sentiment to command an intelligent following.

It is an unfeigned pleasure to record the action of the Federation of the Catholic Societies in its annual convention on the liquor question. The convention called for the exclusion of saloonkeepers from all Catholic societies. The following resolution was passed: "Catholic periodicals that cannot live without liquor advertisements should die. Let them not drag down the Catholic name in their greed. We earnestly suggest that Catholic organizations which exclude saloonkeepers from membership and which forbid the use of liquor at their meetings should not tolerate the formation of clubs within their membership which despise the letter and spirit of these laws which have been made by their organization for the honor of the Catholic name.



TOO TIRED TO PRAY.

"I'm too tired to trust, and too tired to pray,"
Said one, as the overtaxed strength gave way,
"The one conscious thought by my mind possessed
Is, 'Oh, could I just drop it all and rest!'
But will God forgive me, do you suppose.
If I go to sleep as a baby goes,
Without even asking him if I may,
Without even tring to trust or pray?"

Will God forgive you? Why, just think, dear heart,
While language to you was an unknown art,
Did a mother deny you needed rest,
Or refuse to pillow you on her breast?
Oh, no; but she cradled you in her arms,
Then guarded your slumber against alarms,
And how quick was her mother love to see
The unconscious yearnings awake in thee!

Then just drop it all, and give up to rest,
As you used to do on a mother's breast;
He knows all about it, the dear Lord knows,
So just go to sleep as a baby goes,
Without even asking him if you may;
God knows when his child is too tired to pray.
He judges not solely by uttered prayer;
He knows when the yearnings of love are there.

He knows you do pray, he knows you do trust,
And he knows the limits of poor weak dust.
Oh, the wonderful sympathy of Christ
For his chosen ones in that midnight trust,
Where he bade them sleep on and take their rest,
While on him the guilt of the whole world pressed.
You've given your life up to him to keep?
Then don't be afraid to go right to sleep.

—Anna J. Grannis.

THE WITCH OF WINDLESTRAE.

By David Lyall.

Windlestrae was a small property that stood high on a bleak upland overlooking the valley through which the Nethan water ran. It had been in the hands of the Gourlays for two generations only. They were therefore not to be numbered among what they called the gentry in Cairn-Nethan; neither, however, were they common folk, being noted for a certain refinement of manners as well as uprightness of conduct which commanded respect. But they were lonely people, consorting with very few, living quietly on their bleak hillside, and taking no part whatever in the social life of the neighborhood. Although Bramston Gourlay and I had lived in the same parish for over fifty years, we had little more than a nodding acquaintance. His tall, spare figure was familiar at kirk and market, but his austere manner forbade any intrusion; he usually hurried through his business on the market day, and left the church immediately after the service. He was not a litigious person; he had never had occasion to consult me, and as he had only one son, I supposed that the place and all he had would pass to his hands. Mrs. Bramston Gourlay I had never seen, but understood from the talk of the country side that she was not like other folks. I was therefore surprised and not a little interested to receive one morning a summons in the shape of a note from Bramston Gourlay, asking me to come out to Windlestrae without delay. That was about eleven o'clock on a May morning; by two I had got through my business, eaten a modest mid-day dinner, and was ready to be driven in Walter Poison's dogcart from the Nethan Arms to Windlestrae. It was a pleasant drive by the winding roads, through delightsome fields smiling under the glow of early summer time. As we ascended the hill, the land became of poorer quality, and with bits of moorland peeping through.

We came at length to the little wood in which the house of Windlestrae was buried, not so much as a chimney peeping above the tall tree tops. The trees had been allowed to grow at will on all sides, so that the view, incomparable of its kind, was shut out. I supposed it to be typical of the folks who dwelt there, quiet-living, and best pleased when cut off from their fellow-beings.

The front of the gray three-storied house was kept trimly enough, and so sheltered that there were already some roses out on the big Gloire de Dijon tree that climbed about the door. I was contemplating it with interest and some envy, when there appeared a very small, meek-looking woman, so attenuated of figure and so sharpened of feature that all the sweetness was robbed from it, while the eyes were the gentlest and the most appealing I had ever seen.

I stepped out of the cart, and took off my hat.

"Do I speak to Mrs. Bramston Gourlay?"

"Yes; will you come inside, if you please? My husband is ill. The doctor has just been here; perhaps you met his trap on the way?"

"No; probably he has business further up the hill," I replied, as I followed her into the house. She wore a very quaint frock of lilac-colored silk with a small flower of a darker shade on it, made with a long pointed waist and little under-sleeves of lawn such as I had seen my mother wear, and her hair was dressed over her ears in ringlets, held back by two small combs. So quaint a figure did she look, that she might have stepped from an old print. She took me across the bare stone hall, which was hung with guns and adorned with deers' heads and horns, but was very bare of furniture. The dining-room which we entered was a spacious place, well furnished in the very solid, heavy fashion of a by-gone day, rather gloomy, for the tree branches swept the window in the gable, and the other one was so small that but little sunlight came through it.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Kirkland? My husband is ill, Dr. Arbuthnot thinks very ill, and he is troubled about his affairs."

She spoke so very quietly and with a little hesitating accent, which made me wonder whether she was foreign, that I abruptly put the question after I had expressed my regret to hear of her husband's illness.

"I am a Savoyard," she answered in a low voice. "But I was born in London."

"How is it that you have been so unkind to the land of your adoption all these years, Mrs. Gourlay? For I have scarcely slept anight out of the parish for fifty years, and I have never seen you till this day."

She smiled very faintly.

"I have never been strong. I do not go out much. At home there is always enough to do, and at first there were the children."

"Children? I thought you had only one son."

"No; I have also a daughter, but she is married now, in India, and comes not any more to Windlestrae."

Her pronunciation of the somewhat uncouth name was the prettiest thing imaginable. She looked at me very intently, and seeming to gain confidence, stopped working her hands together, in pure nervousness, and spoke out with a little more courage.

"Mr. Kirkland, I think you are a kind man; indeed, I have heard so. My husband has sent for you to make his will, I think. May I ask you something?"

"Surely, dear lady; and if in my power, the thing is as good as done."

"He will cut off my son; indeed, that is what he wishes, for he has told me so, and though he pleased not his father in the matter of his marriage, Leon is a good son, and does not deserve such harsh treatment."

"Married, Madam? Is it possible! How is it I have never heard of it, or seen the young wife?"

"Oh, she is not here. Leon went to Savoy last year to pay a little visit to his grandfather, and it was there he met Mathilde. It did not please his father that he should marry out of his own country."

"Yet he did it himself."

"Ah, yes, and I think that perhaps he regretted it. Certain I did, for it is a cold, bleak country this, and I have not found in it even one kind heart."

"Mrs. Gourlay, that's a terrible indictment to bring against us," I cried aghast. "And if you had given us a chance, you would have found it different."

"Maybe. Ah, that is his bell; he has heard you arrive, perhaps; his ears are sharp. If you can, will you put in a word for Leon, for he is a good boy, and does not deserve that his father should cut him off."

"I'll do my best, you may trust me," I said to her as I hurried from the room to obey the peremptory summons from upstairs. Mrs. Gourlay, or Madame, as I learned she was called in the house, did not accompany me, and the servant left me at the door. Gourlay was not in his bed, but sitting in a big high chair at the fire, with a blanket about him, the picture of misery and even of despair.

"Is that you, Mr. Kirkland?" he asked gruffly, at the opening of the door, and tried to turn himself in his chair.

"Don't rise, Mr. Gourlay, I am coming to you as fast as I can. I am sorry to see you like this, but surely you would be better in your bed. You don't look fit to be sitting up."

"I won't go to my bed until I am obliged," he answered, and did not offer to shake hands, or to welcome me, but simply indicated with his arm the chair on which I was to sit.

"I've sent for you to make a will," he said abruptly. "Arbuthnot has been here, and he seems to think it doubtful whether I'll ever get up again."

"Oh, you're not so far through, Mr. Gourlay," I said cheerfully. "Well, what is there to leave, and to whom do you wish to leave it?"

"There's naething but the place, and that's mortgaged. I wish my wife to be life-rented of it on condition that she does not let my son Leon come back, or finger a penny of the money."

"What has the lad done? I have never had speech with him, Mr. Gourlay, but I have seen him in Cairn-Nethan street and sometimes at the kirk, and he looks as if he could not be guilty of any great crime."

"He has married, against my will and wish, a foreign woman."

"But surely, to be so angry about it is to cast a reproach on his delightful mother," I said, bluntly.

Gourlay growled at me, and with that a twinge of pain shook him, paling his face and bringing the sweat drops on his brow.

"I don't want to talk about that. Have you brought your papers and what not? It's all in the bag, is it? Well, write down what I tell you."

I had no choice, and though I disapproved heartily of the will, it was no place of mine to argue with the man, even if he would have listened. It was not a just will; indeed, a man in Gourlay's state of body and mind was not fit to make a just will; but what could I do? If Leon Gourlay was to be helped, and the sadness taken from his mother's eyes, it must be by some strategy, and I had not lived in the world for sixty years for naught.

"You ought to be in your bed, Mr. Gourlay," I said, as I shut up my bag. "And more, you ought to have a proper nurse to look after you. I am surprised that Arbuthnot does not know his business better."

The very name of nurse, spoken at haphazard, gave me my cue. Gourlay replied only by a grunt, and responded sourly to my good-day. I did not see Mrs. Gourlay as I descended, but before I was many hours older I had speech with Arbuthnot concerning Gourlay's case. The next day I returned to Windlestrae under pretence of making more explicit some of the provisions of the will. I made certain before I left the house that I had some further speech with its bonnie, sweet mistress. Then there was some writing of letters to foreign places, one lengthy telegram, which I myself dispatched from Cairn-Nethan after consultation with Dr. Arbuthnot. I have not, so far, in these records, had much to say about Arbuthnot, though he had more to do with the inmost affairs of the folk than I had. This was by no means the first time he and I had entered into a plot together, but I question whether we had ever found one more to our liking.

In about a week's time, under pretence of setting final seals to Gourlay's will, I drove over to Windlestrae again. I asked for Mrs. Gourlay, and when she came to me, there was a smile in her eyes.

"Well, how's he getting on with his nurse? Hasn't it been a great ease to you, and wasn't Dr Arbuthnot a wise and clever man to suggest it? In a case like Mr. Gourlay's, nursing is half the battle."

She smile again, and then her lips parted, and she laughed softly, as a child might have done.

"He needs me no more. It is Mathilde everywhere, and she is so sweet with him, she has won him; but ah! what will he say when he knows? I am afraid to think."

"Then don't think, dear lady; sufficient to the day is the evil, and there isn't going to be any evil this time. Can I go up now and see him?"

"Yes, but I will not come, because, who knows, perhaps my eyes might betray me. Ah, how happy we are, the little Mathilde and I, after he is asleep and she comes down here to me, and we talk of Leon."

I nodded understandingly, and took my way upstairs, not forgetting to take my sober little black bag with me, and not in the least ashamed of the part I had taken in what we hoped was going to be a very successful conspiracy. I knocked at the sick-room door, and she whom they called the little Mathilde opened it to me. I saw her for the first time, and immediately was enslaved by the witchery of her smile. She was of small, slight figure, but very daintily formed, with a face so earnest and so sweet, set with its big, pathetic eyes, that, old man though I was, I easily understood the fascination that had made Leon Gourlay throw his father's wishes to the winds. But the

charm lay not altogether in her face and eyes, but in her sweet, happy spirit, her love of fun, her infectious laugh, the brightness which seemed to breathe from her naturally. She had made veritable sunshine in that grim old house, and it was unthinkable that any evil could result from the harmless plot which gave her a chance to win the heart of her husband's father. That she had won it, even in these few days' time, was beyond all doubt. I could gather that even before Gourlay sent her out of the room, in order that he might have speech with me, not about the will, but about her.

"Yes, I'm better; it's the nurse that has done it," he said, and his very voice was different. "Now, if Leon had been at home, and had a chance of seeing her, he would never have given that foreign wench another thought."

"But is she not foreign? She looks a little that way," I observed warily.

"French or Belgian on her mother's side, but speaks English perfectly; far better than my wife, that has been in Scotland for nearly thirty years. Well, is the will ready for signing?"

"Yes, quite ready."

"But I may get better. Whether I do or whether I don't, my nurse must have a present. The mistress is agreed about that. It is the only thing we have agreed about since Leon went away."

"If you're going to recover, and there seems no doubt about it, Mr. Gourlay, never mind the will."

"Tell me, do you know where the lassie comes from? I've asked the doctor, but he aye sames to shove me off."

"You seem to be fond of her! I suppose if Leon had married her there would not have been such a fuss?"

"He's a big soft lump, and never would have had as muckle sense," he replied sourly, as if his disappointment had been altogether too much for him. I did not for the life of me see how the thing was going to end, and I had several uneasy moments about it, and several discussions with Arbuthnot, who did nothing but laugh his big, jolly laugh, and bid me keep my mind easy. A week or two went by, and one day, to my profound astonishment, I received at my office a visit from Gourlay himself, looking somewhat pale and wan, but apparently on the road to recovery.

"Good morning, friend, I did not expect to see you here."

"Nor wished it, maybe, Mr. Kirkland," he added grimly. "I believe that you were in the plot, too—in fact, I am sure of it."

He did not speak angrily, and I thought I'd better take the bull by the horns.

"The cat's out of the bag, then, Mr. Gourlay, and I'm not ashamed of my part in the plot. It was mine from the beginning. Don't you think I would be perfectly justified in charging a big fee for introducing you to such a charming daughter-in-law?"

"Umph! As to that, I dinna' ken. It seems to me a queer business from beginning to end. But anyway, her and me's come doon this morning to meet Leon, who has travelled from London by the night train.'

"Then you've forgiven them; that's right, Mr. Gourlay," I cried, jumping up and slapping him on the back in my jubilation. "Confess, now, you're a happy man."

"I'm not denying it," he conceded, though still a little austerely. "If I'd kent she was like that, of course, there would not have been anything said. But what do you and the doctor think of yourselves? You ought to be exposed for playing sic tricks on folk."

"But hasn't it made everybody happy, Mrs. Gourlay specially so?"

"Oh, she's like a lassie hersel. If I'd kent she felt as bad as she did—— Women are queer, Mr. Kirkland, and ye never ken them, though ye live a' yer days wi' them. But I must off to the train. Ye'd better detroy that will and come up anither day to Windlestrae, and we'll draw anither wi' some help frae the witch. She'll be naething but the witch to me to the end o' the chapter."—British Weekly.

Young People

THEN LET IT ALONE.

"I can drink or let it alone."
Then let it alone, my friend!
For a habit but partly grown
Is a troublesome thing to fend.
It is better to let it alone
Than to check it with blow and moan,
And have it cling on to the end.

Says the boy: "I can let it alone."
Then let it alone, my friend.
Why not prove that your soul's your own.
That your will is too firm to bend?
Oh, you "sometimes will let it alone,"
But just now you are no one's drone!
Then look out for the bitter end!

So the drinker can "let it alone."
Then let it alone, my friend!
To your cups you're already prone,
And your ways give no sign to mend.
You just say you can let it alone,
That you are not overthrown;
But you drink right on to the end!

And the drunkard can "let it alone."
Then let it alone, my friend!
"No!" he shrieks! "I for years have known
Deeper woes than were ever penned!
For the drink will not let me alone
There it sits in my being's throne,
And lashes me on to the end!"

I can't "drink or let it alone,"
But can let it alone, my friend!
O'er the wrecks in their passion strown
I can help to the tempted send.
I can let it entirely alone;
I can keep me in safety's zone,
And quaff its pure springs to the end.

Yet you never must let it alone.
Do not let it alone, my friend!
Cast it out to the Shapes that groan
From the hearts it would sear and rend.
Never fancy to let it alone
Till you bury it under the stone
And write: "You are there till the end!"

"I can drink or let it alone."
Then let it alone, my friend!
Ere your hopes to the grave are flown.
To this counsel of mine attend.
If right now you can let it alone,
Let your purpose be daily shown,
And let it alone to the end!
—Rev. W. F. McCauley, Litt. D., in C. E. World.

WHILE THERE IS TIME.

"There's father, girls."

"Yes, and he looks tired."

"We'll soon get him out of that. Poke up the fire, Marg."

Hester ran to the door, and it was open before father had begun to feel for his latchkey. Margaret had stirred

up the coal in the grate, coaxing it in to a cheery blaze by the time father was kissed and helped off with coat and hat.

"Well, well, this is good." He came in the door rubbing his hands, his face reflecting the brightness of the fire. "Miss Emily," he said, turning with a cordial handshake to a young girl who had come in from a neighbor's, "I sometimes say that four girls are just enough—exactly fitted into my needs; but if you belonged to me, I am sure I should feel I couldn't get along with less than five. But I shouldn't want to steal you away from your father."

"There comes Uncle George," said Janet. She handed father the slippers she had been holding to warm, and went to open the door for him.

"Dear me! Dear me!" Now, if this isn't homelike! You would realize it, Allen, if you were a desolate old bachelor like me. Always being waited on, happy man," he said with a laugh as a younger girl came carefully carrying a glass of hot water.

"Oh, yes, yes," father's face beamed as he took it; "it's all nonsense, you know—the rankest kind of nonsense; but these silly girls and their mother have lately built up a theory about me that I am not quite as strong as I used to be, and need a most ridiculous amount of coddling. Nothing at all in it except that in these years you have been away we have both been getting older, and," a laugh and a pat on the head of the daughter who chanced to be nearest him, "I must say I rather like it."

"No wonder. It is better than the cold comfort of a boarding-house," said the visitor, looking around on the bright room and the bright faces with a half sigh. "I declare, Allen, I used to feel sorry for you in the old times, when I thought you had such a tug of it with family cares. Bread and butter, shoes and stockings—why, I thought myself lucky and a wise fellow in having steered clear of such burdens. But of late years I seem to have awakened to a sort of a fear that I have made a mistake. You are getting paid up for it now."

"But," said father, with a glance of sympathy at his brother, "it is you who are making the mistake in thinking it ever was a burden. The 'paying up," as you call it, has kept along with it all the time."

"I dare say," agreed the other.

"Janet," said Emily, as the two friends were seated together a little later, "hasn't it been a rather new thing with you, this waiting on your father—petting him up and taking such good care of him? Seems to me you didn't take so much interest until lately."

"I think you are right, Emily, shame to us that it was so. Well"—after a little hesitation—"I might as well tell you a bit of sad experience that came before me and set me to doing some thinking. I was making a visit to Helen Ward when her father was brought home after an attack of apoplexy."

"I remember."

"He was still living, but died soon afterwards. I came away at once, but not before seeing and hearing enough to open my eyes to which I had been blind before. It took me a good while to get over the remembrance of the misery of those poor girls. 'He's been working for us all these years,' was their cry. 'Thinking and striving for us, and we have taken it as a mere matter of course; never tried to make him happy, or show how we do love him. Oh, if only we may have a chance yet!' But they never had, poor things! I came home with a heart full of thankfulness that a chance was still left to me."

"And to me," said Emily. "I will take the lesson, too. I don't want o lay up a heartache to last all my life with the thought of lost opportunity."—Sidney Dare, in Zion's Herald.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents

in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.

LIKE THE THISTLE.

"I do not like Hattie one bit, she is so stuck up!"

"I never thought she was, Mabel."

"She is. Her clothes are always better than the rest of us have."

Mrs. Merrick heard the words in pained surprise, as the voices drifted to her through the open window, where she was sitting at work. The speakers were her small daughter, Mabel, and a playmate from across the way. It was true that the little girl in question wore better clothes than most children but—

"You must know, Mabel," the other speaker said again, "that Hattie's clothes are all given to her. They are mostly made of old ones that her sisters send from the city."

"Well, I would not put on so many airs if I had to wear some one's old clothes," answered Mabel, in a disagreeable tone.

A few minutes later the other girl went home and Mabel came into the house. Her mother said nothing about the conversation she listened to, but she was thoughtful and puzzled. She had noticed several times of late that her little daughter was getting in the habit of saying sharp, disagreeable things, and she felt that she must be shown the error of her ways; but how? She had talked to her several times, but it seemed to make no lasting impression.

That afternoon she asked Mabel if she would like to take a walk with her through the fields, and Mabel consented eagerly, for they always had such good times during these walks. Her mother always explained about the the flowers and things that they found, and Mabel learned much and had a good time all at once. Today, however, her mother was rather silent and thoughtful. At length she came to a spot where the men had been very busy digging up thistles, and the plants lay withering and dying in the hot sunshine.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Merrick, "why they have dug up these thistles?"

"Why, mamma, don't you remember that papa said they must all be dug up before they went to seed because that would make more trouble next year?"

"Yes, I remember; but papa never sts them seed, so where do you suppose these came from?"

"I expect that some one else did not kill them," answered Mabel.

"But how did they get here?"

"Why, Mamma Merrick, they blew of course," cried Mabel in surprise. "You know that the thistle down is just as light as—as anything, and it can go through the air just as easy. Don't you remember, mamma, I used to call them fairy baloons?"

"Sure enough. But Mabel it seems that if we let the thistles seed they are likely to float away and injure someone else."

"Yes. course they do."

Mamma was silent a moment; then she said slowly:

"I sometimes wonder if unkind words are not like the thistledown; they float away, no one can tell just where, and hurt some one else perhaps more than ourselves."

Mabel's face was red. She knew now that her mother had heard what she said that forenoon.

"I guess, maybe, they do," she said, at last slowly.

"I am sorry then that my daughter is allowing the thistles of unkind thought to grow in her heart that the seed may trouble other lives."

"I'll try to kill them; I will, indeed, mamma. I never thought of it in that way before," and then mamma, having taught the lesson she wished they walked on and talked of other and pleasanter things, but Mabel is still diligently seeking to kill the thistles. Are you letting any seed grow in your heart?—Irma B. Matthews, in Michigan Christian Advocate.

THE KEY TO SUNSHINE BOX.

It was plain that Elva's old enemy, Ill Temper, had her in his possesison again. We were all sorry, too. She had kept away from him for so long a time that we felt she had entirely overcome him. But this morning she was very cross. She pulled at her shoe laces until she broke them; scolded grandma when her dear old hands trembled so much that she could not tie the ends together; scolded when she tripped over the rug, and even scolded baby Margaret when she tried to climb up on her lap. One had to wonder how she could be so cross on such a bright and beautiful spring morning.

"It is very cloudy this morning," said mamma as they took their places at the breakfast table.

"Yes," said Uncle Dave, with a sly glance at Elva's scowling face; "if the clouds keep on gathering, it will certainly take an April shower to scatter them."

"I wonder where Sunshine is," said mamma; "if he were here, they would soon scatter."

"Sunshine is in his box and cannot get out," replied Uncle Dave, with another sly glance. "Good Temper ran off with the key, and we will not be able to see Sunshine until he comes back and lets him out."

"I wish he would return soon," said mamma. "We do miss Sunshine so much; and then, too, we need him all the time. I wonder how we could find Good Temper?"

"That would not be hard to do. Just pull the cork out of the smile bottle and that will soon bring him back There is nothing that will hold him fast like smiles, but frowns soon chase him away."

"O, Uncle Dave, how can you tease me so?" And two bright drops on Elva's long lashes showed that the "April shower" was not far off.

"Why-ee," said Uncle Dave, looking at his small niece in much surprise, "we were talking about Sunshine. What makes you think we are talking about you?"

"Because you mean me; you know you do." And Elva had a mind to get real angry and let the shower come down in a torrent. But just then she caught herself. She thought of how she had asked Uncle Dave to show her her faults and help her to overcome them, and in what a kind, jolly way he had just done so. And then she thought how very true it was—Good Temper running away with the key as fast as he could and poor Sunshine longing to get out. Then all at once her rosy face dimpled all over, the cork to the smile bottle flew out, and sure enough that very minute Good Temper came back and let Sunshine out.—Our Boys and Girls.

JIM'S BROTHER.

One of the world's successful men told some young men recently how, when he was a boy working in a hardware store, he wanted to leave when he was put at cleaning windows, and the young girls he called on saw him at his menial occupation. The boy complained to his father, who advised him to do the cleaning, and to do it with the best of his ability. "If you do whatever is given you to do to the best of your ability," said the father, "your employers won't find it profitable to keep you long at window cleaning."

This little story reminds us of one which was related last week to the writer by a business man. A boy had come to him desiring a position. He was given one, and all went well for a few days. Then the boy was set to work cleaning windows. His pride rebelled, he threw up his job and went home. In a few hours another boy appeared.

"I'm Jim's brother," he announced, "and I'd like to have his job. I'll clean windows or do anything you want me to do."

"Jim's brother," added the gentleman, "has already had one rise in wages, and is one of the best boys we ever had."—Christian Worker.

A RUNAWAY SMILE.

One day a little smile
Played truant for awhile,
From a room where little smiles should always be,
And a little boy said, "Can't,"
And a little girl said, "Shan't,"
And a nurse's face was very sad to see.

Then that little smile felt sorry
To have caused this dreadful worry,
So it crept beneath the nursery window-pane;
And some little sulks flew out,
And four lips forgot to pout,
Kissed instead—and nurse's face grew glad again.

Said that little smile, "I never
Thought my running off could ever
Make two people look so very, very black;
So I think I'd better stay,
Or next time I run away
They really might forget to want me back." —Unidentified.

"Serve God before the world: let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Rise to prevent the day. Sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's door opens when the world is shut in."



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

Writers of Verse will learn something decidedly to their advantage by communicating with the Keystone Publishing Company, 1012 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.
CHARLES M. WOOD. EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring. Repairing and Supplies.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

August 17, 18, 24, and 25.
Sept. 15, 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	103.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.
See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, AUGUST 27, 1908. No. 35

University Library



ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
Berkeley, California.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. **Orlando E. Hart, D.D.**

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, **Rev. Dwight E. Potter,**
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

LOS ANGELES $60,000 CAMPAIGN.

From September 6th to 13th there will be a great Foreign Missionary campaign carried on in the Los Angeles Presbytery, with the intention of raising $60,000 for the work of Foreign Missions. Last year the 73 churches of this Presbytery gave a total of $17,764 to Foreign Missions.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement, under whose auspices this campaign is being conducted, are striving to reach the Omaha standard of $5.00 per member, and it is expected that the 13,00 members in these churches will rise to this great occasion and give the desired amount. Dr. B. C. Atterbury is chairman of the Committee. Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Field Secretary of the Western District, will be in attendance and aid in the campaign.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

The First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley, Cal., of which Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D., is pastor, is to do a very wise thing by one of their young men, who is going out to Korea as a teacher under the Foreign Mission Board. It is to elect Mr. Ralph O. Reiner, who has been head master at Boone's Preparatory School, and is a graduate of the University of California, as an elder of the First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, for three terms of three years each, that he may have the prestige in the Orient as an elder.

Mr. Reiner will be married on September 2nd to Miss Jessie Munro, a member of the First Presbyterian Church. On September 6th he will be ordained elder, and on September 15th he will sail with his charming bride for Korea.

CACHE OF STOLEN STUFF.

Man is a religious animal.

Man is incurably religious.

Woman's rights make children's wrongs.

Motherly women seldom have fatherly husbands.

A joly good fellow makes a jolly poor husband.

If pity is akin to love, it is only a poor relation.

Long hair and a short tongue are rare companions.
Laughter begins with L; so do Love and Long life.

The Preacher must live up to his profession. Others may.

The slipperest thing in the world is the man who never says No.

"Try, try again," is all right; but "Do it!" is quicker and better.

There are now said to be three sexes: men, women and ministers.

Tomorrow: The lazy man's care and the wise man's opportunity.

A church built on a woman's society is apt to be a feminine church.

There are seven hundred million Mohammedans who are Prohibitionists. To be a teetotaler is not to have all the virtues.

Education has two uses: It teaches a wise man his limitations and inspires the fool with faith in his own omniscience.

The weakling lives in his memories of yesterday, the sluggard in his hopes of tomorrow; but there is only one day in the calendar of wisdom, and that is the present. present.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

A meeting is to be held at the First United Presbyterian Church, Golden Gate avenue, between Steiner and Pierce streets, on next Monday evening at 8 P. M., for the purpose of organizing the above movement in San Francisco. It is hoped that all our Presbyterian churches will at least have one layman present to represent it and take part in the plans proposed.

J. G. CHOWN,
Chairman of Committee.

OFFERTORY.

O God, the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness nor shadow cast by turning, from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift, we thank thee for thy manifold gifts of love and bring our offerings to thee in token of the gratitude of our hearts. We pray thee to bless them in the sacred uses of thy house, and vouchsafe to us thy grace, that with these, our offerings, we may also present our bodies, a living sacrifice, holy acceptable to thee, which is our reasonable service; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

E. A. M.



CONSOLIDATION AS PROPOSED BY SAN FRANCISCO.

Algy met a Bear.
The Bear was Bulgy.
The Bulge was Algy.

Shall We Be Great at Any Cost?

The desire to be big and great seems to have taken possession of the minds of the people. Hence, we see on all sides efforts being made to effect consolidations and combinations, and little regard or consideration is given to the question of desirability of such combinations and trusts. The newspapers in one column will condemn trusts in the strongest of terms, while in another column will just as strongly advocate the consummation of some particular consolidation of interests. As, for instance, the Sugar Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Meat Trust, the Steel Trust, and many other like combinations, and everybody in any way connected with them, from the office boy up, are execrated in the strongest of language, yet at the same time and by the same newspapers there will be advocated in most glowing terms the great desirability of creating a Greater San Francisco or a Greater Portland or a Greater Seattle, and the peculiarity of it all is, that the same arguments for the creation of a Sugar or Meat Trust are used to promote a Greater Seattle or Greater San Francisco, and the talismanic word of all is, CHEAPNESS—that is—cheapness in production in the first instance, and in the latter, cheapness of Government—and the real and true reasons are kept hidden in the background, for it is apparent to any one who will stop to consider that if the opportunity for greater and more certain pprofits did not exist no combinations in trade would be made, and if greater opportunity for power and graft did not occur, there would be no struggle made to gobble up all adjacent villages and towns by those who control the great cities, and avarice and pride are appealed to and used to attain such ends.

It is especially noticeable that in all this struggle for the attainment of greatness, the worst passions of the human heart are cultivated, to the exclusion of the noble ones.

The passion to make money, to be rich, to have power, and, among other things, and not the least either, by any means, to "appear" great, such desires appear to be the principal thing in the minds of the people.

If this characteristic of the present condition of the general desire and aim of mankind was confined to business circles and business enterprises, we might be able to more thoroughly understand and comprehend it, but the churches and Christians are lending themselves to the furtherance of such ignoble aims. So that we see Christians striving to have the "biggest" church, the "biggest" congregation, the "biggest" organ, the "biggest" choir, the "finest" music, and the "most sensational" preacher—the preacher that can "draw" the "biggest" crowd, and whose name will appear most in the daily newspapers, so that the true object of the church is lost sight of and Christ is not exalted as he should be.

Take, for instance, our own Presbyterian Church, the very name of which carries with it the idea of order, consistency and firmness, and we are becoming badly affected by the trend of the times. This condition is shown in many ways.

Last spring, at an adjourned meeting of Oakland Presbytery, a communication was read from the Presbytery of San Francsco, requestng that a commttee be apponted to co-operate with a committee which had been appointed by the San Francisco Presbytery—to work for, or make an effort to get the Synod of California to unite the two Presbyteries. There was nothing in the communication which in any way indicated that it was in the least necessary to consult the "churches" embraced within the bounds of Oakland Presbytery or that they in any way were concerned in the matter or had any interests at stake, — in fact, the whole tone of the letter indicated that the proponents deemed it sufficient to make the proposition, and, of course, all the churches on this side of the Bay would fall over each other in getting into the Greater San Francisco Presbytery.

There was no name suggested by which the proposed new Presbytery should be known—and of course San Francisco would monopolize the name.

The Presbytery of Oakland, in response to this communication, appointed a committee which is to bring in a report for the action of the Presbytery at its Fall meeting which occurs in September. The communication urged haste in order to secure the action of the Synod this year. Why this haste in such an important matter? It is well known that at the Fall meeting of the Presbytery the churches are not as well represented as at the spring session.

Is it the desire of our friends across the Bay to rush the matter through regardless of the wishes of the churches on the east side of the Bay and without the churches' knowledge?

Have the churches no rights in the matter that needs

to be consulted? What benefit can be derived which in any manner will come to the churches on the east side by such a union?

When the proposition was presented to the Presbytery of Oakland the writer asked some of the members what was the reason for such a proposal coming from the Presbytery of San Francisco, and was informed that they on the west side of the Bay felt overshadowed by the Presbytery of Los Angeles, which was a large Presbytery and had more influence in the Synod, and that by the consolidation of the Presbyterians around the Bay Los Angeles would be forced in the background and San Francisco would come to the front. Hence we see this desire to be the "biggest' cropping out among our good Presbyterians.

If we want to sit down hard upon Los Angeles, there are several things we must take into consideration and act at once before our brethren in the south gets on to our movements. In other words, we must surprise them, or they may be too quick for us and devise some way to head us off in our mad career to be great. They have a number of churches down in the south whose memberships are quite large; how are we going to surpass "them?" Since these matters are of such a nature that "haste" is required, we suggest that it might be well to disband a number of our churches on the east side of the Bay and annex them to the churches of San Francisco—as a mere suggestion—transfer the membership of our Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda churches and distribute them around among the churches of San Francisco. Thus the churches across the Bay will be increased in membership and will appear well in the Minutes of the General Assembly. Now, there is no necessity for consulting or even mentioning this matter to the churches of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, for what rights have they any way that need consideration when it is necessary to outdo our southern brethren, and the only thing to be done is for the Presbytery to order this consummated quickly and quietly, for should our southern brethren hear of this movement they might have a revival down there and many sinners be converted, their churches increased in membership and our labor would be in vain. If we cannot beat them in converting sinners, we certainly can keep ahead by consolidating and our southern brethren should be taught a lesson in humility and be made to understand that extreme activity in building up the kingdom of heaven is not to be encouraged and they must keep in line and not go too far ahead, for such conduct destroys the symmetry of the line. You brethren of the south go forward and prosecute the good work of building the kingdom of our Savior, but do not use your influence "too" much in the Synod or elsewhere, and when you meet us of the north at the Synod or elsewhere, do be careful and don't rub our elbows too hard; they are tender.

We are all going the same way, but this thing of exerting your influence under full pressure all the time should be moderated. We never should have thought of consolidating two prosperous, healthy and necessary Presbyteries but for your excessive activity. We are opposed to the consolidation of the Presbytery of Oakland and the Presbytery of San Francisco for a number of reasons:

First. As a member of one of the Presbyterian churches in Oakland, we insist that in a matter of consolidating the subject should be presented to all the churches and they should be permitted to express their opinion, as they have a right to an expression of their choice in such a matter and should receive consideration, and a majority of the churches should govern; any other course of procedure is contrary to the fundamental principles of the Presbyterian Church.

Second. The question of consolidation has never been presented to the churches in any manner by which their views could be obtained, and should the Presbytery of Oakland at its Fall meeting in September take action for consolidation, it will be done by a vote of practically the ministry alone, and in such a matter is absolutely contrary to the plan of our church government.

Third. The reasons assigned for this consolidation of these Presbyteries are not such as should appeal to the highest ideals of Christian fellowship, for we are opposed to being consolidated for the purpose of outdoing Los Angeles or any portion or section of the church.

Fourth. The Presbyteries of Oakland and San Francisco each cover sufficient territory as they now exist, amply sufficient for the exercise of all their best energies, besides large Presbyteries are not desirable, for the larger the Presbyteries are, the less in proportion is the progress of the work of the church.

Fifth. Should there be a consolidation of Presbyteries, what is to become of the smaller and weaker churches now within the bounds of the Presbytery of Oakland? Does any one suppose they would receive better attention than they do now? If they do, it would be well for such minded persons, before committing themselves to look up and acquaint themselves with the causes which led up to and caused the creation of the Presbytery of Oakland, and we think they will not be so certain in their minds.

Sixth. As for "influence," which seems to be so much desired, the Presbyteries as they now exist exercise much greater and more effective influence in the Synod, in the General Assembly, and before the Boards of the Church, than is possible in any consolidation that might be made.

Seventh. Consolidation is a step backward and not forward, and it would only be a few years at best before the churches in the East side of the Bay would insist on being situated as they are now as regards their Presbyterial relations.

IPSE EGO.
(A Layman.)

MINISTERIAL UNION.

The Presbyterian Ministerial Union of San Francisco and vicinity was addressed Monday, August 24th, by Rev. E. B. Hale, D.D., of Osaka, Japan. Dr. Hale wore the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic for service in the Civil War. For thirty years he has been a missionary to Japan.

When he first began his labors it was difficult for him to get a hearing. He was first introduced as the "hairy foreigner," whose mistakes in the use of the language would afford more fun to his auditors than any show on earth.

Dr. Hale divides the people whom he has served directly and indirectly into three classes: First, nature peopeople; second, low-grade civilization; and third, high-grade civilization.

The nature people would come naked to church if permitted. Their fondness for neckties led them to convert trousers into neckwear and appear in public clothed only about the neck.

Japan has a very old civilization. When our ancestors

were wearing skins for clothing, their ancestors were wearing silks.

Dr. Hale's work has been to Christianize this civilization. He has seen in thirty years a feeble beginning grow into a strong Synod of Presbyterians, with seven presbyteries and 18,000 members. The graduates from San Francisco Theological Seminary who are working in Japan are acquitting themselves as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

The Presbyterians will meet Monday, August 1st, with the Methodists at Hayes and Buchanan streets, under the auspices of the League of Justice of San Francisco. At this meeting a protest will be presented by Dr. E. K. Strong, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, condemning the action of the Board of Education of San Francisco in dedicating school buildings on the Sabbath.

CHURCH NEWS

Rev. J. C. Morgan, pastor of the Welch Presbyterian, Los Angeles, is taking his vacation.

Rev. Hugh Walter, pastor of Immanuel Church, Los Angeles, has returned to his work after his vacation.

Rev. W. MacLeod, pastor of the Richmond, Cal., Presbyterian Church, is reported as doing a good work in his field.

Rev. H. C. Cochrum, pastor at Arroyo Grande, California, has accepted the call to Westminster Church, Los Angeles.

Rev. T. C. Horton, D.D., of Los Angeles, preached at the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal., last Sunday morning.

Dr. B. C. Atterbury, President of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, Los Angeles, has been taking a vacation prior to entering the $60,000 campaign for Los Angeles Presbytery.

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmadge, the former pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, is reported to have received a call to the largest Presbyterian Church in Pittsburg, Pa.

Rev. J. C. Worley has a fine collection of stereopticon views of Japan which he is using to great advantage in Southern California. He is working under the Presbyterian Foreign Board.

Rev. Alexander Eakin, pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian Church of Riverside, Cal., who preached for St. John's Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, recently, will probably be called to the pastorate.

Miss Hewitt Gage, daughter of Rev. H. B. Gage, D.D., of Los Angeles, California, leave for three years' stay in Urimiah, Persia, where she will have charge of the children of the Presbyterian missionaries.

Rev. H. H. Wintler, pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Oakland, California, has tendered his resignation, and his people have refused to accept it. He will press the matter before the Presbytery.

Rev. Mark A. Matthews, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Wash., is reported to have consented to preach at the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal., on two Sundays during September.

Rev. E. B. Hail, D.D., who is one of the foremost scholare of our church in Japan, sailed for Manchuria, August 25th. Both his son and daughter, who were born in Japan, are missionaries in Osaka, Japan, under the Presbyterian Church. While here, Dr. Hail visited at the Seminary and addressed a number of bodies of Presbyterians, shedding much light upon the Japanese situation.

ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Berkeley, California.

The picture presented this week on the front page is that of the chapel just completed by the congregation of St. John's Church of Berkeley. This is the newest Presbyterian organization of the college town. The charter members consist largely of the families connected with our denominational work there for many years, several of them having been charter members of the First Presbyterian church organized in Berkeley some thirty years ago. There is scarcely a man on the official boards of St. John's who has not had long experience in organizing, financing or governing churches. This promises well for the new work.

The congregation has bought a lot 120 x 160 feet on the west side of College avenue, just north of Derby street, and erected thereon the very attractive chapel whose exterior is here shown.

Miss Julia Morgan is the architect and Kidder and McCullough the contractors. The interior is finished in polished wood of a rich, warm, brown tone No plaster or paint is anywhere used and as carpet, furniture, etc., are to harmonize, the effect will be soft and restful but not gloomy, the building being too well lighted for that. The assembly-room is rectangular, and will seat about four hundred people. On the front is a room to be used for Sunday-schol purposes but which may be opened so as to increase the capacity of the auditorium. There is a very attractive study in the sunny southwest corner, where a large open fireplace promises comfort when sunlight fails. The organ loft is in the west end, and, as usual, above and back of the pulpit. The needs of the ladies are supplied by a kitchen and pantry. The building will be seated with chairs and heated by furnace.

Rev. Geo. G. Eldredge is the pastor of St. John's. His experience in reorganizing St. John's Church of San Francisco has equipped him for this new field. The situation of the new church—the beautiful southeast section of the town—gives it a magnificent field of labor. All who are familiar with Berkeley know that this portion has grown in homes much faster than in churches,—indeed, children cannot attend Sunday-school without walking many blocks and crossing the much-dreaded Telegraph avenue car lines, and ladies of Presbyterian affiliation found no church near enough for their convenience. The result is that while the public school recently built filled at once to crowding, there are but few of the children in any Sunday-school. Other denominations—notably the Methodists and the Episcopalians—have taken steps toward meeting the needs of their people in this section, but Presbyterians had done noth-

ing to meet their obligations to this large portion of the town until about a year ago St. John was organized by consent of Presbytery.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting a lot in the locality desired. Two sites were bought and afterwards relinquished as better locations became available. The present one is entirely satisfactory, and with their pretty chapel finished the people are eager for work, feeling that their field is indeed "ripe for the harvest."

The woman's work is well organized on the newest plans, which had been tried and had proven successful in the aggressive churches of other cities. Mrs. Annie Little Barry is President of the United Woman's Association. Her two vice-presidents — Mrs. C. S. Newhall and Miss Leila Hathaway — are respectively presidents of the Missionary Society and of the Young Woman's Guild. This secures unity of working plans without lessening the efficiency gained by specializing and distributing duties.

At the time of their organization there were but 111 communicant members. Eight months without a resident pastor, and during their entire history to date without a permanent place of worship, they have nevertheless grown, if slowly, and will enter their own building with 162 members.

Until the first of this year the pulpit of St. John's was filled by Rev. C. G. Patterson, Professor of Church History at San Anselmo.

By his unselfish devotion to their cause, his wise guiddance during the very critical period of their beginnings, and ,last but not least, his successful efforts in getting them a permanent pastor, he won the confidence and gratitude of every member of the struggling congregation.

Another difficulty lay in finding a place of worship. In this connection we must not fail to mention the debt of gratitude due the Epworth League Church (Methodist Episcopal, South), who opened their doors to us with a heartiness that became an exposition of the term "Christian hospitality."

After this fellowship of worship seemed no longer advisable, the congregation occupied successively the Town and Gown Hall and Stiles' Hall. As the summer came we again experienced the catholicity of Christian hospitality and were invited to worship with the First Congregational Church, who were without a pastor, on terms which entirely respected our autonomy.

Mr. Eldredge filled the pulpit for the united congregations. The new fellowship has proven a delight, and as we go out to our separate work it is with many a regret and a sense of brotherhood which will help to strengthen us for whatever awaits us.

The following are the officers whose faithfulness has met and surmounted every obstacle and brought the people to the door of their church home:

Elders—H. N. Baldwin, J. N. Ricards (Clerk), F. H. Clark, J. R. Moulthorp, C. P. Hoag.

Trustees—T. C. McCleave, President; F. H. Clark, Wm. A. Caldwell, John Cook, J. S. Kinkead, L. I. Reed, M. C. Kittredge, G. G. Wickson, C. A. Mohrhardt, J. W. Richards, W. L. G. Miller.

Elders—H. N. Baldwin, J. N. Richards (Clerk), F. H. Clark, J. R. Moulthrop, C. P. Hoag.

Treasurer—G. G. Wickson.

Treasurer Building Fund — F. H.Clark, 2270 Shattuck Avenue.

Superintendent Sunday School — L. I. Reed.

The congregation will occupy their chapel on September 6th, and it will be a joyous occasion. The work calling them is great. God grant that their strength may be great, too, that his children may be fed and that many hearts may one day say: "Here I found God."

B. B. H.

MONTANA.

The churches of Utica, Stanford and Philbrook are being supplied by Rev. George W. Edwards of Great Falls, Sabbath-school missionary.

An endowment of $100,000 is being raised for Deer Lodge Presbyterian College. Andrew Carnegie has promised $25,000, provided $75,000 can be raised by alumni and friends. The College building is being rehabilitated.

Rev. Rees W. Edwards, of Canton, Ohio, has been secured by the Presbytery of Great Falls as pastor-evangelist. Mr. Edwards will probably enter upon his duties about September 1st.

Rev. Ernest W. Wright, who has been pastor of the Missoula Church for the past three years, has resigned, and Rev. T. A. Wickes, a resident minister, is temporary supply in the pulpit, until a new pastor can be secured.

Rev. M. B. Williams of Chicago is conducting evangelistic services in a large tent at Hamilton, Bitter Root Valley. It is expected these services wil stimulate an interest in religion in this section.

OREGON.

Professor Zugg of Albany College supplies four churches, which constitute his parish. He has been preaching at the Gervais field during his vacation.

Woodhorn.—Rev. L. S. Mochel has recently taken unto himself a wife. Mr. and Mrs. Mochel are now comfortably settled in the new manse.

Rev. W. S. Holt of Portland, Oregon, Field Secretary, writes of the needs for five new men in Oregon. Here are opportunities for men who are willing to work. The West Harnay district is a country field, and is at present without a church.

The Gervais field is a farming district in Western Oregon. There are four preaching appointments. They They pay a fair salary and will provide a comfortable manse.

Sodaville has three places in which to preach, and is a fine field.

Oakland and Yoncolla are two churches on the railroad. A comfortable manse goes with this charge.

Cury County has no church, and is a difficult field near the Pacific Coast, but there are a large number of people to work among who are willing to assist the right man. Only a pioneer need apply.

CALIFORNIA.

Mendocino.—Professor Lawren A. Handley, of Occidental College, Los Angeles, has been supplying this interesting church during the summer months. There has been a good attendance, and a number have signified their intention of joining the church. This church is in need of a pastor, to begin his work in September. A modern manse, which will be well furnished, is being erected. Men-

docino is a city of about 1,000, in the logging district of Mendocino County.

San Francisco, Calvary Church.—Eleven were admitted into church fellowship last Sunday. In the morning the pastor, Rev. Mr. Rader, preached on "The Death in the Desert, and the Dawn of the Social Conscience." In the evening an after-meeting was held which filled the lecture room. These "after-meetings" will be a feature hereafter in the evening service at Calvary. At a joint meeting of all the official bodies of the church, plans were adopted for a larger work in Calvary.

Berkeley, Knox.—The commodious church building being erected by the members of Knox Presbyterian Church is nearing completion, and will be occupied by them before long. Rev. R. S. Eastman is the pastor, and much credit is due him for his enthusiastic work in behalf of this building enterprise.

Livermore.—This church has extended an unanimous call to Rev. H. H. Coontz, who is supplying the Vacaville, Cal., Church. Rev. Mr. Coontz has not yet replied to their overtures.

Los Angeles.—Grandview Church has called Rev. W. H. Fishburn, D. D., of Camden, N. J., and he has accepted.

Boyle Heights Church.—Rev. C. H. Kershaw plans enlargement of the building.

Church of the Redeemer.—Rev. J. D. Habbick expects to build in a new location. Both of these movements indicate growth in the work.

Highland Park Church.—Rev. C. D. Merrill preached most acceptably in the Highland Park Church on August 16th, and Rev. R. W. Cleland on August 23d. Both have many friends in the church. Mr. Cleland's son Robert goes East soon for study at Princeton. He has supplied Grace Church during the summer and has spoken in various churches in the interest of young people's work.

Sunday-school Missionary Butterfield takes little or no rest during the summer. He is now developing a new field at Sanborn Station on the Hollywood and Colegrove car lines. Rev. E. P. Baker preached there on August 16th and found an interested and responsive group of Christians.

The Highland Park Ladies' Missionary Society recently met with Mrs. J. A. Gordon at her beautiful home overlooking the glen. Basket lunch was served at suppertime and the men invited for an attractive evening program given under spreading trees, making an enjoyable occasion.

An elegant new church building is being designed by the West Lake Church.

Rev. W. A. Hunter, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, received twenty-four members at a recent communion.

OAKDALE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

During the excessive warm weather this summer in Oakdale, we have managed to hold the fort while a substantial part of our congregation has been hunting cooler climes in mountain districts and the refeshing breezes of the sea-coast.

As we look back over the past few months there are some things we can speak of with interest. There was a good attendance at our July communion service, a large number communing and three new members were received into the church by confession of faith.

Also, we are glad to speak of the new electric lights in the church at an expense of $84.00; the illumination was very poor with the old lights, making the church unattractive, while some could not see to read, but the Benjamine clusters which we have installed not only adds materially to the beauty of the room but throws a flood of light, making it pleasant and attractive, and last but not least, we have paid for them except a balance of $30.00, which we hope to meet in 30 days.

The Ladies' Aid have adjourned during the summer months.

The Christian Endeavor Sunday-school and our Wednesday night Mid-week Service are all doing well. God's blessings are with us here, and we are expecting great gains in our church-work during the fall and winter.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The Board of Directors met at Mr. Laton's office on Wednesday afternoon, August 19th. The meeting was largely attended.

The Secretary notified the Board of the death of Mr. George L. Underhill,, who had been a faithful and efficient member of the Board of Directors and of the Board of Trustees as well, for the past seven years. Suitable resolutions were adopted and ordered spread upon the minutes.

Mr. Robert Dollar of San Rafael was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Underhill.He was then invited to the meeting and, after subscribing to the usual formula, was elected to fill the vacancy in the Board of Trustees.

The Seminary is to be congratulated on this accession to its efficient board of one who has large business ability and who takes a warm interest in its work.

At this meeting Dr. Landon was formally eleced Acting President for the ensuing year. It is hoped that 'ere long a president will be secured.

Mr. I. Suzuki, a member of the last graduating class, was examined for ordination by the San Francisco Presbytery at their meeting on Tuesday, August 18th. The examination was unanimously sustained. He has ordained on Thursday evening, August 20th, in the Westminster Church in the presence of a congregation composed principally of Japanese.

Dr. Wicher preached the sermon, Dr. E. A. Sturge charged the candidate, and Dr. D. A. Mobley, the Moderator of the Presbytery, presided, propounded the constitutional questions and offered the ordination prayer. Mr. Suzuki is in charge of the Japanese Mission in Salinas.

Mr. Robert Dollar has made another donation of $100 to the library, enabling Dr. Wicher, the librarian, to secure some more needed and valuable books.

Mr. Robert Bain, an elder in Calvary Church, Portland, has sent to the library the two fine volumes on Jerusalem just published by George Adam Smith of Edinburg.

Rev. Harry H. Pratt, '99, of the Forbes Church, Portland, Or., after seeing his congregation housed in their beautiful new building, is tenting with his wife on the shores of a beautiful lake in the Cascade Mountains. Mr. Pratt needed the rest, as he has been living a strenuous life since his church burned a few months ago. Though the congregation has but little financial strength, they have loyally followed their pastor and have erected a larger and finer building than they had before.

A wedding of unusual interest to the friends of the Sem-

inary occurred in San Rafael last Saturday afternon, when Miss Anna N. Foster, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, was married to Dr. Alfred L. Draper of San Francisco.

It took place on the lawn in front of the home and was a very beautiful wedding. The bride has often rendered valuable assistance at commencement and other gatherings at the seminary. This occasion was improved to announce the engagement of the eldest daughter, Miss Mary Foster, to an attorney in San Francisco.

ECHOES FROM THE OCCIDENTAL BOARD AND THE BOARD OF THE PACIFIC.

We send the following clipping from the Interior, reporting what was said at the Board meeting at room 48, Chicago.

Reading the list of missionaries, our leader asked Mrs. H. H. Hill to tell us of the work among the Chinese and Japanese in America, that we might pray the more thankfully. Mrs. Hill said:

The first Japanese boy in the school in San Francisco, after finishing the course in the University and in the Seminary at San Anselmo, has become the editor of a paper, and is an honor to the cause of Christ. The new Home for Chinese Girls was opened on the 14th of April—my birthday. I assure you this was the happiest birthday I ever had. The Mayor of San Francisco and the Chinese Consul were present at the ceremonies and made addresses. The new building is an improvement over the old. It is on the same site. In looking through the ruins one stone marked 'Presbyterian Mission' was found unbroken. This old stone has been built into the new structure. The new dining-room with its small round tables is beautiful. Each one of us on the Board has furnished one of the rooms. My room is No. 9. Our Occidental Board library, as you know, was destroyed in the old building. We greatly need books and missionary literature. I hope that you may be able to spare us something. Our work is growing. Every one of our auxiliaries maintains a Babies' Band as part of its work. A young man once said to me: 'I belong to the Occidental Board. My mother entered my name on the cradle roll when I was a baby. The remembrance of that has kept me out of a lot of mischief.'"

Mrs. Allen being asked for reminiscences of her life on the Pacific coast, said: "Miss Cameron of the Home for Chinese Girls seems to me one of the most wonderful of women. Knowing the stern work which she has to do, we might picture to ourselves a very different type of woman. Miss Cameron is a beautiful Scotch girl. The world's people often say that only those go as missionaries who aren't capable of doing other work, but this isn't so with Miss Cameron. She is a missionary simply because, with her whole-hearted love for Chinese girls, she couldn't be anything else. She is such a ladylike, or, shall I say better, such a womanly woman. The story of her rescue work, if it could be told, would be even more thrilling than 'Deadwood Dick' tales. Miss Cameron and her Chinese helper, accompanied by a policeman, searched a whole week up and down the coast for a girl who had been kidnaped. In the course of the time Miss Cameron herself was arrested. This one terrible trip caused the death of her Chinese assistant. To my mind she is one of the heroines of the mission field. She does not sound her own trumpet. If you were to meet her cascasually, you wouldn't know she had any trumpet to sound."

Mrs. H. H. Hill told us of a little Chinese girl whom Miss Cameron, after persistent search, found hidden in a closet, wrapped in a roll of matting. Mrs. Edgar Hill added: "There has been much brave rescue work done in Portland, Oregon, too. The matron of the Home there being told of a Chinese girl who wished to escape from slavery, sent the girl one-half of a torn scrap of paper, saying: 'I will come for you, bringing with me the other half of this scrap of paper. You will know me by that sign.' Going into the house where the girl was secreted, the matron called loudly, 'Ah Wu!' When all of the girls swarmed out, Ah Wu seeing the scrap of paper held high rushed to her rescuer. The matron put her arms around her, and a policeman put his arms around both of them. Thus Ah Wu was saved. The Japanese women who are coming over with their husbands are of a better class than the Chinese women who are here." Mrs. Jacobs led in prayer for a special blessing upon those in city mission work everywhere.

A pretty story is told of a "Little Chinese Refugee" in the July number of "The Short Story Club Magazine." We give a brief outline of the story:

Ah Ging, the slave child, ran away from the family who owned her on the night of the earthquake and fire in San Francisco. Terror stricken as she pressed through the throng upon the street she met her father from whom she was stolen after her mother's death. It was a happpy meeting. Both made their way to the ferry, crossed the Bay, and not knowing which way to go, a kind lady spoke to her, soothed her fears, and told the father—who could speak English—of the Rescue Home. He was glad, feeling that his child would be safe there from the highbinder. All went to San Rafael, to the Home, which was opened temporarily by Miss Cameron, whose cup of joy was overflowing when the slave child was not only free, but now one of the happiest, jolliest crowd of girls that one would care to see. The father found employment in San Rafael, where he could see his child every day.

MRS. E. V. ROBBINS.

A TEMPORARY SEPARATION.

The many friends of Rev. A. C. Junkin, D.D., will sympathize with him in his bereavement. After a two weeks' illness he went with Mrs. Junkin to visit their daughter, Mrs. Turner, at Westminster, Orange County, where he was many years pastor. While there Mrs. Junkin, who had been in usual health, was stricken down and after a day's illness, taken away, on August 10th. Her maiden name was Etta H. Dickey.

She was born in Oxford, Pa., on September 10, 1836. There she was married to Mr. Junkin on December 29, 1859. Eight children were given, of whom there survive—Mary still in the Home, Mrs. Etta H. Turner and Walter Dickie Junkin of Garden Grove. Mrs. Junkin was of a retiring disposition, deeply interested in the Lord's work, a helpmeet, indeed, beloved by all who knew her.

Dr. Junkin and Miss Mary plan now to make their home with Mrs. Turner. May they rest upon the sure promises of God's word of comfort and strength.

Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Western District Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, is taking a vacation with his family at Raymonds, Los Gatos, Cal.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE HOME

THE EVERY-DAY WOMAN.

The every-day woman, who is she? Not the fashionable woman with so many engagements that she is as weary on Saturday night as a cook who has been broiling and baking since Monday, nor yet the woman at the other end of the plane, wearing her life out in the extreme of penury. The woman I have in mind is neither very rich or very poor, very learned or very ignorant; she is in the large and respectable class of average people from whom America draws its best citizens. Overseeing her housework, supervising her children, looking after the comfort of her husband, taking a more or less active share in the work of her church and of the community in which she dwells, the every-day woman is a familiar figure, and we all know and love her. She is wife, mother, daughter, sister, sweetheart, friend. Neither ambitious nor aggressive, complaining nor dissatisfied, she fills her place and the candle she holds in her hand sheds light on the circumstances of her home and her village. She is simply the dear every-day woman, contented to stay where the Lord has put her, and to her finger-tips she is a feminine being, satisfied with feminine occupations and fulfilling feminine duties.

Now, to this woman as time passes, there come certain perils and disadvantages. She sometimes finds, as her sons and daughters emerge from babyhood and its consequent dependence, that she is growing lonely. Her husband, even if engrossed in business, has, notwithstanding an outlet for any superfluous energy in his interest in politics, either of the State or county, while, of course local affairs enlist, to some extent, every good man in a given vicinity. Few women take a deep and direct interest in politics; they merely reflect the interests of their men-folks. Dress, domesticity and housekeeping, after a while pall on the attention, and a bright, intelligent woman observes to herself that life has lost its flavor. The peril that confronts her in this condition may cease to be transient and become permanent, and the attendant disadvantage is in her poverty of resource.

A general opinion has obtained acceptance that schools educate; that if one has gone through a certain course of study and come out on the other side of it, waving a certificate of thoroughness and proficiency, one is thenceforth a person of attainments in literature, and a well-disciplined graduate in mental exercises. Never was there a greater error. Schools and colleges do not educate—they prepare their pupils for the education of life. Their purpose is accomplished when they make their students facile in the use of tools. The best college, the best university, can do no more than this. Each of us can remember essentially commonplace, not to say tedious, people, who have had all the most distinguished people have been able to impart. The woman who has liberal early training is better off than her sister, whose range has been narrower, only as she has kept on in the use of the means for brain and heart growth with which the schools equipped her before they sent her forth.

If one would not be dull and rusty in middle life, one must constantly be taking in new stores, and constantly add to what one has already gained. Mastery of weapons is kept by continual daily practice. Some women drop bit by bit their accomplishments, their graces, their charms. One woman is older at thirty-five than another woman at sixty, because the latter had time to spend in thinking how the years were flying. Poverty of resource ages a women more inevitably than does sorrow, illness, or grief.

Think of women whose mental equipment is so scanty that they cannot keep attention steadily fixed on anything higher than a sensational romance; that they fidgit if a sermon exceeds twenty minutes in length; that every newspaper must have glaring headlines and dramatic narrative and a superfluity of pictures to be pleasing in their eyes. These are the every-day women who must endlessly talk, talk, over trifles; who cannot sit still and be composed when alone; to whom solitude is always intolerable, and who expatiate with amazing iteration over the most ordinary incidents, such as the breaking of a cup, the irritation of a servant, the tearing of a child's frock. Poverty of resource makes an indolent woman lazy until exertion is almost impossible, converts an impatient woman into a shrew, and intensifies the morbidness of the melancholy woman.

Every one of us needs something which can relieve the strain of the daily grind and take us out of ourselves. For breadth and future happiness, every woman should form a habit of daily reading, for profit as well as for pleasure. Aside from the Bible, which may be read perfunctorily, or may on the contrary, be a most fascinating study, the woman at home should take up, with seriousness and intention, some line of work in history, ethics, or natural science, and make it her custom to spend an hour upon it during daylight. The usual method is to work by daylight on the sewing, cooking, visiting, and other absorbing routine engagements, and read by the evening lamp. I am not sure that any except young eyes should read by artificial light. The midnight oil is responsible for many a morning headache. I hear remonstrances from this busy housekeeper, and that conscious mother, to which I reply that I have known a very successful author who not only kept up her reading, but wrote books with a string attached to her baby's cradle and her ear open to the calls of the older children at play outside her window. I recall another most delightful woman who never hesitated when her nerves began to tire, and she felt her tones sharpen, to stop where she was in the midst of her ironing and cleaning and go off with her children on a botanizing excursion in the woods.

We make too much of our sweeping and dusting, we have too many pretty things which require solicitous care, and we spend too much strength on pastry. A less elaborate style of house management would enable many women to read more, learn more, and think more than they do.

If one has an accomplishment, as drawing, painting or music one should be chary of letting that slip away from her. Time devoted to any beloved art or skill, to any handicraft not associated with daily necessity, is time well spent by the woman who would keep in health, vigor, and attractiveness as well as a wholesome interest in life, to her latest day.

Another desirable thing for the every-day woman is hospitality to new ideas. This does not mean that she shall be credulous, that she shall accept every novelty, or that she shall break away from the safe moorings of faith and doctrine. There are convictions which are founded upon a rock-bottom belief in God's Word, and can never be shaken. But the every-day woman is a conservative, and she often recoils from the presentation of truth in a new form, she regards anything unfamiliar with suspicion. Over-conservatism is a disadvantage of the every-day woman's make-up. Such a one cannot enjoy the Scriptures in any but the authorized version; the beauties and the new unfoldings of the English and American revisions are not agreeable nor understood

by her; the slightest change in the order of worship in the sanctuary is disturbing to her sense of fitness. Yet the woman who would not be fettered by the despotism of old methods must let herself expand and take in some new ideas.

And dear every-day woman, you must widen the circle of your friendships if you would retain the animation of your earlier days. Some of us have many friends; some have very few. She who clings only to her old friends will one day awake and discover that she is solitary, for our friends are always leaving us.

Look over the landscape of your life. Ten years, twenty years, thirty years ago, who were the women with whom you took sweet counsel? Take up the catalogue of the old school, of the Woman's Board, of the hospital committee; how many of the names there recorded no longer respond to the earthly voice.

"One by one we go," and so mercifully gradual are the changes that our heavenly Father appoints, we seldom recognize their character until we deliberately take a retrospective view. It is wise to make new friends on the road, and it seems a pleasant thing to anticipate new friends, to look forward in going to a new place, to an anniversary, or to any gathering of strangers, to the discovery of some one who shall be congenial and stimulating.

Another excellent step for the every-day woman is to definitely annex herself to some world movement beyond her own door. The woman who belongs to a Home or Foreign Missionary society, and who lives up to the measure of her obligations and privileges as a member is as really enlarging and benefiting herself as she is sending help to the frontiers or across the sea. A live society, not a formal, half-dead one, is a real school for nurture in all that is good. While hearts are yearning over the suffering women and children of heathenism, they grow more tender and compassionate for those who suffer at home. The comradship of society, the fellowship in service which is brought about by the coming together of a half-dozen churches in annual or semi-annual conferences, is an uplifting experience for the woman who, but for this outlet, would be drudging or dreaming at home.

Drudgery is good and dreaming is good, if either is limited; but neither is profitable if it usurps too large a place, and beneficent work with and for the Lord is the remedy for too much fanciful and too much of the realistic in one's progress.

But more than all else, beyond all else, the every-day woman needs and must have the blessedness of a walk with God. When we consider how accessible our Lord is, how free are his offers of company by the way, how gently he leads us, and how precious are his gifts and favors, what can we do but wonder at his goodness? Each of us may often, with Mary, sit at his feet; with Martha, serve him in small homely ways; with Dorcas, make raiment for his poor; with Rhoda, open a door for one of his disciples; with Phoebe and Priscilla and Julia, minister to his saints; with Eunice and Lois, instruct his little ones; with Lydia, gather his people together into our home for prayer; with the woman who loved much because to her much had been forgiven, break the alabaster box in its fragrance to rest his weariness; with watching women we may kneel at his cross still, and find him in the early dawn in the garden of lilies, not dead but risen. Commonplace, every-day women we may be, yet each of us may be our Lord's elect lady.

Among the joys of the every-day experience common to all, and consequent upon duty faithfully performed, are a thousand things uncalandared and unchronicled. The morning and evening greetings, the caresses of children, the visits of kindred and friends, the pleasures that spring up like summer flowers in the pathway, the letters from those we love, and the occasional bright surprises of success that dignify and beautify the home may be counted. More frequent is the bliss than the dole. Taken by and large, the every-day woman's life is so happy, that she, the uncrowned queen of a secluded home, need envy no monarch in her royal robes and on her golden throne.—Margaret E. Sangster in "The Daily Pathway."

Young People

A BULGARIAN SHEPHERD BOY.

A little hut in Bulgaria, made of mud and stone, was Pluck's home, and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore sheepskins, made up with the wool outside.

Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire for study, and when he heard of Roberts College at Constantinople, he determined to go there. He told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college.

The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said: "You can't go to college; it is all I can do to feed you children. I can't give you a piaster."

"I don't want a piaster," Pluck replied; "but I do want to go to college."

"Besides," the shepherd continued, "you can't go to college in sheepskins."

But Pluck had made up his mind, and he went—in sheepskins and without a piaster.

He trudged sturdily on day by day, until he reached Constantinople. He soon found his way to the college and inquired for the president.

Pluck asked for work, but the president kindly told him he must go away.

"Oh, no," said Pluck; "I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away."

When the president insisted, Pluck's answer was the same, "I didn't come here to go away."

He had no idea of giving up. "The king of France, with 4,000 men, went up a hill, and then came down again,' but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again; and three hours later the president saw him in the yard patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. "He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows," they said.

The professor, like the president, said there was no work for him, and he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text: "I didn't come here to go away."

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the professor so much that he urged the president to give Pluck a trial.So it was decided that he should take care of the fires.

That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of weakening, the president went to him and said: "My poor boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other to give you."

"Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied," Pluck replied. "It's

the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away."

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay. After he had gained his poin', he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a party of six, so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening a week.

After some weeks he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

"Do you expect," asked the president, "to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you? And," he continued, "you can't go into class in sheepskins; all the boys would cry, 'Baa!'"

"Yes, sir, I know," Pluck said, "but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a pair of trousers, and so on."

Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay $200 a year.

"I wish," said Professor Long, "that this college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him $100 a year."

Pluck became the professor's assistant. But where was the other hundred coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for an education to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-president of Roberts College, who was in America. The doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so interested that she said: "I would like to give the other hundred."

A boy who had so strong a will was sure to find a way."—Child's Companion.

THE TURKEY'S NEST.

One day the old turkey hen went out to find a place to make her nest. She went a long way, and she took a long time to find it, but when at last she had suited herself, she said:

"They may go to the east and go to the west,
But they'll never be able to find my nest;"

and she felt so proud of herself that she walked all the way home with her head in the air.

When she got home to the barnyard her friends were talking about her. There was the Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen, and when they saw her coming they called: "Where in the world did you make your nest?"

"Guess,' said the turkey hen, and then they were puzzled.

"Well," said the Gray Goose at last, "when I go to make my nest I always try to get near the water, for there's nothing so good for my health—so I'll guess the goose pond."

"Right," cried the Duck, "I'll quite agree. The pond is just the place for a family."

"The idea," said the Brown Hen, chuckling to herself; "why, what could be healthier than hay or straw? I'll guess the haystack."

But though they did their very best,
They never could guess where she made her nest.

The turkey hen grew prouder and prouder, and she walked about the barnyard like a queen. One day the cook saw her, and said to the children: "Certain and sure, that old turkey hen has made her nest somewhere."

"Then I'll find it," cried Brother Fred. "She can't hide a nest from me."

"Then I'll find it," said Little Ben. And they all started out to look for it. . . . .

Cousin Pen went down in the hollow and looked in the grasses and leaves and looked in the stumps and hollow trees.

But though he did her very best
She couldn't find the turkey nest.

Brother Fred went up on the hill to the gin-house, and down in the cotton-field, and round by the goose pond, where he found the Gray Goose and the White Duck taking a swim.

But though she did her very best
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Little Ben began at home to look. He looked under the house and behind the woodpile, and in the barn and out by the haystack; and while he was tipping about out there he frightened the Brown Hen from her nest, and she quarreled half the day about it.

But though she did her very best
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Then mamma said she must go and look. So she put on her bonnet and went to the wood-lot, and sat down under a tree just as quiet as she could be. By and by the turkey hen came along. She saw mamma and mamma saw her, but neither of them said a word. The turkey hen walked round and round in the wood-lot, just as if she wasn't thinking about anything, but at last she went through the big gate into the road.

Then mamma got up and followed her, just as still as a mouse, and the turkey hen

Went up the hill and down the hill,
And through the fields and by the mill,
And down across the meadow brook,
By many a turn and many a crook.

She went to the east and she went to the west,
But she never went near her hidden nest.

"I'll give up," said mamma, and the old turkey hen was prouder than ever.

Then papa said he must try; and early one morning before the children were awake he got up and started out to find the turkey's nest.

"He'll find it if anybody can," said Brother Fred, when he was told, and the children could scarcely wait for him to come home again.

He stayed so long that they went down the lane to meet him, and when he saw them coming, he called out:

"I declare I've done my very best,
But I can't find that turkey's nest."

And the turkey hen grew prouder and prouder. She stayed at her nest, wherever it was, nearly all the time

then, and only came to the barnyard when she wanted something to eat.

The Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen said that they wouldn't be surprised at anything she did.

But they were surprised, and so were the children, when one morning she walked into the yard with twelve little turkeys, as fine as you please, walking behind her.

"Just look here,' she said, " at my children. I hatched them all out of my nest in the corner of the old rail fence." And then she added, as they gathered round to see:

" I tell you what, I did my best,
When I found that place to make my nest."

—Maude Lindsay in "More Mother Stories."

BOY AND A DOG SHOW.

A gentleman stopped suddenly before a sign which told that messenger boys were to be had on the inside. He hesitated, and then went in.

"How many boys have you now?" he asked.

"Six," was the reply; "it's dull today."

"Boys," said the gentleman, eyeing them scrutinizingly. "I suppose you know there is an exhibition of trained dogs tonight?"

The faces of the boys showed that they were perfectly aware of that fact, and that they might even give him some points in regard to it.

"Well, I'm looking for a boy to take a blind man to it."

A titter was the first response; then followed a variety of expressions, as, "What could a blind man see?" and "You can't guy us that way."

"I'm not jesting; I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis; and then, looking at one of the boys who had said nothing, he asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think I could do it," was the reply.

"How do you propose to make him see it?"

"Through my eyes, sir. That the only way he could see it."

"You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large theater and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves, where they would disturb no one; but Mr. Davis from his seat in the audience knew that the boy was telling what went on so that the blind man could understand. Indeed, no one applauded more heartily than the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger boys, and, after a few words with the manager, he said:

"Boys, there was offered everyone of you yesterday a chance for lifting yourselves up in the world, but only one of you grasped it. My friend, the blind man, has felt for some time that he might get much pleasure out of life if he could find some young eyes to do his seeing for him, with an owner who could report intelligently. My friend is delighted with the experiment. He says he is sure I hit upon the one boy in town who will suit him, and has offered him a good position with a fine salary. Messenger boys are easy to get, but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium. You see, that boy, though he did not know it, was on the watch for a good opportunity, and when it came he knew how to manage it."—Brown Book.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SEPT. 6, 1908.
Rev. Henry K. Booth.

Songs of the Heart, IX. A Life Lived with God, Psa. 91.

The 90th and 91st Psalms, as even a casual glance will reveal, are closely connected with each other in thought and structure, are parts of a single literary composition. The traditional title, "A Prayer of Moses" gives us the clue to the motif or theme of the poem, for they indicate that these psalms were inspired by that ancient composition entitled in our Bible, "The Song of Moses" (Deut. 32). As we turn to this we find that its oft-repeated theme is, "God is the Rock of our Salvation." This theme of the Song of Moses is likewise the unifying thought of these two poems, Psalm 90 setting forth the eternity of this Rock; Psalm 91 the protection of this overshadowing Rock. And as we remember that the Song of Moses probably found its origin and inspiration under the very shadow of Sinai, the mount of God, we can easily understand why God is described under that beautiful figure of the Rock or Mountain, with its sense of eternity and protection. And it is a universal figure, for the influence of the mountains has been a potent factor in the life of every race of men. Well has Quayle said: " 'I will lift mine eyes unto the hills' is not the saying of one man, but of the race." Their peace, their strength, their eternity are felt by us all. So it was a wise instinct that led the ancient poet to call Jehovah his "Rock of Salvation."

Something of the majestic calm of lofty mountain ranges lingers in the 91st Psalm. Its very cadences are vocal with the music of the gentle and cooling wind that breathes through the tops of the pines. The soothing music of this psalm sings on in human hearts and modern "sweet singers of Israel" have given us its echoes in such hymns as "There Is a Safe and Secret Place," "Call Jehovah Thy Salvation," "In Heavenly Love Abiding," "Under His Wings" and last, but not least, "Rock of Ages." It is no wonder that this sweet and beautiful psalm is so endeared to human hearts for its breathes forth heaven's own peace.

As we turn now to the psalm itself we are at once struck by the rapid interchange of persons, which necessitates a consideration of the structure of the poem. Some of the psalms which we have already studied are expressions of religious feelings in poetry designed for private devotions. But a great many psalms, notably the section to which this psalm is introductory, were intended for use in the temple-worship called liturgical psalms. We should call this psalm in modern parlance an anthem. Its arrangement thus becomes clear. It is introduced by a recitative (verse 1), then a solo voice sings verse 2. The chorus then takes up the theme enunciated by the soloist (verses 3-8), elaborating the thought of the divine protection. Again the soloist sings (verse 9), "For Thou, O Jehovah, Art My Refuge," and again the chorus elaborates the theme (verse 9b-13). The anthem closes with a fine climax, a great chorus passage (verses 14-16), in which it voices God's promises to the one who trusts in him.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS. G. PATTERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

WHAT CHINA IS ASKING FOR.

"To those who care to speculate in all humility on the widest problems of the future, our Shanghai correspondent offers a wide and tempting field. There is no longer any doubt, he tells us, that the old order of thought which has guided the lives of countless millions in the Chinese Empire through a long succession of centuries is passing away forever. The movement in favor of Western education has become irresistible. It is irresistible because it comes not from above but from below. It represents the genuine will of the people, or rather of those wide middle classes of the people who alone possess an articulate will.

"They have forced it upon the government, as it always does where it recognizes that this will has spoken, has adopted its decisions, and contents itself with seeking to guide a current which it cannot stem. The demand for 'Western learning' is of course primarily not a demand for knowledge as an end in itself. Until the war with Japan and the war between Japan and Russia, the traditional veneration in which the Chinese held their own classics, and education limited to those classics, was unshaken. But the first of these wars convinced them by its cruel lessons that this education did not produce sagacious statesmen or skillful soldiers. The second taught them that with Western learning an Asiatic State might victoriously resist one of the greatest of European Powers.

"They unquestionably missed the full meaning of Japan's success. They attributed to her acquisition of European arts and sciences results which were, in fact, due to her success in gratifying those arts and sciences upon rare moral qualities and habits which are wholly independent of them. It is the intimate combination of the objective methods of European science with her own ethical system which is the explanation of the present strength and greatness of Japan. The Chinese reformers commit the cardinal error of ascribing to the first of these results which it could never have achieved without the co-operation of the second. That error must prove fatal to their expectations unless they discover it and correct it, or unless it be unconsciously remedied by the sounder instincts of the community as a whole. But this very mistake only makes the education movement the stronger. Conservatives, like Chang Chih-tung, agree with reformers in holding it to be a short cut to national greatness. Both imagine that it will operate like a spell and dispense them from the slow and painful process of moral regeneration.

"But 'Western learning' cannot be pursued by an Eastern people, even for limited purpose of a purely material kind, without utterly upsetting some of their deepest and most fundamental conceptions. It inevitably inoculates them with new habits of thought, habits which react upon their entire mental and moral attitude in countless ways. It teaches them to reason from proved facts, to test statements and to reject statements which break down under the test. Much of what they have been hitherto taught and have implicitly accepted is manifestly and demonstrably incompatible with the elementary physical laws upon which their new learning rests. Much more is in open contradiction with the theories which those bred in that learning developed in religion, in philosophy and in ethics. The 'Atmosphere of Western thought' is fatal to their old beliefs and habits. They must either adopt beliefs and habits compatible with the scientific attitude or they must accommodate their own ethical system to that attitude. Should they fail to do one or other, moral chaos must be the outcome, and the new learning will have brought them not progress, but dissolution.

"The Japanese escaped from the necessity of making this dangerous choice in the earlier stages of their initiation into European thought. Amongst them it was the governing gentry who first imbibed the strong solvent of Western learning, and, fortunately for their country, this class possessed a lofty and coherent code of ethics, which was comparatively unaffected by the inevitable changes in their mental attitude. In other classes signs are not wanting of unsettlement and moral disturbance wrought by the sudden infusion of alien theories into minds which are not protected by the habits that attenuate the action of such doctrines amongst ourselves.

"The same symptoms may be observed in much more aggravated and diversified forms amongst the English-educated and half-educated natives of India. Numbers of these men have lost their hold of what is of lasting moral and social value in their ancestral systems without any real assimilation of the ideals and habits on which European character is based. How large and crude doses of 'advanced' European thought administered haphazard may affect the Chinese intellect and character remains to be seen. There is no reason to suppose that any class in China possesses such powers of resistance to the solvent of Western learning as did the Japanese Samurai. If the Chinese absorb the new teaching at all, the transformations it may produce are quite incalculable.

"To 400,000,000 of men whose ancient civilization has resulted in ethical conceptions wholly alien from ours, and whose intellectual ideas are not less diverse, the world of modern thought is we are told to be opened. Will the subjects of this portentious experiment emerge from it with success? The answer is pregnant with great issues to mankind. It would seem to depend upon the power of the Chinese to maintain their reverence for the vital truths and principles which unquestionably underlie their old system, while they are cultivating, assimilating, and adjusting to their own requirements those which are the foundation of the new. The measure of that power it would be rash, indeed, to estimate.

"The Chinese have kept their unity amid the clashings of empires, by the sole means of their notation," says a writer in the American Review of Reviews, "but they have also remained in semi-darkness while other nations advanced, by the continued use of a language which indicates ideas instead of pronounciation. To change is to progress. Progress is based on education. Education is based on language. The Chinese problem is the language problem, and if China herself and the other nations recognize this the 'Eastern Window' will soon open for light."—London Times.

THE PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION.

With the current number of Appleton's Magazine is inaugurated a series of articles. The editor says:

"In almost every consideration of what we characterize broadly as "the liquor question," the point really at issue is prohibition, whether or not that word comes to the fore. People are not discussing temperance in the sense of moderation, on which there is no respectable difference of opinion * * * Few now deny the wisdom of some restrictive legislation as to the manufacture or the sale of alcoholic beverages. * * * Although outside the common range of discussion as to the efficacy of legislation there is a question truly American and deserving of reply: Does prohibition pay?"

Applying the individual test, Mr. Geo. C. Lawrence discusses the question from the economic side. He begins his article with a reference to a notable dinner which was given twenty-two years ago to a famous physician. There were nineteen guests, all of whom ap-

plied themselves assiduously to the rare wines placed before them. The host meanwhile sat at the head of the table nibbling dry toast and sipping mineral water. "Isn't that pathetic?" said one of the guests to the famous physician. "Yes," was the cynical reply, as the medical man poised his glass of wine in mid-air, "Nineteen fools and one wise man."

It appears that eighteen years later the twelve survivors of this gathering met at another dinner. Ten out of the twelve drank mineral water. For reasons of health or of business they had become convinced that liquor-drinking did not pay. In that incident, Mr. Lawrence thinks, is to be found the true explanation of the present widespread legislation against liquor-selling. "Look around among your friends and associates in business," he says, "the men you know and meet, and note the change within your own recollection." In the army at the close of the Civil War practically every officer drank; "today one-third are total abstainers, and drunkenness costs a man his commission."

Economic conditions—in common parlance, "It doesn't pay"—form the great underlying factor of the anti-drink movement, which is primarily neither moral nor religious, but "a cold matter of dollars and cents." Steadily man has been forced to the conclusion that he cannot afford to drink.

The economic aspects of the anti-drink movement are many. There is the all-important one of productivity. "Man is, if you will, simply an engine, and the question of running that engine most cheaply and efficiently is the question of its highest productivity—its greatest economic value. * * * Purchasers of labor—whether that labor be of a sewer-digger or a senator—want results from the human machine And it has been demonstrated that the human machine run on alcohol falls far behind that which is not. * * * No one has ever made a practical internal explosive engine operated by gunpowder, though many have tried. No one has ever evolved an efficient human machine working on alcohol, though millions have tried."

In discussing the aspect of longevity, Mr. Lawrence presents some remarkable figures prepared by the eminent English actuary, Sir Victor Horsley. Where the average mortality among adult males of all classes is one thousand, that of saloon-keepers is represented by 1,642, and of total abstainers, 560. Out of 100,000 inhabitants at thirty years of age, only 44,000 ordinary persons reach the age of seventy years, whereas 55,000 abstainers do so. Consequently, reckoning the population of the British Isles at 44,000,000, it is evident that if they were all abstainers the kingdom would be the gainer every year by more than four million work years; and, figuring the average annual earning capacity at $500, temperance, if adopted in England for economic reasons, would increase the labor output by $2,200,000,000 annually!

In the United States, according to life-insurance tables, the percentage of the actual death loss to the expected loss was: among abstainers, 78 to 100; among non-abstainers, 96 to 100. The increase in mortality among the Indians when alcoholic liquors were sold to them is a matter of common knowledge.

The economic waste of alcohol is recognized by many classes of professional men. Lawyers are no longer drinking men, as many of them were in the days of Aaron Burr and Daniel Webster. "Fifty years ago many a doctor steadied his nerves for an operation with whisky. Today few, if any, do so. Why? Simply because it doesn't pay. With the workingman the question is still more vital. Figures show that he, too, is decreasing his consumption of drink. He has found that alcohol is not the right kind of fuel for the human machine, and that therefore it is an economic waste to use it. In many cases the use of intoxicants while on duty is prohibited. Some firms require their employees to sign a pledge.

The higher one goes in the social scale the more general is the acceptance of the fact that the use of liquor is economically wrong for the individual; and the same economic law applies to groups of individuals, the towns, and cities. "This is the explanation of the national spread of prohibition which has made 55 per cent of the country, with thirty-three million inhabitants, 'dry territory.' "—American Review of Reviews.

ALONE WITH GOD.

What joy it gives, and strength too, to begin each day by feeling, "On this day once again I am to live simply as a "servant of Jesus Christ: His will and not my own will is to sway the every hour!" "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then I dare not be the servant of sin; I must be holy as my Master is holy. "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then I will not be the servant of men; the maxims of the world will not rule me; I will not take my cue from the world; I am under orders only to my Master in heaven. "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then I **must** be the servant of men, to help them, to comfort them, and to stoop to the lowest offices in their behalf as my Master did. "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then, if His servant anywhere, I must be His servant everywhere; in all society with men I must never forget my servanthood to Him; I must show myself His servant openly as well as confess it secretly. "A servant of Jesus Christ!" then, if I want to know Him, I have simply to imitate Him, to walk as He walked, to plant my feet in His footprints. As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, to see how their work should be done, and copy what they see, so my eyes "must wait upon the Lord." If His service is sometimes difficult I must not complain: He may use me as He wills. And at the end of all I will be more than satisfied if I only hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

To be a true and faithful servant such as this I must put myself daily, by fresh surrender, into Almighty hands, and so I use the words of ancient trust, "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit" for this day and every day till I need them no more. These words Jesus Himself used when, on the Cross, He was looking out on death; but they had been, before that, the words of one who was looking out, not on death, but on the difficulties adn trials of life. If they were enough for my Master to die upon they are enough for me to live upon, and so I say—

Into Thy **protecting** hands I commit my spirit, for the **keeping** of it. Life is full of temptations, the world full of snares; I cannot keep myself, but Thou canst keep me from falling; I trust myself to Thee.

Into Thy **tender** hands I commit my spirit for the **comforting** of it. The sorrows of my life may be many, the waters deep, the furnace hot; I may have thick darkness over me soon in which I will lose all my joy, but if Thou wilt whisper to me then, "I am with thee still," I will fear no evil.

Into Thy **correcting** hands I commit my spirit for the **sanctifying** of it. I am willing to be chastened if only the chastening makes me purer than before. Take what way Thou wilt with me, I will bless the hand that smites.

Into Thy **moulding** hands I commit my spirit for the **consecrating** of it. Use me for Thy glory. I would not live to myself. Let self be killed that Christ may be all in me. Turn me as the clay is turned in the potter's hands. I would fain be a vessel for the Master's use, filled with the Master's grace, and Thou canst make me so.

Then if death should come even suddenly and call for me, I will hear Thee calling, and reply, "Into Thy **redeeming** hands I commit my spirit for the **glorifying** of it. Thy creating hands fashioned me, Thy preserving hands have kept me, Thy guiding hands have led me, Thy appealing hands have beckoned to me, Thy smiting hands have chastened me, but they were always saving hands that delivered me, and sheltering hands that cover me. I ever found them to be loving hands. I have proved them to be strong, and so I trust myself entirely and for ever to Thee; "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit,

for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."—In the Secret of His Presence.

DISCOURAGED!

Discouraged. Let the word and the thought have no place in your life. Manhood is made for better things. The disheartening trials of today may be made the means of greater strength and a more satisfactory position on the morrow. Only, they are to be bravely met and conquered, not shirked and cowardly avoided. Even when sorrow comes, behind it may be seen the kind, loving countenance of a Father who wills well to all his children, and who gives liberally to all such as ask his sustaining grace and encouragement.

Discouraged? Think not of the burdens, but count the blessings of your life. Do not the mercies far outnumber the trials? The world is not a wilderness of woe, as a hymn unwisely puts it; but it is our Father's glorious workmanship, and his work is always good.

Discouraged? Sit not idly by the wayside in sackcloth and ashes. Be a doer; strive for the blessings you would have; conquer the difficulties that beset your pathway; learn to find happiness in carrying happiness to others; learn the gospel of work and helpfulness, and there will be no room left in life for discouragement.—Young People's Weekly.

Century Magazine, published by the Century Co., Union Square New York. In the September issue there is a discussion of far-reaching interest: "The Future Wheat Supply of the United States by Edward C. Parker of the University of Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station. He points out the many means which may be utilized to meet the future demands for wheat, prophesying that agriculture, still only in its infancy, is bound sooner or later to have a rapid and widespread development, and that the limit of its possibilities will be extended by eacn succeeding generation. Since writing the article Mr. Parker has been called to Manchuria by the Chinese authorities to organize an experiment station. Two biographical articles worthy of attention and interest are William H. Crook's reminiscences of "Andrew Johnson in the White House" (written by Margarita Spalding Gerry), and "The Early Life of Robert Fulton," by Alice Crary Sutcliffe, great-granddaughter of the inventor.

"Pa!"
"Oh, be quiet!"
"Pa!"
"Well, what is it?"
"What did the Dead Sea die of?"
—Selected.

"Notice—the only persons buried in this cemetery are those living in the parish."—Sourire.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS** and **SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address; Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

Club The Pacific Presbyterian

We must Treble our List of Subscribers at once

To do it we make this exceptional offer, to introduce the paper to a large number of NEW readers:

17 weeks for 50 cents

in clubs of 10 or more

The paper will be mailed to Individual Addresses. We do this to get the people to reading the paper. We trust to the merits of the Pacific Presbyterian to hold them as regular subscribers.

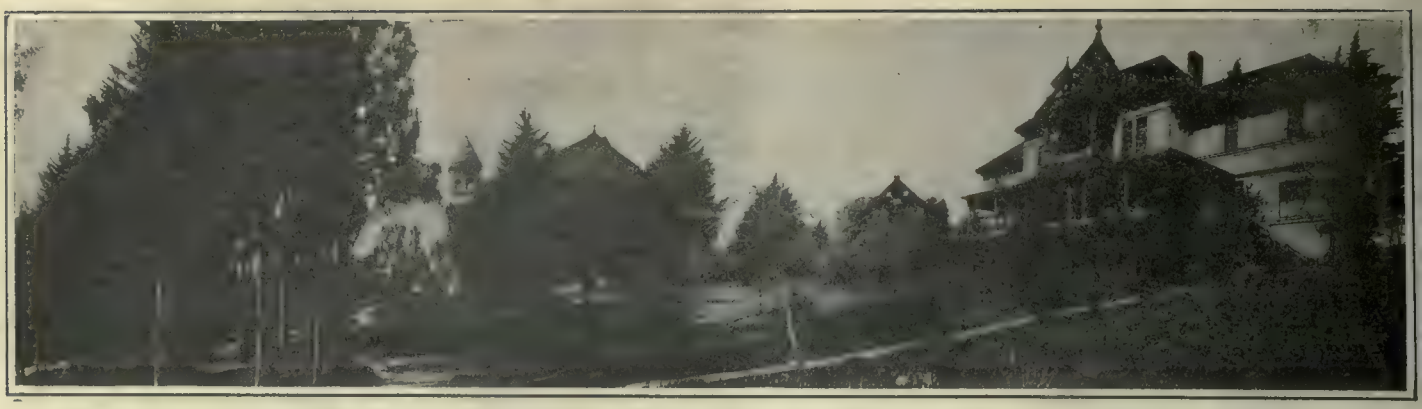
Do not **say** you **hope** the Pacific Presbyterian will succeed. **Make** it succeed by getting up a club.

We will send sample copies and subscription blanks to anyone who will agree to get up a club. Sample copies cost us money, so do not order unless you mean business.

If you want a Presbyterian paper, **SHOW IT** by your act **NOW.**

We do not want sympathy. We want subscriptions. Send in your list.

THE MANAGER.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD. EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

August 17, 18, 24, and 25.
Sept. 15, 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer. Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 3, 1908. No. 36

University Library



First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. **Orlando E. Hart, D.D.**

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, **Rev. Dwight E. Potter,**
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

PREACH CHRIST.

The great Apostle of the Gentiles declares that he "preaches Christ," not himself. How strong the temptation sometimes becomes to use the pulpit as a vantage ground to preach "ourselves."

What it would be unwise to say in the first blush of morning, or wrong to utter in the full strength of mid-day, may be more than useless to utter in the evening twilight.

The Pacific Presbyterian does not assume to tell the ministry what or how to preach, but does venture the expression of opinion that, though the minister may be shipwrecked, stoned, villified and sorely abused, yet no one of us has been crucified; but when He whom we preach had been mocked, scourged and crucified, He looked upon his traducers and murderers, then not in sarcasm nor irony, but in divine love, prayed, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

If the minister lives the Christ-life outside his pulpit, he will not find it so difficult to deliver the Christ message in the pulpit.

* * * * *

At the close of the Boxer war in China an indemnity of $25,000,000 was awarded the United States government on account of losses sustained by our citizens. The government has paid the presented claims and generously returned to China $13,000,000. That government is now planning to use the money so returned in paying the expenses of students sent for education to the United States. The money will maintain a body o f 400 students in our institutions of higher learning. What an opportunity to educate, to Christianize and thus return to China this great intellectual and regenerating force. "There is that scattereth and yet increases." Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt gather it after many days."

* * * * *

Silence is Golden."

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," but sometimes the hearer has cause to say: "Thy words are like razors to my wounded heart."

As Jesus spoke to the people they "Marveled at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth." And the prophet declared, "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary."

There are "seasons," however, when silence is better than utterance.

In anger do not speak, for you cannot tell the truth. Truth is things in right relations, but where the poison of anger is in the blood, and the virus of hate is in the heart you cannot see things as they are—for then if ever in all the world, "Things are not what they seem."

When your Lord was reviled He threatened not; when falsely accused He held His peace, and Moses made the mistake of his life in speaking harshly to God's people.

David knew the evil of sharpening the tongue like a serpent, and converting the lips into swords, so he asked God to keep the door of his lips.

When you feel very intensely on a subject, before you speak be sure that your tense feeling is caused by the truth and not merely or chiefly by your personal relation to the subject in hand. Wait in silence until you are sure that you see things as they are, and that you are not seeing men as trees walking. If any brother minister feels strongly inclined to tell the people a "thing or two," would it not be a safe rule to write carefully what you desire to say, then file it away; pray until you have a clear vision of the Christ, and are friend with the Holy Spirit, then read what you hac written: possibly the people will never know what a volume of misinformation they failed to hear.

When anyone is inclined to speak harshly or unkindly of anyone, either in public utterance or personal conversation, then "Be silent," for grievious words only stir up strife. If tempted to speak a word that casts a suspicion upon the good name of man or woman, "Be silent," for he

"That robs me of my good name
Filches me of that which not enricheth him,
But makes me poor indeed."

"Silence," says Addison, "never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them."

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

"THE LEGALIZED OUTLAW."

Attention is called to the work with the above title recently issued by Judge Samuel R. Artman of Indiana. To be "legalized" and at the same time "outlawed" seems to be a contradiction in terms, and it is the co ntention of Judge Artman that the legalized saloon is just such a contradiction in law, and therefore the legalized saloon must go.

The one and the only live political issue before the people of this nation at present is, Shall the saloon c ontinue, or be legally o utlawed? The Democrats say "Protectionists are not competent to revise the tariff in the interests of the people." The Republicans say, "Free traders are not competent to make tariff laws in the interest of business and commercial prosperity." And we may be pardoned for saying that the saloonkeepers, the brewers, the distillers and wine merchants are totally incompetent to reform the saloon, regulate the liquor traffic or promote temperance and its concomitant virtues.

O. E. HART.

CACHE OF STOLEN STUFF.

God is love.

God is a lover.
Righteousness means goodness.

Life is a dream—to those asleep.

There is no inspiration without perspiration.

Its folly to try to help the world by being like it.

A man who will fight the minister will slap a woman.

God believes in work—that is why he meets men at their work.

Be ye therefore good even as your Father in heaven is good.

Time is money and eight hours' sleep is a mighty good investment.

The letter that never came—the one from you with your subscription.

The man who boasts of his sins is always a fool and generally a liar.

There is only one place where there are no fighters—that is in the cemetery.

Some wives want husbands that are good; others want husbands that make good.

The worst man in the world knows the value of goodness, and wishes he was good.

Some people miss opportunity when it comes because they haven't push enough to get a door open.

Christians are told to be the "salt" of the earth. Some people's eyesight is so poor they read it "sour."

How often we say "Silver and gold have I none," but how seldom add, "Such as I have give I unto thee."

The kingdom of heaven is said to be like "leaven," which shows it is meant to be mixed with earthly things..

THE PRESBYTERIAN BROTHERHOOD OF AMERICA.

One of the results of the Inter-Brotherhood Conference held in Chicago last January between representatives of seven organizations for men, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, United Presbyterian, Presbyterian and interdenominational, is the plan for a world-wide Week of Prayer for Men, that may be brought into the kingdom and service of Jesus Christ. The date selected is the week beginning Sunday, November 29th. A list of suggested topics for meditation and prayer on the several days of this week has been published in an eight-page pamphlet, which may be had at a cost of 25 cents per hundred on application to the National Brotherhood headquarters, 153 La Salle St., Chicago. On Sunday, December 6, which by designation of the Cincinnati Convention, is Brotherhood Sunday, this week of communion is to be followed as far as practicable by a union evangelistic service for men in every community where Christian men are found. By prayer, plan and effort each community should witness on December 6th a mighty testimony by the men of Christ's Church to their interest in His kingdom and to their desire that all men may be brought into allegiance to Him.

The Council of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America has accepted the invitation from Pittsburgh to hold the next national Brotherhood convention in that city, February 23-25, 1909. The two previous conventions of the Brotherhood at Indianapolis and Cincinnati were attended by 1,500 men, and the growth of the movement and the central location of Pittsburgh predict that the next convention will have an attendance of fully 2,000 delegates. It is expected that one of the features of the convention will be an organized demonstration at one of the night sessions of the various denominational men's organizations in Pittsburgh. A thoroughly representative and strongly organized committee has begun work on the local arrangements for the convention.

LOS ANGELES CITY COUNCIL TO REGULATE DANCE HALLS.

By a vote of 6 to 1 the Los Angeles city council has passed an ordinance regulating dance halls.

It prohibits the holding of dances in any public dance hall, operated for profit, between midnight on any Saturday and 6 o'clock the following Monday morning.

It makes it unlawful for any minor under 18 years of age to enter or be in any dance hall while dancing is in progress unless accompanied by a parent or guardian or some person authorized to act in that capacity.

Slight as the regulation is if faithfully enforced it will save many homes the shame and disgrace that have come to other homes because there has been no such regulation.

It would seem a wise and right thing if other cities would manifest the same interest in behalf of their young people.

TORREY COMING TO LOS ANGELES.

Interested parties have decided to build a tabernacle to seat from 7,000 to 10,000 people for use in the evangelistic campaign to be conducted by Dr. Torrey there Nov. 8th.

CHURCH NEWS

Rev. S. W. Neff has removed from Los Angeles to Bakersfield, Cal.

Rev. John Vanden Hook of Bozeman, Montana, has taken up his residence in Hospers, Iowa.

Rev. John Welch, formerly pastor of the 4th Presbyterian Church, Portland, has removed to Berverton, Ore.

Rev. Enos P. Baker, pastor of Westminster Church, Los Angeles, preached at Calvary Church on a recent Sabbath.

Rev. F. P. Berry, pastor of Olivet Church, Los Angeles, recived seven new members into his fellowship at the last communion.

Rev. Robert W. Clelland, pastor of Long Beach, supplied the Highland Park Church, Los Angeles, recently, much to their satisfaction.

Rev. Curtis S. Tanner, pastor of the Lompoc, Cal., Church, spent a pleasant vacation with his wife and daughter in the Bay cities.

Rev. J. G. Blue has removed from Santa Barbara to Pasadena, Cal., where he will supply the pulpit for Rev. Malcolm J. McLeod.

Rev. Wildman Murphy of American Fork was elected Moderator for the current term of office.

Rev. J. H. Barton, pastor evangelist of Idaho, will scon organize churches at Wendell and Jerome, Idaho.

Rev. S. C. Elder, pastor of the Parma, Idaho, Church, is supplying the church of Bellevue, Idaho, while on his vacation. The Bellevue Church is without a pastor.

Rev. W. D. Landis, pastor of the Westlake Church, Los Angeles, preached recently at the new church at Bairdstown with gratifying successs.

Rev. E. L. B. McClellan, pastor of the Colton, Cal., church, has returned from his vacation and taken up an aggressive work for the fall.

Rev. Conrad Bluhn, the newly installed pastor of Centenary Church, Spokane, Wash., has entered upon his new work with much enthusiasm.

Rev. Harry Leeds has resigned the pastorate of the Payette, Idaho, Presbyterian Church, and accepted a call to the Mizpah Church, Portland, Oregon.

Rev. Wm. H. Fishburn, D.D., of Camden, N. J., has accepted the call to the Grandview Church, Los Angeles, and will begin his work there about October first .

Rev. S. E. Wishard, D.D., pastor of the Washington Chapel, Los Angeles, has recovered from his recent operation and is able to be in his pulpit again.

Rev. Charles M. Fisher, pastor of the Calvary Church, Pasadena, Cal., has been away on a vacation. In his absence Rev. W. S. Young occupied the pulpit.

Rev. W. E. Fry is supplying the Mira Monte Church, Los Angeles, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. G. Palmer, who is engaged in some special work.

Rev. John Steele, the pastor of the Santa Paula, Cal., church, is painfully ill with rheumatism and has gone to Paso Robles Hot Springs to seek relief in the mud baths.

Mr. Paul C. Brown has again been elected State evangelist and superintendent by the C. E. Society and will make his headquarters at 468 12th St., Oakland.

Rev. W. A. Hunter, Jr., son of W. A. Hunter, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, preached at the Boyle Heights Church, Los Angeles, on a recent Sabbath.

Rev. H. W. Jones, pastor of the Idaho Falls, Idaho, church, has been granted a three months' leave of absence to visit England, and his church gave him the money to pay his expenses.

Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Western district secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, has returned to his work in Oakland, and is making large plans for the Fall campaign.

Mr. Leslie L. Boyd, son of Rev. R. P. Boyd, in charge of Presbyterian Mission work of Paris, Idaho, has become a candidate for the ministry. He will attend Ocidental College this year.

Rev. J. C. Worley, who is to sail from San Francisco on Sept. 25th for his field of work in Japan, is interesting large audiences in Southern California with his stereopticon lectures on Japan.

Miss Mazie Crawford, the valued assistant of Miss Kate C. McBeth, of Lapwai, is seeking rest and health in Colorado. Miss Julia Hatch will be Miss McBeth's assistanc during the ensuing year.

Rev. W. W. Dinsmore, of Culdesac, Idaho, has recently organized a church at Lapwai, and these two fields are prospering under his ministry.

Rev. F. E. Beatty, pastor of the church at Reuben and Ilo, Idaho, is rejoicing in the removal and repairing of the church and manse at Ilo, and also in the new church at Reuben. The Lewiston and Grangeville Railroad station made the removal of the Ilo church necessary.

Rev. William Latimore received eleven members at a recent comunion in the Lewiston, Idaho, Church. The church has come into possession of $12,000 cash and valuable real estate through a legacy. The church will use the money in erecting a fine new building.

Dr. Geo. L. Spining will go East early in September. He will present the cause of the Northern California Indians at the Lake Mohawk Indian Conference, and then go on to Washington to discuss the situation with Commissioner Leupp. It is probable that he will remain in the East until January.

Rev. J. Walton Graybill, who was the first Home Missionary of the San Joaquin Presbytery and organizer of the Exeter and Lindsay churches, was in Los Angeles recently and preached at the Third Presbyterian Church. Dr. Graybill is now pastor of the Westminster Church, Louisville, Kentucky.

UTAH.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the "Presbyterian Teachers' Association" of the Presbytery of Utah was held at Springville, August 20th to 26th, inclusive, and is generaly conceded to have been "the best yet." The pedagogical element was particularly strong this year on account of the presence of Professor John H. Welch, Supervisor of Salt Lake Public School, whose addresses on general pedagogics and methods in reading, language and geography were of the highest order; Mrs. A. H. Burkholder, of Springville Academy, who ranks among the high est in primary methods; and President David R. Boyd, Ph.D., of Oklahoma State University, who has been sent by the Woman's Board on a tour of inspection among their schools. Dr. Boyd's presence and assistance were greatly appreciated, and the hope that he might remain permanently in this work was earnestly expressed on all sides.

In the department of Bible Study the addresses by Rev. R. M. Donaldson, D.D., Field Secretary for Home Missions, were stimulating and helpful in the highest degree. His subjects were: "The Christ of the Church," "The Church of the Christ," "The Challenge of Christ to the Church in Utah," and "Christ's Contract with the World."

The cause of Foreign Missions suffered both in the Convention and in the Presbytery from the absence of Rev. D. E. Potter, who was expected, but could not come

Rev. R. S. McNiece, D.D., Dean of Westminster College, gave two able addresses on the "Date and Author-

ship of Deuteronomy," and Rev. R. M. Stevenson, D.D., President of Westminster College, was equally helpful on the "Colossians," as substitutes for Mr. Poter's course of Bible Study.

Interesting and instructive were the lectures by Rev. S. H. Goodwin of Provo on "Birds and Their Ways"; Mr. Thomas Weir of Salt Lake City, on "The Land of the Midnight Sun"; and Rev. Wildman Murphy of American Fork on "The Late International Sunday-school Convention of Louisville, Kentucky." The closing address was by Dr. Stevenson on "The Outlook for the Christian College and Academy in Utah."

A new, and one of the most enjoyable features of the Convention, introduced by Dr. Donaldson, was the Praise and Prayer and Talk Circle, held every evening toward dusk on the lawn.

The height of the spiritual tone of the Convention was reached during Dr. Donaldson's first address and maintained throughout, making the Convention as a whole the most profitable and enjoyable ever held by the Association. It was also the most largely attended, which is an indication of the growth of our work in Utah.

The tone of the meeting of Presbytery which followed was in keeping with the high standard set by the Teachers' Meeting. Two features stand out prominently: (a) Rev. Josiah McClain was able to announce that every church and mission field of the Presbytery was manned but one, and the man was on his way to that field. (b) An overture to Synod requesting a subdivision of the Presbytery into three Presbyteries, to be called Ogden, Salt Lake and Southern Utah Presbyteries respectively. This, of course, has in contemplation the formation of two new Synods, one for the State of Idaho and one for the State of Utah.

CALIFORNIA.

ORANGE.—The church has been left by the will of Louisa H. Northrup $500, which will be used in enlarging and beautifying the building.

OAKLAND, FIRST.—Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., preached his farewell sermon Sunday evening, August 30. The church was filled with his friends, who at the conclusion of his sermon passed by the pulpit to express regret at his leaving and wishing him success in his new work. Dr. Baker will remain in Oakland and take up a fourfold work for men—the development of the body, the mind, the heart and the affirmatives of the will. No pastor has been chosen to succeed Dr. Baker. Dr. Landon, D.D., of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, will occupy the pulpit next Sunday.

BERKELEY, ST. JOHN'S.—Last Sabbath saw the concluding service with the Congregational Church, where the two congregations have been holding services during the summer. Rev. Geo. Eldridge, pastor of St. John's, has been preaching for the united congregations. As an evidence of how acceptable this service has been to the congregation, their committee, when reporting on the call for a new pastor, stated that if is preaching was as acceptable as that of Dr. Eldridge's had been, it would be entirely satisfactory. Next Sunday St. John's house of worship will be occupied for the first time.

BERKELEY, GRACE CHURCH.—The Sunday service Aug. 6, will be in charge of the Sunday-school, it being Rally Day. The Woman's Missionary Society made quite an event out of the installation of officers in their society, on Wednesday, Sept. 2. Prominent women from about the Bay assisted in the services. Grace Church has raised $100 and will at once assume the support of a native pastor on the foreign field. The Sunday-school is taking an interest and expects to be able to support a native worker in China. The recent addresses made by missionaries from China, Siam, Thibet and Africa have aroused great interest in missionary work.

SAN FRANSCISCO, FIRST UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. H. H. Bell, the pastor, is announcing a special series of Sabbath morning sermons, beginning with September 6, as follows:

Home Life and Its Relations.

1. "The Home and Its Inmates—Parents and Children."
2. "The Home and Its Altars, Family, Individual, Sabbath, Mid-Week."
3. "The Home and the Bible."
4. "The Home and the Sabbath."
5. "The Home and the Sabbath School."
6. "The Home and the Community."
7. "The Home and the State."

Dr. Bell is also announcing special illustrated sermons, on Sabbath evenings, Sept. 6 and 27. Three illustrated lectures are to be given by the pastor, on Sept. 11, Oct. 23, and Nov. 20. These are entitled, "Yosemite Valley," "Yellowstone Park," and "Rome, the Eternal City."

Dr. Bell is a traveler of wide experience, and he will give a most interesting description of these interesting places. The lectures are to be given at the First United Presbyterian Church, Golden Gate Avenue, between Steiner and Pierce. The admission to all three, 50 cents. A single lecture, 25 cents.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Witcher preached for the First Church, San Francisco, last Sabbath, in the absence of the pastor on vacation.

Rev. Guy A. White, '08, is having good success in his pastorate at Two Rock. At his first comunion, held in July, five new members were received, four of them on profession of faith. More are expected at the October communion. Mr. and Mrs. White are rejoicing in a little daughter, Dorothy Freda.

The Seminary Quartette of last year have been together again the past week assisting in special services one of their number, the Rev. Henry T. Caskey, who is now pastor at Point Arena.

Rev. Wiliam Kirk Guthrie, '96, pastor of First Church, San Francisco, has just returned from his vacation. His church has suffered a severe loss this summer in the death of two of its efficient elders, Mr. George L. Underhill and Mr. Samuel Irvin.

Rev. Charles F. Woodward, '02, has resigned his pastorate at Roswell, Idaho, and accepted an invitation to Danville, Cal. This change became necessary on account of his wife's health. An Idaho correspondent says his leaving Idaho is "a decided loss both to the Roswell Church and to the Presbytery.

Rev. H. Jacobs, '01, has welcomed fifty-seven new members to his churches in Millerboro and Willowdale, Neb., in the last twenty-one months. Forty-one came on profession of faith. In adition to these two churches he has a flourishing mission six miles from Willowdale.

MY GOSPEL.

By Rev. Earnest E. Baker, D.D.

Note:—When a minister is reported in the daily press, it is either in platitudes or screaming headlines. In view of the screaming headlines, declaring that Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, had said most unorthodox and sensational things in his farewell sermon, we take the opportunity of printing the same in full.—Pub.

I will take for my text the 8th verse of the 2nd chapter of 2nd Timothy: "'Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel." And in many other places Paul has the courage to refer to his own personal phase of the gospel of Christ.

In this last service as Pastor of this church I desire to give a resume of my personal views of the Gospel of Christ.

The ordinary farewell sermon used to give statistics as to the number of persons who had been received into the church, teh number who had died, the number who had not died, the number who had married, and possibly the number who had not married, and the total contributions made to different departments of the church. I may say in self-defense that more than 550 members have been taken into the church during my work here; that I have had the pleasure and the profit of performing about 400 marriage ceremonies and we have certainly raised more than $100,000.

But it is more my intention to ask you tonight to believe with me that it is possible for every one to have a personal and practical experience of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have not much use for the religion of any one that is not purely personal. I believe the great majority of people in the church who have a second-hand religion, if not a third-hand or fourth-hand religion. It came down from teir father or their grandfather, and they have inherited it like their names and they have no more inherent right to their religion than they have to the names they bear.

My own persuasion is that the experience I have and every one of you may have, is the only experience worth while; the one that we have gathered for ourselves personally in the wear and tear of the years and the vicissitudes and joy of life.

My Gospel! You have a gospel; you have a Christ; you have a God; you have a peculiarly personal view of the infinite of life, of character, of the hereafter, and you have a right to have it and it is all you have; for what I believe does not count for you; what you believe is for yourself alone.

I may remind some of you that when I came here seven and a half years ago I announced a program that I would follow. In the temerity of inexperience I ventured to lay down my line of work. I think I have learned wisdom in these seven and a half years.

I said I was going to be optimistic; I was going to be affirmative; I was going to be constructive; and I call upon you to witness as to my optimism. Any man who can survive seven years and a half of ministry in this city, and particularly in this church, and still be an optimist, is an optimist indeed. I think it is only fair to say I am; for when a man has suffered seven and a half years of attack and gossip and criticism and brick upon brick, and an still be optimisticc, he is entitled to the term.

Now, an optimist is a man who has a hopeful look upon life; who sees things in their brightness, in their beauty, in their beneficence.

I had an interesting experience today. A lady heard me preach the first sermon when I came to be inspected, and she went away and said she could not come and hear me preach; that I was not built on the right lines for a minister, as her idea of a minister was one tall and lean and of sour and saturnine countenance; and that my lines were too symettrical and rotund to suit her, and she therefore took her letter to a church in this city where there was such a minister. She could not believe in the sincerity of any man who could enjoy life and religion at the same time.

I submit there is no reason if you have God why you should not be happy. If you have faith in Christ you can show your belief in some other way than by being sour, crabbed and cross, so crabbed and cross that it is a trial for anyone to live in the same house with you. There are a great many Christians who are hard to live with because their Christianity is construed in terms of self-righteousness—terms that make it impossible for anyone to be happy in their company for very long. And the Lord have mercy on the wife of such a husband, and the Lord have mercy on the husband of such a wife.

For myself—and with the apostle I use the first person singular tonight—for myself, I believe that the world is good; I believe that life is full of zest and interest and enthusiasm; I believe that men are free and in their freedom they are making futures for themselves independent, if you will, of God, but better, co-operating with God, accepting his grace, remembering his love, recognizing his mercy, keeping step with him; all men are marching up to the throne of God where they shall be crowned. "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world." "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." And "All things work together for good to those who love God."

You put these bits of optimism together from the Scriptures and the poets, and you find the spirit of hopeful outlook in life for today, for tomorrow, for all time, and for all eternity.

When I was a lad I used to hear sermons that had to do with hell fire, and I remember the presiding elder of the Methodist Church announced (he had been in the county seat the week before, and he sent word): "I am going to give my sermon on "Hell" in your church next Sunday, and the Sunday after I am going down to —— and give them Hell."

That is not to be laughed at; it is a real statement of my real experience where the stock in trade of an elder was to go from place to place and preach hell fire. And I want to say tonight, after twenty-two years of preaching, if that's all there is in preaching I am plad I am going to quit. I am sorry to quit, because I think there is something better than to say people are going to lose their immortal souls. I would like to preach that every man's soul is going to be saved through the co-operation of our own intelligence and the love of Almighty God. It is not to lose our souls at all, but it is to be saved through and through for timeand eternity. And if our friend, Mr. Carnegie, would endow ministers instead of libraries; and if Mr. Rockefeller would endow ministers instead of the Chicago University and hospitals; if, in other words, ministers did not have to depend upon the people who are to

be reformed, I think there would be a freedom and a wide prudence that would make for pulpit power and for the progress of humanity.

I have in my presence tonight a man who preached one year and then quit preaching because of the very fact that the men who were to be reformed were to pay him to reform them, and he discovered that they only wanted him to make his statements express their convictions—no more and no less. And he said the lights of the Boston pulpit in the time of the Rebellion was not one whit brighter than the twilight of the pew, which goes to show that there is some conecion betwen the pulpit and he pew.

More seriously, when it comes to the affirmative side of preaching, I want to affirm tonight, as I have frequently affirmed in the past, my conviction as to the character of God. I haven't any patience with abstract arguments for proving the existence of God, but I do want to affirm "that the heart of the eternal is most wondrously kind." God is a father; God is a lover. You and I make the one great mistake of time and eternity unless we learn never to be afraid of God. If there is anyone who has any hope for us it is God. Father and mother may forsake us, friends desert us, those who have sworn solemnly in the church to support you may desert you in a body, but God never leaves his own; He never forsakes any one; He is faithful unto the very end; and if any man is lost, he is lost in spite of God, in spits of all His care. The heart of God is full of fraternity and fellowship.

And then I also affirm the Saviourhood of Jesus Christ. There is a mystery in that one single character that no man can explain. I had a lady say to me today that the State University is teaching that Jesus is not divine. It is not a question of what is being taugh in any university. It is a question of what you find Jesus is able to do with and for you.

Now, as a scientific test and experiment, I challenge any man here tonight to keep company with Jesus Christ on terms of fellowship for a year and not find himself more divine than when he comenced to keep company with Jesus Christ. If you and I can walk with Christ and find pleasure and joy as the result of that companionship, we come out better men and women, with purer souls and cleaner hearts.

I ask you, if He is not divine by the divine product He produces, by the soul He vivifies, by the man He creates, and makes like unto himself; and whether He is technically one with His father is not a question of immediate concern. The great question is, is there any man who can help us up to God? There is a hand stretched down to us from Calvary, and it is a hand pierced and blood-stained, and that is the hand of your brother and Saviour, and if you take hold He will lift you up, up, up, nearer to God.

I also affirm tonight the salvability of the soul. I think I told you once of a young man on his wedding trip coming to me with a Bible text book that was divided off into subjects, and he said that he and his wife were reading this Bible text book for family devotion. I asked where they began, and he said: "We began with the subject of sin." That may be a very fine beginning, but hardly a good place when you are on your honeymoon. I would have thought they would have commenced with love. Sin is here, but it is not here to stay. Sin is here, but it was not always here, and what always has been here has been good. God made the world, and He pronounced it good. He made men and He pronounced them good. The origin of sin is mystery, but the experience of sin is bringing us up to know God in a new revelation. Sin is only an accident; it shall not remain permanent and forever. Sin shall be eliminated finaly and forever, and the soul shall not only be saved from sin, but saved unto righteousness so completely that in the joy of fellowship with God we shall be received as the sons and daughters of God. There is only one place for a man, and that is in the family of God; one future for every one if we listen to the spirit of God; the future of eternal happiness and eternal bliss. Therefore, Christianity should make supreme the law of good, the law of life, and the law of love. We want to make citizenship to correspond with character. I speak of heaven as a future place, but I venture to say that none of us will ever see it unless we get heaven in our hearts; then we will havethe vision beatific here. "The pure in heart shall see God," and I do not think they will ever need to be introduced to him; those who are pure in heart tonight see him just as certainly as they will ever see him and just as certainly are saved now and forever.

I think the trouble of the church—if I may refer to so sensitive a subject—the trouble is, we have relegated heaven to the distance, —put it too high, made it too remote; and my contention is that when the church awakens out of its lethargy and gets away from its exclusiveness; when it ceases to be a political machine; ceases to be a club for the elect few; and has a welcome for every man and every woman whatever their past; when in the name of Christ it welcomes the sinner, the prodigal and the Magdalene; then it is that heaven will be here in Oakland and Christ shall be glorified; men will realize here and now what it is to be saved.

And in the constructive phase of my ministry I believe in character and conduct. The great trouble isthat men would pray on Sunday and lie on Monday. They lie on Sunday just as truly because they are telling God what God knows is not true. You cannot deceive God. He knows how true you are; how you live; and how you pray.

Religion cannot be divorced from ethics. Now we understand that the religion that does not keep a man straight on Monday is not good on Sunday. If a man's character is not good, the mere membership to a church does not count in the eyes of God, and we are coming to discount it in the eyes of man.

When I see a man who makes a very long glib prayer, I want to watch him. And that is a very startling thing to say, but it is often those men who, under the protection of their long prayers, take advantage of a man. I remember an incident where a man lost $16,000 in a business deal to a man who had established a reputation for piety and of prayerfulness, and it was done right under the cover of the Bible and of prayer.

What we ought to expect is that the man who prays glibly and long and fervently, that that man will be as strong and steady tomorrow as he is today. The danger is for a minister to talk beyond his experience, and no man has a right, even in song or prayer, to talk beyond his experience, and we had better live more than we preach, more than we pray, more than we sing—we had better live it first rather than to lie in any form of worship. I speak earnestly tonight; if there is one thing we need it is genuine men and women; we need them in the pulpit and the pew—more in the pew than in the pul-

pit. In the pew, because there are so many more in the pew. One minister going wrong is bad; one member going wrong is equally bad.

On the constructive side religion is here to bring us into right relationship with God, and fellowship with all men.

I have come across lately a four-fold development of character building which has interested me very much. Without going into details, I want to tell you what I hope to do—to assist in the development of character along these four-fold lines. The positive development of the body in the way of health and vigor, making for endurance; the positive building up of the mind in the way of intelligence, imagination, enthusiasm, making for ability; the real development of the heart in morality, religion, trust and faith; and the things that make for spiritual and ethical culture, and which give reliability.

And the affirmatives of the will; that spirit of faculty that gives a man leadership, initiative and decision, and enables him to act and stand for the right. Now, these, to my mind, constitute the form in which we might have a development in the whole life area.

Then we will make ourselves of service here and we will be of use in our day and generation, and we will come at last to be commended of God, and may He say to each and all of us: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

SONG STORIES.

The following is from Ira D. Sankey's story of his life and songs:

First Service in England.

In June, 1873, we sailed for England, Mr. Moody taking his wife and children with him, and my wife accompanying me, having left our two children with their grandparents. The voyage was uneventful, but on arriving at Liverpool Mr. Moody received letters informing him that both Mr. Pennefather and Mr. Bainbridge, the two men who had invited us to come to England, were dead.

Neither of us had any money, and the situation looked anything but cheerful. Turning to me, Mr. Moody said: "Sankey, it seems as if God has closed the door for us, and if he will not open it we will return to America at once."

But as Mr. Moody was looking over some letters which he had received in New York before sailing and which had remained unread, he found one from the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at York, asking him if he ever came to England again, to come there and speak for the association.

"Here is a door," said Moody to me after reading the letter, "which is partly open, and we will go there and begin our work."

Mr. Bennett, this association secretary, secured for our use a vacant chapel, but said that he hardly thought it worth while for us to commence work as nearly all the people were off at the seaside. "Sankey, write out a little notice," said Mr. Moody, turning to me; "we will have some handbills struck off." And the notice read as follows:

Evangelistic Services.

D. L. Moody of Chicago will preach, and Ira D. Sankey of Chicago will sing, at seven o'clock P. M., tomorrow, Thursday, and each succeeding evening for a week, in the Independent Chapel. All are welcome. No collection.

The first meeting was attended by less than fifty persons, who took seats as far away from the pulpit as possible. I sang several solos before Mr. Moody's address, and that was my first service of song in England. It was with some difficulty that I could get the people to sing, as they had not been accustomed to the kind of songs that I was using.

The next evening there was an attendance of about two hundred persons. It was while these services were held at York that the now eminent minister of London, Rev. F. B. Meyer, received a great spiritual quickening, according to his own testimony. From this small beginning the attendance of our meetings continued to increase, until not less than 20,000 persons attended the meetings at the Agricultural Hall, London.

Scotch Questioning.

The third meeting was held in the same Church, and great interest was manifested by the citizens. The question of the solo singing, as to its propriety and usefulness, was not as yet fully understood or admitted; hence it was with much fear and trepidation that we thus really entered, this third night upon our three months' campaign.

As I took my seat at the instrument on that, to me, most memorable evening, I discovered, to my great surprise, that Dr. Horatius Bonar was seated close by my organ, right in front of the pulpit. The first gospel-song music I had ever composed, written since coming to Edinburgh, was set to words which he wrote — "Yet there is room."

Of all men in Scotland he was the one concerning whose decision I was most solicitous. He was, indeed, my ideal hymn writer, the prince among hymnists of his day and generation. And yet he would not sing one of his own beautiful hymns in his own congregation, such as "I heard the Voice of Jesus Say," or I Was a Wandering Sheep," because he ministered to a church that believed in the use of the psalms only.

With fear and trembling I announced as a solo the song, "Free From the Law, O Happy Condition."

No prayer having been offered for this part of the service, and feeling that the singing might prove only an entertainment, and not a spiritual blessing, I requested the whole congregation to join me in a word of prayer, asking God to bless the truth about to be sung.

In the prayer my anxiety was relieved. Believing and rejoicing in the glorious truth contained in the song, I sang it through to the end.

At the close of Mr. Moody's address, Dr. Bonar turned toward me with a smile on his venerable face, and reaching out his hand he said: "Well, Mr. Sankey, you sang the gospel tonight."

And thus the way was opened for my mission of sacred song in Scotland.

On another occasion as we wer holding meetings in the Free Assembly Hall, while I was singing a solo a woman's shrill voice was heard in the gallery, as she made her way toward the door, crying: "Let me oot! Let me oot! What would John Knox think of the like of yon?" At the conclusion of the solo I went across the street to sing at an

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

overflow meeting in the famous Talbooth Church. I had just begun to sing, when the same voice was again heard, "Let me oot! Let me oot! What would John Knox think of the like of yon?"

Sankey and Gipsy Smith.

While holding meetings at Burdett Road, London, in 1874, Mr. Moody and I one Saturday took a drive out to Epping Forest. There we visited a gipsy camp. While stopping to speak to two brothers who had been converted and were doing good missionary work, a few young gipsy lads came up to our carriage. I put my hand on one of them and said: "May the Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!"

Fifteen years later, when Gipsy Smith made his first visit to America, I had the pleasure of taking him for a drive in Brooklyn. While passing through Prospect Park he asked me:

"Do you remember driving out from London one day to a gipsy camp at Epping Forest?" I replied that I did. "Do you remember a little gipsy boy standing by your carriage," he asked again, "and you put your hand on his head, saying that you hoped he would be a preacher?" "Yes, I remember it well." "I am that boy," said Gipsy Smith. My surprise can be better imagined than described. Little had I thought that the successful evangelist and fine gospel singer of whom I had heard so much, and whom I had so much admired, was the little boy I had met in the gipsy camp. Truly God has granted my wish of fifteen years before, and had made a mighty preacher of the gipsy boy.

Dark Is the Night.

"Dark is the night and cold the wind is blowing,
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;"

When I was chorister in Moody's Sunday-school, on the north side of Chicago, we frequently used this hymn. On the memorable Sunday night when the city was destroyed by fire, and I had made my escape in a small boat out into Lake Michigan, this song came to my mind, and as I sat there watching the city burn I sang:

"Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;
Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?
Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er."

The Ninety and Nine.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold."

It was in the year 1874 that the poem, "The Ninety and Nine," was discovered, set to music, and sent out upon its world-wide mission. Its discovery seemed as if by chance, but I cannot regard it otherwise than providential. Mr. Moody had just been conducting a series of meetings in Glasgow, and I had been assisting him in his work as director of the singing. We were at the railway station at Glasgow and about to take the train for Edinburgh, whither we were going upon an urgent invitation of ministers to hold three days of meetings there before going into the Highlands. We had held a three months' series in Edinburgh just previous to our four months' campaign in Glasgow. As we were about to board the train I bought a weekly newspaper for a penny. Being much fatigued by our incessant labors at Glasgow, and intending to begin work immediately upon our arrival at Edinburgh, we did not travel second or third class as was our custom, but sought the seclusion and rest which a first-class railway carriage in Great Britain affords. In the hope of finding news from America I began perusing my lately purchased newspaper. This hope, however, was doomed to disappointment, as the only thing in its columns to remind an American of home and native land was a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher.

I threw the paper down, but shortly before arriving in Edinburgh I picked it up again with a view to reading the advertisements. While thus engaged my eyes fell upon a little piece of poetry in a corner of the paper. I carefully read it over, and at once made up my mind that this would be a great hymn for evangelistic work—if it had a tune. So impressed was I that I called Mr. Moody's attention to it, and he asked me to read it to him. This I commenced to do with all the vim and energy at my command. After I had finished I looked at my friend Moody to see what the effect had been, only to discover that he had not heard a word, so absorbed was he in a letter which he had received from Chicago. My chagrin can better be imagined than described. Notwithstanding this experience, I cut out the poem and placed it in my musical scrap-book—which, by the way, has been seed-plot from which sprang many of the gospel songs that are now known throughout the world.

At the noon meeting on the second day, held at the Free Assembly Hall, the subject presented by Mr. Moody and other speakers was "The Good Shepherd." When Mr. Moody finished speaking he called upon Dr. Bonar to say a few words. He spoke only a few minutes, but with great power, thrilling the immense audience by his fervid eloquence. At the conclusion of Dr. Bonar's words Mr. Moody turned to me with the question, "Have you a solo appropriate for this subject, with which to close the service?" I had nothing suitable in mind, and was greatly troubled to know what to do. Thetwenty-third psalm occurred to me, but this had been sung several times in the meeting. I knew that every Scotchman in the audience would join me if I sang that, so I could not possibly render this favorite psalm as a solo. At this moment I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Sing the hymn you found on the train!" But I thought this impossible, as no music had ever been written for that hymn. Again the impression came strongly upon me that I must sing the beautiful and appropriate words I had found the day before, and placing the little newspaper slip on the organ in front of me, I lifted my heart in prayer, asking God to help me so to sing that the people might hear and understand. Laying my hands upon the organ I struck the key of A flat, and began to sing.

Note by note the tune was given, which has not been changed from that day to this. As the singing ceased a great sigh seemed to go up from the meeting, and I knew that the song had reached the hearts of my Scotch audience. Mr. Moody was greatly moved. Leaving the pulpit, he came down to where I was seated. Leaning over the organ, he looked at the little newspaper slip from which the song had been sung, and with tears in his eyes said: "Sankey, where did you get that hymn? I never heard the like of it in my life." I was also moved to tears and arose and replied: "Mr. Moody, that's the hymn I read to you yesterday on the train, which he did not hear." Then Mr. Moody raised his hand and pronounced the benediction, and the meeting closed. Thus "The Ninety and Nine" was born.

There'll Be No Dark Valley.

"There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes."

One night during the Boxer revolt, when the Chinese had set fire to many buildings and it seemed as though all the missionaries and native Christians in a besieged city would be destroyed, the children belonging to the Junior Christian Endeavor Society held a meeting in a chapel. While the cracklings of the flames, the sharp report of the Chinese guns, and the cries of men and women running to and fro were rending the air, these little disciples of Jesus were singing: "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes."

A missionary, working in the slums of a city in Ireland, writes me as follows: "I feel constrained to thank you from the bottom of my soul for all the great blessings I have received from singing your songs. I am a worker in the slums of ——, and I find that your songs reach the hearts of alien men and women before anything else. I have just returned home from our meeting, and the message I sang tonight was your sweet song: "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes." I want to thank you in particular for this song, because it presents death to us in such a glorious way. The old Welsh people used to speak and sing of death as something very fearful—a dark river, great waves, and so on. I remember my dear mother singing all the Welsh hymns referring to death until I shuddered. But, praise the Lord, I know that it is different. Your little song has confirmed this belief in me not only, but in many, many more souls."

I arranged this hymn from the words which Mr. W. O. Cushing wrote for me, of which, however, I used only the first line, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes." It has of late become quite a favorite throughout the country.

When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

I sang this hymn for the first time in the Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, in 1874, at one of Mr. Moody's meetings. The service was held at eight o'clock on a gloomy winter morning. The hall was densely crowded and filled with mist, so much so that the people could hardly be discerned at the farther end of the hall. I felt the need of something to brighten up the meting, and then and there decided to launch this new song. It was received with much enthusiasm, and at once became a favorite of Mr. Moody's and continued to be so until his death.

Where Is My Boy Tonight?

"Where is my wandering boy tonight—
The boy of my tenderest care?"

A mother came to me in Boston and asked me if I would try to find her wandering boy in California when I should go there with Mr. Moody to hold meetings. I promised to do what I could. For several weeks, as opportunity presented itself, I searched the cheap boarding houses for the young man. At last I found him in the slums of the city and asked him to come to our meetings. He refused, saying he was not fit to be seen there; but after much persuasion he came. One evening I sang: "Where is my wandering boy?" and prefaced it with a few remarks, saying that I knew of one dear mother in the East who was praying for her wandering boy tonight. This, together with the song, touched the young man's heart, and he found his way into the inquiry room, where, with my open Bible, I was enabled by God's grace to lead him into the light. I wrote to his mother and told her that her boy had been found, and that he was now a professed Christian. She sent me money to pay his railway fare back to Boston, and in a short time he had reached home and received a hearty welcome. He soon found employment, and became a useful citizen, and has since been a follower of Christ.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SEPT. 13.

Commending Our Society. I. By Church Attendance.

(Ps. 26: 1-12. Heb. 10: 21-5.)

It is a process both wise and salutary for an individual or an organization on occasion to take account of stock, to enter upon a rigid self-examination.

"Know Thyself," was the wise maxim of the ancient Greek sage, and he spoke advisedly. It is neither normal nor healthful to be eternally peering within to discern faults or errors, but a sane and sober introspection is now and then both helpful and necessary. It is with this doubtless in mind that the topic for this week is the first of a series of themes dealing with the ways in which our Christian Endeavor Society may commend itself to God and man. They are tests by which we may judge of our efficiency. If they are to be of practical value, they must have a personal and pertinent application. They will involve on our part a rigid self-examination. We must ask ourselves if we are meeting these requirements, if we as individuals and as a society are living up to the full measure of our responsibilities. Let us then prayerfully and earnestly enter on this process of self-examination.

Christian Endeavor on Trial.

The only nature of our subject implies that our society must make good its right to the various consideration and sincere trust of men and the loving approval of God. Christian Endeavor is on trial. The society has its large and increasing membership, its great conventions, its world-wide work.

But the glamor of the great movement must not blind us to the fact that the Christian Endeavor Society is still on trial. Many societies are languishing, many are dead. In some of our strongest churches the movement has been a failure. The mere fact that your society exists is not the real test of its right to live. Men rightly ask what we are DOING to make good our claims. The world will rigidly apply Jesus' test: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It is a crucial hour for Endeavor. We must commend ourselves to men and God by living up to our pledge and by doing our full duty as Endeavorers. The topic this week indicates the first of the ways by which we may justify our continued existence—by attendance at church services.

It will commend our society to the pastor. Many a pastor feels that his Christian Endeavor Society is but a broken reed to lean upon, just because the members of that society do not attend the church services. In more than one church the Christian Endeavorers, having closed their meeting, jostle past the incoming church attendants in their eager hurry to leave the church. Many a Sunday evening the pastor goes home sick at heart because those young people whom he has a right to expect to find at church services absent themselves.

What a power the discouraged minister would feel if the entire Christian Endeavor Society would adjourn their meeting only to attend the evening services in a body. Here is a real opportunity for help to your pastor open to every member. Make it a point to be present at every service

that you can. Let your pastor know that he may always expect to find you there and you may cheer him more than you can realize. And if you will go yet further, and as many societies are doing, take upon yourselves the responsibility for the evening service of your church, you can do more than all else to solve the vexed "Sunday evening problem."

It will commend your society to the church. In all too many of our churches the older members feel that the motto, "For Christ and the Church" is a dead letter, because of the exclusive devotion of the society to its own interests. The earnest and assiduous attendance of the members of the society at church services will do much to create a real sympathy and better understanding between the church and the society.

And attendance at church services will be of incalculable help to your individual Christian life and thus stimulate and enrich the life of your society. For, church attendance, while it is not the all of the Christian life, is well-nigh indispensable to the best and holiest character. There are many who will tell you that there is no need to go to church; that you can worship God as well at home or in God's out-of-doors. It sounds plausible and smooth, but as a matter of experience it will not be found so easy to worship God in this fashion. For the quiet of the church, its purposeful shutting out so far as may be distracting sights and sounds, the noble hymns, the uplifting anthems, the reading of the Word and the offering of prayer, in a word, the atmosphere of worship put us in a receptive mood when God can best speak his message to our hearts through the sermon or through the whisper of His "still, small voice."

It is the testimony of all who habitually attend the services of the Christian Church that they minister with increasing power with the recurring Sabbaths to the upbuilding of life and character. Church attendance is not so much duty as privilege. You cannot afford to remain away. And so it is not only because as a Christian Endeavorer you pledged yourself to loyal and constant attendance upon church services that the morning and evening service and the prayer-meeting should find you there, but because as an Endeavoring Christian you cannot reach the heights toward which you strive without the uplift, inspiration and power which you alone may find in the "habitation of Jehovah's house and the place of the tabernacle of his glory."

Let us, then, that we may commend our society and upbuild our own Christian life, not forsake "our own assembling together."

RAILROAD EARNINGS IN 1908.

The Loss During First Half of Year.

Compilation of the earnings of railroads in the United States during the first six months of the current year show a startling record of trade depression. There has never before in American railroad history been such a prodigious loss in revenues, as far as amount is concerned, and on the records there is shown no period where between one year and another the percentage of loss has been so large for successive months.

From returns of roads representing a mileage of 202,322, the shrinkage in gross income from traffic from 1906 was $189,833,000. About 28,000 miles of road are now embraced in the returns. In ratio, the falling off reaches ratios of decrease were respectively 12.49, 11.79, and 13.37 per cent, but in April, May and June the ratios rose to 18.89, 22.67, and 20.89 per cent. Here is the comparison:

	1908.	1907.	Decrease.
January	$151,758,406	$172,283,006	$20,524,600
February	141,256,206	160,150,610	18,894,404
March	162,495,089	187,435,350	24,940,261
April	154,137,168	190,046,156	35,908,988
May	153,112,628	198,146,871	45,034,243
June	46,515,462	158,800,434	12,284,972

A comparison of the present year's showing with recent years is as follows:

1908	$ 941,602,296	$1,131,436,032	$189,833,646
1907	1,115,123,431	989,162,646	125,960,785
1906	941,429,882	823,886,121	117,543,761
1905	910,027,258	846,375,228	63,652,030
1904	794,229,168	810,131,983	15,202,815
1903	847,034,318	745,087,476	101,946,842
1902	749,923,005	701,688,284	47,334,721

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It thought that the Panama Canal will be complted in 1912, or so far along at that time that vessels can use it.

In Ohio the liquor interests are working with desperate energy to elect a legislature that will repeal the county local option law.

General Booth's eyesight is becoming seriously impaired. Cataract manifested itself about two years ago, but did not become seriously troublesome until lately.

The British Weekly of August the 15th says; "Dr. Campbell Morgan is proving by the large audiences that assemble at Westminster Chapel each Saturday evening that it is possible, even in August, a month when, in the popular language, London is said to be empty to get a crowd on a Saturday evening eager to listen to an address on a religious subject. On Saturday evening last the area of the chapel was crowded, nearly 1,200 persons being present."

Quanah Parker, who was a few years ago a bloodthirsty Comanche Indian chief, was recently elected head of a district school board in Oklahoma, and his son, a graduate of Carlisle School, was appointed teacher. Quanah Parker's mother was a white woman, taken prisoner when a child by the present chief's father. The child grew to womanhood among the Comanches, then a wild, wandering, bloodthirsty tribe, roaming the plains of Texas. The chief made her his squaw and she bore him a son, Quanah Parker. Not long after she went back to her white people, but the Indian life had gained too strong a hold upon her to remain, and she returned to her tepee and her chief, and lived with the tribe until her death.

It is said that C. A. Stearns who died a few weeks ago in Boston was the originator of the "Hello" of the telephone. When Professor Bell was experimenting on the instrument that has since come into world-wide importance, Williams of Court street was doing electrical work, Stearns had been called in to assist, and the first line connected the Williams office with the laboratory in Exeter place. When on the evening of the final trials the group of investigators was assembled, Mr. Bell took the transmitter, and to attract the attention of the operator at the other end, he called, "I say, Mr. Gower; I say, Mr. Gower." When it came Mr. Stearns' time for speaking he picked up the transmitter, and his call was, "Hello, hello." And since that time "hello" has been the popular call.

The Indianapolis News remarks concerning the Negro

stress is laid upon the tie of blood and the man who problem that we shall never get rid of it until we are prepared to deal with it fairly, to deal with it on the theory that Negroes are human beings. "Many plans have been tried, and in spite of all that has been done in the way of control and repression, the problem is with us yet. And it seems to grow more difficult all the while. It will continue to grow more difficult as long as we insist on drawing a line politically between the two races. In a free country it is impossible to have two classes of men, all of whom are citizens, to one of which classes all political rights are denied. For this is to subject one class of citizens to the rule of the other class, and that is something that cannot continue always if this Government is to continue free. It may be that the issue will not assume an important place in the present campaign. But it will persist for many years, and will never be got rid of until we make up our minds to do equal and exact justice to all men. Just now the leaders on both sides seem chiefly interested in running away from the question."

The Jewish Publication Society will issue in 1910 a new translation of the Old Testament. A committee of Jewish rabbis is to co-operate with the society in the effort to place the new version in practically every Jewish household, and it is said that the book will be kept free from all non-Jewish interpretations. The publication society has been in existence for a score of years, and has issued more than seventy books of Jewish history, literature, philosophy, ethics, poetry, biography and fiction. It has distributed a total of 350,000. It is the publisher of the Jewish Year Book, an authority on the affairs of Jews in America. The latest edition of the Year Book contains statistics indicating a Jewish population in the United States of 1,800,000. Another Jewish organization, the American Jewish Historical Society, has recently enlarged its scope so that it includes the study of all Jewish history. It was formerly confined to the history of Jews in America, but its new plans will enable it to study the history of the race in general. It is purposed to give especial attention to research as to the causes which led to Jewish emigration to this country.

James Wilson MacDonald, who died recently in New York at the age of 84, was America's oldest sculptor. He was of Scotch parents, and was born at Steubenville, Ohio. His career began when as a small boy he drew pictures on barn doors. His father, a farmer, wanted his son to be a blacksmith, but the boy ran away from home and journeyed to St. Louis. At seventeen he entered the employ of a book publishing house in that city. Eleven years after he became senior partner. At thirty Mr. MacDonald retired from active business to study art. Before leaving St. Louis he modelled a bust of Thomas H. Benton, then United States Senator from Missouri, which was the first model of sculpture art cut west of the Mississippi river. Charles O'Connor was his next subject, and later James F. Brady, whose bust is in the law library of New York, to which city he went soon after the Civil War. The statue of Edward Bates, attorney-general under President Lincoln, at Forest Park, St. Louis, is another striking example of his work. His later works are a statue of Fitz Greene Halleck, bust of Washington Irving, in Prospect Pork, Brooklyn; bust of John Hancock, MacDonald's "Washington," is widely known throughout the country. It is a copy of the bust of Washington made at Mount Vernon by Jean Antoine Houdon, in 1785, the original of which is in the State Capitol of Virginia.



THE BETTER PART.

By David Lyall.

It is a common saying that money is the root of all evil, though the thing itself is innocent and good. It is the abuse of it by human beings, its slavish worship, the unholy desire to possess it at any cost, which has wrought more woe in the world than any other force save one. The smallest, quietest place most remote from the great mart of life is not exempt from its operations, because wherever men and women are to be found there the primeval passions of mankind are ready to be fanned into life. In my business I was brought into continuous contact with the ravages of this lust of gold, and I have seen whole families split and separated by it, friendship turned to hatred, and the ties of love and kinship driven by it like chaff before the wind.

For this reason many of my tales of Cairn-Nethan parish must necessarily deal with the subject of money, and how the lack of it or the reverse affected the people with whom I was associated.

One of the most striking exemplifications of the corroding power of money-worship is to be found in the story of the Bankfoot Rutherfurds, which I shall here set down.

They were farmers of the better sort, farming their own land, which had been acquired field by field, and put within the safe bounds of a ring fence until it became one of the most compact and desirable properties in the district. This hunger for land had exhibited itself for the first time in the history of the family in the person of one Ephraim Rutherfurd, who was a cousin twice removed to the godly Samuel Rutherfurd, though I never heard that he boasted of the fact. They were a very old South Country family, but the members that had drifted in troublous times to the banks of the Nethan Water were not at that time more than ploughmen and shepherds, glad to work for hire to other men. As a family they were sober and industrious, and Ephraim managed to save out of his very meager wage and increased his little hoard by letting it out at usury.

This he did at an iniquitous rate of interest, at the same time despising with his whole heart the unhappy beings who were so unfortunate as to come within his clutches.

I must hasten on to tell how the curse that comes with money not cleanly earned descended from Ephraim Rutherfurd, and how the new estate of Bankfoot did not pass to the third generation.

Ephraim had never married, though his earlier life had contained a romance. The expenses of matrimony feared him, and the only woman he had ever desired came of extravagant folks. So he crushed down his natural feelings and devoted the flower of his manhood to the amassing of the gold that perisheth. Then he had to leave it all, in his soured and unlovely old age, to two lads that had never earned a penny of it. They were the sons of his brother David, and nobody had ever expected them to benefit by his will, since he had scarcely countenanced them in life.

But he was a queer old man, and in these parts great

repudiates it even for disgrace or wrong is considered worse than an infidel.

I knew the contents of Ephraim Rutherfurd's will, because I had myself drawn it up very briefly, in accordance with his desire to keep the legal expenses as low as possible.

He left the two young men, David and James, his co-heirs, with instructions how the farm was to be worked and the conditions on which they were to order their lives. One condition was that they should not marry.

I sent for the young men to come and see me as soon as the news of their uncle's death reached me. They lived in a neighboring parish, where they were both engaged in agricultural pursuits, David, the elder, managing a small croft, while Jimmy hired out to another man as shepherd, but lived at home with his brother. I had never before seen them, and received them with considerable interest.

"There is one law in the will which may determine you against its acceptance," I said, holding the document in my hand and eyeing them keenly. "You can only inherit on condition that you do not marry."

"Well, that'll be easy for me, Mister Kirkland, for I have nae sweetheart," said Jamie blithely. "But what do you say to this, Dave, that has trysted Mamie Caldwell for Martinmas twelvemonth?"

There was a moment's silence.

"When I spoke for her I had nae thocht o' this, Jamie, and she must just pit up wi' it."

I saw the color rise swift and red to the younger's cheek and his clear eye flash.

"D'ye hear that, Mister Kirkland? Wad ye call that fair to break tryst wi' a woman for an auld man's siller? For me, I wadna do it, an' the man that does will be accurst."

He spoke with so much heat that I divined some deeper personal interest in the question, perhaps in the woman herself.

"Nothing need be decided in a hurry," I said smoothly. "You must both take time to talk and think it over."

"And in the meantime wha will saw the crap?" inquired David shrewdly. "It needs nae thinkin'. I'll to Bankfoot and carry on the wark."

He set his jaw dourly, and after looking at him for a moment with a strange mingling of disgust and wonder, Jamie flung himself out of the office door.

"I'll hae none o' ye, Dave Rutherfurd. I wadna work wi' sich a man. An' if ye do what ye say, ye'll be waur than an infidel, for she has waited for ye lang and sair."

I have not space to go into the ins and outs of the business or to describe the consultations that took place in my office betwixt me and the two brothers. In the end, David Rutherfurd had it his own way, and took up his abode in the house of Bankfoot alone. I remonstrated with Jamie, who continued at his shepherd's work in the neighboring parish.

"So long as you are not married, my man," said I, looking at him keenly one day over my spectacles, "you are fully entitled to a home at Bankfoot and the full share of the profits that may accrue from its working."

"I dinna want it," was the unhesitating reply. "I am happy as I am, and as for my brither Davie, I couldna work wi' him."

I shook hands with him when he went out that day, for there was something about the lad that won respect and honest liking. He was sincere and manly and generous-hearted, which the other was not. So for a time he worked contentedly on the hills among Laird Greig's sheep, and never, so far as I could hear, went near Bankfoot.

Of course the news about the will had spread about Cairn-Nethan, and even beyond it, and made much talk at kirk and market. Most of the sympathy went to Jamie, who had elected to keep his independence even though it cost him dear; also those who knew and loved Mamie Caldwell (and I learned that those comprised all who had ever known her) were angered because of th way she had been jilted by her faithless lover.

It was about a year later, I think, when I had a visit one day from Jamie Rutherfurd, whom I had not seen for many months. He came in somewhat shamefacedly, as if upon an errand which caused him secret misgiving.

"Huuloa, and how are you, my lad, and what can I do for you?" I asked bluntly. "Have you come to tell me you've changed your mind about Bankfoot, and that you'll take your rightful share of the old man's money, after all?"

"Never," he answered firmly. "I'm faurer off it than ever, Maister Kirkland, though I'll not deny it is about money I've come."

"Well, what about money?"

"Ye may think I hae a fine presumption, sir, but something bade me come to ask whether ye will lend me a hundred popunds on my ain security, and naething mair substantial."

"What do you want with a hundred pounds?" I asked, searchingly, for though I had plenty of money lying by idle in the bank, I was not nor had ever been minded to hand it out for the asking to any passer-by.

"I'm comin' till it, sir; I want to gang to Canada."

"To Canada!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I've heard from Tammas Proudfoot that was born in Yetholm parish, and was my mither's brither's son. He's doin' well there among the cattle at the far side, and he's for me to go oot to him."

"But a hundred pounds! Surely you could go for less?"

"Oh, I could, because I wad travel by the cheapest; but —but ye see I'm takin' a wummin."

"A wife, eh?

"Yes, Mamie Caldwell, that my brither trysted and syne forsook for auld Ephraim's siller. Muckle guid may it dae him."

"So so, and she's willing to take this leap in the dark, is she? You've made up for the loss?"

"I havena asked her yet, but I jalouse that she'll be willin'."

I could not forbear a laugh at this very Scotch courting.

"Don't you think you'd better ask her first?"

"No; I must get the siller first, I've twa-three bit things that belonged to my mither—a gold watch an' sichlike. I'll leavv them wi' you, and I promise ye, if I live, ye shall hae the money back wi' interest as soon as ever I can pay it. An' I'll stint myself until it be paid, Maister Kirkland; ye may believe that."

"I do believe it, and you can tell Mamie if you like that the money's ready. But what if she says no?"

"She winna say no, for I'll no' let her. She's never held up her heid since. It's a hard thing for a lass to get the gang-by, Maister Kirkland, and I'll never forgie

Davie for it, if he should live to be a hunder. But he'll no thrive in Bankfoot."

In three weeks from that day Jamie Rutherfurd said goodbye to Cairn-Nethan. It was not known that he was taking a wife with him. They had arranged it very cleverly, Mamie going to pay a visit to an aunt in Edinburgh, from whose house they were married, after being cried in a strange kirk.

The day after Jamie left the town the announcement of the marriage appeared in the Scotsman, and set all the countryside by the ears.

David Rutherfurd did not take a daily paper. He was far too miserly in his habits for that, but when he came in to the market that very day it was the first news that met him.

They said he took it ill, even swearing at some of them that made very free in their speech to him about it.

For a man who had so little experience in the handling of silver, David Rutherfurd showed a wonderful skill at it, and always managed that the balance came out on the right side.

But, in spite of all his keenness, he did not prosper at Bankfoot, and his looks as the years rolled by might have awakened pity in the hearts even of those who had small sympathy with him.

I received due word of Jamie's safe arrival with his wife on the other side of the sea, and at the end of a year twenty-five pounds towards the cancelling of the debt he owed to me.

The second year the whole was paid, and accompanied by a handsome extra cheque and a photograph of a family group, consisting of Jamie, his wife, and baby daughter.

Curiously enough, all this bundle of good things arrived on a market day when I had another visit from the laird of Bankfoot.

After we had discussed our business, I opened my drawer and took out the photograph.

"Maybe you would like to see this, Mr. Rutherfurd? But perhaps you have got one yourself by the same post?"

I passed over the card, and he looked at it steadily for a moment. Then before I could stop him he walked over to the fireplace, placed it in the heart of the glowing fire, and went out the door uttering a word which it would not become me to set down in print.

I was sorry about the picture, but I was glad to see that, after all, David Rutherfurd had some feeling about it, and that perhaps even already he was realizing that in gripping his uncle's gold he had thrown away the kernel and kept the husk.

Another day I will tell you how this truth was finally and triumphantly brought home to him.—British Weekly.

UNIVERSITIES AND PROHIBITION.

The distinguished Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, who has been working off some extra brewings of his active psychology in McClure's for August, took a chance in throwing several bombs into the prohibition camp. He is doubtless profoundly surprised to find nearly all the intelligent university professors on the side of Prohibition. He ventures the statement, "Better America inspired than America sober." The answer is: "Better America inspired and sober." If there is one question beyond all others coming rapidly to the front in university life, it is the question of sobriety. Stanford University is among the first great millionaire universities to make its campus "free" territory. In replying to Professor Munsterberg, Dr. Alex. F. Chamberlain of Clark University says with much directness and force: "America well knows that a nation cannot exist half-drunk and half-sober. A sober American, surpassing the whole world in artistic genius, in scientific research and in the service to mankind, is the future in store for us, with no superstitious reliance upon alcohol as the god of our existence."

The more we inquire into the temperance question the more it is seen to be a national issue. The country, north, east, and especially south and west, is thoroughly aroused on the temperance question. Whatever claims Professor Munsterberg has as a student of social psychology he must go down as a belated observer on the temperance question. There are whole areas — cities, counties, states — where respectable people never think of entering a saloon. There are at least two States full of young people who never saw a saloon, never tasted liquor, and scarcely ever saw a drunken man. In some of our universities there are "dignified" professors trying hard to ape the old country universities by professing to "enjoy" their pipe and beer, but they are only imitators and falling far behind in the march of civilization.

There is one old Falstaffian professor on the Pacific Coast who claims the "credit" of introducing smoking in the presence of ladies at the close of the dinner party, but he is looked upon by the average student as a moral monstrosity without any sense of moral proportions. The times of such social psychology as Professor Munsterberg advocates are rapidly passing away.

There is little remaining doubt that the American saloon has committed the deadly and unforgivable sin. The establishment and maintenance of national sobriety is without doubt a tremendous problem, but it can be done. America will never be the nation God intended it should be until America is sober.

Esperanto is gradually but surely gaining ground and believes it has a fair chance to become a "universal language.' Last week an Esperanto Conference was held in Dresden. It is claimed that there are now 1,000 Esperanto societies and schools organized and fifty-five magazines published in the interest of that attempt to universalize a form of speech. We are glad it is not so unfortunate in its name as the attempt of Schleyer. Volapuk was simple enough, but it died of umlautism. That old High Dutch whistling sound gave it a fatal pucker and the Volapukists died. The lamentation was not so great as it would have been had not the reactionary umlaut fastened itself upon the very initative of the scheme, the terrific name. The Volapukists have gone where the "woodbine twineth." May a better fate preside over the fortunes of the Esperanto.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS. G. PATTERSON,

San Anselmo, Cal.

Young People

MA AND PA.

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Sez pa, one winter's night;
"I'd go down South an' stay a while
Where days are warm an' bright."
He set an' watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing!"
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!)
Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea,
Then pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
Sez pa; "I'd have a snap!"
Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore;
Pa—at his ev'nin' nap!
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pairs o' socks;
Pa woke, an' sez, "It's time for bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

—Mary F. K. Hutchinson.

THE FLOWERS OF GOLD.

"I wish there were real fairies," thought Laura as she brushed up the crumbs and cleared away the dishes from the breakfast table. She was so little that she stood on a wooden box to wash and wipe the dishes, but her energy and will to work were far greater than her years or her stature. She did not wish aloud, for she did not want to grieve her mother, who had entered the kitchen at that moment with her hat on and her working apron tied up in a bundle.

"You'll take care of the baby, Laura?" asked the mother anxiously. "You'll keep the cover to the well closed and watch the gate that he does not run off. If anything should happen to him, don't wait, but come for me at once. I'll be at Mrs. Carter's. I'll be cleaning there all this week."

"Yes; don't worry about us, mother. We'll get along; we'll have bread and milk for dinner."

She followed her mother to the door, the two-year-old baby toddling after her.

With a smile and a kiss Mrs. Hivener went her way, but not without fear in her heart. The children were small to leave all day alone; but as they must have food and going out by the day was the only work she could do, there seemed nothing else to do but leave them alone.

"I wish there were fairies, don't you, baby?" Laura said, returning to her dishwashing. "If there were, I'd ask them to send mother baskets and baskets of gold, so she would not have to work so hard. Wouldn't that be nice, baby?"

Baby laughed and declared that it would be fine.

When the dishes were washed and put away and the kitchen swept, Laura took the baby and went out to play under the old sweet apple tree. The thought of helping her mother was yet in her mind. Stretching out before her eyes was field after field of pasture land yellow with buttercups.

"I know what I can do for mother," I can get a little bit of gold for her. Hurry, Robert, and come with sister. W e will take the big basket and fill it with buttercups."

Working together they filled the basket with the golden flowers. "We must have only the yellow part, Robert," she said. It was a tedious job. The morning passed before the basket was filled.

"Now, Robert, I'll tell you what we'll do," she said as they went back to their yard. "I mean to stew these down; and when they are cooked enough, I'll pour off the water, and the gold in the flowers will lie loose in the bottom. We'll take the gold and buy mother a beautiful dress."

Robert was only too willing to be a party to the plan. A great iron kettle hung in its place in the yard.

"This will be better than cooking in the house. Robert, you gather chips while I get the matches and carry out a bucket of water."

Soon the fire was burning and the water in the kettle bubbling. Laura kept piling chips high. She wished to be sure that the flowers were well cooked. She did not know how long it would take to separate the gold from the buttercups.

"But it will be better to boil them too much than not enough," she said sagely to Robert. He agreed, as he did in everything his sister suggested.

While the kettle was boiling nicely a strange man drove up to the gate, left the carriage, and came into the yard. "Can't you tell me where the old Melory farm is?" he asked.

"I don't know where it is," was Laura's reply.

"Slip into the house and ask your mother. I'll give you a penny. I'm afraid to leave my horse.'

"My mother's away cleaning house for Mrs. Carter," she said.

"You children here alone? Does your mother allow you to make a fire?" There was an anxious tone in her voice as he asked the question.

Laura told him then how her mother went away each day to work and how tired she was. "So I'm melting out the gold in the golden flowers," she said with a pretty air of importance. "Mother does not know. We mean to surprise her when she comes home. But I'm not sure whether I've cooked them enough."

The stranger drew near the kettle. "They are done—well done," he said, looking down in to the kettle. "I wouldn't cook them a minute longer. Now while you go to the house for a pail of water to cool this mess, and a dipper to dip it out I'll put out the fire and swing the kettle around."

Eager and excited Laura hurried to the house.

"Run after your sister, little boy, and her to bring me a glass of water," said the stranger to Robert. The instant Robert turned away the stranger took his hands from his pocket and leaned over the kettle. There was a strange little clicking sound as he did so.

When Laura returned, the fire was out and the kettle swung out on the grass.

The stranger emptied the water into the kettle. "It's cold enough now to dip out," he said. "Go slowly and examine each tinful. I'm sure you had enough flowers for two large pieces of gold. I'd be careful to find them. Now I must go. God-bye and good luck, little girl and boy."

In an instant he was driving down the road. "How strange!" said Laura. "He has gone off without touching the glass of water I brought to him."

She turned to the kettle and dipped slowly and carefully. In the very last dipper lay round pieces of gold. There were two of them, just as the stranger had said there would be.—By Jean K. Baird in Epworth Era.

JIM'S BROTHER.

One of the world's successful men told some young men recently how, when he was a boy working in a hardware store, he wanted to leave when he was put at cleaning windows, and the young girls he called on saw him at his menial occupation. The boy complained to his father, who advised him to do the cleaning, and to do it with the best of his ability. "If you do whatever is given you to do to the best of your ability," said the father, "your employers won't find it profitable to keep you long at window cleaning."

This little story reminds us of one which was related last week to the writer by a business man. A boy had come to him desiring a position. He was given one, and all went well for a few days. Then the boy was set to work cleaning windows. His pride rebelled, he threw up his job, and went home. In a few hours another boy appeared.

"I'm Jim's brother," he announced, "and I'd like to have his job. I'll clean windows or do anything you want me to do."

"Jim's brother," added the gentleman, "has already had one rise in wages, and is one of the best boys we ever had."—Christian Worker.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD. EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

August 17, 18, 24, and 25.
Sept. 15, 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer. Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

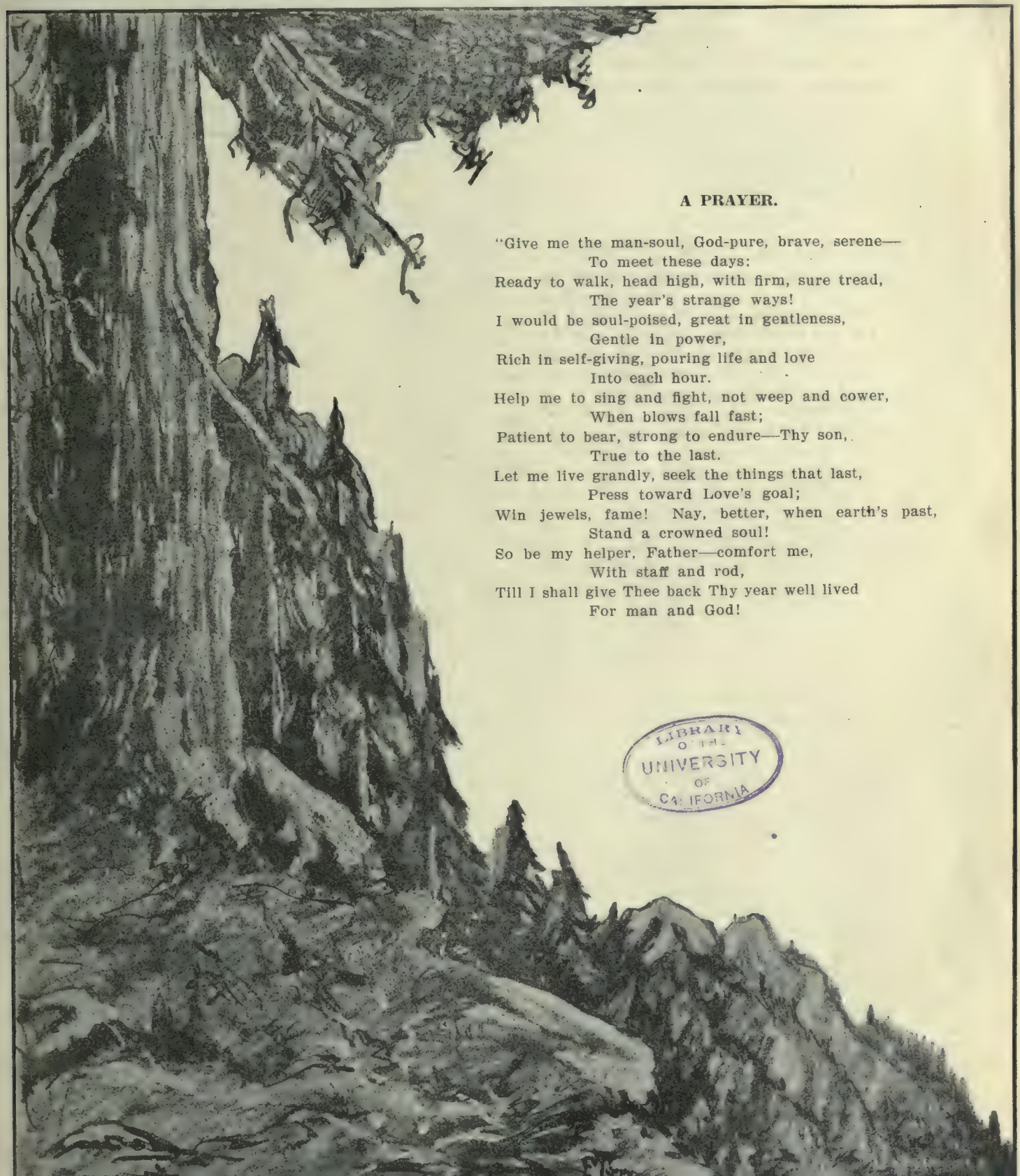
See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908. No. 37

University Library



A PRAYER.

"Give me the man-soul, God-pure, brave, serene—
To meet these days:
Ready to walk, head high, with firm, sure tread,
The year's strange ways!
I would be soul-poised, great in gentleness,
Gentle in power,
Rich in self-giving, pouring life and love
Into each hour.
Help me to sing and fight, not weep and cower,
When blows fall fast;
Patient to bear, strong to endure—Thy son,
True to the last.
Let me live grandly, seek the things that last,
Press toward Love's goal;
Win jewels, fame! Nay, better, when earth's past,
Stand a crowned soul!
So be my helper, Father—comfort me,
With staff and rod,
Till I shall give Thee back Thy year well lived
For man and God!

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen, $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

THE PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN NOW $2.00.

The Pacific Presbyterian is now $2.00, excepting to clergymen. They, if they pay in advance, can have it for $1.50. The $2.00 rate applies only to those who pay in advance, because the publishers feel that it is not part of the subscription price to employ office help, expend good money for stamps and stationery, to collect a subscription long overdue, so we expect the delinquent subscribers to pay the actual expense of such collection, therefore no subscriber should become excited on receipt of a bill for his paper at $2.50 per year, after six months due.

As to the reasons for the $2.00 rate. First, the Pacific Presbyterian is worth $2.00; second, it cannot be published for less than $2.00. It is necessary to use a fine grade of paper to carry good half tones. We could print a paper for less money, but we believe that the Presbyterians want a paper like the present one, of which they can be pround, and the Presbyterians always pay for what they get, and we may add, get the best. A denomination like ours, that contributes 80 per cent of all money given to interdenominational work, in addition to maintaining their own at the highest grade of efficiency, surely has enough to support a good church paper; and we have no doubt but what the more than 77,500 Presbyterians in these Western States are going to amply support the Pacific Presbyterian. The fact that we are now able, after only four months under the present management, to print more church new from the Western churches than all our Eastern denominational papers combined, proves the loyalty and interest of the Western Presbyterians. There are more than 2,000 elders in these Western churches, and it does seem as if an elder should be interested enough in his own denominational paper to take it, and they no doubt will as soon as it can be brought to their attention. Nearly every one of our 800 churches has a woman's missionary society, and we believe that our offer to contribute $500 to missions through these societies will interest them sufficiently to enlist their co-operation in greatly adding to our list of subscribers. We refer to this matter in another item.

Why not have a great Presbyterian paper on this Coast? The cause certainly needs it, because in certain circles at least there is a note of despondency, and a note of despondency is caused by discouragement, and discouragement comes because people think that nothing can be done because nothing is being done. We inserted two little squibs in the cache column recently, one of which said, "Nobody goes to church because nobody goes to church;" and the other, "Everybody goes to church because everybody goes to church." There is a great law involved in these sayings, which applies to most of the things we do. People do not want to be connected with a failing enterprise. It is almost impossible to enlist a person's interest or co-operation in an undertaking that looks like failure. And when people in any organization,—even in a church, where they should be actuated by entirely different principles,—are asked to do anything they say in effect, "Nothing can be done, because nothing is being done." By reversing this sentiment we will have a great many people not only willing to do things, but anxious also. We will have "Everybody doing things, because everybody is doing things." This Western field is an empire in itself and the work carried on here is tremendous in its scope and aggregation, and if the Pacific Presbyterian can—as it is possible—place before this great army of workers the achievements and successes of our church on the Pacific slope, it cannot help but produce an aggressive spirit which will result in greater things being done in the future than in the past, wonderful as this may seem.

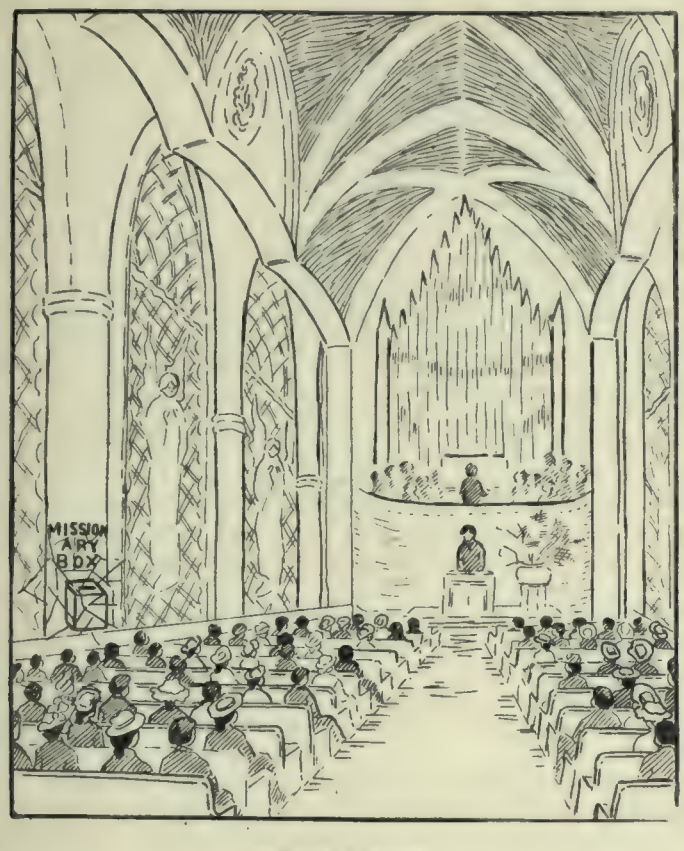
If not, why not?

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR MISSIONS.

The Pacific Presbyterian is in a position to contribute $500 to mission work through the missionary societies, and is making this proposition through correspondence with secretaries of the societies. The list of secretaries which we are using in this correspondence is probably not very correct, as they have not been compiled since last March. If any church does not soon receive a communication from the Pacific Presbyterian regarding the matter, and would like a share of this money, please drop us a card and you will receive full particulars. At the Occidental Board Meeting in San Francisco, where the proposition was presented on Monday or last week, the idea was received with enthusiasm, and we expect the amount will be distrubuted within thirty days. The proposition is made only to Presbyterian missionary societies.

A DEAD CHURCH.

Some great man has said that if he were to paint a picture of a dead church he would piant a beautiful cathedral witn stained glass windows, and all the appurtenances that go to make a house of worship beautiful and complete, and in one corner of it a little bit of a missionary box with cobwebs over it. While this picture is not literally true, there are a great many churches where the missionary box is sadly neglected, and wherever such



A Dead Church.

is the case, no matter how large the congregation, eloquent the minister, magnificent the edifice, if the church is spending all its income to maintain itself, it is dead; dead to the call of the unsaved world, dead to the opportunities of its day, dead to the demands of its Master, and like the church at Sardis, "hast a name that thou livest and art dead."

The church is in the world for more than one purpose, but its great work is to evangelize the world, and no church can prosper and grow or expect to prosper and grow that does not contribute, at least proportionately, to the work of "preaching the gospel to every creature.'

There are churches that feel because they have a debt hanging over them, or they have difficulty in raising the salary of their minister, or they are trying to build a new church, they cannot afford to contribute to work away from home. But they are making the fatal mistake of neglecting the most important, and centering their efforts upon the unimportant. No one can show, except by what has happened, why the giving away of money needed for home use will not only increase the amount of money for home use, but in addition thereto, give more money to be expended in the spread of the gospel; but such is the fact as proven time and time again by churches that have tried it. Tnere isn't any logic in this; there isn't any diagram that will explain it; but the facts hold good, nevertheless. As it says in Proverbs, 11: 24, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdest more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

We often hear the ministers and members of churches say that "ours is a real live church," and they go on to say how largely attended the services are, how many and how aactive their societies are; all of which may be true and yet the church may be dead. It is like the spring that gives no water away, and so becomes stagnant. The missionary test is the only test to prove whether a church is alive or dead.

B. B.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

It is no longer novel to say that if the church is to do her work she must attack evils in high places; she must war against sin, syndicated as well as individual; she must concern herself with the conditions and interests of the workers. Among other "must-be's" I am profoundly convinced that if the Presbyterian church is to work the works of Him that sent her, there must be an entire revolution concerning the relation of pastor and people.

Either in words or vague impression, the opinion prevails that the pastor is the hired servant of the church; his prime duty, consequently being to the church. So that in pulpit service or pastoral activities the first necessity is that the pastor be well pleasing in the sight of the church. He must visit the members, be social, energetic, loyal, instant in season, out of season—to serve the church. However ill-advised it may seem to the reader, I say all this method of service is erroneous in principle and vicious in practice. The pastor is servant to Christ, and the church is made up of the pastor's fellow-servants.

The church, redeemed by the blood of Christ, has one mission only; viz, to bring men to Christ, building them up into Christ. The pastor should be hired to assist the church in realizing that mission. Suppose Mr. Leader were appointed Captain of Company "A," and ordered to go, capture as many prisoners as possible. The company forms in line, marches to a plain where are twelve springs of water, and seventy shade trees, and there they camp. Then the soldiers insist that the captain teach them army tactics, that each week there be a dress parade, that the captain visit each tent and be social with his army. Instead of getting prisoners Company' 'A" would become prisoners—for mutiny and flagrant disobedience of orders.

But lo! Christ Jesus, commander-in-chief of the militant hosts of Zion, orders a congregation with its pastor to secure the surrender of as many as possible of his enemies. Pastor and congregation form in line, then too often the people insist on the command, "At ease; rest," instead of "Forward, charge!" How many in that congregation realize that the pastor is called to teach them how, and to encourage and assist them to secure converts? He is to lead the church in the church's work. But is it not true that the members of this corps of God's army are asking, "Does the minister please me? Does he call to see me? Is his service satisfactory to me?"

Are the majority in this company of the Lord panoplied with gospel armor and personally and actively engaged in the one work for which the church exists, securing surrender of the enemies of God to His loving commands? In your church of two hundred or a thousand members, how many of the total number are moved to action by the conviction, "My mission is to co-operate with Christ to save men?"

How many contributors, and especially non-contributors to the pastor's salary, act upon the conviction, "Our pastor is hired by us to do our work, to build up our church, to please our people," instead of the New Testament ideal, "He is employed by us, because appointed to this command by the Lord Jesus Christ, for the one purpose of bringing men from enmity to loyalty to Christ." In far too large a measure the Presbyterian Church has mutinied against the or-

ders of her commander-in-chief. Her return to loyalty will be indicated by a revolution of ideals and practices as concerns the relation of pastor.

O. E. HART.

SEMINARY OPENING EXERCISES.

The San Francisco Theological Seminary will hold its opening exercises in the Assembly Hall at San Anselmo next Wednesday, Sept. 16th, at 11 o'clock. Prof. Charles G. Paterson will deliver the opening address. Friends are cordially invited to attend. The Sausalito Ferry leaving San Francisco at 9:45 will enable friends to reach the Seminary in time for the exercises.

Warren H. Landon,
Acting President.

CACHE OF STOLEN STUFF.

The faithful few are few.

Man is his own greatest enemy.

Don't live in the cellar of life.

The unwritten law: Hire the sharpest lawyer.

Some people are converted—except for one thing.

The church is the labor organization of the kingdom.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again"—but it is often a very late riser.

We sometimes say "nervous temperament" when we should say "nasty temper."

Every gun has two ends; so has every argument—and, besides, there's the kick.

Some men waste ten dollars' worth of time on a ten-cent job and call it economy.

Hindrances are meant to be helps.
We are all better than we are.

The Kingdom of Heaven is like a man calling his servants about him and setting them each to his task.

Truth is beautiful—when it is about your neighbor. When it concerns yourself, it's plain, or even ugly.

The difference between a hard hitter and ready knocker lies in the fact that the former generally has other fields of usefulness.

Editor Pacific Presbyterian.

Dear Sir: I send you a few items regarding Sunday-school work.

The last issue of the Pacific Presbyterian was just splendid. You know that "nothing succeeds like success;" and if you keep up to the present standard, the churches will not only wake up and send you items of church news, but you may look for new subscribers as well.

Hoping you may have great success in your work, I am

Yours sincerely,
MRS. DAVID McCULLAGH.

Sacramento, Cal.

SILVER SET PRESENTED TO DR. AND MRS. BAKER.

On the evening of September 4, about 150 of the members of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal., invaded the premises of Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., with a chest of beautiful and costly silver, which they proceeded to present to the Doctor and his wife, as a token of appreciation and good feeling held toward them.

The occasion was one of much pleasure, as those who gathered were the intimate friends of Dr. and Mrs. Baker. The presentation speech by Mrs. H. N. Rowell, was beautiful in its simplicity and touching in its sincerity. Dr. Baker, responding in his inimitable, happy manner, remarked that he would now say that the "greatest and best people in the world to work with are the members of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland." The $200 worth of "New Standish" silver was the gift of individual members of the church.

Resolutions of Appreciation.

The session of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal., has adopted the following resolutions, a copy of which has been presented to Dr. Baker. They express the high appreciation in which he was held:

Whereas, The Reverend Ernest E. Baker, D.D., having filled the pastorate of this First Presbyterian Church of Oakland for seven years last past, has insisted upon the severance of the pastoral relation, although his resignation has been declined by formal vote of the congregation, therefore, be it

Resolved, first, That in Dr. Baker the Church has had a pulpit ministry of unusual power, a pastor of earnest purpose and unquestioned zeal, and the community at large a citizen of great influence and recognized leadership in matters making for Christian citizenship.

Second, That the best wishes and prayers of the Church, for both himself and his family, go with them into such new fields of effort as Providence may lead them.

Third, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Church and a copy of same sent to Dr. Baker and his family.

EVANGELISTS WANTED.

We are in receipt of a letter from Rev. W. H. Darden, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Corning, Cal., saying that he would like to come into correspondence with an evangelist and singer, who could conduct services in Corning during November. Will some of our Presbyterian pastors write Mr. Darden, suggesting the names of men they can recommend for this service.—Editor.

SAN FRANCISCO MINISTERIAL MEETING.

Rev. H. H. Bell, D.D., President of the San Francisco Ministerial Union, presided at the Monday morning meeting, which was devoted to reports from the ministers present regarding their churches, and a brief address by Rev. Wm. Kerr, who is en route to Korea. Rev. G. A. Blair reported the organization of two Presbyterian churches in San Francisco; and Rev. Wm. Rader, chairman of the Committee on Program, announced that the meeting next Monday would be addressed by Rev. Geo. Adams, pastor of the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, who has recently returned from a trip in the Orient. Rev. Ernest E. Baker, D.D., will address the ministers' the following Monday.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.

Synod of California.

DATE PLACE	STATED CLERK
Benicia, 11 a. m., Oct.19, San Francisco, 920 Sacramento St.	Walter M. Sutherland, Fulton, Cal.
Los Angeles, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 22, Pomona	William S. Young, D.D., 645 S. Boyle St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Nevada, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Rhyolite	George H. Greenfield, Elko, Nev.
Oakland, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 14, Oakland, Emmanuel Church	R. S. Eastman, 2847 Fulton St., Berkeley, Cal.
Riverside, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 15	Daniel L. Macquarrie, 128 Magnolia Ave., Riverside, Cal.
Sacramento, 1 p. m., Oct. 19, Sacramento, Westminster Ch.	Hugh T. Dobbins, Calusa, Cal.
San Francisco, 7:30 p. m., October 6, San Francisco	Herbert N. Bevier, 1606 14th Ave., South S. F., Cal.
San Joaquin, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Fresno, First Church	George B. Greig, Coalinga, Cal.
San Jose, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Watsonville	Frank H. Babb (elder), Box 775, San Jose, Cal.
Santa Barbara, 2:30 p. m., Oct. 20, Pasadena First Church.	Winfield C. Scott, Fillmore, Cal.

SYNOD OF WASHINGTON.

Alaska	N. D. Haarrison, Skagway, Alaska.
Bellingham, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m.	F. G. Strange, D.D., Sendro-Woolley, Wash.
Central Washington, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m	Donnell R. Montgomery, Cle Elum, Wash.
Olympia, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m., Buckley, Wash.	S. Alexander George, Kelso, Wash.
Puget Sound, Sept. 15, 7:30 p. m., Auburn, Wash.	W. Chalmers Gunn, Auburn, Wash.
Spokane, Sept. 28, 7:30 p. m., Spokane Wash., First church.	Eugene A. Walker, Creston, Wash.
Walla Walla, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m.	Prof. Wm. Sands Morley, Sc. D., Moscow, Idaho.
Wenatchee, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m.	Herbert M. Course, Wilson Creek, Wash.
Yukon	Howard W. Frank, Fairbanks, Wash.

SYNOD OF MONTANA.

Butte, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 26	Elko J. Groeneveld, Butte, Mont.
Great Falls, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 23, Anaconda, Mont	Henry G. Hanson, Harlem, Montana.
Helena, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24	Davis Wilson, 504 Tracy Ave., South Bozeman, Mont.

SYNOD OF NEW MEXICO.

Pecos Valley, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24, Silver City, New Mexico.	Edgar E. Mathes, Artesia, New Mexico.
Phoenix, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 25	Frank C. Reid, Phoenix, Arizona.

SYNOD OF UTAH.

Boise, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 30	David A. Clemens, Caldwell, Idaho.
Kendall, 8 p. m., Idaho Falls, Idaho	Joseph Y. Stewart, Malad City, Idaho.
Utah, 7:30 p. m., August 27	John D. Stormont, Myton, Utah.

SYNOD OF OREGON.

Grande Ronde, 7:30 p. m., October 6	W. A. Robinson, Halfway, Oregon.
Pendleton	B. F. Harper, Milton, Oregon.
Portland, 7:30 p. m., October 5	Edward M. Sharp, Mt. Tabor Station, Portland, Oregon.
Southern Oregon, 2 p. m., Oct. 7, Ashland, Ore.	Joseph E. Burkhardt, North Bend, Oregon.
Willamette, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 13, Creswell, Ore.	William T. Wardle, Lebanon, Oregon.

MEETINGS OF SYNODS.

California, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 21, Pasadena, Cal.	Wm. S. Young, D.D., 645 S. Boyle St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Montana, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24 to 27, Anaconda, Mont.	Geo. Edwards, 1108 4th Ave., N., Great Falls, Mont.
Nevada, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Rhyolite, Nev.	
New Mexico, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24, Silver City, New Mexico.	Chas. E. Lukens, M.D., Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Oregon, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 8, Ashland, Oregon	John A. Townsend, Ph.D., Roseburg, Oregon.
Utah, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 13, Idaho Falls, Idaho	David A. Clemens, Caldwell, Idaho.
Washington, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 1, Ellensburg, Wash.	Eugene A. Walker, Rathdrum, Idaho.



Rev. J. K. Howard has removed from Medford to Glendale, Oregon.

Rev. J. C. Turner of Catalina, Texas, has removed to Roswell, New Mexico.

Rev. John W. Miller of Tustin, Cal., is taking his vacation at Santa Ana, Cal.

Rev. M. H. Moyer of South Bethlehem, Pa., has removed to Los Angeles to live.

Rev. W. C. Scott of Fillmore, Cal., will preach at El Centro, Cal., Sept. 13th and 20th.

Rev. S. F. Montgomery, pastor of the Alhambra, Cal., Church, resumed his work last Sabbath.

Rev. W. B. Gantz, pastor of Highland Park, Cal., Church, is at work again, after a pleasant rest.

Rev. W. C. Palmer of Los Angeles is expecting soon to be able to organize a new church in that city.

Rev. Lewis J. Adams, assistant pastor of Immanuel Church, Los Angeles, is home from his vacation.

Rev. W. S. Young, stated clerk of the California Synod, preached at South Park Church, Los Angeles, recently.

Miss Teressa Calb sailed on the steamer Asia, Tuesday, for the Philippine Islands, where she will resume her work.

Rev. J. M. Newell, pastor of Bethsadia Church, Los Angeles, has taken up his church duties after a refreshing outing.

Rev. Charles M. Fisher, the enthusiastic pastor of Calvary Church, Pasadent, is planning a large work for the fall and winter.

Rev. A. M. Prewett, pastor of Calvary Church, Los Angeles, occupied his pulpit last Sunday for the first time since his vacation.

Rev. John A. Ainslee of Oxnard is preaching at Merced church Sept. 6th and 13 and will visit Yosemite Valley between times.

Rev. H. C. Cockrum, recently of Arroyo Grande, Cal., began his work as pastor of the Westminster, Cal., Church last Sunday.

Rev. John Steele of Santa Paula church is gaining health at Paso Robles Springs and is expected to return to his work in two weeks.

Dr. John Willes Baer, President of Occidental College, is expected soon to return from the East. Occidental will open September 17th.

Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Worley of Japan have been giving very interesting and inspiring addresses in our churches in Southern California.

Mr. Earl Hunter, son of the popular pastor of the First Church, Los Angeles, returns this week to his studies in McCormick Seminary.

Elder and Mrs. Ralph O. Reiner sail on the Mongolia, Sept. 15, for Korea, where they take up educational work under the Presbyterian Board.

Rev. Chas. H. Kershaw, pastor of Boyle Heights Church, Los Angeles, preached to his people last Sunday—the first time since his return from his vacation.

Rev. Wm. Rader, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, will preach to the students of Sanford University, on Sunday morning, Sept. 13.

Rev. J. B. Habbick, pastor of the Church of the Re, deemer, Los Angeles, reports two new rooms added for the use of the Sunday school, and a large attendance at church services.

Rev. C. G. Watson has taken up his work as pastor of the St. James Presbyterian Church, San Francisco. He comes from Columbus, Ohio, where he was a successful pastor for nine years.

Rev. William H. Fishburn, for ten years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Camden, N. J., has accepted a call from the Grand View Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles. He will leave October 1 for California.

Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., pastor of Immanuel Church, Los Angeles, resumed his pastorpl work last Sabbath. Rev. L. F. Laverty of Braddock, Pa., preached at Immanuel Church, Los Angeles, during Dr. Walker's vacation.

Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, and his wife, are to receive their friends in their new home, 2732 Hillegas avenue, Berkeley, on Monday afternoon and evening, September 14.

Rev. Wm. Kerr will sail on Sepptember 15 for Korea, where he will take up a new educational work under the Presbyterian Board. Rev. Mr. Kerr is the son of Dr. Kerr, the once beloved pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, San Francisco.

Rev. E. E. Baker, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal., will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, Cal., until the arrival of the minister, who has been called from the East to be pastor. Dr. Baker was invited to preach at Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, on Sept. 13, but was unable to do so, owing to this previous arrangement.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Glunz sailed on Tuesday for Dumaguete, Negros, P. I., after a furlough of some months in Oakland, Cal., where they have been visiting relatives and friends. They return to take up their missionary work. Mr. Glunz was appointed to this work in 1904, and his wife in 1905. A number of the California churches have had the pleasure and profit of hearing these workers tell of their work.

NEVADA.

SEARCHLIGHT.—Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D., Synodical superintendent, has been giving some of his time to the care of the little church of Searchlight, which he organized last January. He writes: "During the hot weather we having been holding our Sunday evening services from the porch of the Kennedy hotel, which is in the center of the town. The piano is carried out and placed under the electric light, chairs are brought from the dining room to the porch and street, and the porches on the opposite side of the street belonging to stores, saloons and lodging houses, are also occupied; so that, using the Southern word for "porch," we may say that most of our audience is seated in the galleries. In the still air of the evening my voice can be heard over half the town, and so, many hear the sermon who escape the collection. Perfect order prevails, and the attention is good. Last Sunday evening, Elder G. W. Clark brought out his phonograph and gave us the "Glory Song," the "King's Business," etc. Rev. J. L. French, a member of the Presbytery of Washington City, has recently come to Searchlight to live with his son, and has consented to minister to the church for a time, beginning September 1st."

ELKO.—The construction work of the Western Pacific is progressing rapidly throughout Nevada. Elko is to be made one of the main division points of this new transcontinental line, and will be the site of the location of the shops and round house. Many new points will undoubtedly be opened up for work in our church.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calvary.—The Men's Club, of which the pastor, Rev. Wm. Rader, is the instructor, held a pleasant social gathering on Monday evening of this week, at which refreshments were served. Mrs. Gates will resume her work visiting for the Sunday-school next month. The "Women Workers" are carrying on a social, benevolent and missionary work of great value. The financial secretary, Miss C. L. Morton, 1400 Jones St., receives the contributions of 25 cents per month from those desiring to aid in this good work. The Sunday-school is planning for monthly children's meetings for entertainment, to be held in the social hall. A new piano will be provided. The annual business meeting of the church has been called for Sept. 21. At that time the entire membership of the church will

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

be invited to a supper, when a family re-union and fellowship meeting will be held, to be followed by the annual election of trustees for the church. The pastor is making a special feature of his Sunday evening services, giving to each an evangelistic tendency and concluding with an after meeting. This latter service is well attended, and is resulting in much good. Miss Lulu E. Tweedy, 7 Dehon St., will hereafter be the news correspondent for the Pacific Presbyterian.

SAN FRANCISCO, Trinity Presbyterian Church.—Held its quarterly communion service and received five into the church, all adults. The Men's Association will hold their opening receiption for the fall next Friday evening. Mr. Ng Poon Chew will speak on the "Relation of China in America." Particular efforts are being put forth this month to rally the congregation and Sunday-school and young people. The last Sunday of this month will be observed as rally day for all departments of the church's work. A special visitation of the membership is now in progress and also the teachers of the Sunday school are calling on their scholars. An invitation is to be given to all the parents of the children to be present on Rally Day Sunday. Trinity church has a Sunday-school enrollment of 450, fully 75 per cent coming from families with no other affiliation with this church. It is hoped by diligent effort some of these parents will be induced to find in Trinity Church a real church home. A canvass of the community around the church building reveals the fact that at least 50 per cent of the population are Roman Catholics and Jews—probably more. This with the several Protestant churches in the neighborhood circumscribes our field. Yet the territory was never more of people needing the gospel of Christ.

LOS ANGELES.—The Presbyterian Ministers' Association resumed meetings the first Monday in the month, with one especially given to vacation experiences. Visiting ministers in the city will find it worth while to drop in at the Bible Institute Rooms, 260½ S. Main St., every Monday, at 10:30 a. m. The dedication of the new John Edward Hollenbeck, Jr., Memorial Chapel, on the afternoon of Sept. 6, was an event of special interest to Presbyterians, inasmuch as the generous giver of the chapel and founder of the home, Mrs. Elizabeth Hollenbeck, and the present efficient superintendent, Dr. W. S. Young, are both Presbyterians. The Institute, however, is in one sense denominational, but broadly catholic in its beautiful Christian spirit and management. The new chapel is a perfect gem. One could not desire a more beautiful or appropriate building as a place of restful, uplifting worship. Services, open to the public, are held every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

HEALDSBURG.—The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary societies have organized a mission study class of ten members. The society is also busied with preparation for a Japanese drill and social to be given in costume. The Sunday-school is increasing again after the holiday season. Pastor Crichton preached last Sunday in the Methodist Church, the two congregations uniting for that occasion. The seven ministers comprising the Healdsburg Ministerial Association are all prohibition men in principle and in practice and are making their influence against the liquor traffic. Rev. R. A. Crichton, who was elected delegate from this district to the State Prohibition Convention at Pacific Grove, went with the financial and moral backing of the local union.

SACRAMENTO, Westminster Presbyterian Church.—Tuesday evening the Teachers' Association met at the home of Mr. C. M. Campbell. It was decided to form a teachers' training class. We find the great need in our growing Sunday-school is for trained teachers. Mrs. David McCullagh was elected teacher. The hour for holding Sunday-school was changed from 12:15 to 9:45 a. m. Sunday, Sept. 27, will be rally day. Dr. Wills has returned from his vacation. The church work has started out with new life and we are looking for the best year in the history of the church.

FORT BRAGG.—The Fort Bragg church, under the care of Rev. R. C. Grace, is making very substantial progress. Congregations are increasing, the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor society growing and members being added to the church. Seats are being built in the gallery, the yard fenced and a flower garden started. These improvements will add much to the apeparance of the church property.

HOOPA.—The Hoopa church has had a rare treat the past month. Rev. James Hayes, the Nez Perce preacher, has been with us for ten days. If more Indians could be sent to their own people the spread of the gospel would be much more rapid. It is not only what the man says, but it is the "one-of-us-spirit" that counts. Mr. Hayes preached twice each of the two Sundays that he was here, and had evening meetings during the week. In spite of the extreme activity of the men in the harvest field just at that time, the church was well filled on Sundays and there was a fair attendance week nights. He told the simple gospel story that thousands are telling every day, but there was that indescribable Indian personality, sad but happy, plaintive but rejoicing, pathetic, convincing. None could withstand the simple logic of his plea. His "Now, my Indian brethren, WE—" was irresistible. The white listeners were quite left out, but we could see, think, believe, just the same. It requires courage for any man to stand up before his fellows and declare his decision to walk in the steps of the Master. I am sure I do not know why. The Indian brave is like his white brother in that particular, and with more reason. His idea of a Christian is perfect integrity, honesty of purpose, square dealing with all men, giving up of every sin that does beset him, and if a professor is not true to the standard, he is branded as worse than a hypocrite. I blush to acknowledge that this standard is gradually lowering in Hoopa to conform with the evident standard of white Christians. Be that as it may, there are some sweet, thoroughly consecrated Indian Christians in our church. We celebrated the Lord's Supper the evening of the last Sabbath Mr. Hayes was here, and nine adult Indians united with the church, four heads of families. It was a feast of rejoicing. I wish all the Indians in the country could read the following incident: "Bill Willis" accidentally shot himself a week ago and has lost part of his leg in consequence. It is with utmost satisfaction that I notice the rapid healing of the wound; no difficulty or aparent poison in the wound, but instead a perfect yielding to treatment. Willis' system is in the best condition because he abstains almost entirely from the use of alcohol and tobacco. He is justly proud of his strong physique and good health. Would that every one of our wards could make the same boast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Lebanon Presbyterian Church.—Rev. W. Scott Whittier, pastor of the largest Protestant church (Presbyterian) of Trinidad, West Indies, a college chum and life-long friend of Mr. Logan, filled the pulpit

of this church last Sunday morning. Dr. Whittier chose as his subject "Fevers." Among those mentioned were the fevers of envy and jealousy, fever of dissatisfaction with the sphere in which God has placed us, fever of commercialism so prevalent in the world today to the exclusion of religious thoughts, and the fever of worldliness in our present-day churches, all which fevers may be cured by just one touch of the "healer divine." Dr. Whittier, who has traveled a great deal, addressed the Lemajo Bible Class on "The Holy Land." This address was made doubly interesting, as well as was his talk to the Christian Endeavor Society in the evening on the subject of "Cyrus Hamlin and Missions in Turkey," by the fact that he has traveled extensively through Turkey and the Holy Land and has visited Roberts College in Contstantinople, founded by Cyrus Hamlin. In the evening Mr. Logan preached on the subject, "If Lincoln Should Come to Springfield." Mr. Logan portrayed vividly the injustice that had been done the negro within a stone's throw of the earthly resting place of the great liberator of the negro. In searching for the cause of the atrocious deeds, Mr. Logan came to the conclusion that the saloon was at the bottom of all the trouble; had there been no saloons in Springfield, these crimes would not have been committed—a great object lesson for the cause of temperance. The Christian Endeavor Society, feeling the need of more funds to carry on its work, gave a "Poverty Soshul," Friday evening, which proved such a success financially, that "hard times" will not be felt in the society for some time to come, at least. The rooms were filled to overflowing with those who had come to enjoy "A poor program and a good bite to east, all for 10 cents," and many a hearty laugh was caused by the poverty-stricken appearance of those present. Everyone was "poor," for a list of fines had been printed, warning all the ladies to wear only "calico dresses, hats with only one feather or cheap ribbon, etc," and the men to discard "biled shirts, stiff collars, patent leather shoes and gold watches," for that evening at least.

BERKELEY, First Presbyterian.—This week was one of many important events in the church. On Monday evening there was a farewell reception given to Elder and Mrs. Ralph O. Reiner, who sail for Korea on Sept. 15, to take up educational work under the Presbyterian Board. Mr. Reiner was installed an elder of the First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, at the Sabbath morning church service following a special sermon delivered by the pastor, Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee. Mr. Reiner has been elected to serve as an elder of the church for a term of nine years; eight years to be spent in Korea, and his year of furlough in service to the Berkeley church. As far as known, this is the unique and original idea of Dr. McAfee, and Mr. Reiner is the first elder to be elected to serve the home church on the foreign field. Mrs. Reiner was Miss Jessie Monro, a devoted and capable worker of the First Presbyterian Church. Tuesday Mrs. and Mrs. Glunz and Miss Teressa Calb sailed on the "Asia." On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon special services are being held in preparation for the communion next Sunday. At the close of each of these services, the session meets to receive candidates for church membership.

OAKLAND, First Presbyterian.—Not a little interest is being taken in the fact that Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed, pastof of the Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., who is now preaching in the First Congregational Church, Oakland, during the absence of Rev. Chas. R. Brown, has been very highly recommended by Dr. Brown as a man eminently qualified to assume the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland. Many of the members of the Presbyterian Church are taking advantage of Dr. Goodspeed's presence in the city to hear him, that they may judge as to the kind of minister Dr. Brown considers best suited to occupy the pulpit of his sister church. Dr. Goodspeed will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church until Dr. Brown's return in November. Rev. Warren H. Landon, D.D., occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church last Sunday morning and evening, and conducted the prayer meeting services the previous Wednesday evening. Next Sabbath Rev. R. M. Vaughn will preach at both services. Dr. Vaughn is a newcomer to the Coast, having recently come from Wisconsin. The cadet corps, recently organized in the church, has arranged to give a fine musical program in Ebell Hall on Sept. 18. The admission is to be 50 cents, and the proceeds will be devoted to securing an equipment for the boys.

SAN FRANSCICO, Richmond.—This church was organized on Aug. 30, 1908, with 84 members, and is now worshipping at 31st and Clement Sts. The church has a lot and is about ready to build.

GLEN SIDE.—This new church was organized on ug. 30, with 94 members. The meetings are held at Glen Park. The people are enthusiastic and earnest and prospects are good for a strong organization in the not distant future. Rev. G. A. Blair is supplying both the Richmond and Glen Side churches. Mrs. Blair is actively engaged in the work in these two churches, having charge of the Sunday-schools, and alternating with her husband in conducting the church services.

WASHINGTON.

PRESBYTERIES OF BELLINGHAM AND WENATCHEE.—The work in the churches of these Presbyteries has suffered a good deal from recent changes. At present there are vacancies in Everson, Nooksack, Deming and Acme. The Wenatchee church is also without a pastor, as Rev. Beyer has been appointed secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Spokane. Men who are anxious to do the Lord's work without a "fat salary" can find plenty to do in these missions and mission churches. The Rev. James Thomson, Bellingham, Wash., is pastor-at-large of these two Presbyteries.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Prof. Paterson and his family returned last week from their summer outing at Mt. Hermon. They feel under great obligations to this delightful resort for its refreshing atmosphere and good fellowship.

Miss Isabella Day left for the East on Tuesday evening of last week to resume her studies at the Western, Oxford, Ohio, where she is a junior.

Rev. James H. Sharpe, '05, left San Anselmo, where his family has been summering on Wednesday of last week to resume his labors in Red Bluff. Mr. Sharpe is a very busy pastor and a man of affairs in his city, where he is judge of the Juvenile Court.

Dr. Landon supplied the First Church of Oakland last Sabbath, conducting communion services in the morning. He also delivered the preparatory lecture on the Wednesday evening preceding. Dr. Day supplied the pulpit in San Anselmo.

Rev. Alexander Eakin, '91, pastor of Calvary Church, Riverside, was unanimously called to the pastorate of St. John's Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, at a congrega-

tional meeting held Wednesday evening last week.

Prof. Paterson is supplying St. John's Church, San Francisco, while they are awaiting the coming of a pastor.

The alumni would greatly rejoice in the fellowship they have established if they knew how much their first fellow, Rev. George M. Day, is already getting out of it. He has not only seen many places of interest in England and Scotland, but has met a number of eminent men at the great English universities. He had tea with Dr. Sanday at Oxford. It was a rare privilege to have this great scholar all to himself for half an hour. He writes of him and his visit as follows: "He has a saintly face, eye so clear and kindly, manner so gentle and courteous, and at times a smile so mirthful. * * * After I left his door in the cloister, I could scarcely realize that the visit to which I had looked forward with such high hopes and trembling had come and was now a memory. But it shall be cherished among the most precious, for it was a rare treat to have such a comfortable and profitable talk with such a great man." Mr. Day has now settled down in Halle, Germany, in a quiet household, where only German is spoken. He is familiarizing himself with the spoken language and preparing himself for the lectures which will soon begin.

Rev. George G. Eldredge, '96, pastor of St. John's, Berkeley, held opening services in their new chapel last Sunday. It is reported that the congregation overflowed the building.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE SAN FRANCISCO PRESBYTERY AT THE AUGUST MEETING.

In the wise Providence of Almighty God the Presbytery of San Francisco has been called to mourn the death of two of its most faithful and efficient elders. George L. Underhill and Samuel Irving have passed on to be forever with the Lord, and with grief and joy we may say: they have fought a good fight; they have finished their course; they have kept the faith.

George L. Underhill has been called from us in the prime of life, leaving behind an enviable record for energy, devotion and high integrity in business life, and as a Christian, devoted to Christ Jesus, wise in the councils of the church, untiring in his efforts to further the cause of truth and righteousness, and generous in his gifts to the comfort and blessing of his fellow men. His voice was often heard in the sessions of this presbytery; one of its first Board of Trustees, invaluable as a member of the Home Missions Committee. He displayed great interest in the plans for Church Extension, and to his generosity is largely due the establishment of the churches of St. Paul and St. James, giving outright the money for the lots on which stand the buildings of the latter church.

Samuel Irving followed his brother and fellow elder within a few weeks. God gave to him a long life,—more than three score and ten years. He had been identified with the First Church for nearly if not quite fifty years, and consequently was intimately acquainted with the history of this noble church, and also with almost the entire religious life of San Francisco. Faithful in every good word and work he maintained a true Christian character throughout his long and busy life, and of him men could truthfully say, He was a good man. As an elder of the First Church he was highly esteemed, and to that organization he gave unswerving loyalty. He too was a frequent participant in the sessions of the presbytery, but he probably gave his best work to the chairmanship of the committee on Ministerial Relief. For a long term of years he was untiring in his efforts to be true to the Board and to its beneficiaries. He was a man to be trusted.

In the life and death of these two men, so recently separated from this earthly experience, this Presbytery sees fine examples of the worth of the faithful Christian. We bless God for such men, and in these days of much religious apathy and moral decline, we rejoice that God is still honored and served by men who fearlessly walk with Him in business and social life. To their loved ones we give heartfelt sympathy. To the First Church we express sorrow at their great loss; for ourselves we bow in submission to the will of God—confident that as He has guided this presbytery in the past so He will give us in the future men as strong in faith and as earnest in effort as our lamented brethren.

Your committee would recommend that this testimonial be adopted and spread upon our records, and that copies be sent to the friends of the deceased and to the session of the First Church. Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD K. STRONG,
W. P. LENFESTY,
Committee.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

When David Rankin, the Missouri "corn king," was married in 1850 he gave his last cent to the preacher who officiated at the wedding. Now he owns 85,000 acres of land, and last year harvested $1,000,000 worth of corn.

Less than fifty of the graduates of one hundred Baptist collegs this year will enter the ministry. The Congregationalist made inquiry recently of Congregational colleges, and 20 of the 31 replying reported only forty-two ministerial students. Ten reported none.

In 1870 the Presbyterian Church in the United States gave $366,274 for Home Missions. In 1907 it gave $1,485,625. In 1870 it gave for the foreign work $328,847. In 1907 it gave $1,179,260. Between those years the total contributions increased from $8,440,121 to $22,099,821.

Who run our saloons? Mainly foreigners. At South Bend, Indiana, liquor licenses were granted to persons with the following suggestive names: Isaac U. Fluckey, Peter H. Eckstein, Joseph A. Kuhn, Peter Tollens, Anton Beczkewiz, William C. Buettner, Adelbert Chelminiak, Frank Hanley, Michael Kazmierske, John Kubiak, Stanislaus Leda, Michael Markiewicz, Steve Meeklo, Joseph Nuspodziary, Ernest Rossier, John Solomon, Andrew Siefert, Stanislaus Trembaczkiewicz, John Wass, Max Winkowski, Stanislaus Zawodny.

In a book entitled "Christianity and the United States," Dr. J. F. Goucher says: "Of 387 members of the House of Representatives, 252, or 65 per cent. were reported, and 216, or 85 plus per cent of these, are members of the evangelical churches. Of the 90 senators, 60, or two-thirds, were reported, and 53, or 88 plus per cent, are connected with the evangelical churches, and nearly every member in both houses of Congress is a believer in some form of Christianity. Of the 9 members of the cabinet, 7 are evangelical Christians, 1 Roman Catholic and 1 Unitarian. Of the 9 members of the Supreme Court, 6 are evangelical Christians, 2 Roman Catholics and 1 Unitarian. There has never been an atheist or agnostic (with possibly one exception) among the judges of our Supreme Court. These men, who know evidence and constitute one of the great judicial bodies of the world, all (with one possible exception) have been believers in some form of Christianity. Of the 25 who have

been President of the United States, all have been believers in Christianity, 16 have been communicants. Since President Lincoln, who was a man of faith and prayer, every one elected to that high office has been a communicant in some one of the evangelical churches."

When the settlement of the various nations was made with China for damages received during the Boxer troubles a large sum was assigned to the United States. Our government wasely and generously decided to apply this money to the settlement of legitimate private claims only, waiving any demands of its own. When all proper claims had been disposed of, a large balance was returned by Congress to the Chinese government. This generous act has made a profoundly favorable impression in the Chinese Empire; and the Imperial Government has determined to devote the entire amount to paying the expenses of promising Chinese youths in American universities. The Nashville Christian Advocate says, in commenting on this: "Now, in the name of common decency, let Congress enact laws which will open a door of welcome to these future students instead of allowing them to be treated at our borders as though they were thieves, lepers and highwaymen. It is a standing disgrace that the attitude of America toward immigrant Chinese has been hitherto dictated by a lot of lazy 'sandlotters' in San Francisco, themselves mostly foreigners and unwilling to compete in labor with industrious Chinese coolies."

The Roman Catholic Biblical Commission, appointed some time ago by Pope Pius X, to make a revision of the Bible, will in all probability have some of the Old Testament books ready for publication this year. Writing in Rome a correspondent says: "The Commission has sought far and wide for the best material to aid it in its work, which it has determined to make as nearly perfect as possible. Abbe Gasquet, the English theologian, has been here several times recently in connection with the matter and has expressed his opinion that the work of revision is a most important one for the Church. Other members of the Commission, it must be stated, are not so enthusiastic and predict that notwithstanding the enormous expense which will be incidental to the undertaking, the work will be of little avail. But the Commission is sticking at its task and its members meet daily in the Vatican Library, where they are to be found diligently studying the ancient manuscripts. It is, of course, realized that great expense will attend not only the preparation of the revised Bible, but also its publication, and the Vatican authorities expect to recoup the administration by the sale of the work when it has been authorized and published. The Bible will be printed in the Vatican printing office, where there are facilities for publishing books in eleven languages, and some editions in still other languages may be issued from the printing office of the Propaganda, which has the type of Oriental languages. The friends of the pope, as well as he himself, expect the revised Bible to be one of the crowning acts of his pontificate, and if the work can be completed during his lifetime the name of Pius X will go down to posterity as one of the greatest of popes. Since the days of St. Jerome there has been no attempt to publish a special edition of the Bible, for the reason that until recent years all the work had to be written by hand by amanuenses, a number of whom worked together in one room under dictation. This method was followed in the days when there were no printing presses and it is because of this that the Vatican Library is so rich in its possession of illuminated manuscripts of the Bible."



GIFTS.

W. N. Burr.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above."—James 1:17.

Unto the grain
The rain;
And unto the vine
Sunshine;
And unto the longing heart of man
The Giver who cares for the grain and the vine
Giveth Himself, be the day all grey,
Or bright with life's glad sunshine.

WHAT LOVE CAN DO.

By David Lyall.

[This article follows one given in our home department last week under the caption "The Better Part." They are taken from a series in the British Weekly, under the general caption of "Records of Cairn-Nethan.—Editor.]

It was on a market day again that David Rutherfurd came to have serious speech with me. A good many years had passed since his brother Jamie and Mamie Caldwell had taken French leave of Cairn-Nethan and crossed the tumbling seas to seek another home. In the interval I had met the Laird of Bankfoot in the ordinary way of business, and had never noticed any alteration in his ways. I knew him to be a successful man so far as the amassing of money was concerned, but of his inner life I was as ignorant as the day I saw him first, a raw ploughman lad, listening open-mouthed to the items of his uncle's will. But of the inner life of any man, even of him who walks and talks with us day by day, what know we?

Naught, until there comes a day, maybe, when the wind, blowing where it listeth, sweeps aside the veil and we stand astonied before the undreamed-of sight. So it was with me, not for the first nor the hundredth time, that day when David Rutherfurd sought private speech with me.

It was a snell day in January, with the snow on the ground, and more hidden at the back of the north wind; waiting to wrap us in the cold drifts. January was our dreaded month in the South Country, the month that never failed to bring us in real grips with winter. There was snow on David Rutherfurd's beard, and lying lightly on the plaid which he had never discarded, but wore always in the winter, with a sort of rugged grace, about his shoulders. He bade me good day but briefly, and, drawing in a chair with a noisy clatter, sat down opposite my desk.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, Maister Kirkland, on private business?"

"Certainly; I am at your service."

He fumbled in the breast pocket of his homespun coat, and drew from thence a letter, which he seemed to handle carefully.

"This is a letter from my brither's wife. Will ye be so good as to read it through?"

He smoothed it and held it out. I adjusted my spectacles, sat back, and did as he requested.

"This is sad news, Mr. Rutherfurd. Your sister-in-law writes as if she expected her husband's death at any moment."

"Yes, and d'ye see what she says? that even if he should live he'll never rise, nor walk, nor ride again. My God, him that was never ooten the open a' his days! He had better dee, I tell ye. It's what I would choose myself if I were like him."

"She doesn't say how the accident happened."

"Yes, she does. It was breakin' in a young horse. He was a perfect deil at it, an' feared naething under the sun. D'ye see what she says too? that their wee lassie has de'ed, and that they havena had much luck in Canada, whaur everybody thocht they were makin' a fortin. Ay, Canada's no what it's cracked up to be. It's easy to see that."

I folded up the letter and handed it back, looking gravely at Rutherfurd's face.

"Ay, as you say, they seem to have been very unlucky. Poor Mamie Caldwell. I am sorry for them both."

"So am I. I'm mair than sorry, an' I'll hae to dae something. I'm for Canada wi' the first boat I can get. When is there one?"

"What is your idea in seeking to go out now? It's a long, cold journey, and the Atlantic in January is not a bairn's cradle. Would the purpose not be served if you were to send them a cheque?"

He gave a short laugh.

"I'm a puir, stupid sumph, but I've mair sense than that, Maister Kirkland. It's plain that you dinna ken Mamie Caldwell; no, nor my brither Jamie. Between them they wad tear up the cheque, supposin' I was so faur left to mysel' as to send it, and send me the bits. It's no money they want. It was Jamie garred her write. Ye see what she says, that he keeps on aboot the time when we were laddies thegither at Snuffy Peter's schule. Yes, I'm for Canada. Tell me when there is a boat."

I rang the bell. The sailing bills were brought in, and in less than five minutes' time the thing was settled. That was Thursday morning. On Saturday afternoon David Rutherfurd would set sail from the port of Liverpool for Newfoundland, from whence he would then continue his journey across a continent to the foothills of the Rockies on his strange quest.

I forbore to suggest that perhaps he might arrive too late. I realized that something had come to the man, that his soul had awakened, and that this sudden journey marked a great crisis and epoch in his life.

"I hope you have a good foreman to leave at Bankfoot."

"Alec Purves will surely keep them at the plough tail or I come back inside o' twa months. I'll be in time for the sawin'," he said grimly. "And onywey, what does it matter? What's the place to me? I wish I had never seen it, for, look you, Maister Kirkland, I was a happier and a better man when I was drivin' a pair on anither man's place, and had my peace of mind."

I did not express the astonishment I felt, but for the first time in our acquaintance I shook him by the hand and wished him well, and a happier ending to his journey than he anticipated.

I held my tongue about the matter, and it was not until Sunday, when he was safely on the ocean, that his sudden journey became the talk at the kirk doors, giving rise to all sorts of wild speculation.

They had to go on speculating, for no word came across the dividing seas, and soon something else arose to occupy their attention and to drive David Rutherfurd and his affairs from their minds. Towards the latter end of February, however, I received a letter addressed in Rutherfurd's uncouth handwriting, informing me in brief but graphic sentences how he had fared. He had had a terrible voyage, arriving at Halifax nine days overdue; then a five days' journey to the foothills of the Rockies. where he found his brother still in life, though lying a sheer hulk on his bed. The bit that concerned me was as follows:—

"I am bringing them back to Bankfoot, sailing the next Wednesday from New York, for I am told the journey is shorter from there, and the boats better. Will ye find me a decent woman to go up to Bankfoot and put the house in order, and send in what furniture you think it would need for my guid-sister's use? I leave everything to you, for indeed there is nobody else in Cairn-Nethan I could ask to serve me like this. And you will charge what you think fit for your trouble. I will pay. Jamie may live for years, and the house at Bankfoot is big enough. I'm thankful that I came, for he is like a bairn. As for Mamie, I do not ken what would have happened to her here. She has changed, and looks old and weary; but I will write no more."

I put the letter in my private drawer, and sat a few moments pondering on the mysterious workings of destiny, and especially on the strange turn that had come in the lives of these three people. The idea of Mamie Caldwell living at Bankfoot with the two men who had loved her struck me as a thing outside ordinary experience, and I waited with great interest for the arrival of the little party from America, not even certain whether Jamie himself would survive the voyage. In the meantime I got a decent widow woman installed as housekeeper at Bankfoot, and the place was in order for them whenever they liked to come. It was the tenth day of March when I received a message from Bankfoot, a note brought in with the gig by one of the farm lads, requesting me, if I could spare an hour, to come to Bankfoot. I felt sufficiently interested to set some things aside in order to drive back to Bankfoot, which we reached at tea-time. It was a beautiful soft afternoon, with a real touch of spring in the air, and I thought the place had never looked so bonnie, lying as it did to the sun. A woman's figure was at the door, not Mrs. Redpath, the housekeeper, who was a person of ample figure, but somebody very small and slight, leaning against the lintel, shading her face with her hand and looking somewhat wistfully, I thought, across the intervening valley where the Nethan water ran.

"That's Mrs. Jamie," observed the stolid farm hand. "She doesna look weel. If that's a' Canada can dae for folk, they'd better stop at hame."

"Let me down here, my lad. I'll walk through the little wood to the house door," I said, and stepped so lightly that I did not disturb Mrs. Jamie's reverie until I was too near for her to turn and run away. She had a very sweet face but without color, and her eyes yere full of sadness, like those of a woman who had been through much sorrow. I bade her good day, and asked her how she felt after her voyage.

"Very well. I was not sick at all, but Jamie is very tired the day, and has not been able to get up."

"And the Laird himself? That was a brotherly act, Mrs. Jamie, to take that long journey for you and yours."

"Ay was it," she answered, and the color rose softly in her face. "Tell me something I dinna ken."

She did not speak saucily, nor even smile, as she opened the door and bade me enter.

"I have seen this place in my dreams, and it was never half as bonnie as it is the day, Mr. Kirkland. I wad like to greet, only I canna."

"You've been exiled, my dear woman," I said, giving her shoulder a pat. "You are not the stuff settlers are made of."

"No, ye never spoke a truer word. Come in, Mr. Kirkland, and I'll find Davie, unless ye would come up and see my man first. He's in his bed in Davie's room. It's the best o' a'thing we have here, and nae mistake."

I nodded, and followed her upstairs, and when I saw the wan, white face of Jamie Rutherfurd my heart sank. It seemed to me that death was written upon it. He smiled at sight of me, and when I sat down by his bed with the only remark a man could make on such an occasion, he smiled again.

"Maister Kirkland, d'ye mind the cracks you and I had afore me and Mamie took French leave? My, ye were a guid freen, but I'll tell ye what, neither o' us kent a blessed thing about Davie, and I'm no sure that we ken muckle yet. Did you ever, honestly now, think he could or would hae done what he has done?"

"Honestly, I never did."

"Maistér Kirkland, pit doon your heid or I ask ye a question in a whisper. I suppose there's nae law that'll mak' it a' richt for a man to mairry his guid-sister."

"Not in this country yet, but it's coming, Jamie."

"I hope it'll come in time to benefit them I hae in my mind, for, look ye, Maister Kirkland, though Mamie's been the best wife in the world to me, her heart belangs to Davie, an' aye did. I saw that the very meenit he put his face inside the door that day in Canada when we werena expeckin' him."

"But as you are still alive, man, and likely to live, the law makes little difference," I said bluntly.

"I'll no live, nor I dinna want to live," he answered calmly. "I'm fell gled to be hame here, for, as I said to Mame, I didna think I could lie quate awa on thae heathenish slopes. You're a very clever man, an' if ye can dae onything to hurry on, ye ken what, it'll be something I'll thank ye for in this l life, and maybe in the next."

For the next twelve months there was witnessed a strange spectacle, the two brothers dwelling together in peace and love, in such harmony indeed as is rare in this world, and Mamie ministering to them both.

At the twelvemonth end Jamie Rutherfurd died, and his widow remained on at Bankfoot, and still there was not a word of ill-natured gossip regarding her or David Rutherfurd spoken from one end of the parish to another. There was something about them that lifted them clean above it. But I was in no way surprised to receive a visit by appointment from David Rutherfurd about ten months after his brother's death.

"I know what you've come about, my man; you want to marry your sister-in-law."

"Yes, I do. How did ye ken?" he asked stupidly.

"I jaloused it, but willing though I am, I can't help you. The law on the point is inexorable. Such a marriage is illegal in England and Scotland, and any children you might have would be illegitimate."

"So that's the law? Just as Mamie said."

"That's the law, and very sorry am I for you, Mr. Rutherfurd. One of the first things, if not indeed the very first, your brother said to me when I saw him that day at Bankfoot was to bid me get the law changed, and that speedily, so that you and Mamie might wed after he was away."

David Rutherfurd's strong features worked convulsively, and I saw that I had touched a sore point, regarding which he could not trust himself to speak.

"I'm sellin' up Bankfoot, Maister Kirkland, and Mamie and I will go where it is legal, that's a'."

"Well, you're very wise, and perhaps the day will come when you'll be able to come back again."

Rutherfurd shook his head.

"As to that, I'm no carin'," he answered with the air of a man who, having obtained the chief thing on which his heart is set, has a high scorn for all else.

"We'll hae as muckle siller as we want; and if they grow as guid corn in Jersey as potatoes, then we'll be a' richt."

"So it's to Jersey you'll go?"

"Yes, it's the nearest place to Scotland where the law will be on our side."

There was no difficulty in finding a purchaser for Bankfoot; indeed, even as we spoke I had one in my mind's eye, and all the negotiations were carried out quietly, so that the full blast of gossip did not break until they were actually away. So interested was I in the strange love-story of David Rutherfurd and Mamie Caldwell that, in company with the Rev. Mr. Roberton, the minister of the parish, as large-hearted a man as you could meet in a long day's march, I journeyed to Jersey to attend that strange and pathetic marriage. So we designated it to one another, but when we saw the bonnie bride, in her soft dove grey silk gown, and noted the light in her eyes, we changed our minds.

So that is the story of how Bankfoot did not pass to the third generation. Away on the uplands of that fairest of all the Channel Islands there is a sturdy Scotch family growing up who speak a strange mixture of broad Scotch and Island French, but who have made up to their father and mother for all they left on the banks of the Nethen Water, in the South Country of Scotland.



SAVED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

By Frank H. Sweet.

"Whist, boy!" said Dick, stopping his paddle and turning his head slightly. "I thoughtI heard oars."

"Some of the negroes coming up from below on a fishing trip," I suggested.

"No; it ain't none o' them," said Dick, "nur it ain't no bateau with wooden thole pins, nuther. Them's iron rullocks.

"Then it must be some of the white people from Apalachicola, coming up for ash wood for winter fuel. You know nearly all of the dagoes remained in town. Very few of them enlisted, and they wouldn't know how to live anywhere else than on the seacoast."

"Et ain't nobody from the town, Charley. Them ain't no slouches at the'r oars. I know who it is. It's them marines from the blockadin' squadron in the bay a-comin' up on a scout. I reckon we'd better git up an' git out o' this ef we don't want to be sent to Key West, or maybe overboard from the yardarm of a gunboat fer sharks ter feed on. Put that 'ere paddle o' yourn in the water, boy, an' let's see what you can do when yer does yer bes."

Dick had good reasons for not wanting to fall into the hands of the blockaders. He had at first been em-

ployed by Captain Budd to hunt for the blockading squadron, and had supplied the officers with deer and other wild game, as well as with a considerable number of cattle which roamed the woods and were any man's property who chose to kill them. But Dick soon became tired of the job, deserted it, and went into the service of Captain Dunham, of the Franklin Rifles. This force, together with a cavalry company, was then located at Camp Jehu, on the Dead Lakes, in Calhoun County, Florida.

I, too young to carry a gun, was a bugler in the cavalry company. Dick and I had left camp that morning on a bee hunt. Sugar was not always available in that section and honey made a good substitute, besides furnishing wax for candles in the officers' quarters. Consequently, Dick's services as a bee hunter were in demand.

We plied our paddles as noiselessly as possible. The dugout made swift and silent progress, but it was evident that the oarmen were gaining on us. Soon I could hear the plash as well as the clash of their blades. I cast an occasional glance over my shoulder at Dick, whose face was aglow with excitement and exertion.

"Paddle, boy!" hissed Dick. "Let into it! Ef we can git 'round that ar' p'int ahead of us afore they see us, we're all right. Paddle, I say! Them fellers have got lead in the'r guns, an' they know how ter use 'em, too. A pound more yet! That's right!"

The "p'int" was half a mile away when he spoke. We struck across the river to find easy water on the eastern side, and were pulling madly when a loud and clear command of "Halt! halt there!" rang over the water.

I looked around and saw a ship's launch with six bluejackets at the oars and four or five marines and officers in the stern.

"Paddle, boy!" cried Dick hoarsely, keeping his face steadily toward the bow. "Never say die! Paddle away, an' git 'round that p'int!"

The little dugout seemed lifted half out of the water at every one of Dick's short, powerful strokes.

"Halt! halt there! If you don't stop, we'll fire into you!" shouted the officer of the launch.

Why they did not fire at us, I never knew. Perhaps the threat was made to shorten the race, for they must have felt sure of capturing us within the next half mile. I felt perfectly sure that they would overtake us, too, and could see no sense in Dick's determination to keep on at the risk of being shot.

The shore was an almost impenetrable swamp, and it would have been madness to attempt escape by land. Without our dugout we must starve or surrender.

Another angry hail came from the commander of the launch just as we rounded the point, brushing the willows as we swept by.

"Now look out sharp!" Dick whispered. "Duck yer head, boy, an' here we go!"

With a dexterous twist of his paddle he whirled the little dugout's bow directly toward the willows. We shot through the pending boughs, snapping off small branches like so many pipe-stems. Then we ran into a little open space of water near the trunks of the trees, crowded between two of them, and shot far up on a sand bank barely covered with water.

"Out, now, boy! out fer life!" whispered Dick as he leaped from the stern of the boat. I was out as quickly as he. "Lay hold, now, an' pull her through!" He seized the bow and dragged the boat through the bushes ashore. I assisted him, tugging with all my might.

After we had gone two lengths of the dugout, I saw water through the willows just ahead of us. Then I heard voices behind us not twenty yards away. "Give way, men!" cried the officer. "They are hiding n way, men!" cried the ocer. "They are hiding in the willows. There are the broken branches floating down."

After a few strokes of the oars the command, "Way enough!" was followed by the sound of water dropping from their raised blades. "Hey there! You come out of that instantly and surrender!" shouted the commander.

I looked at Dick. He had cast his eyes in the direction from which the sound came, but only grinned and said softly: "Better ketch us fust, ol' hoss!" Then to me: "Give her one more shove. Softly now, boy!" The little dugout slid noiselessly through the water.

Dick's paddle put us through the wreathing willow branches cautiously, for he was afraid of a volley from the guns of the marines.

As we emerged into the open water I raised my head and was about to put my paddle into the water when I saw in the boat, not a yard away from my feet, a cottonmouth mocassin snake. These deadly reptiles, the pest of Florida swamps, often crawl out upon the trunks and branches of trees inclining over the water. This one, startled by the passing of the dugout, had dropped unseen from his airy position into the bow of our boat while our heads were bent low to get through the willows. His black eyes were sparkling in the sunlight; his mouth, stretched to its greatest capacity, displayed his erected fangs; his ugly head was drawn back ready to strike me at my next motion.

To say that I was scared does not express my feelings. I forgot our pursuers—I forgot everything but the immediate danger from the mocassin. I yelled, threw up my feet, and went over backward into the river. Young as I was, I knew it was my only chance of escape.

As I came to the surface I saw Dick turn a back somersault over the stern of the dugout, though he had been far enough away from the snake to kill it with his paddle. I wondered at his plunge till his head reappeared, when he whispered hoarsely: "Under the water with you, boy, ef ye don't want yer head punched full o' bullet holes! Dive deep, an' swim fer the marsh behind you!"

I instantly leet my feet drop. Down I went like a stone. Then I struck out for the marsh. It was only a few yards away, but before I reached it I could hear through the water the dull reports of the volleys poured through the trees toward the sound of splashing water.

When I struck the rushes and came to the surface, Dick was not in sight. I was in plain view of the place where we came out of the willows, and was about to dive for a place lower down when I saw what looked like a piece of floating wood with two prominent knots not more than twenty yards above me. The knots were the top of the head and snout of an alligator. He had heard the racket and was evidently coming down to satisfy his curiosity.

This time it looked as if I could not escape, but I did not despair. Just above me was a tree, half fallen and lodged partly in the marsh. If I could reach that, I might

get out so far on it that the creature could not reach me. I swam toward it. By this time the alligator was opposite me and must have scented me, for he turned and came slowly in my direction.

Then I heard the voices of the bluejackets and marines pushing their way through the scrub and trees. The sailors ran out on the willow branches with their short cutlasses, and chopped away the green boughs from their view. I was standing upon the log, and it was easy enough for them to see that I was only a boy. "Come, young fellow," said one of them; "swim to the willows, and we'll help you out. Don't be afraid. We won't hurt you." Just then they caught sight of the alligator.

"Look!" shouted one. "Good Lord! Boys, see the 'gator! He's going for the boy. Shoot him, somebody. Quick!"

Then there was a rattling fire from guns and revolvers. The alligator turned on his back and slowly sank from view. The sailors turned their attention to me again.

"Where's the man who was with you?" asked an officer.

"I don't know," I answered truthfully.

"What did you get out of the boat for?"

"A mocassin dropped into it as we came through the willows."

"Did he bite you?"

"No, sir."

"Could your companion swim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he must be hidden in the marsh." Turning to his men, he said: "Riddle that boat yonder with bullets. We'll stop him from getting out of this swamp except with us, at any rate."

The men shot into the dugout until it was almost full of water and had floated out of sight around the bend. Then the officer in command turned his attention to me again. "Now, youngster," he said, "let's see how you can swim. Come this way."

"How can I swim where the water is full of alligators?" said I evasively.

If Dick were lost, I was not unwilling to be captured; but I wanted to gain time, so that I might hear from him if alive.

"How else will you get out?" asked the officer.

"I don't know," I replied in a disconsolate voice.

"We can't drag our heavy boat over this spit of land. Is there any way to get around to you in a boat?"

Just then it occurred to me where I was. The flow of the sluggish current in the same direction as that of the main river had puzzled me at first, but now I undersood where it came from.

"Yes, sir," I said. "By going up the river two miles you will come to a drift of trees and logs where this channel leaves the main river. You can get your boat over them and come down here."

"Shall I have to go back again to get out?" he asked.

"No, sir. You can go on down this river. It is the Little St. Mark's. It runs into the bay three or four miles east of the big river."

"We'll do that," I heard him say to some one behind him, "and then perhaps we shall see some sign of the other fellow who was with the boy. I think he is Dick Green, who deserted from the ship six months ago. Leave two of the men here to watch the young fellow, and look out for Dick; it's hard to drown one of these bee hunters."

A few minutes after he was gone, I heard the cry of the long-eared owl down the river: "To-whoo, to-whoo-o, who-whoo, whoo-who-you?" I laughed, for I knew it was Dick signaling me.

"What are you laughing at?" asked one of the men left to watch me.

"Did you hear that owl?" I asked.

"Yes; what of that?"

"Did you ever hear anything like it in the country you come from?"

"We've got plenty of owls in the north."

"Yes; I know you have. But have you any that can talk—any that can ask questions like that one?"

"Talk?" he exclaimed. "I didn't hear any talkin'. What d'ye mean?"

"Can't you understand English?" I asked derisively. "This is what he says: 'Who-who, who- who, who-cooks-for-you?' "

I imitated the cry of the owl so loudly that I knew Dick would hear me. I knew, too, that he would understand that any reply from me which was different from his signal would mean danger. His answer came back plainer than before: "To-whoo, to-whoo-o, who-who, who-who-are-you?"

"Well, I'll be shot!" exclaimed the other sentinel. "Jim, if that's an owl, he kin talk!"

"Of course he can talk," I retorted. "All of our Florida owls of that breed can talk!"

I knew it would not take the launch more than an hour to make the round trip; and I was beginning to tremble a little at the prospect of being captured, after all, and by my own blunder. I had thought that the entire party would go in the launch, and that Dick could come up and take me off. I knew that if he were alive it would not take long to repair the dugout, which was of soft cottonwood, hard to split.

But now the men were in the way. They were watching me with more suspicion than I expected. The one who last spoke was not fully convinced that it was an owl he had heard.

The tide was rising and covering the log on which I stood. This forced me to go farther and farther into the marsh to keep out of the water. Still I could not rise high enough.

Five minutes more of suspense, and I heard the sound of oars up the river. Then Dick said softly behind me: "Charley, don't turn your head, boy. I've got the dugout in a creek here right behind you. Jist work up ther log a little furder, then squeal out an' yell as if somethin' had bit you, an' tumble right off the log. I'll take keer of you."

I did as directed. As I went down among the reeds, wailing piteously, Dick threshed around with his paddle for a few seconds, and bellowed exactly like an alligator. Then he drew me softly into the boat, which he pushed as softly along the tortuous water course up which he had come.

We heard a hail, which was answered by those in the launch. Then both of the watchers shouted: "Hurry up! somethin's caught the kid."

Soon the launch scraped on the log I had left. After many exclamations of surprise and pity from the sailors, I heard the lieutenant say: "You're right. The reeds are crushed down around here as if there had been a struggle. An alligator got him, after all."

"A talkin' 'gator," said Dick to me with a chuckle as he plied his paddle swiftly and noiselessly on our way down Little St. Mark's to liberty.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

IF YOU WISH TO SUCCEED.

Do not spread yourself over too much territory. Concentrate your abilities, focus them determinedly and constantly upon the point to be attained. A steel-capped rifle ball will go through many inches of solid oak, while a charge of pigeon-shot, backed by the same powder-force, will scatter over several square feet of space and only stick in the wood. Don't pigeon-hole your abilities. Mold them into one ball, steel-capped with determination, and then put all the force of your being back of it; and, when you hit anything, there will be "something doing," to use an expressive bit of slang.

Attend to the so-called little things, the details of your business. It is their combiner forces, marching and fighting harmoniously together, that will enable you to capture the citadel of success. The great men of the world will have given great attention to the little things. Napoleon looked closely after the clothing, feeding, weaponing, and marching of his armies, for he knew that those were exactly the things that would make those armies effective when the day of battle came. Wellington was a master of detail. A. T. Stewart understood thoroughly all the minutae of his great business. "Little" things are little only to minds too little to comprehend their bigness.

Master some one business thoroughly. This is the age of concentration and specialization, of the mastery of one, or at the most, of a few things. The most successful men of today are specialists, experts, each in his own special province. Be one of these experts. Learn some one business thoroughly. Dont' try to be a jack of all trades. If your work is to be on shoes, master the shoe business. Know how the shoe is made, and all about the leather that goes into the making. Don't try to do a little carpentry, or blacksmithing, or wagon-making, to help out the shoe business. Focus all your energies on shoes. Be a shoe expert. The few who climb to great success are the ones who master, not one, but all the details of their business, and let other businesses alone.

Be punctual. Keep your business appointments to the minute. You would not think of robbing your business associate of money; why, then, steal his time, which is more precious to him than money, by failing to keep an appointment or by coming late? Nothing begets confidence quicker than punctuality: and confidence is the soul of business. Distrust and success never go into partnership. "Punctuality is the politeness of kings," said Louis XVI. It is much more than this; it is the duty of all who need or use the time of others. Some make punctuality of others the thief of their time. If you wish to

Don't let the liquor habit master you. Better cut it out altogether. The road to success is paved literally miles deep with the bones of the victims of the drink devil; and yet, thousands, with wide-open, seeing eyes and feet treading these very bones, are at all times gradually yielding, soul and body, to the hypnotic glare of the Imp of the Bottle.

Supplies for Churches and Sunday Schools....

¶ ¶ *BIBLES, SONG BOOKS, MAPS, CHARTS, BLACKBOARDS,*

Helps for Superintendents and Teachers

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE OF CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

August 17, 18, 24, and 25.
Sept. 15, 16.
Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

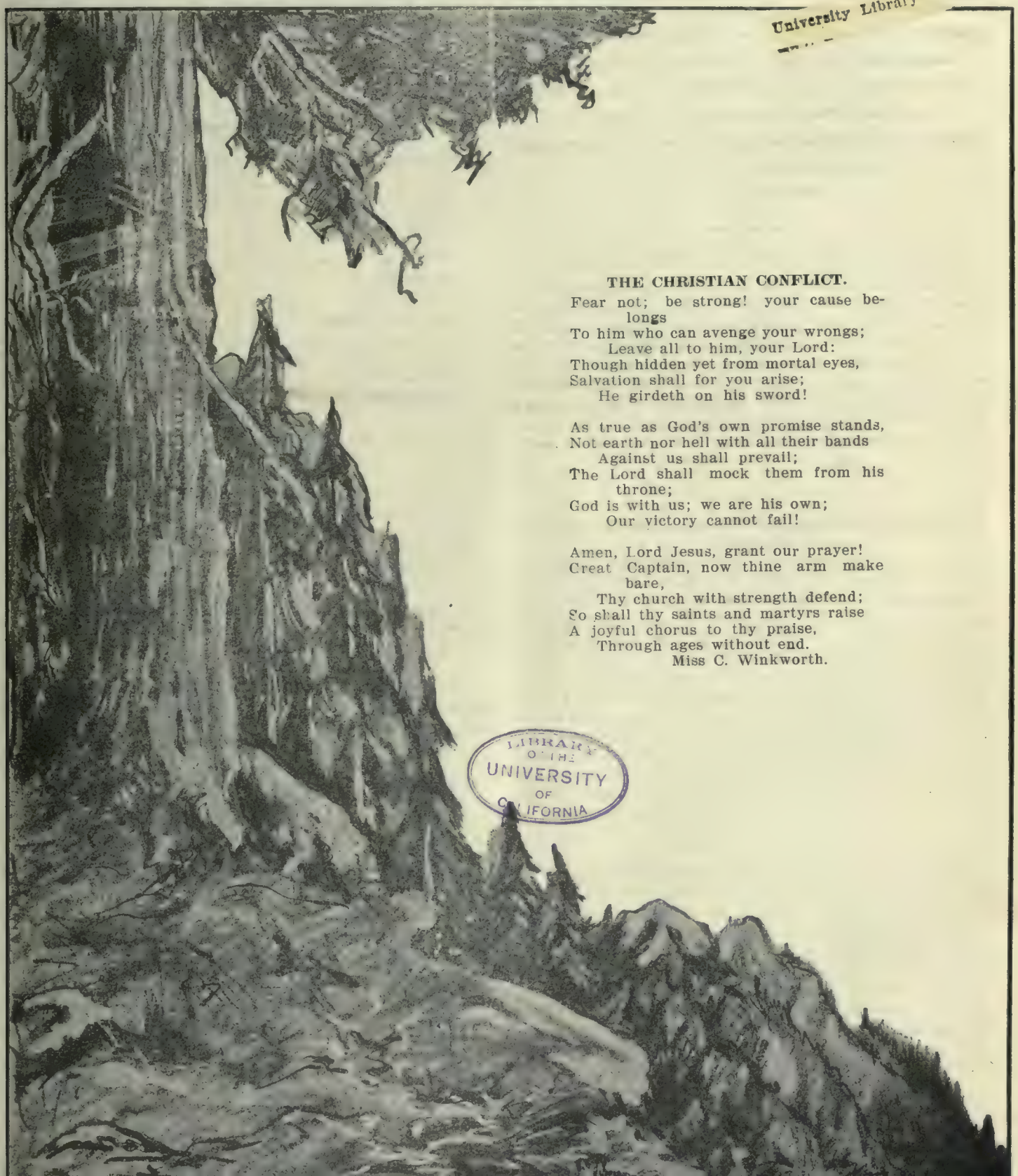
See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908. No. 38

University Library



THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

Fear not; be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on his sword!

As true as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell with all their bands
Against us shall prevail;
The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail!

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Creat Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Thy church with strength defend;
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end.

Miss C. Winkworth.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. **Orlando E. Hart, D.D.**

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, **Rev. Dwight E. Potter,**
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen, $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

REV. DWIGHT E. POTTER TO TAKE A THREE MONTHS' VACATION.

The many friends of the Rev. Dwight E. Potter will rejoice to know that he successfully passed through an operation on Sept. 15, and is now reported to be on the road to health. Rev. Mr. Potter has been over-working himself for a long time, and has not been in the best of health. Last week he, despite the better judgment of his friends, started for Los Angeles to assist in the $60,000 campaign for Los Angeles Presbytery. Before reaching San Jose he was taken ill, and on his return to San Francisco his physicians ordered him to take immediate rest and prepare for an operation. It will be necessary for him to take at least a three months' vacation to recover and restore his health. But as his recovery is assured his friends rejoice in the belief that he will soon be stronger and in better health than before.

BANQUET OF PRESBYTERIAN BROTHERHOOD.

The San Francisco Presbyterian Brotherhood will have a banquet at Calvary Presbyterian Church, Fillmore and Jackson Streets, Friday evening, September 25th, at 6:30 p. m. The addresses of the evening will be by Mr. Walter Macarthur, a labor leader of San Francisco, on the subject of "The Church and Labor." A discussion will follow the address. The price of the banquet is 75 cents per plate. Persons desiring to attend should notify Mr. George A. Mullins, 2203 Broderick street, San Francisco, not later than September 21st.

CACHE OF STOLEN STUFF.

Real religion remedies irreligion.

Doing is the proper end of doctrine.

Devotion is the first child of Faith.

The way of life is the way from death.

Loose living and fast living are the same.

Great people always have small enemies.

The gospel is the heart of God seeking the heart of man.

Love, rather than legislation, rules the kingdom of God.

God has not cast the world adrift; it has wandered away.

It is the Christian and NOT the critic who comes to know God.

Getting into heaven is getting hell out of us, and then heaven is within us.

Some people keep such a close lookout for the devil, that they ever fail to see God.

The man who gets up in this world by putting another man down, loses more than he gains.

The seven thousand silent ones were worth more to Elijah than the shouting hosts of Carmel.

The richest man is not the one who has the most, but the one who can be most thankful for the least.

The human heart is like a graphophone cylinder, and the sweetest records are often cut out by the stylus of pain.

Salvation doesn't depend so much upon what the head thinks about God, as upon what the heart is doing with Christ.

There is nobody we like better than the man who is willing to speak his opinions, except the man who is willing to keep them to himself.

OCCIDENTAL BOARD PLANS LECTURE TOUR ON MISSIONS.

Rev. C. R. Callender, home on a furlough from Siam, has been secured by the Occidental Board to give a series of lectures on Siam. The tour begins at Stockton and will include nearly every church in San Joaquin Presbytery. The date of the meetings are as follows:

Stockton, September 13, 11 a. m.
Woodbridge, September 13, 7:30 p. m.
Oakdale, September 14, 7:30 p. m.
Sonora, September 18, 7:30 p. m.
Fresno, September 20, 11 a. m.
Fowler, September 20, 7:30 p. m.

Rev. Mr. Callender will then go to the Synod of New Mexico. On his return he will complete the tour of the San Joaquin Presbytery and go to the Synod of California.



WHAT THE CANDIDATE FACES.

Judging by the fact that in the nine Western States and Alaska there are 800 Presbyterian churches and 500 pastors, and by the number of changes in the ministry, we conclude that there is a good deal of candidating done by the ministers. This is suggested by the above cartoon, the idea for which we get from the Ram's Horn of December, 1900, entitled, "His Trial Sermon."

It is surely a trying ordeal for any man, experienced or inexperienced, to face a congregation which has assembled to criticise him in every respect. How a minister can give a good sermon under the circumstances, is to be wondered at, and to prepare himself for such an ordeal it is no wonder that he selects his choicest thoughts and most pleasing expressions, concisest logic and the best stories of all his discourses, and weaves them into one grand discourse called his "crack sermon," which he so familiarizes himself with that he can deliver it without any effort. While his sermon is not a fair showing of the man's preaching ability, it is as fair to his audience as it is to have them criticise every word of his discourse, his manner of delivery, the clothes he wears, the style of dressing his hair and the make-up of his form.

When a man has successfully candidated before a congregation and been chosen as pastor, he still faces an audience very much like the one represented above. Each has his pet sin—which he considers not as bad as some fault of his neighbor—which he thinks should not be spoken against. This leaves the minister with the only option of speaking in generalities, or ignoring the attitude of his congregation, smash right and left at the things which are wrong, and then take the consequences. If he is big enough to break down all opposition, he will find his congregation with him as long as he keeps up a winning fight, but as soon as he hesitates or falters then his enemies will begin to whisper about him and criticise him and in a little while break down his influence in the community and destroy his work.

Every minister fearlessly attacks sin in general, but when it comes to getting right down and denouncing suppression of everything evil, most of them consider their church members and their families, and their friends and their friends' friends, and temper their message accordingly, which is but human. The pulpit is supposed to lead in the onslaught on wrong, but how many Presbyterian pulpits are conspicuous today by so doing? This is called an age of peace, and the pastors appear to be trying to bring about peace by refusing to disturb the peaceful order of things which permits gambling, Sunday theaters, abuses of the liquor traffic, grafting, misuse of power, and all of those things which sap at the vitals of our Christian civilization. But the minister is almost helpless in any crusade against wrong when he does not have the loyal and enthusiastic backing of his church.

The church at the present time is not trained to fight. It has been so long taught that it was disgraceful to create a disturbance and that it was un-Christlike to speak except in gentle tones suitable for a mothers' meeting, that it is a heroic task for any pastor to so arouse his congregation that they will stand behind him through thick and thin in a campaign against an evil that effects the life of their community. The minister will find, as soon as he undertakes a work of this sort, that there are so many members of this congregation that are in some way connected with the business attacked, that it will be most difficult to line up his strong men in battle array. But unless he can do this, his warfare will be of little avail. Let the minister, therefore, take his stand for the right in his church, and call upon every one to array themselves on one side or the other. Then when he has counted his warriors he will be in a better position to know whether he can conduct a victorious campaign. But let him always remember that

"Right is right, and right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyal, to falter would be sin."

B. B.

STORM-BOUND AT CHILKOOT.

Miss Julia Fraser.

Two weeks ago today "the President" passed through the Golden Gate and I was fairly started on my way to Alaska. "The President" is the fine new four-thousand-ton steamer on the Seattle run, and after a restful three-days' voyage on calm seas, in pleasant weather, we reached the Queen City on the wonderful Puget Sound. A few busy hours downtown, a delightful visit at the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Matthews, and early the following morning meeting at the dock Mrs. Rees Jones, who had come on from Ellensburg to make the Alaska trip with me, sailed from Seattle on the Jefferson.

Courteous officers, an immaculately clean ship and a good table put us in fine humor to enjoy the marvelous scenery. Even crossing Queen Charlotte's Sound the ocean swell was scarcely perceptible, and then we passed the most southerly island of the Alexander Archipelago, and from there the ocean was as still and calm as if sailing up the Columbia, or some other mighty inland river. It takes a very severe storm, in fact, just such a one as we have been experiencing here for the past three days, and which is holding us here at Chilkoot, to ruffle the Alaskan waters.

The islands are innumerable, of all sizes, mountainous, steep and very rugged, covered with spruce trees and an impenetrable underbrush of moss, ferns and berries. The channels often are so narrow that it seemed as if the Jefferson could never make her way through. Later, snow peaks, icebergs and marvelous glaciers glistened in the warm sunshine and added new features of beauty to the wondrous

scene. Such were the thousand-miles to Haines.

At Ketchikau, Mr. and Mrs. David Waggoner and Dr. and Mrs. John Myers were at the wharf to see safely started on her further trip with Miss Nellie Taylor, a sister of Mrs. McAfee of Berkeley, and who will teach this winter at Klukwan. Mr. Waggoner's field is Klawock and outlying stations, which we expect to visit on the way home. Ketchikan is the port of entry, and also the point of departure for Saxman, Metalakhatta, Klawock and Kasaan. At Juneau short calls were made on our missionaries, Dr. Holford of the white church, and Mr. L. F. Jones, pastor of the native church. Later more time will be spent at Juneau. These visits were simply made while the Jefferson was unloading freight and our first stop in Alaska was Haines Mission.

Beautiful for location, with more level ground than we have so far found anywhere in Alaska, the wisdom of Dr. Sheldon Jackson and the early missionaries is clearly shown. Formerly the mission had 640 acres of land, but when the Government decided to establish the principal military post of Alaska here, Fort Wm. H. Seward, land was deeded back to the government, leaving us 260 acres, of which less than 40 are cleared. They tell me the Government spent $250 an acre in clearing the land at the post, so at that estimate our record is good. A white village has sprung up at Haines, as it is the shipping point to the Porcupine district, forty miles up country. The Government is spending $250,000 on the wagon road, so that Haines will doubtless continue to be a permanent and strategic point in southeastern Alaska.

The army post and the town with wide-open saloons make the missionary work in the Indian village increasingly difficult. We are especially fortunate in having such a man as Rev. A. F. McLean, who with his wife, has been here five years. Formerly we had here a boarding school; but when the Government established day school, all of our school work in Alaska was closed, except at Sitka. Last year Mr. McLean spent some time at his former parish, Ellensburg, and largely there and some other places in Central Washington Presbytery, raised enough money to equip part of the old school building as a hospital, and one worker, a trained nurse, is now adapted for her work. Tuberculosis is the scourge of Alaska, and strong measures must be speedily adopted to check its spread. The army surgeon, Captain Hutton, has been exceedingly kind in treating our patients; he has also given simple talks on hygiene to the people, and health conditions are now more favorable than a year ago.

The support of Haines Hospital has been assigned to the Westminster Guild. The young women will find plenty to do, as the building needs exxtensive repairs to preserve it and to put it in even moderately good condition. The chimneys are not safe; the rain beats in at all the windows and the roof, and it needs painting inside as well as outside. The Alaska climate is hard on wooden buildings. A good water supply is also imperative, as now all the water for the hospital and manse is carried by bucket from a well at quite a distance. More money than the Westminster Guild will probably raise this year is urgently needed for Haines Hospital.

The little church is our best building; is well-arranged, well-built and exceedingly attractive. Although many of the people are away fishing, Mr. McLean had an interested audience Sunday morning and at the Sunday-school at three o'clock, sixty natives were present. In the evening Mr. McLean has a service for the white people, and I was glad to see in the audience a number of soldiers from the post.

upo 1, vbgkqjtaoinvbgkqjvbgkqjGKQJJJtaoivbgkqjaao

Most of the natives of Haines spend the summer at Chilkoot, where the men fish and the women and children also find employment at the cannery. One evening we came over to hold a service in the commodious tent,, Mr. R. A. Leonard, the president and manager had put up for the natives. We had a fine service, at which the Alsakans spoke, offered prayer and sang hymns in their native language. A storm came up and it has been impossible to get away, so for the past three days we have been Mr. Leanard's guests and thoroughly enjoying his hospitality. It is far too rough for any of the boats to make the trip to Haines, and it is an interesting and unusual experience to see how rough, how stormy the canals become when always before they have been as calm as millponds. Just how much longer we will be kept here is becoming an absorbing question, as tomorrow we expected to take the steamer from Haines to Skagway.

Later.—The storm has abated, and we made Haines this morning and I am on the steamer for Skagway.

OAKLAND PRESBYTERY DECLINES REUNION WITH SAN FRANCISCO.

Dr. Baker Endorsed for Moderator of the California Synod.

The meeting of the Oakland Presbytery, which was held in Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Sept. 13 and 14, was enlivened by a most interesting and wordy discussion regarding the reunion of the San Francisco and Oakland Presbyteries. The overture came from the San Francisco Presbytery in May, and suggested that the work in San Francisco could be strengthened by the consolidation of the two presbyteries. A committee, composed of Rev. F. S. Brush, H. C. Biddle, Ph.D., and E. C. Cornell, were appointed to confer with the committee from San Francisco and report at the Fall meeting. The committee reporting throught the chairman, said that they recognized and appreciated the Christian spirit in which the overture was made, but that the problems of San Francisco Presbytery and the problems of Oakland Presbytery were problems which neither could solve for the other, and that the reunion would mean the surrendering of efficiency in work for a mass meeting of numbers. Rev. H. N. Bevier, stated clerk of the San Francisco Presbytery, stated that the reason of the overture being presented was that the needs of San Francisco were so great that their few church members feel unequal to solving them alone and wish the aid of the Oakland Presbytery. Rev. F. A. Doane of San Francisco said that San Francisco did not begrudge what Oakland had gained from San Francisco on account of the catastrophe,—and Oakland had gained much,—but now Oakland was in duty bound to help San Francisco in her hour of need. The principal appeal for reunion was made by Rev. J. W. Thomas, chairman of the San Francisco committee on reunion, in three great speeches, interspersed at intervals during the four hours' discussion of the subject. His argument was that reunion should take place, because in a sense San Francisco and Oakland are already unite. That every means of transportation between the two cities has in view the convenience of each. That nine-tenths of the business about the bay was on the San Francisco side. "Of the 700,000 people on the two sides of the bay," he said, "400,000 are on the San Francisco side, and of this number but 2,800 are Presbyterians; while of the 300,000 on the Oakland side 5,000 are Presbyterians. Three-fourths of the problems of the bay cities are on the San Francisco side. The unsolved problems of San Francisco need more strength than we have at present. San Francisco needs the united efforts of the whole 8,000 church members on both sides of

the bay. It is the only way to economize our efforts. I met a man a few days after the earthquake who said to me, 'It is my habit to rise at 5 o'clock that I may have time for my morning devotions. On April 18, 1906, I arose as usual, and having on my mind the great wickedness of San Francisco, I knelt and prayed, 'O, Lord, if it be possible shake thou this whole city from center to circumference.' Just then it came and I cried, 'O Lord, did you not know that what I said was just a figure of speech?' Now, this apepal for San Francisco is not just simply a figure of speech. There must in reality come great help for great need. The San Francisco ministers are just preaching to a procession; there are no homes in San Francisco; all the pest holes about the bay are there."

Nearly all the members of the Presbytery spoke during the discussion, some of them three or four times, setting forth the difficulties encountered when the Presbyteries were one, 16 years ago, which they believed would re-occur with reunion. These were the difficulties of securing attendance at the meetings and the inability of the people on one side of the bay solving the problems of the other side.

Rev. W. H. Layson said: "San Francisco is a unique city, a city of foreigners; Oakland is a city of homes. When the two cities were one they could not get along harmoniously, and so they were divorced. Now they want to get married again. This union having proven a failure, why try it again? There is more love out of marriage than in it, so we can love our San Francisco brethren more by having two Presbyteries. Numbers alone will not accomplish anything."

It was further pointed out that the other denominations found it advisable to have two separate organizations, and that the Pastors' Union, which convenes in San Francisco each Monday morning, gives opportunity for conference and help, as far as it is possible. At the close of the discussion the votes stood 16 for and 22 against consolidation.

Rev. Charles Woodward of the Presbytery of Boise, Idaho, was received into the Presbytery and presented with a call from the Danville, Cal., Presbyterian Church, which he accepted, and a committee was apopinted to install him at such time as he would designate.

Rev. H. H. Wintler, pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Oakland, asked to have the pastoral relations severed, which request was granted after a statement by the apopinted elder of his church that the organization had voted not to accept the resignation. Rev. Mr. Wintler will take his leave of the church on Sept. 30. Rev. Richard Harding was appointed to preach on October 4. and declare the pulpit vacant.

A resolution presented by Rev. W. H. Layson, endorsing Rev. Ernest E. Baker, D.D., as the choice of the Presbytery as the Moderator of the California Synod, was passed. The December meeting of the Presbytery will be held in Grace Presbyterian Church, Berkeley.

It is good testimony that Mr. Taft, the secretary of war, gives to foreign missions: "I know a great many people opposed to foreign missions, in fact who religiously, if you can use the word, refuse to contribute to them. I confess that there was a time when I was enjoying a snug provincialism and had some of these feelings, but these left me when I went to the Orient. I never realized the immense importance of foreign missions until that time." Let us get a few more of our public men off on trips to benighted lands. Then, the information which they ought to get at home, they will, perhaps, get there. Taft is not the first man of prominence to testify that a trip abroad enlightened him as to missions.

CHURCH NEWS

Rev. A. B. Prichard and family of Los Angeles took a week's vacation at Sunset Beach.

Rev. R. A. Vande, of Monrovia, returned from his vacation and entered upon his Fall work Sunday morning.

Rev. Geo. R. Bird has begun his work at Occidental Heights, Los Angeles, with every prospect of success.

Rev. H. K. Sanborne, pastor of Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, will occupy the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, next Sunday.

Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., of Oakland, will speak before the ministers of San Francisco next Monday, taking as his topic "The Confessions of a Minister."

Rev. W. E. Fry preached Sunday evening at the mission at Sunset Hills, Los Angeles, which is located at the junction of Colegrove and Hollywood car lines. A good Sunday-school has been started here, and regular Sunday services are being held.

OREGON.

The Synod of Aregon, which meets this year at Ashland, October 8, will be the guest of the Rev. William E. Bryce and people.

Rev. William A. Robinson, pastor of the Pine Valley church, which is fifty miles from the railroad, has completed a new building and reports good progress in his field. This pastor has been giving some short talks in the Sunday-school on the opening chapters of Genesis. Rev. Mr. Robsinson also preaches at Carson and Half-Way.

Rev. Shelden C. Adams of Enterprise, Willowa Valley, is preaching at a number of places where there is opportunity. He has introduced some summer work where the children meet for two hours to learn the catechism.

Rev. William R. Shelt reports that the church at Bessemer has been recently repaired and put in good shape for the Fall work. Rev. Mr. Shelt supplies both Bessemer and Iron Belt.

The church at Wassau is about to lose its pastor, Rev. Samuel N. Wilson, who has resigned in order to accept a call to the church at Reedsburg.

Rev. David Harry Hare, who has been so successfully working in the church at Tillamook, has accepted the call of the Moscow, Idaho, church, and will shortly take up his work there.

CALIFORNIA.

RIVERSIDE.—Rev. Alexander Eakin, the pastor of Calvary church, will close his work here on Oct. 1, when he will remove to San Francisco to take up his work as pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. Eakin has been pastor of Calvary for over eight years, during which time the work has progressed most satisfactorily; the membership more than doubling, and a ten thousand dollar Sunday-school room being added to the building. The church to which he has been called is one of the oldest in San Francisco and has a fifty thousand dollar building free from debt. The salary is $3,000 per year. The former

pastor was Rev. Geo. Eldridge, now pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Berkeley.

LOMPOC.—The enterprising pastor of this church, Rev. C. S. Tanner, has hit upon a novel idea for securing attendance at the church services. He has been sending out to individuals cartoon postals, advertising his cartoon sermons on "People We Meet." The large attendance has fully warranted the planning and expense.

SAN DIEGO, First.—The reports of the officers show that the First Church has made a good record during the past year. The membership of the church is now over nine hundred, a total of seventy-six being added during the year. The Sunday-school is also showing a good record, having an average attendance of three hundred for the year. Rev. Harvey S. Jordan, D.D., is the pastor.

LOS ANGELES, Highland Park.—This church, under the able leadership of Rev. William B. Gantz, has so increased the attendance at the services that it is found necessary to enlarge the auditorium to accommodate at least one hnudred more, and also to provide a study for the pastor. These additions will cost about $1,000. Rev. Mr. Gantz read a paper before the Los Angeles ministers' meeting last Monday on the subject, "Before Torrey, What?"

LOS ANGELES, Immanuel.—On Sept. 6, Dr. Walker and his people celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the organization of the church, with appropriate ceremony. The young ladies of the church provided special decorations for the occasion. The pastor and his assistants have just returned from their vacations and are endeavoring to get all their 2,000 members to work. This church added 167 to its membership last year, contributed over $7,500 to Home and Foreign missionary work, and $22,500 to congregational expenses. The Sunday-school numbers nearly 950. Immanuel is the largest church in Los Angeles.

ELMHURST.—Rev. J. P. Gerrior and wife of this place were given a surprise Monday evening last, when over a hundred friends gathered at their home for an evening of merry-making. The affair was arranged by the members of the Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. C. Verkie, president, Mrs. Neil, treasurer, and Mrs. Park and Mrs. W. Baker serving as a committee of arrangements. At the close of what all voted to be a most delightful evening, Mr. and Mrs. Gerrior were presented with a handsome Haviland china chocolate set as an evidence of appreciation of their labors in the church since the fall of 1905.

PASADENA, First.—The Synod of California, which is to meet in this church on Oct. 21, is being planned for by both pastor and people. The event will be a great one, but the more than one thousand members o fthe church are more than equal to the task. The Presbyters will find a hearty welcome awaiting them. This church increased its membership last year 229, and has a Sunday-school of over 900 members. It leads the Los Angeles Presbytery in amount of money contributed to Home and Foreign Missions, giving $10,744, almost $10 per member. In addition to this we note that $28,300 was contributed to miscellaneous objects, besides the $22,309 for congregational expenses. The total money raised for the year was $67,670.

NAPA.—At the regular communion service on September 6th three were admitted into membership with this church, one on profession and two by letters from other churches. During the summer months the Ladies' Aid Society of this church have been holding their regular monthly socials in the afternoons instead of the evenings. The social held on Friday afternoon, September 11, was well attended, although a very warm afternoon, and the ladies netted a neat little little sum towards the carpet fund, for which they are working.

VALONA.—The trustees have just completed the building of a kitchen in the basement of the church for the general use of the societies in the church. The improvement made, costing about $150, have all been paid for without a single social or entertainment being given, the money being raised by subscription. This church has an excellent board of trustees, consisting of three men and two women, all being capable and public-spirited persons who take an interest in the work of the church. A Boys' Cadet Corps, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Stilling, who has been very successful in this line of work, was organized some time ago, and is doing good work. The boys gave a social entirely of themselves a few weeks ago to purchase caps and other supplies for their need. The work of the church in general is well kept up, notwithstanding removals; congregations are good and attentive under the preaching of the pastor, Rev. G. H. Whiteman, who is now in his fourth year with this people.

NEW CHURCHES ORGANIZED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Two new Presbyterian churches were organized in San Francisco, August 30, one at 31st and Clement Sts., known as the Richmond Presbyterian Church; and the other in the Glen Park section, known as the Glenside Presbyterian Church. Work has begun in the first named section May 24, under the auspices of the Home Mission committee, Rev. G. A. Blair, superintendent, the other June 21. A petition to Presbytery was signed by 84 at Richmond and 93 at Glenside, and the Presbytery ordered them organized, apopinting Rev. G. A. Blair, D. A. Mobley, D.D., Rev. F. A. Doane, and Elders A. S. Johnson and Dr. Sturge a committee to effect the organization.

Accordingly, Aug. 30, 11 a. m., Dr. Mobley preached at Richmond, A. S. Johnson presided and Rev. Blair conducted the formal organization and baptized two adults and three children. Four ruling elders were elected, ordained and installed, viz., Jas. F. McKenzie, J. A. Nerneck, W. S. Foster and Dr. B. S. Nourse. Five trustees were elected: F. W. Williamson, Ed. Bacon, R. Sorensen, John Modern and H. Metzger. A lot has been purchased by the Presbytery and money being secured in the community with which to build the church. Work to begin about Sept. 15; no debt to be incurred.

Aug. 30,, 8 a. m. Glenside church was organized. Rev. F. A. Doane preached the sermon; Dr. Sturge presided, and Rev. Blair conducted the formal organization; 13 adults were baptized; 3 ruling elders elected, ordained and installed, and 5 trustees elected. Elders, Wm. Wilson, W. H. Reynolds and H. C. Johnson; trustees, Messrs. Sprague, Jacobson, Johnston, Thurman and Cairns. A lot has been selected and upon it a neat chapel is to be erected, active steps being already taken. Mrs. Blair conducts this Sunday-school and the 11 a. m. service, and Rev. Blair the 8 p. m. service. The first communion service was held here Sept. 6, 8 p. m.. where four were received into the church on profession and nine men baptiped.

These are exceedingly inviting fields and the Home Mission committee deserves great credit for their wise selection

of places to establish churches, and for the way they have stood by the work.

Pray for us. G. A. Blair.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. and Mrs. Wicher and Herbert have been at Camp Meeker for a short outing. Dr. Wicher was to supply the pulpit there for two Sabbaths.

Rev. William C. Kerr spent two days at Dr. Landon's in San Rafael last week. He spoke at the prayer meeting in San Anselmo on Wednesday evening. On Tuesday of this week he sailed for Korea.

Rev. and Mrs. Clarence D. Herriott, '02, of Hangchow, China, have announced to their friends in this country the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Taylor, on May 22nd.

Dr. Day preached in Calvary Church, San Francisco, last Sabbath morning in the absence of the pastor, Rev. William Rader, who was the preacher for the day at Stanford University.

Mr. Ira S. Kingsbury, father of Mrs. Dr. Day, met with an accident last Friday which might have been very serious. While crossing the street at the San Anselmo station he was struck by a passing carriage which threw him to the ground. He escaped, however, with some slight cuts and a number of sprains and bruises which have confined him to his bed. It is expected that he will soon be around as strong as ever, though he is in his 84th year.

A district meeting of the Benicia Presbyterial Society, composed of the societies of the San Rafael, Sausalito, Corte Madera and San Anselmo churches, was held in the San Anselmo church last Friday afternoon. Rev. Lynn T. White of San Rafael delivered a very interesting address on Home Missions.

Rev. Alexander Eakin, '91, of Riverside, has signified his acceptance of the call to St. John's Church, San Francisco. He is expected to begin his work there early in October.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

One of the best conventions in the history of the organization was held by Humboldt County Christian Endeavor Union, September 4-5, at the First Presbyterian Church, in Arcata. There was an unusually large attendance, and a deeply spiritual feeling pervaded all the sessions. The reports encouraging in the extreme, showing activity along all lines. Miss Ada L. Swortzel of Fortuna, county presidwent, is a young woman of rare executive ability and exceedingly winsome personality.

Paul C. Brown of Los Angeles, state field secretary, and evangelistic superintendent, was present at all sessions, his masterly addresses being an inspiration to all that heard him. Many, at his earnest request, signed the soul-winners' pledge. A feature of the convention was the street meeting in the evening, which attracted a large number of outsiders. Miss Swortzel was re-elected president. Other officers are: David Smith, vice-president; Constance Clemens, secretary; Melisa Holt, assistant; Pursell Harvey, treasurer; Anna Woodcock, Quiet Hour superintendent; Ida M. Blair, Tenth Legion; Mrs. C. P. Hessel, missionary; intermediate, Alma Christie.

Herbert J. Waters of Glendale, one of the most prominent Christian Endeavor workers in the state, was present, and his address on "The Optimistic Endeavorer" was one of the best talks of the convention. The minister, Rev. C. P. Hessel, is pastoral counsellor, to serve for three years.

PRESBYTERIAL.

HELENA.—Bozeman, September 8th, Rev. J. T. McClure Knox, Ph.D., of Miles City, moderator. Rev. Newman Hall Burdick was received from the Presbytery of Omaha. A call from the First Presbyterian Church of Helena for the pastoral services of the said Newman Hall Burdick was placed in his hands and was accepted. Installation services were appointed for Sunday, September 13th in the First Presbyterian Church of Helena, at 10:30 a. m. The Rev. Thomas Verner Moore, D.D., of San Anselmo, Cal., preached the sermon. The Rev. W. N. Sloan, Ph.D., presided and delivered the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. Charles A. Highfield delivered the charge to the people. The pastoral relations existing between Rev. J. T. McClure Knox, Ph.D., and the Presbyterian Church of Miles City were dissolved, and a letter of dismissal and recommendation was granted him from this Presbytery to the Presbytery of Solomon.

DAVID WILLSON, S. C.

Bozeman, Mont., Sept. 9, 1908.

TO THE SUPPORTERS OF THE CONGO REFORM MOVEMENT.

The moment has come when you must take immediate action if you desire to prevent an illusory disposition of the Congo issue. The papers report that annexation of the Congo has been voted in the Belgian Chamber. Though this vote must be indorsed by the Senate and King Leopold, before it becomes law, its passage now seems practically certain. The terms of annexation utterly fail to give certain guarantees of:

(1) The abolition of forced labor, which amounts to slavery.

(8) The dissolution of the "Concessionary Companies," who monopolize a great part of the Congo territory.

(3) The restoration to the natives of their land produce.

(4) The institution of freedom of trade.

In short, the provisions of annexation are not in accordance with the Acts of Berlin and Brussels, and do not involve a radical reform of the Congo system, and will amount to little more than a raising of the Belgian flag over the Congo. If further proof that the System will go on unchanged is needed, it is had in the vote of the Belgian Chamber to make the Congo entirely self-supporting. Drained as it has been by Leopold, it cannot be self-supporting unless the abominable rubber-regime is continued in all its rigor.

Therefore, every friend of Congo Reform should immediately telegraph or write Secretary of State, Elihu Root, at Washington, calling upon him to protest, in behalf of the United States, against such annexation as is imminent in Belgium. Telegraph at once (it is a small expense in a great cause) and then follow your telegram up with a fuller expression in a letter, requesting the Secretary of State to insist that guarantees be given of the fundamental reforms named above, and failing such guarantees, to refuse the official recognition of the United States to the annexation.

The Congo Reform Association is confident that it represents the best sentiment of the country on the Congo issue, and it pledges its members and friends not to give up the fight for genuine Congo reconstruction till every effort has been made. It is certain that if public opinion will only express itself strongly enough at this crisis, victory can be won out of threatening defeat. The Association calls upon its members now to extend their loyal and determined support, and to send in at o nce money contributions, for a tremendous fight will have to be entered upon, and it connot be maintained without funds. The Association calls upon every newspaper in the country to oppose with all the weight of its influence such a vacuous and unworthy end

to the efforts of years as is offered by the proposed Belgian annexation. And to the religious press particularly, both Protestant and Catholic, the Association appeals to bring the Christianity of the country to bear in repudiation of the affront to civilization which Leopold and his henchmen are trying to foist upon the world. We call upon religious papers to ask every Christian citizen to register with the Secretary of State his condemnation of the pending Congo annexation; to ask every minister to lay the situaton as it is before his congregation at the first opportunity; to ask every church and organization of churches to petition the administration in this crisis. And upon secular and religious papers alike the Association calls to publish this appeal.

In behalf of the Association the Corresponding Secretary has telegraphed Secretary Root as follows: "Association protests against Belgian annexation of Congo on present terms. Will appeal to country. Urge you to insist on guarantee abolition forced labor and concessions, and institution freedom of trade." The Administrative Committee will doubtless memorialize Mr. Root to the same effect at once.

CONGO REFORM ASSOCIATION.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SEPT. 27.

By Rev. Henry K. Booth.

Home Missions—The Cry of the City (Gen. 18: 16-33.)

I.

The most notable fact in modern social life is the rapid growth of the city. During the last half-century the trend of population toward our American cities has revolutionized our American life. Through it a new society has been created, a new civilization brought into being. The city holds the balance of power in politics and business. It is no exaggeration to say, "As goes the city so goes the nation"; for the entire future of the American republic depends upon the character of its municipalities. A hundred years ago but four per cent of our people lived in cities; today more than one-third of our population dwell within city walls. And this is only the beginning of this great movement toward the centralization of our population. In England four-fifths of the people dwell in cities. At its present rate of progress the end of this present century will see the same conditions in America. It is self-evident that all that has to do with the social and moral life of our cities ought to be a matter of gravest concern to every American citizen.

II.

With this growth of the city has come such rapid industrial development as would otherwise be impossible—the advance of culture, the increase of the conveniences and luxuries of life. The standard of living is materially increased. There are opportunities for advancement such as the country cannot afford. This and the charm of the life, movement and pleasure of the city are attracting into it yearly swarms of human beings who have yielded to its fascination. The city has added immeasurably to the economic and industrial development of society—as a whole, and to the opportunities and pleasures of the individual.

III.

But side by side with this we must recognize that we have paid an awful price for the gains the city has brought us. Simplicity and equality have gone. The home becomes the flat and the tenement. Scarce one per cent of city population but that are dependent upon the landlord, that really own the homes they live in. The congested conditions of city life breed disease and physical degeneracy. Vice and crime flourish in its atmosphere. The saloon and the brothel are indigenous to city soil. The harvest of crime is reaped in the city. The rural districts and small towns are comparatively free from vice. Poverty here is most distressing, and the slum is the penalty we pay for our splendid display of wealth on the avenue and in the emporium. The human wreckage of the city is simply appalling. It is in the city also that political corruption takes its rise. Municipal government has been a sink of corruption. Our best European critic, Prof. James H. Bryce, says that the one conspicuous failure of American institutions is the government of our great cities; and the investigations and exposures of the last decade amply prove the truth of his statement. It is in this that the city is a real menace to the nation; for the corrupt methods of municipal politics have polluted our state and national government. No one questions that New York City, through its politicians, is responsible for all the evils that affect the Empire State, and for every attempt to thwart the reform measures of Governor Hughes. No one in his state who has seen the situation semi-annually at Sacramento, doubts that the corrupt politicians of San Francisco hold the balance of power in our state legislature. The problem of the city thus becomes a national problem. Wendell Phillips once said: "The time is coming when our cities will menace our institutions as slavery never did." That time has come.

IV.

There are many agencies now at work for the salvation of the city, for the betterment of its moral and spiritual life, for the amelioration of its industrial and social conditions. Schools, libraries, kindergartens, lodging-houses, hospitals, rescue-homes, orphanages, social settlements—all these are doing, each in their own sphere, something to make city life better and purer. But we who are Christians believe that the supremest work of social and moral salvation must be performed by the Christian Church, and it is with what the church has done and should do that we are directly to concern ourselves in the topic this week—with the city as a field for the home missionary activity of the church.

V.

There are three chief forms in which the church is at present seeking to do city mission work—the institutional church, the mission church and the rescue mission. The rescue mission is usually a hall, located where men congregate, in which services of a very informal character, with as little as possible of the stereotyped methods of the average church, are held daily. These missions have converted thousands of men to Christ. The mission churches or Sunday-schools are usually branches of larger churches located outside of the congested districts where the usual work of the church with some additions of an institutional nature is carried on. The third agency is the institutional church, which voluntarily locates itself in the congested districts, and by the diversification of its agencies and the adaptation of its methods to the community about it, seeks to reach the intellectual, industrial, economic and social life of the people, no less than their spiritual natures. This last is the only really successful work of the church in answer to the cry of the city for help and salvation. The missions are all too often weakly manned by incapable leaders, and given only a niggardly support. They are in no sense dangerous rivals to the saloon and the dance-hall, nor do they become communal centers of life and influence. But the success of the great institutional churches of New York—St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, and the Metropolitan Temple; and in Philadelphia of the Baptist Temple, abundantly shows that this form of the church's activity

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in the city does really meet more than any other the demands of the city upon the Christianity of to-day. The tendency of city churches to run away from their responsibility by retreating from the down-town to the residence districts, this desertion of the masses by the church is certainly not worthy of the church.

It is to be hoped that more and more our city problem may be solved by the planting of strong institutional churches and social settlements, by carrying the gospel to the unchurched masses, by bringing Christ to those who need Him most.

The cry of the city ought to be a call of God to our young people to enter upon this great work of the salvation of the needy and sinful who are no less "heathen" than if they dwelt in India or Polynesia. The Student Volunteer Movement has done noble work in the enlisting of our young men and women in the work of Foreign Missions. But there is sad need of a similar organization that shall present the claims of that mass of needy and desperate people in our large cities, with their call to a service no less self-sacrificing, no less important than the carrying of the gospel to lands across the sea. The work of social service needs volunteers. Will you enlist? And if you cannot give yourself as a home missionary to this city field, you can at least by your personal service when it may be given, by generous contributions to those who are at the front in the battle, by sympathy, and prayer, in a word by your co-operation hearty and entire, give your answer to the Macedonian cry of the modern city, "Come over and help us."

Note.—The leader of this meeting will gain the best results if the following topics, which follow the general outline above, may be given out, for reading of books and report on same, at least a week before the meeting.

1. **"The Growth of our Cities"**: Ely—"The Coming City;" Strong—"The Twentieth Century City."
2. **"The Advantages of City Life"**: Wilcox—"The American City;" Goodnow—"City Government of the United States."
3. **"Penalties of Civic Growth"**: Howe—"The City;" Steffens—"The Shame of the Cities."
4. **"The City as a Home Mission Field"**: "The Challenge of the City"; Clark—"Leavening the Nation"; Strong—"The New Era."
5. **"The Institutional Church"**: McCulloch—"The Open Church for the Unchurched"; Strong—"Religious Movements for Social Betterment"; and "The Next Great Awakening."
6. **"The Call to Social Service"**: Strong—"The Times and young Men"; Hillis—"The Investment of Influence."

PUT ON THE CHECK-REIN!

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

We are living in a fast age and a fast country. There is need of the brakes as well as of the engine; there are too many young men who understand the whip better than the check-rein. When the upset comes, it is found that the head is softer than the pavement, and perhaps the idea is beaten into that soft head that prudence demanded slower driving. On a Sabbath afternoon it is quite too common to meet a group of showily-dressed young men whose cigars and noisy talk show the rate at which they are traveling. While wiser young men are at their Bible class, these youths are out on a dress parade, exhibiting their fast manners and habits to the public. One of the group has chosen the club house for his Sunday resort, and another tries his good mother's heart sorely by coming home at midnight from the theater and a wine supper after it. Before long there will be vacant situations in the business houses where these fast fellows were employed. Prudent merchants do not care to keep in their counting rooms the clerks who wear too much jewelry and are seen too often at the counter of the fashionable saloons. There is an upset ahead for these young Jehus if they don't put on a check-rein.

Poor Harry Rapid's young wife called in to inquire if I could recommend a "very cheap boarding house," and knew of any place wher her husband could find employment. Her face was as faded as her dress. It would have been well if Harry and his broken-down young wife had looked for plain, frugal quarters when they set up in ambitious style in a fine "flat," with sealskin sacques and a box at the opera and a fast horse for the drive to the beach. Now they have been sold out and are glad to hide away in such humble quarters as they can get. I trust that the sharp lesson will not be lost on them. This capsize of their showy turnout may teach them that when Satan has a seat "on the box," it is a short road to ruin. Extravagance is one of the devil's baits in these days. It does not only break up homes; it breaks hearts. Both sound sense and moral courage are required by young people to conform to their circumstances and live within their means. The next thing is to know how to use money as a sacred trust, and not to spend it in gratifying the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life.

In the same counting room with Harry Rapid a while ago was young George Surepace. He was considered by his companions as decidedly "slow." Some of his fellow-clerks made sport of his plain tweed coat and Puritanical ways; they never could induce George to join one of their clubs, or to go with them to Brighton Beach on Sunday, or to take a game of "poker" over a glass of wine. He married an industrious girl, who, instead of studying Parisian fashion plates, studied how to make both ends meet and how to make their cozy home look tidy when husband came home. Mary Surepace will soon be bringing her two rosy children to the infant department of the Sunday-school, and George is already the leading man in the Society of Christian Endeavor. The other day he gave a spare ten dollars to his fellow-clerk, Harry Rapid, in order to aid him in getting his watch out of pawn. I have watched these two young couples; it was the old race between the fast hare and the jogging tortoise; the hare has run himself out of breath and out of character; the slow and careful tortoise has won the race.

It is not only young people who need to put on the check-rein in the way that we have just indicated. Older people, yes, and good Christian people, need the check-rein also. Our American business life is one of humming activity, and it brings a tremendous strain on the nerves and muscles and brains. The constant tendency is to feed the engine, crowd on steam, and neglect the brakes. To these ever-toiling care-burdened men of business I would venture to say, Do not allow either your worldly ambitions or your honest daily avocations to mount you as a jockey mounts a race horse, and whip and spur you through every waking hour of your existence. They will ride you to death! When your day's work is over, lock up your cares in your store or your shop; go home to your family "out of harness." Turn boy again for your own sake and for the sake of your children. If you work hard to have a home, enjoy it. The best way to keep your sons and daughters out of perilous

evening resorts is to make your own fireside bright and attractive; or, if innocent entertainments offer elsewhere, go with wife and children to partake of them. Be the master of your business and not the slave. If either covetousness or care are overdriving you, put on the check-rein!

One of the besetting snares of these times is to try to grow rich rapidly. "Slow and sure" are out of fashion. In that direction lies peril to the soul. They who make haste to be rich fall into temptations and snares and many hurtful lusts that drown men in perdition! Greed for gold drains away the sweetest and holiest affections of the heart; it dries up Christian benevolence; it robs God of his due. My long observation has been that when money flows in rapidly, grace is apt to flow out; and as a Christian mounts up as to his income, he rarely rises in piety with it. There are some happy exceptions, but they are the men who keep a check-rein on the grasping, greedy spirit of covetousness. My good brother, it is no easy thing to keep up a high tone of spiritual life amid all the atmospheric pressures that surround you; to do it, you have got to take time to eat and think and to read your Bible and to pray and to do some good work for your Master and your fellow-men. If you are running your daily life at too fast a rate for these vital things, then I entreat you in God's name to put on the check-rein!

THE WORD OF THE CROSS.

For a year I had read of "The Word of the Cross" Booklet; of God's blessing upon it; of its use by evangelists and mission workers; of its distribution among factory men; of the large scroll made from it and used in open air meetings. I knew that much prayer was back of the thrusting forth of this publication; that God was making it the means of leading many to the Saviour and of deepening the spiritual life of Christians not only in England but throughout the world; that somehow Mrs. Penn-Lewise of England, who has been so wonderfully used of God, was connected with it and that it was first published at the M. E. Press in Madras, India. All this and much more I knew, and yet I could not understand just what this Booklet was nor how it was used.

At last I was constrained to send for it. After several weeks a letter came from England, and as I opened it a tiny book with paper covers fell out. It was only a little leaflet of sixteen small pages about four and one-half by two and one-half inches. How insignificant it looked—this bit of paper and printer's ink before me. "Can it be possible," I thought, "that this is 'The Word of the Cross' Booklet? Where can its power be? What can a wee thing like this do for God?"

I took it up and read the words on the cover. I turned to I Cor. 1: 18 (R. V.), and these words were made living to me, "The Word of the Cross—is the power of God." I opened to the first page and these three words—**Calvary, Lord,** and **Christ** stood out boldly, and as I read the texts on this page the power of the Spirit strangely moved me, so that I was weeping before the page was finished. Surely God was speaking through the Word of the Cross: "God was bearing witness to the death of His Son."

I saw then that it was the very simplicity of obedience in thrusting out this tiny messenger that God was mightily using; for does He not say "the Word of the Cross—is the power of God"—aye—God's Word of the Cross, not, as has been said, man's idea of the Cross, man's eloquent description of Calvary, but God's Word of the Cross. To the preaching of this Word He has promised power. And now in this age when presses in Europe and America are sending out messages aimed to weaken the power of the Cross, in His own miraculous way God has raised up consecrated workers to scatter this message of Calvary in every part of the world.

From Madras, India; from Leicester, England; from the Continent of Europe, and from Northern Africa, this Booklet is now being printed and sent forth by the million copies. In India alone an edition of 100,000,000 copies is being prepared. It has been translated into most of the tongues of earth. How this all came about is one of the strangest stories of modern missions, which I shall hope to tell you in another article.

I write now to put before you this wonderful little messenger of God; this messenger of the crucified, risen and ascended Lord. God has set His seal upon it. Through it the Holy Spirit is wooing men to Calvary. Through it Christians are led into the life of the Crucified One, so that they may truthfully say, "God forbid that I shall glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Can you say that? If not—believe me—the Holy Spirit would draw you yet closer to Calvary. He would yet give you such a vision of the love and long-suffering and forgiveness and power and victory of the Cross that your life would be transformed.

A few years ago the Christian world was startled by the news of the Welsh revival. Men went across continents and seas to study this mighty moving of God. What did they find? How did they explain it? Dr. Arthur T. Pierson found that the prayer circles organized by Mrs. Penn-Lewis and others were at the foundation of the movement, while Mrs. Penn-Lewis writes: "the way that the Holy Spirit has borne witness to 'The Word of the Cross' as the energy of God in the salvation of thousands in Wales, brings home to us in irresistible power the fitness of the Gospel to meet the needs of men. And we see a supernatural force in the message of Calvary which is beyond our understanding. Oh, wondrous Cross, what depths of salvation were wrought out for us there!

Dr. Rudsill is planning to come to America soon to publish and thrust out the Bible Booklet. In the meantime large quantities of the Booklet have been sent me for distribution and may be obtained at "Rockhurst," Mill Valley, Cal., at 50 cents per hundred. There are many ways of using the Booklet, in the church, the mission, the Sunday-school class, the prayer meeting, on the train, by the wayside. The testimonies of victory from its distribution are many.

But let us first use "The Word of the Cross" individually as a means to "a deeper unveiling of Calvary to our own souls, for only those who have entered into the fellowship of the Cross can enter into His planet-purpose concerning its proclamation." Oh, that men and women may behold the vision of Calvary! Oh, that Christians may so live that the Crucified One may be lifted up! Oh, that the Holy Spirit may energize the message of the Cross that this Pacific Coast may be mightily stirred for God!

(Mrs.) Mindora Berry-Godwin.

"Rockhurst," Mill Valley, Cal.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

On a recent Saturday night 30,000 women were counted in the saloons in Chicago.

In the month of June, 1908, there were in England and

Wales 768,728 persons receiving aid from the relief societies for the poor. In London the number was 117,351.

Trinity School, New York, the oldest institution of the kind of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, will celebrate its 200th anniversary next June.

The Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan will return to London early in October and soon thereafter will spend several weeks itinerating in England, Scotland and Wales in the interests of the London Missionary Society.

Many of the young ladies attending the summer school at Columbia University, New York, this year were ill. This is attributed to the overtaxing of their strength by taking up the arduous studies of the summer school immediately following many months of teaching.

A movement for the consolidation of the First Presbyterian Church and the Calvary Presbyterian Church of Portland has been started. The Oregonian says that the success of the movement would show a marked progress in Christian brotherhood and good sense. The suggestion is made that the First Church might act wisely by selling its present site, which is worth really a half million dollars and build anew on the site of Calvary. The home of worship of the First Church is a fine stone building which cost about $150,000. Ere many years roll around its present location will be wanted for business purposes.



UNCLE ANDY'S SPECULATION.

..By Frank H. Sweet.

A stranger in Boston on the Fourth of July finds the famous old Common given up to the people as it is not given up to them on any other day of the year. The customary restrictions are relaxed for that one day. "Keep off the grass" signs are unheeded by the tens of thousands of people who wander where they will beneath the trees and over the closely shaven, green hillsides, unmolested by the blue-coated officers on duty. The malls are lined with booths and tables, at which the most indigestible food and the most innocent of drink may be had, whereas on any other day even the blind vender of "the best five-cent, Havana-filled cigar in the city" is obliged to offer his malodorous wares outside of the iron railing.

The marts of trade consist, as has been hinted, mostly of peanut and lemonade and candy stands, and places where dusty and untempting viands are served in the open air—pie and baked beans, cake, doughnuts, sandwiches, sliced beef tongue, ham—these and other articles which are popularly supposed to constitute the food required for a country cousin visiting the city on the Fourth of July.

The Beacon street mall is appropriated almost entirely by negro venders of the delicacies named, and there seems to be not a little rivalry among them. Each tries to make his or her stand more atractive than those of the neighbors to the right and left. Corpulent and perspiring old aunties arrive in express wagons very early in the day, bringing with them their kitchen tables and their stock in trade in tubs, baskets and boxes. White cloths, which remain white for a short time only, are spread on the tables, the wares are set out, and auntie, seated in a big rocking-chair, fan in hand, is ready for both pleasure and business.

The whole Common, meanwhile, is covered by a moving mass of seemingly happy people—strangers, most of them, for it is said that on the Fourth of July all Boston goes to the country, and all the country comes to Boston.

There lived, several years ago, in the suburbs of the city an honest and industrious old colored couple, known to all their acquaintances, both white and black, as Aunt Susan and Uncle Andy Peters.

Aunt Susan could do "fine i'nin'" that would make an expert Chinese laundryman envious, and as Uncle Andy could "tu'n his hand to mo' anything," these good people lived very comfortably on the proceeds of their united and honest industry.

They had a little "truck patch" in the rear of their little brown house, and kept a cow and several dozen hens. Their home was one of great contentment until, in an evil hour, they fell victims to a desire for sudden riches—a desire created by the doubtful story of a garrulous acquaintance, who told them, with an absurd exaggeration of the real facts, that she "done heerd Jim an' Patty Jackson made money enough at de Fo'th of July on Bos'n Common to pay off de mo'gage on dey fa'm."

Now there was no mortgage on Uncle Andy's little home. He owned it clear of encumbrance, and had, moreover, a hundred dollars in a savings bank in Boston, and as he was not a man of affairs, it was unwise in him to indulge in speculations of any kind. But after their visitor had gone, he sat in deep study on the doorstep, while his wife sat by him paring potatoes for dinner. Suddenly he turned toward her and said:

"See heah, Susan!"

"Well, Andy?"

"I'se been cal'latin',"

"Cal'latin' on what?"

"On what Jinney Bassett done tole us 'bout Jim an' Patty Jackson."

"Well, I c'lar' ef dat ain't jes what I'se been ponderin' on!" replied Aunt Susan.

"Ef Jim an' Patty Jackson could mek all dat money, what's to hender yo' an' me makin' some at de nex' Fo'th ob July?"

"Dey ain't nothin' to hender," said Aunt Susan, positively, "an' I'd 'joy it, too; an' yo' could 'tend to de lem'nade bar'l, an' I ain't no doubt we'd make a heap of money."

Further discussion served to strengthen their conviction that the keeping of a refreshment stand on the Common on the Fourth of July was a royal road to wealth, and as it was already the last day of June, they at once began active preparations for their business enterprise.

Aunt Susan was a famous cook, and never before did she make goodies with such painstaking care as then. They took twenty-five of their carefully hoarded dollars out of the bank with which to purchase their stock in trade.

"But we kin put hit an' fo' times ez much back agin de day aftah de Fo'th," said Uncle Andy confidently. "Dem pies an' cakes an' ta'ts an' doughouts of yours is boun' ter ketch de eye of de public, an' nobody can yell 'Hyar's yo' ice-cold lem'nade! Hyar's yo' ch'ice peanuts!' louder'n I will.'

It was hardly daylight on the morning of the Fourth of July when Uncle Andy and Aunt Susan arrived on the Common. They found an unoccupied place under the spreading branches of a mighty elm, and were ready for business long before the multitude were ready to assemble.

Aunt Susan's kitchen and dining-room tables were

placed side by side and covered with a pair of coarse but snowy table-cloths, and over them was nailed a rough canopy of white cloth. In the center of the tables on a glass stand was a snowy white-frosted cake, to be sold at five cents a slice. Flanking the cake on each side was a bouquet of wild roses in a pair of treasured blue-glass vases. A row of pies—apples, gooseberry, custard and lemon—was ranged on the outer edge of the table. A platter of sandwiches was at one end, and a plate of sliced tongue at the other. Plates of doughnuts in pyramids, were placed here and there, while there was one of "twisters" for "de chillun" who might be so fortunate as to have two cents, the price of one of the floffy, twisted friend cakes. Then there were cakes of other kinds—tarts, gingerbread, sugared cookies and other good things.

"I ain't goin' ter hab my table all mussed up wiv b'iled cabbage an' baked beans an' mashed 'taters an' trash like dat," Anut Susan had said, and she had adhered to her resolution.

Uncle Andy had charge of "de lem'nade depahtment," as he called it, at one end of the tables. With a few boards and some nails he had made a small counter on which there was a row of shining glasses, a jar or two of candies and a basket of peanuts in small paper bags at five cents a bag. There was a barrel of lemonade with hugh chunks of ice floating around in it, and later in the day Uncle Andy filled each of the glasses, a slice of lemon floating around on the top of each glass, and placed them in a row on the counter. As the people began to assemble, Uncle Andy set up a stentorian cry of:

"Ice-col' lem'nade! Right dis way, ladies an' gemmen, fo' yo' fine, ice-col' lem'nade, only five cents a glass! Hyar yo' are! Walk up, tumble up, any way ter git up! Only five cents a glass! Lem-nade!"

Sometimes he called the attention of the public to Aunt Susan's stand by roaring out: "Right dis way fo' yer ch'ice pies an' cakes! Hyar's yo' fine san'wiches! Walk up, ladies an' gemmen, an' 'joy yo'selves!"

Among those who responded to Uncle Andy's call were many of his friends and acquaintances, who seemed particularly anxious to impress the depth of their friendship upon Uncle Andy and Aunt Susan.

"Well, well, Aunt Suze," cried a gaily-clad matron, rushing forward with six children in her train. "How does yo' do? 'Clar if I ain't the very gladdes' kind to see yo', Keepin' a 'freshment stan', is yo'? I 'clar if I had de money I'd pat'nize yo', I knows jess w'at a good cook yo' is!"

Now, there never were two more generous souls than Aunt Susan and Uncle Andy. Each of them was, moreover, keenly susceptible to such delicate flattery as that indulged in by Mrs. Violet Sanderson, so it was like Aunt Susan to say:

"I'se pow'ful glad to see yo', Mis' Sanderson. An' hyar's all the chillun. How dey has growed—well, well! Come right up, chillun, an' git a fried cake an' a piece ob pie, an' you', too, Vi'let; den all ob you' step ter Andy's stan' an' git your lem'nade!"

Of course no money was received for eatables and drinkables thus offered. The Sandersons had hardly disposed of the pie and doughnuts and lemonade before there appeared a rather shabby-looking colored couple with four half-grown boys. The woman rushed forward and gave Aunt Susan a resounding kiss on the nose, while the man wrung Uncle Andy's hand warmly.

"How glad I is ter see yo', Aunt Suze!" cried the woman, "an' Uncle Andy, too. Heah, boys, dis is Aunt Suze Peters."

Each boy thrust a finger into his mouth and grinned, while one of them pulled at his mother's skirts and said: "Wish't I had one of dem cakes."

"Laws, chile, dem cakes is to sell, an' not ter gib away," replied his mother, "an' we ain't got no money to buy 'em wid, but dey does look nice. I don't know how many times dem chillun has heered me say I wish't I could bake sich pies an' cakes as yo' does."

"Oh, law, Mis' Jay, I ain't no cook," replied Aunt Susan modestly. "Heah, boys, heah's a pie an' some san'wiches fo' yo', an' Andy'll gib yo' a stick o' candy an' some lem'nade.'

Five minutes later Uncle Andy said to his wife: "I 'clar' ter gracious, Susan, dar comes our pastah an' his wife. We mus' gib 'em a good treat."

The colored minister, in decorous black, with a stiff, high white collar, came smiling forward, followed by four other colored persons whom Uncle Andy had not before noticed.

"Well, well, Brother Peters, so you're in business, eh? Let me introduce you to Brother Johnson an' his wife an' Brother Hays an' his wife, f'om the West. Brother Peters is one of our most generous members, an' I don't know what we'd do without Anut Susan to make good things for our sociables."

Of course, Rev. Mr. White's friends were invited to partake of refreshments along with himself and wife, and the quantity of cake and pie and ham they consumed was wonderful, urged on as they were by Aunt Susan, who said:

"He'p yo'se'f, Brudder White; yo', too, Mis' Johnson, an' de res' of yo'. Sorry it ain't bettah'n w'at hit is; but yo's freely welcome. Take more cake, Mis Hays."

This was the cake at five cents a slice, and when the guests departed there were twelve slices missing, but not a corresponding number of nickels in the cigar cash box in the table drawer.

News of Uncle Andy's and Aunt Susan's generosity seemed to spread rapidly and to reach the ears af all their many friends, some of whom were to be found at the Peter's refreshment stand all day, most of them coming with flattering words regarding the appearance of the things on the table, and words of deep regret because of their inability to purchase them.

It was not until Aunt Susan had cut and given away six pies, a whole plate of doughnuts, a dozen sandwiches and halves of two or three cakes, that she said to Uncle Andy, at a moment when there were neither customers nor greedy friends near the stand:

"See heah, Andy, I ain't tuk in but fifty cents, an' yo' look at dem empty plates, will yo'?"

To which Uncle Andy replied, with his finger on a hoop almost halfway down the side of the lemonade barrel: "An' I ain't tuk in but sixty cents, an' de lem'nade is down to dar."

Therefore when, a moment later, Mrs. Jay and her insatiable sons returned for another supply of pie and cake, Aunt Susan received them a little coldly, and as one of the boys was about to help himself to a slice of the frosted cake, Aunt Susan said: "Heah, heah, little boy; dat cake wuz made ter sell an' not ter give away, an' I done give yo' a lot awhile ago, anyhow."

Whereupon the boy's mother jerked him away so suddenly that his outstretched arms knocked one of the pies off the table into a pail of water.

"Let dat cake be!" she said sharply. "Some folks is mightly 'tickler 'bout dey ole cakes! Come on, chillun, yo' sha'n't stay hyar an' hab it made out like yo' wuz tryin'

to steal. I let yo' know, Mis Peters, dat if my chillun wuz hungry nuff ter steal dey'd steal something fit to eat an' not sich cookin' ez dat!" with which she strode away, leaving poor, kind-hearted Aunt Susan in great distress.

The sunshine now fell directly on the lemonade barrel, and Uncle Andy saw that he must move it into the shade. He seized the barrel, tipped it to one side and was about to roll it carefully into the shade, when, alas! his foot slipped in a muddy spot caused by water in the pail in which the glasses were rinsed, and down he went, bringing the barrel with him, while a great shout went up from the unsympathetic crowd.

Soon after this it began to rain—as it always does in Boston on the Fourth of July—and for half an hour the great drops fell thick and fast, and soaked through the cloth canopy upon Aunt Susan's table. When the shower was over nothing that was left upon it was fit to offer even to the not over-fastidious palates of the country visitors who still thronged the malls.

About three o'clock that afternoon a sober-faced, elderly negro couple might have been seen driving slowly out of the city behind an aged horse hitched to an aged wagon in which there were two tables, an empty barrel, a tub, several boxes and pans, and a green wooden rocking chair.

The old couple sat on a board laid across the top of the wagon, and as they rode along the man said: "I tell yo', Susan, dar ain't no way of gittin' rich all of a suddent. Riches has ter come by degrees; an' it ain't ev'rybody wa't has de business fackilty of making money in business—speshly in the lem'nade an' 'freshment business."

"I reckon dat's so, Andy," replied his wife. "We's too gen'rous, an' gen'rosity an' business don't go togedder; but I'd ruther fail count o' bein' too gen'rous than to git rich by bein' mean, for a fac'!"—The Interior.



FORGET IT.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded, and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of the thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

THE ABIDING PORTION.

By William H. Hamby.

"It was a very pretty theory," said Johnson, "but the facts are against it. Some good deeds do bring a reward, of course, but not all of them, not even half of them."

"Yes," said Harris, positively; "every one."

"Why, there are hundreds of cases that disprove it. The old fellow you were just asking about, old man Archer, is a living proof that your doctrine is pure nonsense.

"He is a skilled mechanic, makes from five to seven dollars a day, and I am positive that in the past twenty years he has given away fifteen thousand dollars of his wages. He is always doing good to somebody. Has it come back to him? Not a bit of it. Half of his time he has not even been thanked. I remember once a fellow who lived next door to him took down with the slow fever. Archer supported the family while he was sick, sat up half the nights after working all day, and when the fellow was well he got him two or three jobs, which he lost by his worthlessness. What was the result? Did the fellow fall on the old man's neck and weep with gratitude? No, sir; he stood at the yard fence and cursed Archer for two hours because he would not sign a note to raise money for a saloon license."

"Let us go down to Archer's a little while," suggested Harris. "I have some word for him."

It was dark down the unlighted street, and a cold wind was blowing. A bright light from the window of a modest cottage fell across the sidewalk.

"This is Archer's," said Johnson.

"I surely am glad to see you," said Archer, in a sincere hearty voice, as he gave Harris' hand a grip. "Have chairs."

The large, homey sitting-room, with the blazing logs in the open fireplace, seemed but a part of the radiant goodwill and fellowship of the rugged, old man, with his black hair streaked with gray, his seamed face, and mild, brown eyes.

"Haven't seen you for some time, Johnson," he said, cordially. "You know that young Thompson we were talking about the last time you were here? Well, sir, he has a good job now, and is just getting on fine. They have a comfortable little house, have bought some furniture, and are just comin' out first-rate. It would do you good to see how happy Molly and the kid is."

"What became of Lawrence?" asked Johnson, with a doubting smile.

"He has gone to Topeka—got a job on the railroad. I had a letter from him last week, and he is getting straightened out just bully. I tell you, Johnson, there is something in that young fellow, and we'll all be proud of him some day."

"Pay you that fifty?" asked Johnson, dryly.

"Half of it. He would have paid it all, but I wrote him not to cramp himself, as I wasn't in any particular need of the rest just now."

"By the way, Mr. Harris, you remind me some of a Tommy Harris I used to know."

"Yes, I know him, and we do resemble each other."

"You know Tommy Harris? Well, bless my soul! How is he?"

"Getting along fine. He was elected county clerk last fall, has a nice home all paid for, and married one of the finest girls in the country."

"Well, isn't that splendid!" said the old man, rubbing his hands and smiling, first at one visitor and then the other. "That is what I call good news. I knew Tommy when he wasn't getting along so well, and you don't know how good I feel to hear of him. I've only heard once since he went away, and that was five years ago."

"Yes, I know Tommy very well well," said Harris; "know his history, and he says he owes everything to you."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the old man, deprecatingly. "I didn't do much—just tried to encourage him a little."

"When Tommy was here eight years ago," said Harris,

turning to Johnson, "he was at the bottom, if ever a fellow was. His health had failed so he had to give up his job in the shops, and he had no money nor friends on whom to depend. One evening, when things were at their worst, he came home early, the first time in many weeks. His room was not a place a fellow would hurry back to. There was a bed that had not been changed for a month, a broken stand, a smoky lamp, a cracked washbowl, one chair, and a bare floor. Tommy sat down on the edge of the bed and shivered while he tried to decide. There were just two things, so he thought, to choose between. One to plunge into crime and go to the devil as fast as he could—the other was—the river.

"There was a knock at the door. A man he had known slightly at the shops came in. He did not offer any excuse for coming, just sat down and visited two or three hours; and if heaven ever deals in medicine, it certainly had put cordial into that bluff, hopeful voice.

"Tommy put off the decision. The old man came again and again. In a little while the young man had told the whole story of poverty, sickness and despair.

" 'Well,' said the old man, 'you can't work in the shops any more; that's a fact. Do you know anything else?' The young man did not.

" 'Why don't you go to school, and fit yourself for business or a profession?' he asked, after a minute of deep study

" 'That is easy,' laughed the young man, in a dismal strain.

"Well, sir, that fellow never let up until he had won Tommy over to the plan to go to school, and then he went to the bank and borrowed money at ten per cent to pay the young fellow's way.

"Tommy has a pretty home now, and every evening there is a curly-headed little chap who puts his head on the lap of the sweetest, happiest woman in the world, and says, 'Dear Lord, please bless papa and mamma and Uncle Archer.' "

The old man had turned his face away and was surreptitiously rubbing his eyes.

"And it is really you, is it, Tommy?" he said, as they rose to go.

"Yes, it really is," said the young man, gripping his hand.

" Boys," said Archer, and he tried very hard to keep his voice steady, "you don't know how happy I am."

They were silent for three or four blocks.

"I think I see what you meant," said Johnson. "The reward often comes back when not expected."

"No," said Harris, "you still miss it. The reward is not in what comes back, but what stays. It is the power he has to feel as he did to-night."—Ex.

SITTING BULL.

How the Great Dakota Chief Came to Be Given His Name.

Two of our states, as boys and girls know from their geography, are called Dakota—one North Dakota, the other South Dakota—and this was also the name of Indian people of different tribes speaking the same language, who lived in the country north of the great Platte river, and between and along our two greatest rivers, the Missouri and Mississippi. The word Dakota means united by compact, and there were several united tribes who called themselves the Dakotas.

Sitting Bull was a Dakota Indian. He was born near an old army station, Fort George, on Willow Creek, and his father was Jumping Bull. The Indian chiefs are very fond of giving boys new names when they begin to do something which their friends notice. If a boy runs fast with his head up, they call him "The Elk," "The Deer," "The Wild Horse," or some such name. Or perhaps if he has quick or sly ways, they name him "The Fox," "The Wolf," or "The Coyote."

In North Dakota, at this time, there were great herds of Buffalo, and the largest of them were the bulls. These were the leaders when a herd was running, swimming a river, or jumping across a gully. Even when a lad, Sitting Bull's father could hunt for buffaloes, and quickly jump the deep gullies so frequent in that country, always with his bow in his hand, so his uncle, an Indian chief, named him Jumping Bull.

His son was a strange boy. His hair was straight like an Indian, but a reddish brown color. His head was very large and his features were more regular in form than that of the Indian. He was so odd in his looks and his ways, keeping much by himself, thinking and planning how best to have his own way, that his father named him when quite young "Sacred Stand."

Once, at ten years of age, he went with some hunters on a wild chase for buffaloes and came back to his father's wigwam very happy and proud, for he had succeeded in killing a buffalo calf; but he did not have a new name till four years later. At this time he frequently made drawings of his totem, what we might call his family coat of arms. This was a buffalo bull settled back on his haunches in a sitting posture, and from it the boy was named "Sitting Bull."

His second feat thought great by Indians was when he met a Crow Indian traveling along a trail claimed by the Dakotas. The Crow Indian was riding a horse, and had, on another horse, his wife, with a baby strapped to her back. Sitting Bull, on an Indian pony, charged this little cavalcade, succeeded in killing all three without getting a scratch, and made a rough picture of the exploit, which he showed to his companions.

Chief Red Cloud had led the Indians in 1868 at the time when a large number of our men fell in battle near Fort Phil Kearny, and after that trouble a scout picked up an old army roster book which had once belonged to a company of our soldiers. On its blank pages Sitting Bull had made skeleton pictures, and each picture showed some wicked deed. The pictures were ridiculous enough, but they made a fairly good dairy, and the meaning could not be mistaken. Nearly every record in the book was a sketch of the cruel Sitting Bull and his victims. Sometimes he was killing white men, sometimes Indians, sometimes stealing and driving off herds of horses. A man's figure with a tall hat was enough to mean a white citizen, an uncouth bonnet showed a woman, stiff outlines gave Indian war feathers or a soldier's costume, and the book was a curious record of years when Sitting Bull was a famous brave and a cruel, bad Indian.—From General Howard's "Famous Indian Chiefs," in October St. Nicholas.

A powderless gun which, it is said, will shoot fifty thousand balls a minute, and make no noise, is one of the 20th century inventions.

A few years ago John D. Rockefeller gave the First Baptist Church of Mexico City $7,000 with which to buy a lot. It is worth $100,000 now.

DR. GOODCHEER'S REMEDY.

Feel all out of kilter, do you?
Nothing goes to suit you, quite?
Skies seem sort of dark and clouded,
Though the day is fair and bright?
Eyes affected—fail to notice
Beauty spread on every hand?
Hearing so impaired, you're missing
Songs of promise, sweet and grand?

No, your case is not uncommon—
'Tis a popular distress,
Though 'tis not at all contagious,
Thousands have it, more or less;
But it yields to simple treatment,
And is easy, quite, to cure;
If you follow my directions,
Convalescence, quick, is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking,
Add a portion of content,
And, with both, let glad endeavor,
Mixed with earnestness, be blent;
These with care and skill compounded,
Will produce a magic oil
That is bound to cure, if taken
With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy,
If your hope is pale with doubt,
Try this wondrous Oil of Promise,
For 'twill drive the evil out.
Who will mix it? Not the druggist
From the bottles on his shelf:
The ingredients required
You must find within yourself.

—Selected.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS. G. PATTERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

There are those who want to get away from all their past; who if they could, would fain begin all over again. Their life seems one long failure. But you must learn; you must let God teach you that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it.—Phillips Brooks.

Supplies for Churches and Sunday Schools....

¶ ¶ *BIBLES, SONG BOOKS, MAPS, CHARTS, BLACKBOARDS,*

Helps for Superintendents and Teachers

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE OF CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring. Repairing and Supplies.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer. Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908. No. 39

race University Library



Auburn Presbyterian Church.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen, $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN ENDORSED BY SAN FRANCISCO MINISTERIAL UNION.

Committee to Appear Before Synod and Urge Definite Plan For Support.

$50,000 Endowment Possible.

"He who tooteth not his own horn, the same shall soon have no horn to toot."

At the meeting last of the San Francisco Ministerial Union the Pacific Presbyterian was discussed by a number of those present and the most commendatory things possible were said, several declaring that the Coast had never had so good and live a paper as now. The pastors agreed that what the paper needed was, not only words of commendation, but active, earnest efforts by every pastor to secure subscribers. On motion a Committee of two, composed of Rev. William Kirk Guthrie and Rev. Lapslee A. McAfee, D.D., were appointed to confer with the manager of the Pacific Presbyterian and learn what was most needed, and then to appear before Synod and urge these needs. It was suggested that one plan would be to have each pastor pledge himself to be responsible for a certain number of subscriptions to be secured in his congregation. The ministers expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the church news department of the Pacific Presbyterian,—which is now printing more news of the Western churches than all the Eastern Presbyterian papers combined,—and they felt that this feature alone would make the paper a success.

$50,000 ENDOWMENT POSSIBLE.

Closely following the endorsement of the Pacific Presbyterian by the San Francisco Ministerial Union comes a proposition to endow the paper with $50,000. This will come as a distinct surprise to many of the friends of Presbyterianism who have worked and slaved for the paper during the forty years gone by, seemingly with no hope for permanency. It now looks as if these years of anxiety and uncertainty were to be crowned with success. This plan is the only one that will secure the future of the paper. The money contributed in the past has been in small sums, scattered through the years, so it has been impossible to provide a printing plant or a fund to perpetuate the paper. It will be the same forty years from now if the past policy is continued, provided the paper could exist that long, under that policy, which is extremely unlikely.

The power of the press is everywhere recognized. Dr. J. B. Gambril says that one religious newspaper is worth more than one hundred men when it comes to helping a good cause along, and further, that if we could double the number of readers of our weekly papers this year we should take a long step toward doubling everything else we are doing. Therefore, the Presbyterians can do no greater service for their denomination than by co-operating in a plan to provide a suitable endowment for their paper, which will mean, not only perpetuation of the paper itself, but a publishing house on the Pacific Coast that will help in a multitude of ways to advance the denomination and the cause of Christ. As soon as possible, the definite plans will be given through the columns of the paper.

FIFTY SUBSCRIBERS FROM VALLEJO CHURCH.

Pastor in Earnest About Securing Subscriptions.

If all the ministers in the West were one-half as much in earnest about having a Presbyterian Coast paper as Rev. Theodore Burnham, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Vallejo, the success of the Pacific Presbyterian would be assured. What he has done could be duplicated, and ought to be duplicated, by many of our Presbyterian ministers for the good of their own churches and the advancement of the Cause of Presbyterianism in the West. We earnestly hope that his good example will be followed by many others. He writes as follows:

"Dear Brother:—I enclose a list of fifty names, to which you can send the Pacific Presbyterian for one month at my expense and for which check for $5.00 is enclosed. At the end of that time I will make a pulpit appeal and set the women of the Missionary Society to work. I appreciate with satisfaction your zeal and the fact of having a good paper. Fraternally yours,

"THEODORE F. BURNHAM."

CACHE OF STOLEN STUFF.

A long face is not a passport to heaven, if we do wear one.

Saints are not made by polishing sinners.

Love that enriches not another impoverises itself.

A salon may change hands, but it never changes heart.

The rattle of the wheels of life is a call for the oil of prayer.

In the ultimate, the pessimist sees only himself; the optimist, only God.

There isn't gold enough in the world to make a discontented man rich.

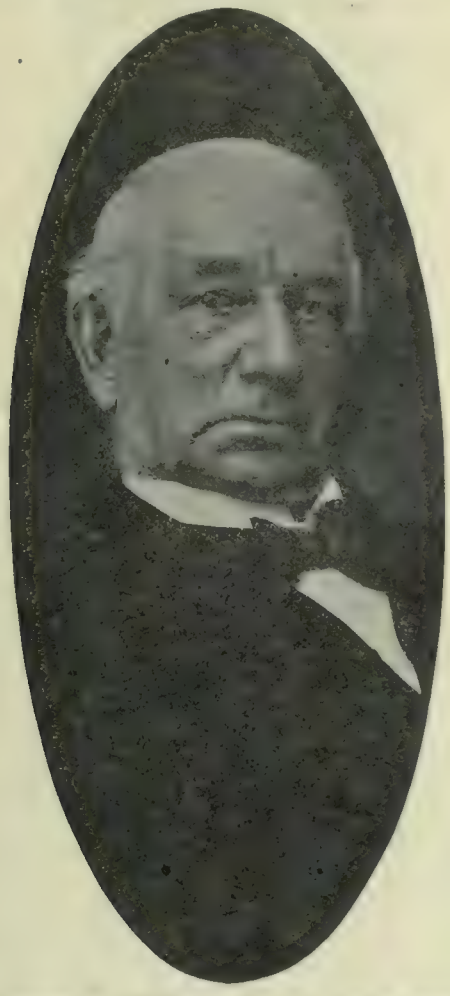
Are you putting any treasure where it cannot be stolen or burned up?

Egotism always looks at his "neighbor" through the wrong end of the telescope.

50th ANNIVERSARY OF PUGET SOUND PRESBYTERY CELEBRATED.

Beginning of Presbyterianism in the Northwest.

The stated fall meeting of the Presbytery of Puget Sound, held in the Auburn church of that denomination on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, Sept. 15th and 16th, was largely attended. Twenty-eight churches



Rev. George F. Whitworth, D. D., First Moderator.

and fifty ministers are connected with the Presbytery. Every session was replete with interest and profit. The organization was effected by the selection of officers as follows: Moderator, Rev. W. A. Stevenson, Ph.D., Cherry Street Church, Seattle; Vice Moderator, Rev. T. M. Lewis, Port Blakely; Temporary Clerk, Rev. O. S. Barnum, Bremerton; Recording Clerk, Rev. A. B. Van Zante, Snohomish.

One of the most interesting and helpful features of the meeting was an address by Rev. C. E. Sharp, missionary at Seoul, Korea, upon "The Spiritual Awakening and Growth of the Church in Korea."

Briefly epitomized, some of the most important proceedings of the session were as follows:

It was resolved that the Presbytery petition the management of the A. Y. F. Exposition to close the gates on Sunday.

A resolution was passed that the Presbytery concur in the transference of the churches of Snohomish County from the Presbytery of Puget Sound to the Presbytery of Bellingham.

The petition of Rev. Herbert Thomson made on account of ill health for dissolution of the pastoral relation in which the Everett church concurred with deep regret was granted, and Dr. M. A. Matthews was appointed to draft appropriate resolutions expressing the unanimous regret of the Pesbytery.

The name of the Pesbytery was changed from the Puget Sound to the Seattle Presbytery..

The Presbytery authorized the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin by individual churches and in a united way at the First Presbyterian Church, Seattle.

Dr. Matthews was recommended as candidate for moderator of the Synod of Washington to be held at Ellensburg next month.

The closing session was one of the best of the meeting. Dr. J. M. Wilson, of Westminster Church, Seattle, presided, and in the absence of Dr. Major made a stirring short address upon the latter's topic, "Looking Backward." "Historical Reminiscences of the Presbytery and of the Puget Sound Country," by Mr. F. H. Whitworth, son of Dr. George F. Whitworth, accompanied with stereopticon illustrations of early-day churches and scenes, was especially well received in view of this meeting celebrating the **fiftieth anniversary of the organization of this Presbytery.** The meeting closed with an address by Dr. Matthews upon "The Puget Sound Presbytery of the Present and Future," which was in the doctor's usual plain, practical style, pointing out and condemning defects and suggesting and urging improvements.

This meeting marks the fiftieth anniversary of the original organization of the Presbytery of Puget Sound, which took place in September, 1858. At that time three Presbyterian ministers, Rev. George F. Whitworth, Rev. G. W. Sloan and Rev. J. Goodell, met in the new town of Olympia and formed the organization, which was promptly recognized by the general assembly. Churches had already been



Dr. L. W. Ballard.

established by these ministers at Olympia, Chambers Prairie, Grand Mound, Stellacoom and Bois Fort (now Chehalis), and these were enrolled.

Changes in District.

The Presbytery has since undergone changes, having been reorganized in 1877, and having set off parts of its

territory from time to time as new presbyteries, until six now occupy the area once covered by the one. The Presbytery of Puget Sound of the present covers King and Snohomish counties, part of Pierce and the northern portion of the Olympia peninsula.

The historical meeting of the Presbytery of Puget Sound was held in White River Presbyterian Church, of Auburn. The Auburn church is one of the oldest in the presbytery as now constituted, the older churches having been set off into what is now Olympia Presbytery. Back in the days when there was no Auburn, nor Slaughter, nor Kent, excepting the settlement called Titusville, in the days when men were counted near neighbors provided they were anywhere inside the White river valley; in the little log house known as the Langston School, the Rev. W. G. Sloan gathered his flock together, and by authority of the Presbytery of Puget Sound, organized the White River Presbyterian Church, in July, 1867. The charter members were: S. P. Willis and Mrs. Caroline Willis, Dr. L. W. Ballard, Mrs. Jane Russell, L. McMillin and Mrs. Betsey A. McMillin. Mr. Willis and Dr. Ballard were chosen elders, and Mr. McMillin deacon. In the early seventies the pioneer missionary, Rev. G. F. Whitworth, became minister of the congregation and served for some years, who was followed by Rev. C. C. McCarty for one year.

After the platting of the town of Slaughter the First Church of Kent was organized and the White River church was located at Slaughter, near the home of the charter member and original elder, Dr. L. W. Ballard.

Gave Sites for Churches.

Among the early representatives of White River Church, one is of especial interest to the people of Auburn, Dr. Ballard, who is sometimes called the father of Auburn, his farm having formed the site of the town. His is the life story of a hardy pioneer. He made the trip btween the Atlantic and Pacific coasts a number of times both across the plains and by sea, beginning with the early fifties. On his third trip, coming by Panama to Oregon in 1857, he remained at Roseburg until 1865, when he drove his team northward and came by the old military road into the White River Valley. He remained a short time on the old Neely place near Kent and settled on the site of Auburn in 1866. His training as a student in Andover and as a teacher in Ohio, together with his medical skill acquired at Western Reserve and in early practice, made him not only a much appreciated but an indispensable member of this Western community. He was a loyal Presbyterian and a broad-minded Christian, generous towards every good cause. Two of Auburn's churches were presented with building sites by him. His death, which occurred January 28th, 1897, in the eighty-second year of his age, caused a feeling of loss not only in the church and community, but to the Presbytery of Puget Sound, to which he was frequently a delegate elder.

When the church moved to Slaughter, now Auburn, Mrs. Mary E. Ballard, who had been identified with the near-by Methodist congregation, brought her letter to her husband's church. She still attends nearly every Sunday morning service.

In 1889, during the ministries of Rev. J. Osmond and his successor, Rev. James A. Laurie, the present building was erected.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie gave the church its bell, a memorial of their infant daughter. Rev. John McMillan was the pastor for six years, beginning with the year 1891. The church has since been served by Rev. W. A. Sample, D. D.; Rev. James H. Beattie, under whose ministry one of the principal revivals was experienced; Rev. C. J. Godsman, Rev. Thomas E. Douglass, Rev. William B. Bebb and the present pastor, Rev. W. Chalmers Gunn.

White River Church has at present 100 members. It reaches through its main and branch Sunday-schools a little over 200 pupils. Christian service and training is provided for young people in the Christian Endeavor Society. The church has, this year again increased its pastor's salary, and has purchased a manse site, on which a building will shortly be erected.

Dr. Geo. F. Whitworth, D.D., the first moderator of the Presbytery of Puget Sound, and after whom Whitworth College is named, died in Seattle on October 6. He came to the coast with an ox team in the spring of 1853. He organized the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, and was the first Presbyterian clergyman to cross the Columbia river to the north. He organized the First Presbyterian Church of Olympia in 1854. He also organized the churches at Chehalis and Seattle, the latter outgrowing the largest Presbyterian church in the United States.

Dr. Whiworth was not only a great ecclesiast, but a scholar and statesman. He was twice the President of the University of Washington, during the territorial days; the collector of customs for the District of Puget Sound; the champion of Christian education, and the leading spirit in the building of Whitworth College, in which organization he retained his interest up to the last day of his life.

CALVARY CELEBRATES PROSPEROUS YEAR WITH BANQUET.

Annual Reports Show Financial and Numerical Gains.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, held its annual business meeting on Monday evening, the 21st. The occasion was made doubly interesting by calling the members and pew-holders to a supper prepared by the Women Workers, of which Mrs. W. C. Poole is chairman. The spacious social hall, brilliant with lights and flowers, was filled with as happy a throng as ever assembled in Calvary Church. The officials were there almost to a man; the young people were out in force; visitors were there and many pew-holders. Dr. Hemphill, pastor emeritus, sent a letter of greeting from the country; the pastor, Rev. William Rader, presided during the first period, and Mr. George McDougal had charge of the business meeting.

Reports were made from the Home Missionary Society by Mrs. Walter Meade; from the foreign section by Mrs. Harry Van Winkle, showing increased contributions and interest. The Auxiliary of the Women Workers was represented by Mrs. Poole, and John Stewart told about the young people. The Christian Endeavorers give $400 to missions this year, and support workers in Korea, Alaska, China and among the Freedmen. This is in addition to the Local, Floating, State and Golden Gate Union work. The Sunday-school was represented by Supt. A. S. Johnson, who spoke of growth in numbers and interest. The pastor's Bible Class for men numbers 60. Mrs. Penny's class of young ladies is large and flourishing. The To Kalon is a woman's club, auxiliary to Calvary, as the Bereans, a man's club, is. Both are large and influential in the affairs of the church and city. The Deltas are untiring workers, composed of young ladies. Miss Harris made an excellent report of their work. The Deacons found their spokesman in Harry Blackwell, and Mr. Richard F. Wells made a magnificent speech for the Session. It was characterized by earnestness, enterprise, and hope. He spoke in the most glowing terms of Calvary and its pastor,



Rev. William Rader, Pastor of Calvary, San Francisco.

and said a quartette would soon be placed in the church,—"the best that money can buy." The pastor, Mr. Rader, made a response, reviewing the reports and setting forth the prospects for the future. He is happy in his work, supported as it is by such a loyal body of workers. He hopes to raise in the near future the membership from 800 to 1,000. The spiritual condition of Calvary was never better.

The meeting of the Trustees followed in the presence of the guests bidden to the supper. The first thing done was to raise the pastor's salary to $4,000. Some wanted it $5,000. The Treasurer reported all debts paid and $700 in the treasury. While there was a loss from rentals to lodges and societies, which used the building after the fire, the cash income this year exceeded the previous year by more than $2,000. If all the pews in Calvary should be rented the income would amount to more than $10,000. The plate collections show the greatest increase. 76 members were added during the year.

Calvary has every reason to feel hopeful in beginning the new year. Its financial burdens are heavy, the pastor emeritus receives $2,700 annually, and $1,000 a month is required to meet its demands, but the future is bright. The congregations, especially in the evening, fill the beautiful auditorium and many people are hearing the simple Gospel in Calvary these days. Perhaps the most significant feature in the notable annual meeting was the state of fellowship and the evident spirit of hearty co-operation. The church is a unit and bids fair to fill its proper place in the growing city of San Francisco. The property is valued at half a million, and there are few finer church buildings in America than the inspiring Greek Temple standing on the corner of Fillmore and Jackson.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES OF OAKLAND PRESBYTERY.

The ladies are making great preparations for the Semi-annual meeting of the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of the Oakland Presbytery which is to meet on Friday, September 25th, in the First Presbyterian Church of Alameda. There will be a number of special attractions on the program of the three sessions, and a large attendance is expected. The following is the program:

Morning.

Foreign Society, Mrs. J. Gamble, President. 10 a. m., Opening Prayer; "Our Substitutes," Mrs. R. E. Gilson; "The Question Answered," Mrs. C. C. Merriot; "Mission Study Classes," Miss Belle Garrett; "Notes from the Field," Dr. C. F. Merwin; "Giving," Mrs. John Gamble; Address, Mrs. A. G. Welbon, Missionary to Korea; Roll Call of Auxiliaries; Quiet Hour, Mrs. J. G. Chown.

12:30 Luncheon 15 cents.

Afternoon.

"Home Missions," Mrs. J. P. Gerrior. 1:30 Devotional Meeting, Dr. B. K. Sanborne. "Special Calls," Mrs. J. P. Gerrior; "Keeping in Touch," Mrs. Geo. Mansfield; Address, "Freedmen," Rev. R. S. Eastman; Solo, "O Divine Redeemer," (Gounod), Miss Jessie Murray.

Evening—Young People's Rally.

7:30, Praise Service, led by Mr. Harry Richards; Devotional, Rev. H. Scott Whittier; Address, Dr. Silas Johnson, of West Africa; Selection, Emanon Quartette; Address, Dr. H. W. Gilchrist.

THE SYNOD OF CALIFORNIA.

The Synod of California will meet in regular annual session Wednesday, October 21st, 1908, at 9:30 p. m., in the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, and be opened by a sermon by the Moderator, the Rev. W. J. Fisher, D.D. Full notice of arrangements will be sent to each minister whose name appears in the last Assembly Minutes.

WM. S. LONG, Stated Clerk.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 19th, 1908.

A Kentucky editor, who recently made his first trip to the Pacific Northwest, astonished by what he saw, told the people of Spokane that in his judgment that city would have a population of half a million by 1920. That estimate may be a little wild. But Spokane is growing rapidly, and has a great future.

CHURCH NEWS

Rev. S. L. Conde has removed from Cleveland, Ohio, to Los Angeles, Cal. His address is 1357 Bond St.

Rev. D. L. Macquarrie, pastor of the Arlington Presbyterian Church, Riverside, Cal., has returned from an extended vacation in the East.

Rev. F. S. Brush, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Alameda, occupied the pulpit of the Brooklyn Church, Oakland, last Sabbath.

Rev. Myron L. Boozer has accepted a call to the church at Baker City, Oregon. He comes from Grangeville, Idaho, where he has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. John Gourley, pastor at Twin Falls, Idaho, reports fourteen persons uniting with the church at the last communion services.

Rev. C. P. Hurd, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Agricultural College, Corvallis, is expected to accept a call to the pastorate of the Annabel Church, Portland, Oregon.

Rev. J. C. Abels has removed from Moscow, Idaho, to Washington, Iowa.

Dr. Clampett of the Episcopal Church, San Francisco, is to address the Presbyterian pastors on October 5th, telling of his observations in China, from which country he has just returned.

Rev. Lucian B. Noel, who began his pastorate in Reno, Nev., six months ago, reports an increase in interest in church matters in the city, the membership having doubled and the Sunday-school increasing from 15 to 90.

Rev. H. H. McCreery of Carson City is doing a splendid work, the Sunday-school especially showing marked improvement in attendance.

Rev. A. C. Compton, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Riverside, has resigned and will give up the pastorate on October 1.

Rev. J. C. Worley of Yamada, Japan, is giving some very interesting addresses in the Southern California churches. Last Sunday he spoke at the Frist Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles.

Rev. I. C. Meserve, D.D., pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, San Francisco, is to speak before the Presbyterian Ministers next Monday morning on his experiences in Scotland and at the Cosmo-Congregational Council at Edenburgh.

Rev. J. M. Newell, D.D., after forty years active service in the pastorate, the last fourteen of which he has spent at Bethesda Church, Los Angeles, has resigned. Dr. Newell took the church when it had but twenty members and leaves it with nearly two hundred, and with one of the best appointed buildings in the city, free from debt. This resignation is in keeping with a promise Dr. Newell made to himself when he began his ministry, when he decided to retire from the pulpit at the age of sixty-five. Rev. G. D. Heuver, Ph.D., of Winona, Ill., has accepted the call to the pastorate, and will take up his work early in October.

Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Fisher of South Pasadena, celebrated the 25th anniversary of their wedding on Sept. 12. The celebration was arranged by the Ladies' Aid Society of the church of which the Rev. Mr. Fisher is pastor, they taking in hand the decoration of the pastor's home and providing of the program and refreshments. Rev. John Woodbridge, associate pastor of the church, on behalf of the congregation extended congratulations and presented a fine, leather-upholstered chair as a token of the esteem in which the pastor and his wife are held. Rev. Wm. S. Young represented the Synod; Dr. E. S. Wishart, Highland Park Church; and Rev. J. K. Inazawa spoke for the Japanese friends and presented a purse. Rev. Mr. Fisher has been pastor of Calvary Church for but little over a year.

UTAH PRESBYTERY.

All of the stations in our Presbytery are now provided for. We have a strong Presbytery now made up largely of young men. We are expecting great things from the work within our bounds this fall and winter. The plan this year is to work for definite results. Every minister will be expected to plan for special services, to hold himself in readiness to assist at other points when needed; all members will be enlisted in definite work for souls.

Brigham City.—Rev. E. J. Hanks, who has been located at this point for the past two years, has been transferred to Richfield to take charge of that important field, so long occupied by Rev. James H. Meteer, now of California. Mr. Hanks is a Utah boy, and understands how to deal with the peculiar problems of this country.

Rev. A. G. Frank has accepted the work at Brigham, and will be on the field and in charge of the work the second Sunday in October.

St. George.—This important field, located very near the Arizona line, is now in charge of Rev. Clatch S. Rice, a graduate from Princeton's last class. He is taking a strong hold of the work and the people are responding in a most wonderful way. Our mission school at that point under the care of Miss Wilson, has been a great success for the past four years. She is assisted by her mother in the general missionary work in the town.

Rev. T. H. Dry is in charge of three points in Cache Valley, Utah. He has a large field; but he is a very active, sensible little man, and we are sure he will make things move.

Sidney McKee, now a senior in San Anselmo, California, had charge of Castle Gate, Schofield, Winter Quarters and Clear Creek, coal and mining camps, for three months. He rendered valuable service to the cause in these points. It was a real test of the young man's ability in a good many ways, and he proved himself true at every point.

We are encouraged over the outlook for the work in Utah. Our Academies—and we have four of them located in the state, as follows: at Logan, Salt Lake City, Springville and Mt. Pleasant, all opened the beginning of this

school year, better than at any previous year. The mission schools so far as heard from up to date report encouraging beginnings.

Idaho is the coming state in this inter-mountain region. She has the land and the water. Ten years will make a mighty state of Idaho. The people from all parts of the East are coming in to take up land,now on the market. The Idaho churches are growing; many new points are opening where churches must be planted. The brethren in that state are wide awake to opportunities.

J. H.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Westminster.—This church is alive, and doing encouraging work. Six adults were received at the last communion—three on confession and three by letter. A chorus choir of 25 voices is an attractive feature at the Sabbath services. A membership contest in the Sunday-school is meeting with marked success. The pastor is conducting an interesting intensive Bible study in The Acts of the Apostles, and a weekly normal study class. The former meets in the auditorium of the church at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings, and the latter at the close of the Wednesday evening prayer meetings. The Christian Endeavor Society is largely attended and is making real progress under the leadership of Mr. Harold Kellogg. The men of the church are organized into a Brotherhood, which meets weekly for the study of social and religious questions. At a recent meeting a committee was appointed to do parish visiting, and to enlist a more general interest among the people in the immediate neighborhood of the church.

ROSEVILLE.—A very pleasant and auspicious opening of the winter's work took place here last week when Rev. Otis S. Sims, the live pastor of the church started the machinery with a most delightful banquet. It was made the occasion for not only enjoying the splendid refreshments and a social time, but also to consider the various departments of the church and their needs. The program, under the direction of Mr. Sims, was practical and interesting from start to finish. The several speakers responded to their subjects with good cheer and enthusiasm. It was a great success, and no doubt much good will result.

OAKLAND, First Presbyterian.—Rev. H. K. Sanborn, pastor of the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, Oakland, occupied the pulpit both morning and evening. Mrs. J. B. Hume, President of the Woman's Clubs of California, gave a most interesting account of her recent trip to Alaska before the Prayer Meeting, it being the missionary night. She told of her visit to the Mission Stations in company with two young ladies sent out by the Board. The lecture was most inspiring and helpful, as it brought before the large audience an intimate view of the valuable work being done by our missionaries in Alaska. The Cadet Corps made a fine success of its entertainment on Friday evening, the receipts netting about $75.00, which will be used to provide equipment for the Corps. Next Sunday the pulpit of this church will be occupied by Rev. Thomas V. Moore, D.D., of the San Francisco Theological Seminary. Rally Day was celebrated last Sunday by a good attendance and a fine program of music and addresses. Dr. Sanborn talked on the lesson. Nine pupils graduated from the Primary Department of which Miss Mabel Thayer Gray is Superintendent. Mr. E. F. Weihe is Superintendent of the main school.

LONG BEACH.—Formal reply has been made by the trustees of Plymouth Congregational Church, Long Beach, to consolidate with the First Church of that city. It says in effect, that the time is not opportune for such action. This leaves the matter open, to be taken up whenever there is a change of opinion.

GLENDALE.—The ladies of the church are enthusiastic regarding the plan of the Pacific Presbyterian which will permit them to make some money for their treasury, and also anxious to help in the good work of supporting the Coast paper. A good report from this church may be expected a little later.

TROPICO.—The Missionary ladies are interested in the Pacific Presbyterian plan for securing subscribers and have sent for the supplies necessary to take up the work.

LOS ANGELES.—Dr. Hunter of First Church gave a sermon on Phil. 3: 12-14 before the Presbyterian Ministers' Meeting, Sept. 21. This is the first of a series expected for the third Monday of each month. On October 12th, S. J. M. Newell will speak on his 40 years experience in the ministry.

SAN FRANCISCO, TRINITY.—Next Sunday will be Rally Day in all the departments of the church, and from the preparations made for the occasion there will be a large attendance and a profitable time. Neat and attractive programs have been issued through the mails inviting young and old to come. The reports as to the progress of the church for the last Quarter will be presented and these will show Trinity to have made substantial gains in all departments.

SAN DIEGO, First.—The Missionary Society has taken favorable action regarding the plan of the Pacific Presbyterian to secure subscriptions through the society and pay the commission into the missionary fund, and has directed the secretary to secure the necessary sample copies and supplies for the work. It is expected that the result will make a good sum for the society.

CRESCENT CITY.—This county is in the midst of an aggressive anti-saloon campaign, led by Rev. D. H. Morsham, pastor of the Presbyterian church. He has the hearty cooperation of the pastors of the Methodist and Roman Catholic churches and the support of the district attorney, Mr. George Howe. By a vote of three to two the county supervisors have agreed to submit the question of the continuance of the saloons, to the voters at the next election. This means much for the work of the churches in this county, as the saloon has been for fifty years the controlling power in the politics of the county. If its power can be broken and the saloons and the accompanying gambling suppressed men's thoughts may be turned toward better things.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The opening exercises of the Seminary were held in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday of last week. A good company of friends was present from San Rafael and San Francisco, though the attendance would have been larger but for threatening weather. Prof. Paterson delivered a very strong address on "Luther's Enlightenment." The

story was vividly told, and practical applications were impressively made. His call to the higher Christian life and to a vision of God in the midst of our studies should not be forgotten through the year.

Rev. Edwin H. Miller, '01, is making steady progress in his work in Seoul, Korea, where he is principal of the J. S. Wells Training School for Christian Workers. The past year has been the best in the history of the school, the total enrollment reaching 126. Mr. Severance has generously helped the school, making some work possible that could not otherwise have been done.

Dr. and Mrs. Moore returned last week, Thursday, after an extended trip abroad. Dr. Moore resumed his work on Friday.

Edward C. Day, second son of Dr. Day, left on Monday evening for Harvard for another year of post-graduate work in Science. He is working under a Harvard Fellowship in Science which was awarded him last year.

MOODY AND SANKEY AND THE UNIVERSITY MISSIONS IN ENGLAND.

A writer in the London Christian Narrates Their Experiences

The passing of "Moody and Sankey"—difficult as it is to realize that these greatly-honored brethren are no more—gives rise to a multitude of blessed memories whose interests will long survive them. Among all the missions they held in Great Britain there are two which, by reason of their local conditions, hold a place entirely distinct among the many remarkable experiences of the evangelists—viz., those held at Oxford and Cambridge, in November, 1882. The following notes by a then undergraduate may therefore prove of interest.

Visiting first the eastern (I will not suggest the lesser!) University, by invitation from the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union—numbering among its membership such well-known names as Armitage Robinson, Montague Beauchamp, Granville Wadegrave, Kynaston Studd, and others—the American brethren faced their first ordeal in the Corn Exchange on the Sunday evening, literally at the hands, as well as the lungs, of between two and three t housand undergraduates.

A large choir of men had been drilled previously in the homely "Sankey" melodies, and their first contribution was greeted with hearty cheers. In many minds this created a dread suspicion of forboding trouble, which was only too forcibly verified when Mr. Moody's opening prayer was similarly applauded. He asked his audience to desist from such manifestations—more cheers! Mr. Sankey sang—cheers! The Scripture was read—cheers! In fact, each succeeding item was received in the same way.

Mr. Moody's address was upon Daniel, and his favorite one-syllabled pronunciation of "Dan'l," was the signal for repeated outbursts. Still, he stuck manfully to his task, and made some impression, not, however, venturing upon an inquiry meeting. Later, at his hotel, as he took off his dripping collar, he remarked to his fellow-laborer: "Well, Sankey, I guess I've no hankering after that crowd again"—and Mr. Sankey concurred! But that was only the human side of the evangelists. Their souls were deeply stirred, and a season of fervent prayer followed, in the course of which they pleaded that God would "show strength with His arm" during the succeeding days.

The week-evening meetings were held in a gymnasium, not well suited to the purpose, but an accustomed rendezvous of undergraduates. The men could be counted by hundreds rather than thousands; and, beyond more respectful attention, no manifest results were seen on Monday or Tuesday. But on Wednesday night the "break" came. Very solemnly Mr. Sankey had sung "What shall the harvest be?" Mr. Moody spoke on "Sowing and Reaping." At the close of his address he said: "I have not sought hitherto to get into personal touch with you young men, but I feel sure that many are ready and yearning to know Christ. When you are in any difficulties over mathematics or classics you do not hesitate to consult your tutors. Would it be unreasonable for you to bring your soul troubles to those who may be able to help you? Mr. Sankey and I will converse with any who will go up to the gallery yonder, which is unoccupied. Let us pray."

A long pause followed this invitation, during which no one moved. Then the first, half hiding his face in his gown, bounded up the stairs, "two at a time." Another followed, and another, till some threescore men had so far broken their bondage, and many of them found complete deliverance. Among these was one of the ringleaders of the Sunday night demonstration, who had excused his rowdyism with the remark: "If uneducated men will come to teach the 'varsity' they deserve to be snubbed." He went home to make a ruthless clearance of his wines, cards, and other dangerous delights, and from that time he took a prominent part in spiritual work at the University until taking his degree. This man was Gerard Lander, the lately appointed Bishop of Victoria (Hongkong), who in the intervening years has done splendid work in the Liverpool diocese.

The tide had now completely turned, and night after night men crowded to the meetings. Many a backslider was restored, halting believers were strengthened, and a large number for the first time made a definite stand for Christ. To this mission was largely due the subsequent departure to China of "the Cambridge Seven."

The following week the evangelists proceeded to Oxford. Here "a hot time" had been prepared for them, the young blood of the older University having been aroused by the fact that the Cambridge men had "knocked under." A cleverly organized opposition was encountered. but Mr. Moody was better prepared now than a week ago. The first public meeting was reduced to a hubbub, the singing and speaking of the evangelists being interspersed with opprobrious epithets and remarks bordering upon meanest vulgarity. It was here that the devil over-reached himself, and gave Mr. Moody his chance. With grim calmness he said: "We came to this city expecting to meet the flower of British gentry. I put it to you, gentlemen, have you treated us strangers with ordinary courtesy? Whatever you may think of us and our message, we demand that you should behave at least as gentlemen towards us."

These were bold tactics, whose very audacity appealed to the better feelings of the opponents. At the close of the meeting several came up to Mr. Moody and offered their apologies. These would have satisfied an ordinary man, but Mr. Moody was not ordinary. His reply was characteristic: "No, gentlemen, I will not accept your apologies unconditionally. You have treated us in a manner beneath contempt. Your discourtesy has been public; your apology must be public, too. I will reserve three rows of seats in the front of the auditorium for tomorrow night's meeting, and if you will attend, occupy those seats, and allow me to inform the audience that your presence there is your apology. Mr. Sankey and I will accept it." To a man they

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

came, and rose at Mr. Moody's request, while he explained the situation to the audience. The effect was simply electrical. From that time forward the hearing accorded to the evangelists was respectful and sincere. During that week some of the leading athletes of the University ranged themselves once and for all on the Lord's side.

Another noteworthy incident occurred during this mission which showed the ready resourcefulness of Mr. Moody. Preaching in his usual evangelistic strain, he had been insisting on the necessity of the New Birth. Several undergraduates came to him and said: "Mr. Moody, we do not understand your preaching. As members of the Church of England we have been baptized into the family of God. You address us as if we were outside of it altogether."

Mr. Moody, finding they had no common point of departure, telegraphed to Canon Wilberforce to come to his aid, which he willingly consented to do. The announcement of this gave great impetus to the mission,, and a huge crowd attended. The Canon's message was one of restoration, rather than of conversion, but the end was the same, and he held his hearers spellbound with his intensely eloquent appeal. With all respect I would say the address was instructive rather than heart-searching; but it prepared the way for what was to follow. At its close, Mr. Moody, in homely fashion, leaned over the platform rail, gazed with yearning eyes across the sea of faces, and after a brief pause began: "You dear young fellows, enjoying the best of health, and strength, and life—no wonder your mothers love you!" With "a mother's love" as his text, he magnified the wondrous love of God. Very soon tears began to flow, and many a head was bowed in contrition that so great a love had been spurned so long. Today the Christian Church owes more than it knows to these University missions.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR OCTOBER 4.

By Rev. Henry K. Booth.

Songs of the Heart—X. Our Vows and Their Fulfillment.

Psalm 116 (Consecration Meeting).

The fifth book of the Psalms is made up almost entirely of liturgical psalms, those which were intended for use in the public worship of the Temple. There are two famous groups of such psalms in this fifth book,—the Pilgrim's Hymn-Book, or the "Songs of Ascents" (Psalm 120-136), called by the Hebrews the "Great Hallel"; and a great votive anthem (Ps. 113-118), called the "Lesser" or "Egyptian Hallel." The term "Hallel" in Hebrew means "praise"; and it will be noted in both these anthems that we have the frequent use of "hallelujah"—"praise ye Jehovah," which was doubtless a response by the whole congregation of worshippers, a usage similar to that in Christian liturgies of the "Amen" and "Kyrie Eleison," which were the only permissible congregational responses. This Egyptian Hallel, like all these elaborate anthems, was sung antiphonally. A celebrant as a soloist taking the part of the Individual Worshipper, being answered by a chorus of priests and a chorus of people, the whole congregation occasionally bursting forth in a Hallelujah. The several parts of his anthem all combine in a general movement toward a climax (Ps. 18) in which the individual worshipper accompanied by the chorus of people is welcomed by the chorus of priests into the Temple. It thus to some extent resembles a modern oratorio. The Egyptian Hallel was the best known of all the anthems of the Jewish Church, being sung at all the great feast days and was doubtless as familiar to the pious Jews as the "Te Deum Laudamus" is to us.

Psalm 166 is then a part of this larger work, and in its musical rendition in the Temple was taken by the solo voice representing the individual worshipper. This explains the constant use of the first personal pronoun. But let us remember that we have here not the individual speaking for himself, but as celebrant, speaking for the people. The pronoun "I" is really used here in a collective sense, for the speaker is voicing the praise of Israel.

The psalm opens with an ascription of loving praise to Jehovah because he has listened to the cry of the suppliant for deliverance (vs. 1-2). It is the mercy and providence of God manifest in our lives that bring us to love Him. "We love Him because He first loved us." This individual expression of God through his loving help in time of need is common to us all. And it is this sense of his love that brings the song of praise to the lip. The remaining sections of the psalm only repeat and elaborate these essential steps in the spiritual expression of the individual—the sense of peril, the cry to God, the instant deliverance, and as a result the grateful praise to Him for his goodness.

The second section (v. 3-5) tells us how the psalmist was brought into the very "valley of the shadow," into the presence of death, and how in that extremity he cried into the Lord. His prayer was brief and simple and heartfelt. It reminds us of the publican's prayer. Many words are not needed when peril is sore and all the language of the soul is a dispairing cry. And though the psalmist does not definitely state his deliverance, we feel it is implicit in the gracious and righteous and merciful character of that God to whom he lifts his voice in praise. It is this consciousness of the Divine character that inspires faith. Men do not become religious until they know, rather than merely know about God, until they realize his character.

The third section (vs. 6-9) briefly states now this deliverance from the depths of despair, and bids the soul, that had trembled in death's net, to be at peace and rest. And he rejoices at the abundance of the answer of God to his prayer, that the Lord had "dealt bountifully with him." He had only praryed "deliver my soul," but Jehovah had given him not only the return to the "land of the living," but had removed also all sorrow and fear. God never gives by measure. The soul that prays in faith shall receive "above all that he can ask or hope." All Scripture is filled with evidence of this abounding and overflowing love of God that answers our prayers with so much more than we have asked. Recall in your own experience this bountiful dealing of God. How often has he given you far more than you sought. "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

The fourth section (vs. 10-14) passes to a more exalted mood. He recalls his terrible state of affliction and pain and cynicism, the bitter estate of the soul that feels itself deserted. And as he contrasts it with his present state of peace and deliverance that God has given, he asks himself most earnestly, "What shall I render unto the Lord?" It is a question that goes deep. It implies the recognition by the recipient of God's gifts that something is due to God in return. The selfish satisfaction in one's own personal salvation which is so often manifest in so-called Christian lives is shamed by the utterance of that ancient Hebrew poet. "What shall I render unto the Lord;" this is his first thought on his deliverance. And the answer comes quick and sure out of his own heart, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will

pay my vows unto the Lord, yea, in the presence of all his people."

It is a noble expression of the desire to honor God by public confession of his goodness and love, and the concluding section of the psalm (vs. 15-19) but reiterates the same thought with even greater emphasis. Can a man who has known the love of God do less than proclaim that love in "the presence of all his people?" Is not this our reasonable service? In the testimony at the Endeavor meeting and in the confession of faith as we enter into the membership of the church we may pay our "vows unto the Lord," and it is indeed a small return for his infinite and constant love to us. Those of the Christian Endeavor fellowship who remain outside the church, who refuse to acknowledge Christ before men, are recreant to their duty and false to their better self. "He that confesseth me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven. But he that denieth—" thus simply and plainly the Master sets before us our duty as Christians. "With the mouth confession is made," and the vows must not be made in secret alone but "in the presence of all his people." And last of all our vows are to be fulfilled not only by this witness of the lip to our salvation but by the witness of changed and chastened Christian lives. Our consecration meeting is continuous, our real consecration is manifest in our every word and deed.

The psalmist who penned those words died and was gathered to his fathers, but the song lived on. In ages of persecution and trial the Jews lifted their voices in that solemn votive hymn. Centuries passed by. It was the Passover time in Jerusalem. In an upper room in that city a little group of peasants had gathered to eat the Passover. The flaming torches lighted their eager faces as they bent forward intently listening to Him who was speaking those beautiful words, "Let not your heart be troubled." And then when the broken bread and the poured out wine had been received from the hands of that One to whom those symbols had such terrible and tragic meaning, firm and clear and unwavering his voice led them in that ancient hymn, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." If the 116th Psalm had no other association it should be forever endeared to us by its use that night, for it was the last hymn that our Master sang on earth.

And in view of that unutterable sacrifice for us, can we be content with anything less than to "pay our vows in the presence of all his people" by giving Him the utter consecration of our lives.

CURRENT AND COMMENT.

The New York Post of September the 12th had the following on the trade situation: Three men, each in a position which made his opinion worth listening to, were asked this week what was their judgment regarding trade revival. The first, the head of a banking house with large Western connections replied: "Nothing seems to be doing here, but all our Western clients are jubilant over the industrial recovery." The second, a dry-goods merchant, answered: "The year's trade is over, and we shall see dull times until 1909 has begun. Then things ought to pick up." The third, an officer of a bank with important commercial connections throughout the country, had this to say: "There is a slow and steady recuperation going on. There will be no boom, and there should be no set-back. Business men have lost heavily, and are making it up only gradually by selling at very low prices; but they are paying off their obligations with remarkable readiness, and are not discouraged." In one or another of these verdicts, most readers of this column will probably find their own experience duplicated. It is as true now as it was during the brief spells of enthusiasm in July and February, that actual figures are still those of after-panic depression. Last Wednesday, the monthly report of the country's true production was published. It showed an August output 29 per cent above the low level of January, but 46 per cent below August, 1907, and 30 per cent below the same month in 1906. The $20,000,000 Associated Merchants Company, reporting the operation of its large department stores for the six months ending August 1, showed net earnings 25 per cent below 1907; and the H. B. Claflin Company, a few weeks earlier, had reported for the first half of the year a deficit of $7,000 below expenses, where $454,000 surplus had been earned the year before. Gross receipts of the country's railways, in the six months ending with June, decreased 16 1-2 per cent, from the year before; in July they decreased 17 1-2 per cent, and have run some 12 per cent short in August. They have economized so severely that the net receipts are making a very different comparison; but this is as yet merely adapting themselves to conditions of depression. Does all this mean that a "boom" is impossible this autumn? It would not be safe to answer in the affirmative, if by "boom" is meant a brisk and continuous revival; for the salient phenomenon of the day is the lowness of stocks on hand in all branches of merchandise and commodities. But if the word means quick return to trade conditions such as those of 1906, the notion may as well be dismissed.

There has been a large increase of crime in Boston latterly—an increase of 21 per cent over the first seven months of 1907. The secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association asks as to the causes of this increase and answers this question thus in part: "Experts will differ somewhat, but they will all include the industrial depression—'hard times'—as the principal factor. The marked increase in arrests for drunkenness, however, began early in 1907, while the panic was an October product. It is probably true that there were far more unemployed men in the spring and summer of 1907, before the panic began, than in the corresponding months of the previous year. The increase in drunkenness in hard times is an effect and a mere coincident. A considerable percentage of the men who are idle in an industrial depression loaf about the saloons. They find their friends there, and the treating customs lead to a great deal of drinking. Many a man who, when employed, drops into a saloon for a glass of beer at noon or at the end of his day's work, and goes out as soon as he has taken it, spends hours there when he is idle. He is discouraged, and drinks to cheer himself up, or for sociability, and does not stop until he has become intoxicated. The increase in arrests for assaults is due to the same cause. One who is familiar with the courts knows that very few assaults are committed by sober men. There are men in considerable numbers who, when drunk, are ugly. 'Fighting drunk' is a condition readily recognized. If the number of drunken men increases the number of assaults will increase, as it has recently. The increasing number of larcenies has a similar explanation. Most of the larcenies are very petty The value of stolen property is small—rarely more than a few dollars, and not often is it money which is taken. Occasionally a man who is thoroughly sober steals, but the cases are rare. Drunkenness is a factor as a cause of larceny, and so far as the hard times and idleness cause drunkenness, they cause theft. The destitution which follows closely

upon an industrial depression is a less common cause. The number of persons who live 'from hand to mouth' is very large. The loss of a week's wages brings destitution. Some have homes. Tradesmen will carry them for a while, and landlords are patient. As a rule the sober idle man, especially the man with a family, does not steal, even in hard times. Some of the thefts are committed by men (and women) who are homeless, shelterless and hungry. They frankly say, in self-defense, that they 'had to live.' But the number is very small. Usually drink is connected with the theft, and the drink is connected with the hard times."

Hypnotism has been found of value for the healing of diseases both of the body and mind. This is the unanimous verdict of those who have investigated the subject. No one in this country is better prepared to tell what hypnotism is worth as a means of healing than Dr. John D. Quackenbos. He is not less trustworthy as a hypnotist because he knows many things outside of hypnotism. He is a well-known author, and besides hypnotism and kindred topics he has written text-books and popular treatises on many subjects. He is too good a physician to think of dispensing with drugs; and although he thinks that much can be done by the patient himself by auto-suggestion, he does not believe that skilled medical advisers can be dispensed with. In his recent book, "Hypnotic Therapeutics," he considers in a popular style the use of hypnotism in the treatment of disease. There is nothing in the book that the average man cannot understand, and there is much in it that is very suggestive, much that will furnish food for thought, and much that will be found practical and useful.

MEETINGS OF SYNODS.

California, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 21, Pasadena, Cal.	Wm. S. Young, D.D., 645 S. Boyle St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Montana, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24 to 27, Anaconda, Mont.	Geo. Edwards, 1108 4th Ave., N., Great Falls, Mont.
Nevada, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Rhyolite, Nev.	
New Mexico, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24, Silver City, New Mexico.	Chas. E. Lukens, M.D., Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Oregon, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 8, Ashland, Oregon	John A. Townsend, Ph.D., Roseburg, Oregon.
Utah, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 13, Idaho Falls, Idaho	David A. Clemens, Caldwell, Idaho.
Washington, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 1, Ellensburg, Wash.	Eugene A. Walker, Rathdrum, Idaho.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.

Synod of California.

DATE PLACE	STATED CLERK
Benicia, 11 a. m., Oct.19, San Francisco, 920 Sacramento St.	Walter M. Sutherland, Fulton, Cal.
Los Angeles, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 22, Pomona	William S. Young, D.D., 645 S. Boyle St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Nevada, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Rhyolite	George H. Greenfield, Elko, Nev.
Oakland, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 14, Oakland, Emmanuel Church.	R. S. Eastman, 2847 Fulton St., Berkeley, Cal.
Riverside, 7:30 p. m., Oct 13, Riverside, Westminster.	Daniel L. Macquarrie, 128 Magnolia Ave., Riverside, Cal.
Sacramento, 1 p. m., Oct. 19, Sacramento, Westminster Ch.	Hugh T. Dobbins, Calusa, Cal.
San Francisco, 7:30 p. m., October 6, San Francisco	Herbert N. Bevier, 1606 14th Ave., South S. F., Cal.
San Joaquin, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Fresno, First Church	George B. Greig, Coalinga, Cal.
San Jose, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Watsonville	Frank H. Babb (elder), Box 775, San Jose, Cal.
Santa Barbara, 2:30 p. m., Oct. 20, Pasadena First Church.	Winfield C. Scott, Fillmore, Cal.

SYNOD OF WASHINGTON.

Alaska	N. D. Haarrison, Skagway, Alaska.
Bellingham, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m.	F. G. Strange, D.D., Sendro-Woolley, Wash.
Central Washington, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m.	Donnell R. Montgomery, Cle Elum, Wash.
Olympia, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m., Buckley, Wash., First Church.	S. Alexander George, Kelso, Wash.
Puget Sound, Sept. 15, 7:30 p. m., Auburn, Wash.	W. Chalmers Gunn, Auburn, Wash.
Spokane, Sept. 28, 7:30 p. m., Spokane Wash., First church.	Eugene A. Walker, Creston, Wash.
Walla Walla, Sept. 29, 1:00 p. m., Asotin, Wash.	Prof. Wm. Sands Morley, Sc. D., Moscow, Idaho.
Wenatchee, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m.	Herbert M. Course, Wilson Creek, Wash.
Yukon	Howard W. Frank, Fairbanks, Wash.

SYNOD OF MONTANA.

Butte, 2:00 p. m., Sept. 24, Anaconda	Elko J. Groeneveld, Butte, Mont.
Great Falls, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 23, Anaconda, Mont.	Henry G. Hanson, Harlem, Montana.
Helena, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24, Anaconda	Davis Wilson, 504 Tracy Ave., South Bozeman, Mont.

SYNOD OF NEW MEXICO.

Pecos Valley, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24, Silver City, New Mexico.	Edgar E. Mathes, Artesia, New Mexico.
Phoenix, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 25	Frank C. Reid, Phoenix, Arizona.

SYNOD OF UTAH.

Boise, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 30	David A. Clemens, Caldwell, Idaho.
Kendall, 8 p. m., Oct. 12, Idaho Falls, Idaho	Joseph Y. Stewart, Malad City, Idaho.
Utah, 7:30 p. m., August 27	John D. Stormont, Myton, Utah.

SYNOD OF OREGON.

Grande Ronde, 7:30 p. m., October 6, Ashland, Ore.	W. A. Robinson, Halfway, Oregon.
Pendleton, 9:00 a. m., Oct. 7, Portland First Church.	B. F. Harper, Milton, Oregon.
Portland, 2:00 p. m., Oct. 5, Portland First Church.	Edward M. Sharp, Mt. Tabor Station, Portland, Oregon.
Southern Oregon, 2 p. m., Oct. 7, Ashland, Ore.	Joseph E. Burkhardt, North Bend, Oregon.
Willamette, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 13, Creswell, Ore.	William T. Wardle, Lebanon, Oregon.



SIMPLE DIET MEANS GREATER EFFICIENCY.

Experimental study of the physiological needs of the body for food has indicated that the real requirements of the system, especially for proteid foods (meats, etc.), are far below the amounts called for by existing dietary stands, and still further below the customary habits of the majority of mankind. The ability of the body to maintain a condition of physiological equilibrium, with a true nitrogen balance, etc., on a relatively small amount of nitronous food, would seemingly imply that the large surplus so generally consumed constitutes an entirey uncalled-for drain upon the system, as well as upon the pocket of the individual and without compensatory gain.

In our experimental study of this question, observations on many individuals have extended over such long periods of time that there is apparent safety in the conclusion that the dietary standards which aim to conform to the true needs of the body are perfectly adapted to sustain health strength, and vigor indefinitely.

That these smaller amounts of food are quite sufficient to meet the needs of the body is indicated by the condition of the subjects after many months of living at these lower levels. Especially noticeable, because at that time wholly unexplained, was the decided gain in bodily strength and endurance manifested by all the subjects of experiment.

Further, the many data obtained in our experimental studies, reinforced by a multitude of personal experiences from all over the world, comunicated to the writer, all lead to the view that there is great personal gain in the acquisition of dietary habits that tend toward moderation and simplicity. Renewed health, increased vigor, greater freedom from minor ailments, etc., are so frequently reported as the outcome of temperance in diet, that we are forced to the conclusion that the surplus of proteid food commonly consumed—amounts far beyond what the physiological necessities of the body demand—is wholly unphysiological, and in the long way detrimental to the best interests of the indivdual. There is seemingly sound philosophy in so changing the customs and habits of our daily life that they will conform more or less closely to our present understanding of the physiological requirements of the body.—Prof. Russell H. Chittenden, in Popular Science Monthly.

THAT VEXED QUESTION OF "PIN MONEY."

I have tried to trace the origin of the term "pin money," and failed. The supposition is that it dates back to the fifteenth century, when pins were first made. Being handmade, they were rather expensive—hence it is surmised that women were allowed a small amount of money to buy pins.

I wonder if the average man knows how hard it is for a woman to ask him for money? Does he realize the difference it would make in her attiude toward himself if instead of waiting for such a request he would forestall it by giving her at a stated time not only a fixed amount for the household expenditure but something over for her personal wants—something the use of which he never inquires or cares? I am speaking in particular of husband and wife, but the same rule should apply to all housewives.

It is particularly embarrassing to the young bride whose generous father up to her marriage has provided for her necessities and even luxuries, to have to ask for money.

"Don't you have everything you want?" "Aren't we 'one'?" "Isn't everything I own yours?" and such jesting questions do not make the matter easier.

I once gave a prospective bridegroom the following advice: "William," I said, "I know you are going to have to economize very closely, but never fail to plan to have a little over to give your wife for her private purse. This is only her right, and be sure you never inquire to what use she puts it—whether it will go toward a present at Christmas for your worthy self (as nine cases out of ten it will), or possibly sent home for some little luxury for her invalid mother, or put into her misisonary box; it's nothing to you." He promised, and the sequel has shown he has followed the advice to the letter.

In contrast to the above case, I once knew a young husband who, while devoted to his beautiful girl-wife, considered that if she were well clothed and fed she should be perfectly satisfied. The table was well provided and she was handsomely gowned, but beyond that she was never allowed any money. I have known her to go to his office for fifty cents, and explain just what she was going to spend it for. I have also seen her embarrassment when she excused him by remarking that Lewis had forgotten to leave any money at home that morning. I afterward learned that he made a practice of forgetting. I hate to add that later in life her embarrassment led to almost open scorn; she was humiliated so often! Strange to relate, those people sold their home to a young lawyer and his wife. He was a poor man, though his wife had been brought up in luxury. Among other valuable wedding presents she had received a Steinway grand piano. One day when I was calling on her, she asked me joyfully what I supposed she found on the piano keys that morning when she opened the piano to practice? "A dime," she explained. ("Just think! My Jim must have put it there for me. He is always doing these nice little things for me. Oh, I do love him so," she added frankly. I smiled at the size of the gift, but dimes were none too plentiful in poor Jim's pocket, and his fond wife was measuring his thoughtfulness more than the value of the gift.

I think I cannot do better than end with a pathetic little bit of truth told me by an old lady.

"My poor husband" (long departed), she said, "was a good, kind man at heart, but he never was generous to me. He spent a good deal on himself, but he could not see what a woman needed beyond food and clothes. One day his sister came to visit us and proposed that we go to a band concert. She was surprised that I had no money for my ticket, nor could I go without consulting my liege lord. She had a long talk with her brother that night, which ended in his apologizing for his remissness in the past and presenting me with a five-dollar bill; 'a little pin money,' he said jokingly. He promised he would give me that same amount every month. But would you believe it?—the next day he wanted some money in a hurry, and came and borrowed my five-dollar bill—and forgot to pay it back! Pay it back next month when he gave me the other? Indeed he didn't—nor was there ever another; and what's more, I was too proud to remind him. I had got into the habit of not asking as much as he had of not giving, so we just went on in the same old way—only I never did forget it—to him."

"Your sister seems to have been more fortunate in her married life," I remarked.

"She was and she was not—for they some way did not get along, and after awhile they agreed to part. But she told me long afterwards that she always felt badly when she remembered all his generosity to her, whatever his actual faults were. She said that the first morning after his marriage he took her purse and put a generous bill in it, and told her when that was spent he'd put more in it, and never to let it get empty without telling him. 'Women,' he said, 'wanted lots of little things men didn't even know the names of.' She said when she remembered that, she wished she'd been kinder to him."

It seems to me home would be a much happier place if there were a definite understanding between the "bread-winner" and the dispenser of the loaves. I like that strong, old-fashioned word "helpmeet"—it puts a woman in her right relation toward her husband. Surely if she is to be this, she must be taken into his full confidence. It is to her interest as much as his to wisely spend the money, to see that the income is more than the output and to provide for the future. This can only be accomplished by a careful proportioning of the income. This decided, a just as well as generous husband will acknowledge that as a man always requires loose change in his pocket for petty demands or expenses, so a woman has equal claims upon her purse, and it will be his pleasure to see that she is regularly supplied with the wherewithal. Even if she only gets as much as the cost of his cigars per annum, she will not lack "pin money."—Grace Eddy in The Interior.



GOING WITH THE CROWD.

"But all the girls went, mother. I don't like to be the only one left out. Besides, when I said I wouldn't go, they all laughed at me and said I was a coward."

It was Wednesday morning, before school time, and Anna was dreading to go back to school, dreading to meet her teacher. The day before a circus had been in town. At recess, while the children were in the playground, they heard the noise of the band, and one of the girls said:

"Let's go and see the parade."

"All right," said Anna, "I'll go and ask teacher if we may go."

"No, don't ask her, she might say no. We can get back before the bell rings, and she wwill never know that we left the grounds."

Anna and one or two of the girls held back. They all knew it was against the rules to go off the playground at recess, without permission.

When the girls saw the parade pass one point, they wanted to see it once more, and away they went through a cross street to get to the corner before the procession. School was forgotten; and when they did remember, it was long past recess time and too late to go back.

The next morning, as Anna stood in the kitchen, talking it over with her mother, her little heart was very heavy. She knew she had done wrong. She dreaded to go to school and she was very unhappy.

"Perhaps," said her mother, "if you had been brave about not going, the other girls would have stayed on the school grounds, too. Or, if she had asked the teacher, I think she would have let you go. But whether she did or not, it is never safe to do a thing just because 'all the rest do it.' Going with the crowd is not a safe plan unless you are sure the crowd is going in the right direction. The only wise thing for you to do is to be sure you are right, and then stick to it and never mind what the crowd does."

"I didn't mean to do wrong," said Anna, as the tears started to her eyes.

"I know that, my dear," said her mother, "but you were more afraid of being teased than you were of doing wrong. I hope you will remember from this day forward that the brave girl is not the girl who dares to do wrong, but the one who does what she knows to be right in spite of the taunts and jeers of her playmates."

"What shall I say to my teacher?" asked Anna in a low voice, as she dropped her head.

"Oh," said her mother, kissing her, "you go right straight to your teacher and tell her that you have done wrong and that you are sorry for it. Ask her to let you say so before the whole school. Be sure to beg her pardon and promise not to do so again."

Little Anna did as her mother told her. That afternoon when she came back from school, she ran to her mother's arms and said:

"Mother, I'm so happy. Teacher forgave me, and I mean to be good."

And the smile on Anna's face spoke plainly of a happy heart.—Flood's Flowers.

THE FOOT OF THE LADDER.

"So you think you want to be an architect, do you?" said Frederick Arnold to the young man who had made his way into the inner office.

Arnold was busy. A dozen matters of importance were awaiting his attention; yet here was this youngster coolly appropriating his time and asking him for work. "I don't think; I know," Warren Hill answered, quietly ignoring the sneer in the question.

"Hum!" Arnold swung round in his chair and surveyed the intruder over the rims of his glasses. It was a good face he saw, a resolute chin, a firm mouth, plenty of room for brains above the merry brown eyes. The lad's figure, too, was wiry, athletic. Still, the elder man was not quite satisfied. He took up the little pile of plans that Warren had brought as his best recommendation, and went quickly over them.

"These are not bad," he said cautiously. "At least nothing extraordinary. These windows are rather good, and your chimneys seem to be constructed with some idea of drafts and flues. But an architect must be able to do something else besides draw pretty pictures. Most of the young men who come to me for work expect I'll set 'em to building Carnegie libraries right off. Libraries, when they hardly know a joist from a jews-harp!"

Warren smiled appreciatively, wondering what Arnold's next words would be. Nothing favorable, he decided after a glance at the grim features. And he wanted that position as he had never wanted anything before in all his eighteen years. Nothing except the change in affairs at home, which made it imperative that he get something to do, instead of spending his vacation preparing for technical school in the fall, would ever have induced him to ask Arnold for work.

"Hill," asked the architect, "is your father professor of Greek in Raleigh College?"

"He was, until his death, two months ago," Warren answered quietly.

"Ah, I did not know." There was genuine sorrow in

the architect's voice. "We were classmates at college. I would like to do something for his son, but the best thing I can do is to set you at work at the very bottom of the ladder."

"That is where I want to begin," Warren answered cheerfully.

"Well, then"—Arnold's fingers were busy with pencil and paper—"take this over to Pat Casey, on Mitchell street, and tell him to give you a job. They are excavating for a big hotel." Warren pocketed the paper gratefully enough, and departed in far better spirits than he had come. Casey, he found, was a big, burly Irishman in charge of a gang of Greeks and Italians who were hard at work with pick and shovel.

"Work is it ye want?" said Casey, good-humoredly. "Shure, ye don't look like no heavy weight, but if Misther Arnold sent ye I'll give ye a trial. Still, it's no tennis court ye'll find that cellar."

Nothing daunted, Warren grasped his shovel as if it were the right hand of good fortune held out to him, blessing the athletic training of the year before which had turned the flabby muscles of the student to sinews of iron. Still, it was very hot as the pit grew deeper. The perspiration streamed down his face and mingled with the dust, until he loked no better than the Italian at his side. His muscles ached with the unaccustomed strain, and he set his teeth and shoveled steadily until the foreman nodded approvingly. "That's right," he shouted; "you're a hummer."

Warren looked at his blistered hands and smiled a streaked smile. Away in the distance he saw an office like Arnold's with his own name above the door. "Oh, I'll reach it yet," he muttered. "Shoveling dirt at two per day isn't such a bad way to begin, after all."

By the end of the first week his muscles grew accustomed to the strain; his hands no longer troubled him. The work paid far better than many an easier position. So when Casey moved to another job, Warren followed, with a slight increase in his wages.

Some two months later he looked up to find Arnold, the architect, peering down at him from the rim of the excavation. "The foot of the ladder, eh?" he queried.

"Yes, sir"—Warren paused to wipe his streaming forehead—"but I think I am ready for the next rung."

"How so?" asked Arnold, coming a step or two nearer.

"Why, one of our teamsters wants to go East, and he has offered to sell me his outfit for one hundred and fifty dollars. I've an idea I could make more teaming than I can shoveling."

"Got the money?" Arnold's voice was full of interest.

"No, only half of it. I've had to use some of my wages; but the man will take a mortgage on the team for the rest of it."

"Don't you do it. Let me be your banker; then you can pay me the principal, without interest, whenever it is convenient for you."

"That's kind of you," said Warren. "I will conclude the bargain at once."

He went home in rare good spirits that night. The possession of the team meant added opportunities for work, and better pay. "Mother," he called gaily, "I'm a contractor now. I hope you appreciate the rise in our position."

She laughed. She had a way of seeing things in a merry light, this plucky litle mother. She had seen her son give up his chosen profession and don overalls and jumper without a murmur, so sure had she been of brighter prospects.

The first contract which Warren took called for the removal of two thousand cubic yards of earth within a given time. Before making his bid he looked the ground over, and wondered if there might not be a stratum of building sand under the loam. The idea was worth loking into, so one night he made his way to the lot and by using an auger, verified his guess. The bid he finally handed in was so much lower than any other that all the other contractors laugned at him. "You will lose," they declared. "You are bound to."

"You just wait," chuckled Warren. "I may uncover a bed of diamonds."

"Bed of fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Casey, losing patience with his former employee. "Shure, it's crazy ye are."

However in less than four weeks he had cleared over two hundred dollars, fuly half of which was from sand sold. His next work was the destruction of an old frame building, which was to be torn down to make room for a larger, more convenient structure. It was a rush order, with a premium of five dollars for every day he saved to the company.

"There's good building material in it," said Warren to himself; "but I can't stop to get it out, and I can't afford to hire it done. I'd give it away if folks would only carry it off." So the next day there appeared in each of the three dailies of the place the startling advertisement: "Free lumber. Come and get it. 455 McPherson avenue."

When Warren appeared the next morning there was a small army of men waiting for him. The first wanted siding. "Take it off and you can have it," said Warren, pointing to the building. Another had use for the doors and windows. A third wanted flooring. Another took down the chimneys for the sake of the bricks they contained. So the work went merrily on. The men were satisfied with their bargain. As for Warren, why, the house was being torn down, and carried off without any expense to him.

In the midst of it Frederick Arnold suddenly appeared on the scene. For a while he stood silent, his eyes following every movement of the workmen. It was a good scheme. Used to labor-saving methods though he was, he had never made use of a plan like this. "Humph," he said to himself, and went in search of the boy who was directing the men. Six months ago the lad had confided his ambition to him and asked for work. He smiled a little grimly as he thought of the task which he had assigned to his old classmate's son.

"Shoveling dirt with Italians, under an Irish boss," he muttered. "He stuck to it like a good one. Casey said he never had a better boy to work. Most chaps would have turned up their noses at it and hunted a four-a-week job in a store. Or else they'd have sat down and whined about not having a fair chance. Chance, faugh! I like a boy who can make his own chance, not wait for somebody to hand him one. Ah, there he is!"

"Well," he said, laying a friendly hand on Warren's shoulder, "how do you like being a contractor?"

"It's great," Warren answered enthusiastically. "I never had any idea hard work could be such fun. Then I've learned a lot about foundations."

Arnold nodded. "It's a good business, and you have a very fair start. I don't suppose you would want to give it up and take a position in my office, would you?"

"Would I?" In Warren's voice joy and ambition strove for mastery. "There is nothing I'd like better."

"Well, then," said Arnold slowly, "I shall be glad to have you come any time. But I warn you that you will find office work very different from tearing down old buildings or moving sand."

"I shan't care," said Warren, "so long as it leads toward the top of the ladder."—Young People.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS. G. PATTERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

"In a sense the history of the rise of the automobile is a history of some of the foremsot inventors, mechanical engineers and active business men."

The above lines, quoted from a recent history of automobiling, are especially interesting and true. Boys and girls have been enjoying automobile rides for so long a time that they hardly realize what a modern invention the automobile really is, but a few facts will prove how recently and rapidly the horseless carriage has come.

Motor carriages were built and used as early as 1760, but it was not until 1879 that an American invented and operated the first gas engine automobile which was entirely practical for road travel. The general public was slow to believe that automobile had come to stay, and they were not altogether popular. Their success, however, is proved by the fact that while ten years ago there were but seventeen automobile makers, today there are 175. Ten years ago automobile factories employed about 638 people, now they employ 60,000 people. Where $1,000,000 was spent on such vehicles then, there are today $95,000,000. So that the manufacture of automobiles has now become one of America's great industries.

Today there are in Europe and America thousands and thousands of automachines, including taxicabs, trucks, fire-engines, buses, delivery wagons, ambulances, buggies, victorias and touring cars. Recently Mrs. Russell Sage presented to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals an automobile for ambulance service.

It is hard to realize that automobiles are "chugchugging" nearly all over the world; in Australia and Japan and Hawaii and even on the edge of the jungles of India!

Supplies for Churches and Sunday Schools....

¶ ¶ *BIBLES, SONG BOOKS, MAPS, CHARTS, BLACKBOARDS,*

Helps for Superintendents and Teachers

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE OF CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer. Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.

See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, OCTOBER 1, 1908. No. 40

University Library



REV. GEORGE IRVING LONG,
Pastor Second Presbyterian Church, San Jose, Cal.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter, W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen, $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

SAN FRANCISCO BROTHERHOOD ENJOYS SUCCESSFUL BANQUET.

About sixty Presbyterian men of San Francisco and the Bay cities gathered in the commodious social hall of Calvary Presbyterian Church on Friday evening, September 25th, at 6:30, and there enjoyed a good dinner and some good speeches and a pleasant social evening. The gathering was composed of the members of the San Francisco Preseveoptrixthjaizeitzeddbb$21.00apgoodyterian cmf wypf **Presbyterial Union, which was organized October 5, 1907.....**

The principal address of the evening was delivered by Mr. Walter Macarthur, one of the labor leaders of San Francisco. Mr. Macarthur confessed to be treading on unfamiliar ground when he spoke of the church, as he said he ceased from attending the kirk at fourteen years of age and became a sailor. Nevertheless, he ventured to give some suggestions regarding church affairs. He says in part: "The Church to succeed, must not become an adjunct to the circus or the theater, for when men want a circus they know where to go, and if they want to see a theatrical performance they know where to find a first-class one N ither should it deal with politics, as the man in that line of business can put up a better performance than the Church, and competition is therefore useless. When Labor is sick and in need of comfort and aid, she should turn to the Church. Labor and the Church must live and prosper together, if they live and prosper at all. The trouble—if there be trouble between Labor and the Church —is not the fault of the Church, but of the people who attend the Church. The tone of Labor is religious. The reason that the laboring men do not attend the Church more is because many of the Labor organizations carry on their meetings on Sunday, and this gives them little time for church attendance.

As for myself, I do not attend church because Sunday is my only rest day, and I believe—although I am not certain—that I can rest and improve my mind better by staying at home and reading than by attending the services of the Church."

Rev.Wm.RadersaidthatthePresbyterianChurchTAO hhh

Rev. Wm. Rader said that the Presbyterian Church takes the lead of all denominations in its efforts to reach laboring men.

Mr. J. B. Chown read some very interesting statistics, telling the amount of work done by the Presbyterian Church in its effort to reach the laboring man. The selection of the place for the next meeting was left to the Executive Committee.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Committee in charge of the Laymen's Missionary Movement of San Francisco, of which Mr. J. G. Chown is chairman, have issued a letter to the laymen of their city, stating that the principal coast cities, except San Francisco, have organizations of the movement, and that San Francisco is preparing to effect a permanent organization in the near future, at which time the banquet will be held.

With this letter they enclose a list of eight questions, given herewith, asking the men to answer and return, and the summary of these answers will be presented for discussion at the banquet. It is anticipated that this movement will receive a cordial response at the hands of the churches of all denominations, and that a great forward movement in missionary giving will result in consequence. The questions appended are as follows:

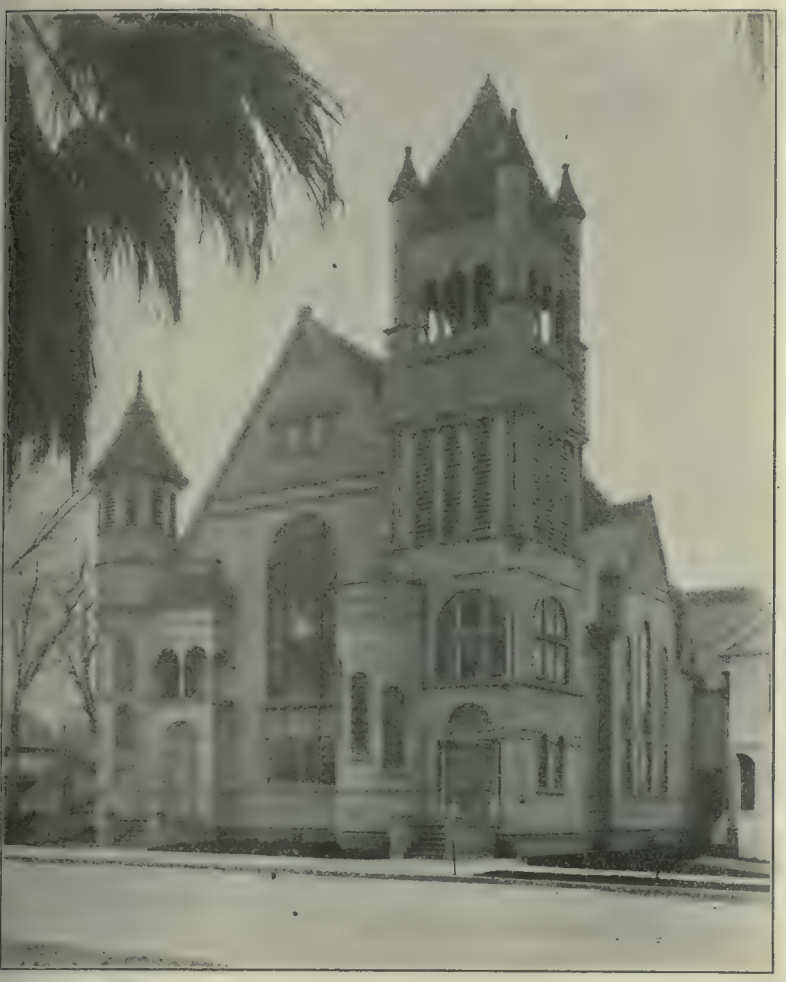
1. What per cent of the men you know are informed or interested in Foreign Missions? 2. What is the general atitude of the majority of men on the subject? Why? 3. What criticisms of Foreign Missions and Missionaries, or objections to Foreign Misisonary work are commonly heard among business men? 5. What are men less interested in Missions than women? 5. By what means may Christian men be informed, interested and actively enlisted in this line? 6. What would be a reasonable annual contribution for the Christians of San Francisco for Foreign Missions? 7. Will you be kind enough to give your personal opinion of our Lord's word recorded in Matt. 28: 18-20? 8. When a summary of these answers and discussion is printed shall the Committee send you a complimentary copy?

THE CHURCH OF THE CORDIAL WELCOME.

By Mrs. S. Estelle Greathead.

The second Presbyterian Church of San Jose, California would not be true to its traditions did it not primarily stand for the utmost good fellowship. It has always been known as the "Church of the Cordial Welcome" and this spirit of kindly friendliness has been fostered and nourished by all of the three pastors who have led the flock through the pleasant pastures and into the sunny meadows of peace during the fifteen or sixteen years of its existence.

The majority of churches are born, either by reason of inharmony or friction which results in disruption or else



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SAN JOSE, CAL.

begin life as a little, struggling handful of people, poor in pocket but correspondingly rich in faith, courage and hope, but the Second Presbyterian church of San Jose began its career, full-fledged, full-grown, without debt, with everything favorable and no cloud upon the horizon. There was indeed every reason why this promising young daughter of the First Church shoauld grow to be a gracious and beautiful personality and the years that have passed since its beginning have justified the hopes of its founders.

It was in 1890, when Dr. Henry C. Minton was pastor of the First Church, when it began to be apparent that the church had outgrown its equipment. The suggestions of an enlarged church edifice, an assistant pastor, a mission church and other methods of relieving the congested condition finally moulded themselves into the shape of a new church, which was to be built, furnished and launched upon the synodical sea, fully manned and with every sail set. Money was raised for this purpose, without any regard as to who would constitute the members of the new organization. Mrs. Jane B. Cobb, whose sainted memory is one of the cherished assets of the church, bought the lot and contributed largely in other directions.

When the building was completed members of the First Church to the number of one hundred and twenty-five indicated their intention of embarking on the new craft, some for reasons of convenience and others simply in the desire for greater usefulness.

The church has prospered under its three beloved pastors, the first, Dr. R. F. Maclaren of St. Paul, Minn., now a resident of Los Angeles, where he is engaged in some literary work and occasionally supplies a vacant pulpit; the second, Dr. Thornton A. Mills of Wilkesbarre, Penn., now pastor of a large church in Schenectady, N. Y., and the present pastor, Rev. George Irving Long, who came from Cherokee, Iowa, last winter.

Under Dr. Mills the interest in missions was stimulated to such an extent that it is doubtful if there is to be found any church, which, acocrding to the membership has exhibited more systematic and dynamic force along the line of missionary endeavor than the Second Presbyterian church of San Jose.

Since the earthquake in 1906 there have been many changes in the membership, some of the most efficient and helpful workers having removed from the city, but those who remain are faithful and loyal. Other people are coming in and the prospect for increasing usefulness is very bright.

The keynote of our present pastor's service is greater spirituality and no one can sit long under the spell of his ministrations without inhaling, as it were, a purer spiritual atmosphere that partakes of the breezes from the sea of Galilee and the fragrance wafted from the old olive trees in ancient Palestine, when he who spake as never man spake walked and talked with his disciples.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON SYSTEMATIC BENIFICENCE.

Oakland Presbytery at Emmanuel Church Sept. 14-15, 1908.

Your Committee on Systematic Beneficence would call attention to the very thorouh and complete report made to the last General Assembly by the Assembly's committee and their exhaustive analysis of the offerings of the boards for the year 1906-7.

As these tables of statistics do not contain reports of the Cumberland churches they offer a good basis of comparison with previous years. The highest per capita contribution to all the boards is reported by the Synod of New Jersey, $2.76 per member. The Synod of California stands eighth on the list with a per capita of $1.96.

The highest Presbytery on the list is that of Morris and Orange with an average of $5.29 per member. The Presbytery of Oakland stands No. 44 on the list with a per capita of $1.91, with $1.90 for 1907-8. The highest church (name not given) has a per capita of $7.78.

The Assembly's committee makes a strong plea for the doing away with the multiplied appeals from the individual boards and authorized beneficiaries of the church, and urges that all conspire together in an endeavor to raise the standard of liberality among the churches. The committee seems to have proved its case that 17 years of ever increasing effort in the line of special appeals has not increased the per capita offerings of the church for benevolence one cent, but during this time of strenuous individualization of appeals the per capita has actually declined. They claim that the method has failed and that now we have so many agencies endorsed by the Assembly and authorized to make appeals to the churches that it would take every Sunday of the year to present them all. They claim that thereby the church has suffered in the way of loss of dignity and not gained in contributions. All the appeals and all the organizations designed to further the end have only brought the contributions to all the boards up to four cents per member per week, notwithstanding the great amount contributed by a few liberal givers. For 1906-7 the per capita contribution

to all boards was $2.32. It was $2.68 in 1891, 17 years ago.

The Assembly's committee recommends a joint meeting in each Presbytery of the committees representing the different boards to plan a movement in the interest of the benevolences. Surely such a concerted movement would be beneficial, but possibly a new method of constituting the committee on systematic benevolences would be more permaently beneficial. If this committee were made to consist of the chairman of the committees on the various boards it would seem to be more in the direction of unifying the business of collecting the missionary funds. If we turn to the work of our own Presbytery we find much to inspire hope. The contributions of the Presbytery to all the boards for 1908 shows an increase of $643 over 1907. There was a notable fall in the amount sent to the Board of Foreign Missions of $750, a decrease of 6 per cent. All other boards advanced. The Home Board increased $207 or 6 per cent; Education, $55, or 50 per cent; Sunday-school Work, $324, or 100 per cent; Church Eerection, $170, or 100 per cent; Ministerial Relief, $317, or 122 per cent; Freedmen, $192, or 60 per cent; Colleges, $128, or 220 per cent. The net gain is $643 or 7 per cent.

There is no gain in the per capita, but a scarcely appreciable decline of 1 per cent per member from $1,91 to $1.90, and that in the face of the financial depression during the year is as encouraging as a considerable advance would be at other times.

There seems to be notable readjustment of the offerings; an apparent disposition in many churches to advance the lesser boards while the high pressure advance in the offerings to the Foreign Board has been checked in the interest of other lines of work.

Looking more closely into the offerings of the churches the most notable items are a very even general advance of the Alameda church in its total contributions of 60 per cent or from $452 to $727.

A fall of 459 for Foreign Missions for Berkeley First is nearly balanced by a general increase on the other boards.

Oakland First increased her total offerings $425 over 25 per cent.

The Brooklyn church shows a scarcely appreciable decline in her total, but holds remarkably in the face of the general financial stringency to her place as a leader of missionary churches, with a record of money actually acknowledged by the boards of $3.84 per member.

Union St. declines slightly on her Home Mission record and falls back 33 per cent on her Foreign Board offering and 26 per cent on her total.

An offering of $320 to the Board of Relief from Oakland First and a large increase in Alameda's offering raised the contribution of Presbytery to that board to a point not before attained.

We note a large offering to the Home Board from Pleasanton of $126 and a large increase to the Foreign Board, placing this church first in the per capita contributions to all the boards, $5.01 per member, $215 in all.

Berkeley First has an offering to four of the boards which received nothing from that church the previous year.

Knox church gave $125 to the Board of Church Erection.

Among the smaller churches many have done notably well, or some of their members have, We give a list of the churches of Presbytery arranged in order of their per capita contributions to all the boards.

Churches of Oakland Presbytery, according to per capita contributions per member to all the boards, 1908:

Pleasanton, $5.01; Brooklyn, $3.84; Centerville, $3.30; Haywards, $3.13; Valona, $2.80; Union St., $2.60; Golden Gate, $2.36; Danville, $1.82; Alameda, $1.80; Newark, $1.80; Oakland First, $1.80; Berkeley First, $1.77; San Leandro, $1.64; Knox, $1.43; Walnut Creek, $1.27; Elmhurst, $1.16; Westminster, $1.04; Alvarado, $1.00; St. John's, 80c; Fruitvale, 68c; Centennial, 63; Livermore, 50c; High St., 50c; Concord, 42c; Emmanuel, 34c; Richmond, 25c; Chinese, 22c.

The problem remains as ever, how to get all the members to contribute continuously to the missionary work of the church. If we could know the number of actual contributors it would probably appear that their per capita would be far beyond the general average, but a very large part of the rank and file of the church never register an offering for missions. Allowing all those cases of members who are children without resources and wives without power over their resources, it still seems that our Presbytery ought to go far beyond its present offering of less than 4 cents per week per member.

Franklin Rhoda,
W. A. Hough.

MR. W. C. PEARCE, INTERNATIONAL ADULT BIBLE CLASS SUPERINTENDENT, CHICAGO, WILL BE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Pearce will be in San Francisco, Monday, October 12th, at the Calvary Presbyterian Church.

At 300 p. m. he will conduct a Conference for all who are interested in Adult Bible Class-work. Teachers and officers are specially invited.

At 6:00 p. m. there will be held a banquet for young men and for women who are teachers of Adult Bible classes.

At 7:15 p. m. the men will form in line for a parade. It is expected that there will be ONE THOUSAND MEN in line! Every men's class should be willing to turn out in full force for the parade for the sake of the cause. It will be in keeping for the pastor to head the classes from his church. Mr. Pearce will head the parade.

Following the parade, a great MASS MEETING will be held in the auditorium of the church. Seats will be reserved in the body of the church for all men who are in the parade.

Tuesday, October 13th, in the Calvary Presbyterian Church will take place the Annual Convention of the San Francisco County Sunday-school Association. The following will be on the program: Dr. E. B. Chappell, editor of the "Lesson Helps" Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tenn.; W. C. Pearce, Chicago, Ill.; Bishop Wm. M. Bell, Berkeley; Mrs. T. B. Hageman, Oakland, and Miss Irma Allen, Santa Cruz.

REPORT OF SAN JOAQUIN PRESBYTERY.
Fiscal Year 1907-1908.

Hugh J. Furneaux, Presbyterian Sunday School Missionary.

Fathers and Brethren:

Your Sabbath School Missionary has labored within the bounds of San Joaquin Presbytery, solely under the supervision of the Sabbath-school committee.

As a laborer in the great San Joaquin vineyard of the Lord, he comes up to Presbytery "rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves." Your Missionary cheerfully unloads from his shoulders: 12 Sabbath-schools, 9 preaching stations, 2 Home Mission churches, 4 prospective Home Mission churches. Your Missionary has visited 601 families; has

preached 101 sermons; has given and sold 200 copies "Good News in Story and Song;" 50 portions "Luke's Gospel; 50 portions John's Gospel; 50 portions Proverbs; portions Psalms; 50 portions Luke's Gospel, Portuguese; 1,000 copies "Truth in a Nutshell." In addition to above, he has distributed 18,750 pages evangelical and temperance literature, and has supplied soldiers' camps and logging camps in the Sierras and mining camps in the foothills, and oil camps in the San Joaquin Valley, with packages and boxes of back numbers of our high-grade popular magazines. He has traveled, chiefly by good-will wagon, and horseback, 3,938 miles.

Home Mission Churches.

January 19, 1908, Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D., assisted by Rev. Edward E. Giffen, organized St. Andrew's Church at Strathmore, with 10 members and two elders.

March 8, 1908, Rev. Dr. Noble organized Knowles Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. N. Price, pastor, with 17 members. James W. Duncan, formerly of Aberdeen, Scotland, and Charles Johnson, of Copenhagen, were ordained and installed as Ruling Elders, and John Bisson, from one of the Channel islands, England, was elected Deacon.

The Missionary reports this militant church in the famous Raymond granite quarry, because he was in "labors abundant," by trail and mountain road, for months at a time, extending over a period of three years in foothills of Madera county

Prospective Home Mission Churches.

During the months of October, November and December, Earlimart, Stratton, Oilfields and Kerman, "four-in-hand" Circuit, was 'cut out" from the eleven (11) counties included in the San Joaquin Presbytery, and has been traveled over by day and by night, and worked as the Bullfrog prospector works his claim, or the San Joaquin Valley ranchman his ranch. Not for a few days or weeks has this been done, but for six months. Up to the time of organization Strathmore was included in the circuit as headquarters postoffice and ideal haven of rest.

Your Sabbath-school Missionary journeyed during December, 467 miles; January, 527 miles; February, 374 miles; March, 336 miles; total, 1,704 miles. This has been done by the grace of God, with the famous missionary mare, Lady Maud, her loyal mate, Barney Boy, and the wonder of the valley, Good Will wagon. Your Missionary has been like Paul, "In perils in the wilderness, in perils in the rivers, in perils among hoboes, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings offen;" besides these things the sole care of the prospective Home Mission churches, in the "Four-in-Hand" circuit.

"We are beaten back in many a fray,
Yet newer strength we borrow;
And where our vanguard rests today
Our rear shall rest tomorrow."

"And tho' age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We sow the golden grain today,
The harvest reap tomorrow.'

We bring up a petition signed by twenty-nine church members, from the Kerman field, which includes Kerman, Empire Colony and Vineland Colony, for the organization of a Presbyterian Church at the new railroad town of Kerman. We were the first to preach the Word in Kerman, the first to organize a Sunday-school, and the first to propose the organization of a church, and in due time the erection of a church edifice. Should the petition be granted, we will have three Sunday-schools under the care of Kerman Church session.

Oilfields.

Oilfields as about ten miles north of Coalinga. The California Oilfields Limited, Robert Balfour, president, controls 6,000 acres of proven oil land. This wealthy and firmly-established corporation has exploited their territory for six years. Oilfields is headquarters camp, and before the end of 1908 will be the best-equipped camp for families and young men in the world.

We are the first to blaze a missionary trail across the Fresno county desert to Oilfields camp, "West Side," and so deep and wide have we blazed the same, that other missionary proscpectors "cannot err therein"—even shuold they "hit our trail" with an automobile.

The plan we respectfully suggest to Presbytery for consideration and approval, is one that under present debt of Home Mission Board ($60,000) will conserve our interests at Kerman and Oilfields. We must have a Home Missionary on the ground for six months from April 1, 1908, to devote two weeks of each month at Kerman and two weeks at Oilfields. There are 265 young men at this camp. Inside a radius of four or five miles, cut off by the desert from home, from church influences and "the sound of the church-going bell," are one thousand or more men. I shall ever remember the first Sabbath eve camp fire service in Rendezvous Hall. The blaze and rush and roar of the camp fire; gas to burn at Oilfields camp; the men on rude benches and boxes; many with their hats on at the first part of the service. Some smoking pipes and cigars, others rolling cigarettes. The labored effort to get a "corporal guard" of Christians to sing two or three of the old hymns; the games of draw poker and seven up in the hall; men leaving the camp circle to drive a "bunch" of grunting hogs away, or to watch the card games, then returning to sit down, fill their pipes and once more listen to the Gospel address by the skypilot. After benediction the voluntary sacred song service, for half an hour, led by a band of ten young men, and the solo and chorus, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and "Throw Out the Life Line," winding up with "Yield Not to Temptation."

The Cry from Macedonia.

Oh for a missionary! has been the cry of our chairman of the Home Mission committee. Oh, for a preacher! has been the wail from the infant church in the desert mining camp, or from the militant church in Sierra foothills. Oh, for men for our vacant churches in the sunny San Joaquin Valley! has been the appeal of the Synodical Superintendent, Dr. Noble, and the pastor at large, Rev. N. Craig McKay. The Presbytery can thank God that we have a man in sight for Kerman and Oilfields, if we can round him up, rope and brand him. He was born in Cape Breton, Canada, has labored as Home Missionary in Alaska and Northern California, and his forefathers came down like a wolf on the fold, from the Highlands of Scotland, to the fat herds in the green meadows of the Lowlands.

Excerpts.

Dearly beloved: Might I prevail upon you, "to lend me your ears" while I read a few brief excerpts from monthly reports sent to Dr. Henry, Philadelphia, secretary of our Board of Sabbath School Missions.

In spite of intense heat in San Joaquin Valley, Strathmore Sabbath-school has not missed a session since organization, last Easter Sunday. Your Missionary expects to have Strathmore ready by September or October to turn over to Home Mission Committee for organization and grouping with Lindsay and Plano. He also hopes that Three Rivers will be grouped by Presbytery, with Kaweah Church at Naranjo (formerly Cumberland) as established preaching station.

Kaweah Church (Naranjo) grants half of minister's time to Three Rivers, Kaweah Church to pledge $300 per annum and Three Rivers $150 towards support of a Presbyterian minister. Kaweah is one of the historic ex-Cumberland churches in Tularo county; has strong Sunday-school, active Christian Endeavor Society, Ladies' Aid, church edifice, manse and graveyard; has been nine months without minister or preaching service, except as pulpit was supplied by your Sunday-school Missionary.

El Mirador Sunday-school, four miles from Strathmore and five from Lindsay, springs from our Strathmore work. This school was organized the last Sunday in November by Rev. Edward E. Giffen, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Lindsay, and Elder A. P. Graybill. The school was organized through correspondence. A regular preaching appointment at Earlimant and Pixley, Sunday, November 24th, prevented the Missionary being at El Mirador.

Church Lots, Strathmore and Stratton.

Under date March 9th, 1908, Manager Hector Burness writes: "As you are aware, I took up the matter of a site for Sunday-school and church purposes in the new town of Strathmore, Tulare county, with Mr. Balfour, recently, and got his consent to the donation of a suitable site. I have looked over the various church plans you submitted and would suggest the erection of a good building, similar to the Knox Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, Henry F. Starbuck, architect. We will do the best to provide for you the best site in the town of Strathmore." The matter of giving some assistance towards the erection of church buildings was also discussed, and whilst Mr. Balfour did not state to what extent the owners of the property would assist financially, at the same time assured me you could depend on their being in sympathy with the movement.

A letter from S. H. Tolhurst, president Empire Investment Co., Los Angeles, dated March 31, 1908, reads: "On Main street, passing directly through the new town of Stratton, Empire ranch, Kings county, we have lots 74 to 78, wnich face the north, and are well located, excepting they are on the main street. When your Society is ready to build a structure for church purposes, we will deed your church any one of these one-acre lots, or, should you prefer to go into Block B, we could give you six lots in that block next to the school-house, which would cover about the same amount of land." Stratton is beautiful for situation, the center of 40,000 acres of fertile soil, being well watered by canals from Kings river and artesian wells at 260 feet.

Lots have been assigned at Kerman for Sunday-school and church purposes, likewise at Earlimart. It is highly probable that the California Oilfields, Limited, Company, Robert Balfour, president, and Balfour, Guthrie & Company, agents, will, in due time build a church at Oilfields, Fresno county. In each of the above towns, in "Four-in-Hand Circuit," our work was started with a Sunday-school, after a number of regular preaching services. We expect the way will be clear in October or November of this year to organize a Presbyterian Church at Oilfields, and that it will be self-supporting from the inception. Friends at Oilfields are in correspondence with their former pastor in Kansas, and it is possible he will be the Oilfields skypilot, in full charge of Oilfields and adjacent stations—Standard Oil, Caribou and Sauerdough.

Evolution of a Home Mission Church, Citrus Belt, San Joaquin Valley.

Easter Sunday, 1907, Strathmore Presbyterian Sabbath-school was organized, with four teachers and twenty-six scholars. October, 1907, San Joaquin Presbytery, grouped Strathmore with Lindsay as an established preaching station, under pastoral care of Rev. Edward E. Giffen. The infant congregation to pledge $150 per annum towards his support. January 19, 1908, Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D., Superintendent Presbyterian Home Missions in California and Nevada, organiized St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Strathmore, with ten members. Calvin M. Buck of California, and Patrick Henry of Texas, were elected, ordained and installed Ruling Elders. Tuesday, January 21, 1908, the "Skypilot of the Sierras," in camp on the edge of Strathmore townsite, within a stone's throw of the Southern Pacific railroad station, met Hector Burness, manager Strathmore Orange Land Co., and Robert Balfour, of London, president California Oilfields, Limited, and at the close of seven minutes' conference was promised choice lots for Sabbath-school and church site, and sympathetic aid for St. Andrew's church building fund.

CHURCH NEWS

Rev. L. W. Neff has removed from Bakersville, Cal., to Nashville, Tenn.

Rev. William H. Fishburn, D.D., takes up his work at Grandview Church, Los Angeles, this week.

Evangelist A. C. A. Kuester, of Huntington Park, Cal., has just held a ten-days' series of evangelistic services at Rivera, Cal. A number of converts are reported.

Rev. W. W. Beckinridge, of Tucson, Arizona, will be installed pastor of the church, at which time the dedication of the new chapel will take place.

Rev. Geo. C. Butterfield, of Highland Park, Los Angeles, and R. M. Robinson, singing evangelist, are conducting evangelical services at Glendale, Cal.

Miss Bertha Blount, of Phoenix, Arizona, has gone as a missionary from this church to Siam. She has long been an active worker in the church, which will feel her loss.

Rev. Henry A. Newell, D.D., of the Hollywood Church, Los Angeles, reports that the work of constructing the $12,000 house of worship has begun. The outlook for a strng organization is exceedingly good.

Rev. Howard A. Clark, pastor at Flagstaff, Arizona, has succeeded in getting his church to send out a missionary to the foreign field. Miss Harding, who is from the pastor's home church in the East, was given a reception on

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

her way to the Orient and will be a means of stimulating interest in foreign missionary work.

Rev. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, is with his people, preparing for a week's special services, commencing October 2d, in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the organization of the church.

Rev. Joseph Sibley, pastor of the Long Beach, Cal. Presbyterian Church, has been extended a call to the pastorate of the Los Angeles Third Church. Rev. Mr. Sibley has declined the call.

Rev. W. A. McCammon, the new pastor at Benson, Arizona, is having fine success in this field, and hopes that the church will soon be able to pay him for all his time. He now preaches at Silver Bell Mining Camp once a month.

Rev. H. P. Cory, of Midland, Michigan, begins his work this week with the church at Globe, Arizona. The services were suspended during the summer season, but it is now expected that things will go forward strongly under the new pastor.

An Interdenominational Conference was held by the Indians at Flagstaff, Arizona, which was decided upon as the permanent meeting place. About seventy were present, and the meetings were helpful and encouraging.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN RAFAEL.—On Friday afternoon fourteen boys from the church were initiated into the Order of the Knights of King Arthur by Rev. W. E. Hayes of San Francisco, assisted by the boys of the Castle of the Episcopal Church.

OAKLAND, First Presbyterian.—Rev. Thos. V. Moore, of San Anselmo, conducted Sabbath services. Rev. J. M. Van Every is leading prayer-meetings for four weeks. The subject for next Wednesday's meeting will be "Decline and Revival." The Women's Missionary Society, Mrs. Russell, leader, met on Thursday at 2:30 p. m.; Miss Okobo a Japanese lady, giving an address. Preparations of a portion of the Oratorio "Elijah," to be given in the near future, are being made by the choir. Rev. J. W. Lundy of Stockton will preach next Sunday, morning and evening.

OAKLAND, Union Street.—The small god has been busy among the teachers of Union Street Sunday-school, with two weddings in the past month as a result. Miss Estelle Matheson, who has had charge of the Birdie Class, became the bride of Frank Goodwin, and Mr. George Martin, assistant superintendent and a teacher in the Intermediate department, was married to Miss Laura Clayton. Returning from their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin and Mr. and Mrs. Martin were given a delightful reception on last Thursday evening by the officers and teachers of the Sunday-school at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Brown. Music and games and a general good fellowship preceded an elaborate repast. Each happy couple was the receipient of a beautiful gift from their associate Sunday-school workers, presented by the pastor, Dr. J. N. Boyd. Happy responses from the brides and grooms and hearty good wishes from their friends and fellow-workers completed the evening's pleasure.

The young people of the Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society recently gave a trolley ride to Alameda, San Leandro and Leona Heights. Ninety-six of the Intermediates and their friends enjoyed the occasion, lunching in the moonlight at Leona Heights, spending an hour there and returning to Oakland by special car. The Intermediate Society is furnishing a room in the Chinese Girls' Home in San Francisco, and they cleared a goodly sum toward the expenses by this trolley ride, in addition to making it a most enjoyable occasion for old and young.

WASHINGTON.

LONG BEACH.—The Congregationalists have made an exchange with the Presbyterians, so that the church at this place is now Presbyterian. Long Beach is now the greatest summer resort in Washington. The pastor, Rev. M. W. Morris, divides his time between this place and Ilwaco.

OLYPMPIA.—The new church edifice, recently dedicated, takes the place of the former building, which was in use for forty-six years, it being the oldest Presbyterian Church north of th Columbia river. It was organized by Dr. Geo. F. Whitworth in 1854, with seven members. Two of the original members were present at the dedication. The new edifice cost $25,000, and is of concrete, finished in natural woods. The memorial windows are many, the gifts of the early members and workers of the church and the various societies. The total capacity of the church is about 450. The membership, 250; the pastor is Rev. R. M. Hayes, D.D.

SOUTH BEND.—Under the wise ministration of G. W. H. Smith the people of this place have planned for a fine new edifice, soon to be erected. The church is prosperous in many ways; the crowds more than filling the building. although less than a year ago the people considered disbanding the church.

VASHON.—Rev. W. E. Bates, the pastor, has succeeded in doubling the membership of this church within the last two years. The new building to cost $3,000, will be completed this fall.

KELSO.—Rev. S. Alexander George reports a good church growing up under his ministry. The church is now aiming at self-support, and will doubtless reach it before long. Part of the pastor's time is devoted to West Kelso.

SMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Landon left on Monday evening to attend the meetings of the Synods of Washington and Oregon. The former meets in Ellensburg, Wash., on the evening of October 1st, and the latter in Ashland, Or., October 8th. He will return in time to attend the California Synod at Pasadena.

Mr. Robert Dollar, one of our directors, accompanied by Mrs. Dollar, sailed last week for a long tour of the Orient. He is a member of the committee of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, which has been invited to visit the principal cities of Japan as the guests of those cities. After the business is done, Mr. and Mrs. Dollar will visit the principal ports of China and Australia. The trip will consume some six months. They will be welcomed by missionaries everywhere, as they always interest themselves in the missions and contribute liberally to their support.

Rev. George G. Eldredge, '96, is to be installed as the first pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, on the evening of October 7th. Rev. H. H. Wintler, '98, the Moderator of the Presbytery is to preside and propound the constitutional questions, Prof. Paterson will

preach the sermon, Dr. Baker charge the pastor, and Rev. Robert S. Eastman, '99, the people

Last Sabbath the San Anselmo Church held the largest Rally Day services in its history. The rally of the Sunday-school and congregation was held at the usual hour of church services. Mr. A. Bovick, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, presided. There were interesting exercises by the school and a sermon by Dr. Landon. He also welcomed three new members by letter and baptized the child of Elder and Mrs. John H. Kemp. An offering of twenty-one dollars was taken for the Sunday-school Board.

Dr. Moore supplied the First Church of Oakland last Sabbath.

Prof. Buck, when last heard from, was sojourning temporarily in Geneva, Switzerland.

Prof. Paterson completed Wednesday evening a month's service with St. John's Church, San Francisco. Mr Eakin, the new pastor, begins his work next Sabbath.

PRESBYTERY OF LOS ANGELES.

By Rev. Enos P. Baker.

Fall meeting was held in the elegant new $50,000 house of the Pomona Church, and enjoyed the lavish hospitality of that good flock under the leadership of Rev. T. T. Creswell. The retiring moderator, Rev. T. C. Beattie, preached on John 12:2, 3,—a forceful sermon. Rev. A. M. Prewitt of Calvary Church, Los Angeles, was elected moderator, with Rev. W. H. Cornett, vice-moderator, and Rev. J. W. Millar and Elder C. F. Iredell, temporary clerks. Rev. Wm. S. Young was re-elected stated clerk, and Rev. Geo. C. Butterfield, permanent clerk. Elder Gail Borden resigned the chairmanship of the committee on Sunday-school work, and Rev. W. A. Jackson was appointed. Dr. H. B. Gage holds call of Downey church till next meeting. The new members received were Revs. J. Henry Chase from Presbytery of Santa Barbara, J. H. Cooper from Steubenville, M. Bercowitz from San Francisco, H. C. Cockrum from Santa Barbara, and Geo. R. Bird from Lutheran Evangelical Synod. The last named was formerly a member of San Francisco Presbytery. He takes work now at Occidental Heights, Los Angeles. Brother Cockrum goes to Westminster, Orange county. Corresponding members were Revs. J. G. Blue, R. L. Sample, L. F. Laverty, John Findley and G. L. Tufts. The Rev. H. J. Furneaux was dismissed to the Presbytery of Stockton; and Westminster church, Pasadena, was enrolled. Our Presbytery must be devoted to the old divines, as this is the third church on our roll bearing this honored historic name. Rev. W. E. Dodge ministers to this flock.

The Home Mission committee made its first report under the new plan of self-support and control. Perhaps some of the items had best not be published. While the work has gone well on the whole, there is room for improvement, but the Presbytery is bound, under God and before men, TO MAKE THE PLAN SUCCEED. A prompt and generous response from the churches that not yet contributed is the great desideratum.

Dr. E. S. Chapman stirred up the meeting on the temperance question, as only he can. The committee on Systematic Beneficence through Rev. J. R. Compton, chairman, aroused an unusual interest. May it bring forth fruit! (Shall we add, meat for repentance!) There is certainly great need for a revival in the grace of giving,—or better say with Elder Kane, "Paying what we owe." A campaign of education was urged, and members of the committee put themselves at the disposal of the brethren for any service they might render. The resolutions adopted included one for taking pledges for benevolences, and another commending the practice of tithing, as the Bible plan, the best plan. If the things recommended by this committee can be accomplished, the special appeals of the various and numerous committees representing specific work will not be needed; so we pass now the reports of such committees.

Ordination was given to Glen MacWilliams, and license as local evangelist to D. C. Gilman. The latter was for a time with the Sioux Indians, and the later with our Mission press in Beriut, Syria. He gives interesting, illustrated lectures on Mission topics. The report on necroligy by Rev. J. H. Stewart gave sketches of Drs. D. R. Colmery and R. A. Condit and Rev. Wm. C. Mosher. The popular meeting, Wednesday evening, was in the interest of Brotherhood work, presided over by Rev. A. Cornett and addressed by Elder Giles Kellogg and Rev. J. A. Stevenson.

BENICIA PRESBYTERY.

Rev. W. S. Lowry, commissioned by the Home Board at New York to serve in the capacity of Pastor Evangelist for the Presbyteries of Oakland and Benicia, is now located at 1820 Delaware street, Berkeley. His present work in this section is to develop Mission Stations under the direction of the Home Mission Committee of the Oakland Presbytery.

Rev. Mr. Lowry has done some very efficient work since his appointment to this field. The past six months have been spent by him in the general work of development of churches and the settlement of pastors over same in the towns of Benecia Presbytery. Fort Bragg, Point Arena, Calistoga, Two Rock and Pope Valley have been supplied with pastors — Rev. R. C. Grace, Fort Bragg; Rev. H. T. Caskey, Point Arena; Rev. Eugene Ballis, Calistoga; Rev. G. A. White, Two Rock; Rev. John A. Spencer, Pope Valley. Mendocino City was supplied during the summer by Prof. L. A. Handley, of Occidental College, with most telling results. Mendocino is now about to call a pastor. Prof. F. W. Miller, also of Occidental College, very acceptably supplied Lakeport. Mr. Lowry is on the lookout for a pastor for this latter place. Kelseyville was well supplied by Mr. Sam McKee, of San Francisco Seminary. Albion, a new station, was opened up and supplied by Mr. J. A. Squires. A new Mission Station was opened at Scotia, Humboldt county, Rev. Isaac Fleming in charge This is a strategic point in the lumber region on the Northwestern Pacific Railroad.

The week beginning November 29th is to be observed by men's organizations of all denominations as a week of prayer for the spread of Christ's kingdom among the men of the whole world. Organizations which have so arranged include the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Congregational, the Baptist, the Methodist, and the United Presbyterian brotherhoods. The Laymen's Missionary Movement is also to observe the week by epecial meetings. The Western Christian Advocate asks: "Would it not be a splendid thing if from this week of prayer there could come some sort of co-operation between the different denominational brotherhoods that would eventually bind them all permanently into a mighty and virile force for world conquest?"

TRADE UNIONS.

An Address by Dean Hodges.

At a recent sociological conference in the East Dean Hodges of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School spoke on Trade Unions in part as follows:

"The union is perhaps the most significant of present social facts, demanding consideration. To imagine that it may be disregarded, or that by some process of legislation it may be happily abolished, is as idle as the endeavor to keep back the rising tide with the kitchen mop. It has faced an almost universally adverse public opinion, and has steadily changed enemies into friends. It has gained considerable victories over itself, learning the lessons of experience, growing in self-restraint and in wisdom. Certain aspects of the union are such as to meet the unhesitating approval of most persons. I mean particularly the provisions which are made for the care of workingmen in the time of sickness and when out of work and for the relief of their widows and orphans. There is, however, one element of uncertainty in these beneficent arrangements. The funds which are in the treasury of a union, no matter for what purpose they were oringinally collected nor what names they bear in the accounts, are all liable to be taken for the maintenance of a strike. That is, all the beneficiary features of a union are distinctly subordinated to another purpose, for which essentially the union exists. That purpose is the maintenance of a certain standard of living.

"The willingness of the union to sacrifice for this purpose such sacred funds, to subordinate to its interests the sick, the aged, the widow and the orphan, is largely due to the conviction on the part of the workingman that he belongs to a distinct, separate and immutable social class. To the employer it matters little whether this man or another stand at the machine; he need be at no pains to attend to his complaints or consider his petition; if he is not satisfied let him go out and give place to another. But suppose that the man has bought a piece of ground and put a house upon it, suppose that he has a family, suppose that his interest and his friends are in the neighborhood of the mill and his children are at school around the corner. Under these circumstances the man cannot go, except at a bitter sacrifice. To the answer that while this is perhaps theoretically true, yet as a matter of fact the employer may be trusted to do the right thing that is right, the union may appeal to history and to experience. They have taken every advantage of the situation. They have beaten wages down and hours up without the least regard to the kind of life which is thereby made inevitable. They have done nothing, absolutely nothing, for the needs of their men as men until c ompelled by law. The workingman, then, must combine with his brethren. They must form a union. Only thus can the men make their voices loud enough to reach the master's ears. There are three matters with which this combination is concerned. —wages, hours, conditions. For the lower strata of society the union has no remedy. But it contends that any able-bodied and industrious and diligent man who is willing to give his time and strength in fair measure for the common life is entitled in return to a decent living.

"The second requirement sets the number of hours. This demand is made for the sake of the humanizing of the workingman's life. The question is how many hours can a man work at a difficult, exacting, monotonous task, and still have time to be a good husband and father, and a good citizen and a good man. Along with this regulation of hours and of wages, the union makes a third requirement. It would improve the conditions under which the work is done. In general, the union is against all such conditions as tend toward the degradation of humanity. Into the process of attaining these purposes enter, of necessity, great varieties of human nature. The result is a great difference in the temper and method of different unions. It is observed, however, as an encouraging and significant fact, that a union is self-restrained and conciliatory, like an individual, in proportion to the number of its years. The hasty strikes are mostly precipitated by the newest unions.

"To this wide difference in the method and the spirit of the existing unions is to be added a certain roughness of manners, which must be reckoned with in making up our minds regarding them. This rudness is as inevitable as the hardness of a man's hands. The demands of a union are phrased with an unpleasant bluntness; the strikes which the union orders not only interfere with the serene course of our lives, but have an unhappy fascination for the more disorderly of the people, until we cannot tell the striker from the ruffian—and non-union men are treated in a manner which is cruel and savage to the last degree. Whoever would understand what the union means to the working class has but to read church history. The unionist is actuated by the same motives which made good men persecute their brethren. We have grown wiser. We have many of us come to understand that no cause is advanced by that sort of strife. The unionist will learn the same lesson.

"A further consideration is also helpful in order to have a right judgment of the union. The workingman is pretty firmly convinced, on a substantial basis of proved cases, that his employer will get the better of him if he can. He is convinced by experience that his employer is bound to get as much as he can and give as little as he can, and he defends himself. To the experienced unionist, and especially to the officers of the union, the strike is a serious matter. It costs th employer something, but never so much as it costs the striker. The refusal of the employer to submit the matter of difference to just judges seems to the workingman, and to an increasing number of disinterested citizens, a needless provocation. It is the result, in part, of a belated sentiment whereby the employer regards his men as his servants. Then comes the strike. At the beginning of it two of the partners, the union and the people, are commonly united against the employer. If this combination is maintained, the strike succeeds. If it is broken, if the public turns against the union, the strike is lost. This defeat is ordinarily brought about, unless the strike is manifestly unfair, by one or both of two strategic blunders. The first is the extension of the strike so as to call out men in occupations more or less allied, who themselves have no grievance. It is called a sympathetic strike, but its effect is to deprive the movement of the sympathy of the people. The second blunder is the use of force.

"Amidst the many perplexities of the industrial situation, one thing is plain: and that is that no man or association of men may be permitted to interfere by force with the liberty of any man to hire whom he will, to work for whom he will, or to agree to such pay and such hours as please himself. No man may with impunity, on any pretext, break the public peace. The boycott comes to reinforce the strike. The union is quite within its rights when it draws its trade and the trades of its friends from men who seem to them to be enemies of the workingman. The boycott, like the strike, attracts general attention for the vigorous manner in which the union applies it, and by the hardships which are thus occasionally imposed upon the un-

offending public. The impolitic enforcement of the boycott has probably done more even than the strike to discredit the union and to make people distrust and detest it.

"In these dramatic ways the union invites general disfavor and gets it. To these it adds other and even more serious offenses. Its initial proposition that the workingmen are and ought to be a distinct social class is an offense against our common democracy. The intereference of the union with the transaction of business is an offense. However, in these last days, the union of the men is met by a union of the employers, whereupon the old strife seems likely to be followed by a reign of peace. Unfortunately, this is the peace which is the result of a complete monopoly, against which not only the non-union men and the independent operator, but the whole public is for the moment absolutely helpless.

"Concerning this situation, there are two things to be said. One is that the tyranny of the union cannot be endured. The American citizen will not submit to it. The union is mighty, but popular sentiment is mightier, and is sure to assert itself. This country is largely inhabited by men who will maintain their inalienable right to work for whom they will on terms of their own undertaking, to hire whom they please to do them service, and to carry on any lawful business so long as they conduct it in a lawful way. The other thing to be said is this: The union cause is righteous. The union stands for the progress of the plain man. It has done much and will do more to make the multitude happier and better. To oppose it without discrimination as a common enemy is to emphasize all that is worst in it, to discredit its wise leaders and eventually to force it into a hostile and pretentious socialism. What is needed is criticism of the union when it lapses into error, and opposition when it is in the wrong, with fair co-operation, on a basis of sympathetic understanding."

THE REVOLUTION IN TURKEY A POWERFUL BLOW AT THE HAREM.

Mary Mills Patrick of the American College For Girls at Constantinople Tells of it in The New York Post.

During the last six weeks one of the most wonderful reforms ever known to history has suddenly been announced in the Turkish Empire, and changes are proposed that will wholly transform the lives of all classes of society.

The army of spies has been dismissed, doomed to poverty instead of affluence, or to the unpleasant necessity of working for a living. The officials throughout the country are being changed from thieves and oppressors to men who have a reputation for uprightness. Thousands of political prisoners, rotting in vile dungeons, have found their prison doors suddenly opened, and themselves free to return to their families. The faithful soldiers of the army are being paid their wages. The severe censorship of the press, so long a fixed law, has been changed to absolute freedom. Laws forbidding good schools and business enterprises have been rescinded, and the injustice to the subject nations of Turkey is at an end.

In this wonderful overturning there is no class of people who will benefit more than Mohammedan women. If the reforms in Turkey go on as they have begun, the women of the harems will gain personal liberty, freedom of education, and just marriage laws.

Women in Turkey have always proved a a power behind the throne, as they form an unusually strong and interesting class of society. Their position, however, has been an anomalous one, in a way little understood by the world at large; while treated like children in the matter of personal liberty, education, and marriage, they have had, since the establishment of Moslem law about the end of the seventh century, full control of their own property. Moslem laws, which were not found in the Koran, were founded on the code of Justinian, and as Roman law recognized the rights of the individual without regard to sex, it satisfactorily met the demands of the Mohammedan social system, in which the relation of husband and wife was not necessarily permanent; thus more than twelve hundred years ago Moslem law established some priviliges for women that the Legislatures of many other lands have until recently denied them. This fact has given Turkish women a greater influence in general affairs than has usually been supposed the influence of the person with the money in his pocket. According to Mohammedan law, any woman may sue or be sued, buy, sell, or alienate, or bequeath her property without even being obliged to inform her husband of what she is doing.

In Seclusion.

The financial power which women in Turkey have had has been an element in the training of a strong class of independent, thoughtful women, whose influence has often helped in shaping affairs. This has been the case even in the Imperial palace, during the reigns of many of the Sultans. It is not so, however, in the present reign, as Sultan Hamid II. is apparently indifferent to the pleasures of the harem, and is not a man who understands either friendship or love.

The strong influence of Mohammedan women has usually been a secret one, owing to the fact that they have been deprived of personal liberty. At the age of fourteen Turkish girls must put on the veil that conceals face and figure from all men, except relatives, to retire into the life of the harem. After that time they are never alone. The mother or mother-in-law, the eunuch, or the female slave, are always present, whether they are in the house, walking in the street, or driving in carriages. The trimmings of the carriage may be of gold, but the guiding rein is in the hands of some man. Women belonging to the class described by Pierre Loti, in his "Desenchantees," may, however, have a taste of the gay world before putting on the veil, and may even attend balls in the diplomatic circle of Pera until the age of twelve or thirteen, but afterwards they must wholly disappear into the secret world of the harem.

Mohammedan women of the middle and upper classes are largely free from domestic care, and are even free from the care of their children; they consequently spend a great deal of their time in walking and driving, and in country places of resort, but they must always be veiled and under espionage.

All this will change under the new regime, and personal liberty will be one of the greatest of the new privileges granted to Turkish women.

Freedom of Education.

Freedom of education stands next in order among the social changes in prospect in Turkey, and this will bring new possibilities into the lives of both men and women. It was a strict law under the old regime that no Mohammedans could attend non-Mohammedan schools. There has been a primitive system of education for both boys and girls under the Department of Public Instruction, including so-called public schools of three grades. The schools for boys included schools of law and medicine, and the Imperial Uni-

versity, but these all existed under great restriction. No women, not even foreigners, were allowed to step inside of the classrooms of the Imperial University, even as visitors, and the professors there were under constant espionage, and were not able to develop their departments freely, even to to extent of their modest ability.

Parents who insisted on sending their children to foreign schools and colleges had to pay the price. There have been two Mohammedan graduates from the American College for Girls at Constantinople. The father in one instance suffered exile, partly also because of his general liberal tendencies, and in the other instance the father sacrificed deserved official promotion owing to the displeasure of the government. Other fathers who have sent their daughters to this college have been warned that they must withdraw them. Now this will all be changed. The reformers will welcome education, and they have already begun the new era by granting a long contested title to a beautiful new piece of property purchased by the above named college.

Turkish women of the higher classes, even under the severe rule of the past, have been determined to study, and have managed in individual instances to succeed to such an extent that many have written books and articles for the daily papers, and have studied languages, music, and painting. One Mohammedan woman has exhibited a painting in the French salon.

Unjust Marriage Laws.

One of the greatest causes of social unhappiness in Turkey has been the injustice of the marriage laws. Husband and wife could not meet before marriage, as all marriages were arranged by others. After the marriage the power of divorce belonged to the man, and not to the woman, unless the right of the latter to demand divorce was distinctly stated in the marriage contract.

A man could say to his wife at any time, "Go," and she was divorced, the only penalty being that the husband must pay cash down the amount of dowry that he had promised his wife. The marriage contract demanded a promise from the husband to pay a sum of money to his wife if he divorced her, but this sum was often ridiculously small, being among the poorer clases sometimes not more than two dollars and a half. This sum of money demanded as the forfeit of divorce was also often expressed with a fraction or an uneven number, in the hope that owing to the difficulty of making change in Turkey the husband would stop to think while he was looking for some small money, and would take back the fiat of repudiation.

CHRONICL AND COMMENT.

The World's Temperance Sunday is the last Sunday in November.

After next week there will again be a President Garfield in this country—not of the nation, but of Williams College.

A new novel by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Dawson, entitled "A Soldier of the Future," will be published soon. It deals with some of the problems of the times.

At the recent election in Japan fourteen Christians were elected members of the house of representatives. Theretofore, the number was seven. As to denomination, the members are: Presbyterians seven, Congregationalists five, Methodists two.

"The resignation of Dr. Marcus Dods from the principalship and the New Testament chair in New College, Edinburgh, reminds us," says the Christian Guardian, "of the time that he was considered a somewhat dangerous and reckless thinker, whose right to hold office in the Church was even more than questionable. Today he is looked upon as the special defender of conservative orthodoxy, his writings being marked by what many would consider an excess of caution. Evidently things move on in the world of thought."

What has become of the blue-ribbon movement is a question asked by the Western Christian Advocate, and the comment in connection is: "With the death of Francis Murphy, the last of the old school of temperance orators passed away. At the same time the line of attack upon the saloon has decidedly shifted. Formerly the individual was sought out and appealed to. But the ribbon which in the past generation was the blue badge of reform, is not seen any longer. The temperance pledge is almost a thing of the past. The present onslaught upon the traffic is legislative. The attack is upon the institution, and the movement is gigantic. Whole sections of the country are declared dry at the polls, and the temperance forces are kept busy moving their batteries and men to advanced positions. The individual is all but forgotten in the larger movement. This is in keeping with the spirit of the day when large views and broad horizons prevail. Notwithstanding the great results being achieved, we doubt the wisdom of abandoning the individualistic phase of the campaign. It is splendid to hear that a town has gone dry and that despite the conniving of topers to satisfy their thirst, the marshal or the police keep the people sober by the strong arm of the law. But how much better would it be to observe that little fleck of blue pinned to the breast of men who, by that sign, tell of a greater moral battle won. It is a big thing to drive the saloon from the man by police power; it is a bigger thing to drive the man from the saloon by moral power. We are glad the Woman's Christian Temperance Union still clings to the personal work of reform. If there could be inaugurated a blue-ribbon and pledge-signing era along with the petition and remonstrance signing now so prevalent, we think the cause of temperance would be greatly augmented."

The Paulist Fathers, a missionary community of the Roman Catholic Church, have taken up the work of providing religious instruction and church influences for the young people who are studying in the various State universities of the country, says the Boston Transchipt. Leaders in the Catholic Church, like those of the Protestant bodies, have long been studying the opportunities presented by these public universities, and the fact has been deplored that no religious influences were possible in them. It was recognized that State institutions had to be non-sectarian and therefore religious leaders have set about supplementing, so far as they are able to do so, the work of the universities by providing the religious instruction and influences outside of them. The Roman Catholic Church, it is said, has been somewhat backward in taking up this work, not because its leaders did not appreciate the need and the opportunity, but because no system had been inaugurated for it. Now the Paulists are to make it a part of their special work and through them the Catholic Church in this country will endeavor to follow the suggestion recently made by Pope Pius X: "Where there are public academies let religious doctrine classes be established for the purpose of teaching the truth of our faith and the precepts of Christian morality to the youths who attend such public institutions wherein no mention is made of religion." The first place where the Paulists are to undertake their new work is at the State University

at Austin, Texas. Property has been secured opposite the campus and buildings are now in course of erection, including a chapel, a residence for the priests, and a general building. The work at this and other State universities will be similar, it is said, to that being done in connection with Cambridge and Oxford Universities in England, where courses of lectures are provided for Catholics and a Catholic chaplain is provided for each institution. For two years the Paulists have had a chapel near the University at Berkeley, California, and the work will be extended to other universities as rapidly as possible.

THE HOME

A NIGHT CRY.

W. N. Burr.

"My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my patience forever."—Psalm, lxxiii: 26.

Lord, I have had hard climbing all this day!
My strength is spent, and now I scarce can pray.
I'm down beside a road that's rough and steep,
Too tired to stand, too weary e'en to sleep.

I have no power to let the peace of God
Rule in my heart. I'm just a quivering clod,
Too weak to curb the dark, unlovely thought,
To drive distractions from a mind o'erwrought.

Give me Thy peace! In some way gain control—
Spite of myself—of my fear-haunted soul.
Then through the shadows that about me creep
Thrust once again Thy hand and give me sleep.

THE DOCTOR.

By David Lyall.

The full story of my friend Robert Arbuthnot will never be told, simply because he was a man who never talked of his own affairs, and who spent his whole life in the service of others. He was not one of the sentimental doctors one meets with so often in the pages of fiction. He was, indeed, a trifle rough and rugged in his ways, and perhaps too much given to calling a spade a spade.

Yet he did untold good in the wide area which came under the operations of his practice, not so much by tendering sympathy, as by setting men and women on their feet, and demonstrating to them the true proportions of things. He did not lack detractors, even among those to whom his ministrations had come in the guise of a bracing and unexpected tonic. Himself the embodiment of decision and self-reliance, one could not imagine him hesitating at any cross-roads, or for one moment at a loss regarding any crisis in his own life. There were no romantic stories about Dr. Arbuthnot, though he had remained unmarried, apparently from choice. His name had never been coupled with any woman's, though he had had many, both old and young, gentle and simple, through his hands.

One is apt to misjudge one so impartial, and to conclude that sex does not exist for him, and that he lives merely as an exponent and devotee of science. This was the mistake even I had made regarding Robert Arbuthnot, till one evening my eyes were opened. It was a dreary November night, about nine o'clock, and I was enjoying a comfortable pipe, with my book, at the close of my day's work, when the Doctor was announced. I was well pleased to see him, and I told him so as I gripped his hand, helped him off with his overcoat, and drew in his chair to the fire.

"I might come across oftener, Kirkland," he said, good-humoredly. "Well, that's true enough, but when I do happen to have an hour to myself of an evening, I'm so sleepy, after the generous draughts of the hill air I've imbibed in the daytime—no, you rascal, nothing stronger! —I'm not much good to anybody."

He had a genial way with him when he liked, and a genial presence. Not very tall, and rather generously built, his face tanned by the sun and the wind, his clear, quick eye bespoke a sound mind in a sound body, and very little kinship with what was mean or narrow or unwholesome.

"You work too hard and have aye done, Doctor," I said; "and a lot of it thankless work, even more thankless than mine, which is saying something. Fill up your pipe, man; this is good stuff. It was given to me by no less a person than Mrs. Forrester, of the Turret House."

He filled his pipe absently, nodding the while; but though he lit up in due course, the thing did not seem to draw well. He would stop after a futile puff or two, and glower into the fire, and then start back, as if something he saw there discomfited him.

"There, Kirkland, I may as well out with it," he said at last. "It's advice I'm needing, and have come for; so are you ready?"

"Surely, and never will it have been given with a better heart."

He nodded slowly, opened his coat, and took from his pocket-book a letter, which he handed to me solemnly, without a word of comment. It was a small, square envelope, such as women like to use, the color grey granite, with a small crest in black without motto on the flap. A careful man had opened it with the proper implement, so that the crest was preserved intact. I was too curious regarding the contents, however, to waste time in studying out the crest. Only a few lines were written upon the sheet of note-paper, and they conveyed nothing to me. I will set them down so far as I can remember them; it will be near enough:—

"Stafford-street, Edinburgh,
"Nov. 13.

"Dear Dr. Arthbuthnot,—You may have forgotten the very name of Juliet Dunsmure, who became Mrs. Westwater, but she has not forgotten you. I have just come home from Hong Kong, very ill, and in great trouble. You may gather from the address that this is a nursing home. I have come in for an operation, and they don't know whether I shall get through. I want to see some one I know. I remember your kind smile, which seemed to make one strong. I heard from one of the nurses here who has worked for you that you are still at Cairn-Nethan. If you can spare an hour, will you come not later than Friday, and see—

"Yours sincerely,
"JULIET WESTWATER."

"Well," I said, as I passed it back, "that seems simple enough. You will go and see the poor thing. No man could refuse a request like that."

"You think that?" he said, eagerly. "You would advise me to go?"

"What are the wheels within wheels of this business, Doctor? That's what you've come about, I can see."

"Yes, you're right. This woman, Juliet Dunsmure, is the one—the one—I mean, it is because of her there has never been a wife, and never will be, at Hillfield; and the question I can't answer satisfactorily to myself is, whether I would be a wise man to see her again."

He spoke with an almost boyish shamefacedness, and did not look at me.

The circumstances, surely, in themselves would safeguard you," I replied slowly. "Is she a widow?"

"That I don't know," was his reply.

"But I don't think the past—supposing you ever had a past, would enter in a case like this."

"That's the law speaking, Henry," replied the Doctor drily; "and the law knows very little about the eternal question, in spite of the fact that it gets the greater part of its living out of it."

"The eternal question?" I repeated wonderingly.

"The only one—the question of sex; it's the pivot the world works on," he replied briefly. "It's five-and-twenty years this very month since I saw her last, and when I read that letter, I was not sure, Henry, whether I could trust myself."

"Where did you see her last—and who is she, anyway?"

"I saw her in the ship, The Good Queen, when I shipped as surgeon to the Azores. She was a governess then, going out to an English family, and she was engaged (she told me so when I proposed to her after a week) to a Lieutenant Westwater, then stationed at Hong Kong."

"Dunsmure is an Edinburgh name," I said quickly, thinking of all the years Arbuthnot had kept this thing shut up in his solitary breast.

"Her family belonged originally to Edinburgh, but she had never been there. Her grandfather was a surgeon in Melville street. I've heard my father speak of Jimmy Dunsmure often; but the family's gone, root and branch. Jamie's only son was a ne'er-do-weel—that was Mrs. Westwater's father."

"Yes, she must be forty-five."

"And you?"

"I'll be fifty come Lady Day; but there's no fule like an auld fule, Henry, for when I got that letter today my

"Then you go up to Edinburgh tomorrow by the twelve o'clock, Doctor; and it's not advice you wanted after all, but only a little ease for your conscinece."

"That's it. You've hit the nail on the head," he replied.

Then sitting forward in his chair, he began to talk as I had never heard him talk, or could have believed. And when he rose up to go, neither of us knew what o'clock it was—nor cared.

"I'll come and tell you how I fare, Henry. In the interval, I might be the better of your prayers," he said, half in jest, half in earnest, as he went out by the door, a happier man than when he entered, simply because he nad opened his heart, and knew that in his friend he had made no mistake. And I, sentimental old fogey that I was, could not sleep till the small hours, thinking of the undreamed fires that had burned so slow and steady in Robert Arbuthnot's heart, ready any moment to leap into flame.

I took a dander down to the station at twelve o'clock next day, and was rewarded by the sight of the Doctor's gig driving up just as the first bell rang. But the mask had dropped over his face again, and all I got for my pains was a curt nod.

I did not see or hear anything of him for several days, and casually inquiring of his man, Thomas Sanderson, why he was idle in the street, I received this encouraging reply:

"The Doctor's been at Edinburgh every day this week, Maister Kirkland, and last nicht he didna come hame at a'. No me, I dinna ken what's up. I wish that I did."

"What are the patients doing here?" I inquired.

"They're pittin' up wi' the ither man," he replied with a dry smile. Both smile and and words were fine. On Sunday night Arthbutnot dropped in upon me quite late — in fact, ten was ringing, and I was thinking of my bed.

"Not you, Henry, nae bed for hours yet. What have you done anyway all day to make you need your bed? I've been at Edinburgh, and came off the train at the Cleugh Station, where Sanderson met me in the gig, and I've paid thirteen visits since six o'clock."

There was a new quality in his voice — a vibrant note of strength and jubilation which might have warned me.

"Sit down there, see!" I said grimly, "and gie a proper account of yoursel', keeping back nothing; Do you hear?"

"I hear. It's what I've come for, Henry. I was right in saying I could not trust myself, for I have loved her as she has loved me all these years."

"But the other man?" I said, feverishly—"Captain Westwater—is he dead?"

"No, but he's outside the pale; and when she recovers —she will recover, Kirkland—proceedings will be immediately commenced for her relief from her marriage tie. What she has suffered! What brutes men can be! It won't bear thinking of!"

"There will be no difficulty in proving due cause?"

"None. The difficulty will be to choose which cause."

"And then?"

"Then," he said, with a slow, deep smile which reminded me of nothing so much as the bursting of the sun through a bank of cloud, "Why, then, of course, she'll come hame."—From Records of Cairnethan in British Weekly.

Young People

THE SOAP-BUBBLE AND ITS SECRETS.

How many of our young people have spent hours over those delicately colored wonders, the soap-bubbles. Most of us have wondered how to explain their beauty and form; or, while idly blowing these balloons, we have connected them with some fairy fancy, and have been led to think of charms and enchantments. Many of us believe stll, as we believed when children, that no gem surpasses a soap-bubble in beauty; and one cannot help feeling really sorry when each exquisite plaything bursts.

Nor do children alone mourn over their short existence. Sir Isaac Newton, who sought out the secret that a falling apple hinted, said of the soap-bubble that a man

or child who could blow one that would last would confer a great benefit upon mankind. You may wonder at this saying, but the truth of it will soon be apparent.

No one yet has been able to make a soap-bubble that will not burst, but by care we can make one that lasts for some time. Its length of life will depend largely upon the mixture used in blowing it and the care we take in protecting it from drafts. Perhaps some of you do not know how to make a good soap-bubble mixture, so I will give you directions for preparing one.

Put into a pint bottle two ounces of best white Castile soap, cut into thin shavings, and fill the bottle with cold water which has ben first boiled and then left to cool. Shake well together, and allow the bottle to stand until the upper part of the solution is clear. Decant now of this clear solution two parts, and add one part of glycerin, and you will have a soap-bubble mixture very much like one suggested by a professor of Harvard College.

Some of you may wonder why bubbles cannot be blown from water alone. It is because the particles do not possee sufficient attraction for one another to form a film. Mysteriously, the soap increases this attraction, even if the quantity be as small as 100th part of the solution. We add the glycerin to make the film more gorgeous by bringing about a greater play of colors. Bear in mind that a carefully prepared mixture will save you much disappointment.

The solution now being at hand, we use the ordinary clay tobacco-pipe in blowing. Always use a new one, for one in which tobacco has been smoked is poisoned. With a little practice, and a moderate amount of patience, bubbles measuring eight or ten inches in diameter may be produced, and even larger ones if the lungs be refilled. The pipe, of course, should be held steadily, and the breath forced into the bubble evenly. In order to watch a bubble carefully we may wish to support it in some way. A common table goblet will make a good stand if its edge is first dipped into melted paraffin, or well soaped, which prevents it from cutting into the film.

Now as to the soap-bubble being a sphere. We find that all bubbles and drops are round. All liquids, when free to act, tend to take on the spherical form. So it is with milk when it falls upon a buttered plate, a rain-drop when it descends, or the dew that glistens so beautifully in the morning sun. In each case the drop is composed of tiny particles that are equally attracted by a central particle, and as they cling regularly around it give the drop a round shape. Your school books have told you that this attraction that causes all things to try to come together is gravitation. Here is a pretty little stanza written by Samuel Rogers, teaching this truth:

That very law which molds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course.

In the case of the soap-bubble the case is reversed. The particles of air within press with equal force outward upon the film in all directions, producing the curved surface and making a hollow sphere. If the room is free from drafts, the bubble will be a perfect one, and will teach us the principles that underlie the making of a sphere. This perfect form, however, is seen only when the bubble floats. When resting upon the goblet, it appears very much like an orange—that is, an oblate spheroid, the true shape of the earth. Putting it into the simplest language, the form of a bubble is due to the holding together of the soap solution, to the outward pushing of the air within and the resistance of the film.

If the air in the room is moderately cool, the bubble will float like a tiny balloon. The mouth and lungs at all times having a temperature of nearly 100 degrees, the air blown into the toy bubbles is warmer and consequently lighter than the air which surrounds them; therefore they float, and it is their lightness and grace that, with their beauty, give them such a charm. As soon as the air within the bubble cools, it slowly sinks till it reaches the floor, and the jar of its contact usually ruptures the film.

The extreme thinness of the bubble is indeed wonderful. It is estimated that the film in some places is only one 3,000,000th of an inch in thickness. Probably few of us can conceive of such thinness. Let me express it in another way. The Old and the New Testament contain some 3,000,000 letters. Now one 3,000,000th is such a part of an inch as the first letter on the Bible is a part of the sum of all of its letters.

The bubble, however, is not of equal thickness at all points, and it is for this reason that it has the various colors. For instance, wherever the film is orange-red it measures about three 1,000,000ths of an inch. Perhaps you wonder why the colors change from one part of the soap-bubble to another. This is because the film of the soap-bubble evaporates and grows thinner, but unequally so at different portions. A greenish blue with a pale rose-red spot near it indicates an extreme thinness, and at such a point the film is ready to give way at the least jar

You will be glad to know the source of the beautiful colors. Everyone is delighted with them, even if not interested by the explanation of their origin. We may say that they come from the light. Light gives color to all objects, but not exactly as it does to the soap-bubble. White light from the sun can be broken into the seven colors which we have seen in the rainbow. In that instance the raindrops separate it into its parts. A glass prism will do the same, as you may prove by looking through a glass pendant from a hanging lamp. When the light reaches the surface of the soap-bubble a part is reflected from it, and we see images on its surface as if it were a curved mirror. Another portion of the light, however, enters the film and is separated so that a part of the seven colors are thrown into the bubble, and we can see them at various portions of the opposite surface. Another part of the light, after being broken by the film, is reflected by its inner surface back to our eyes, so that we see colors at the point where the light enters.

After you have observed these things to which I have referred you may learn very many more by consulting a work on physics and studying light and the laws that govern it. If you care to, you can study the composition of water, soap and air by reading of these substances in some work on chemistry. Such a simple line of investigation as the study of a mere soap-bubble has often awakened the natural liking for some particular group of studies, and thereby started a boy or girl properly upon a life work.

It is our supposed familiarity with common things that frequently robs them of the study and interest that might otherwise be profitably bestowed upon them.—W. S. Birge.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS. G. PATTERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

At the close of her great novel, George Elliot makes the disciplined and ennobled Romola say to the little Lillo, who wished to be a great man and a hapy man, when he grew up: "We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to think of that end, and not what will happen to you because of it."

JUST ISSUED
THE VOICE OF PRAISE
NUMBER 2
THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER
THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD
THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2
PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED
OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.
HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th St.
Oakland, Cal.

Supplies for Churches and Sunday Schools....

¶ ¶ *BIBLES, SONG BOOKS, MAPS, CHARTS, BLACKBOARDS,*

Helps for Superintendents and Teachers

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE OF CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

WHITTIER COLLEGE.

Whittier, California. Co-educational. High Grade. Four years' Preparatory Course. Four years' College. Beautiful location. Good dormitories for boys and girls. No saloons. Safe in morals. Expense low. Send for catalogue.

THOMAS NEWLIN, President.

Back East Cheap

Low round trip rate summer excursion tickets sold to Eastern points on these dates:

Sept. 23, 24, 25 to Kansas City only.

Here are some of the rates:

Omaha	$ 60.00
Council Bluffs	60.00
Kansas City	60.00
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	67.50
New Orleans	67.50
Washington	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
New York	108.50

Tickets good for three months—some cases longer
Stopovers and choice of routes going and coming.
See nearest agent for details.

Southern Pacific

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AN D OAKLAND, OCTOBER 8, 1908. No 41

University Library



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ASHLAND, ORE.
Meeting Place of the Synod of Oregon.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen, $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

CHANGE OF DAY OF ISSUE.

We are pleased to announce that from this time forth, and we trust for evermore, the Pacific Presbyterian will be issued on Wednesdays. This will give the Post Office ample time to deliver the paper to all our subscribers before Sunday. We regret the late delivery of the paper for the last two weeks, but did not break the cutter, nor did the man who did, do so with malicious intent, therefore we hope to be forgiven, and will never do so any more.

THE SYNOD OF OREGON.

In connection with the meeting of the Synod of Oregon, coming on Oct. 8th, in the First Presbyterian Church at Ashland, Ore., we give a brief history of the church which is to entertain the Synod. The Synod of Oregon is composed of 5 Presbyteries, 120 ministers, 129 churches and a total membership of 10,544 communicants. We expect to give a full report of the meetings in the next issue.

History of the First Presbyterian Church of Ashland, Ore.

The Presbyterian Church began its missionary work in the Rogue River Valley on the 31st day of October, 1857, when Rev. Moses A. Williams, the pioneer missionary, riding on horseback from Yreka, Cal., came to the Hill ranch, seven miles south of Ashland and word was immediately sent to all the settlers that the next day at 11 a. m., there would be preaching in the school house. Four people gathered that Sunday morning, and Mr. Williams, riding in a farm wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen reached the school house and preached the first sermon delivered by a Presbyterian minister in Southern Oregon.

Mr. Williams spent a month in the valley doing missionary work and on Nov. 22, 1857, organized the First Presbyterian Church of Jackson county at Jacksonville, which is the mother of churches in this valley and Mr. Williams is the father of Presbyterianism.

Father Williams, as he is always called by the pioneers, and those who knew him, lived in the valley for forty years until his translation in 1897.

August 28th, 1875, assisted by Rev. Thomas Fraser, the Synodical missionary of the old Synod of the Pacific, he organized the First Presbyterian Church of Ashland, with 22 members, six of whom are still active members of this church.

Father Williams supplied this church in connection with the other churches of the Rogue River valley until July 15th, when Rev. John B. Donaldson, now pastor of the First Presbyterian church of La Porte, Ind., took up the work for 14 months, and during his ministry the First church was built.

In December, 1881, Rev. William Clyde began his ministry and served the church acceptably for two years. He was succeeded by Rev. Jas. V. Milligan, our present Synodical Sunday-school missionary, who served the church for over three years.

Rev. F. G. Strange began his long and notable pastorate Nov. 6th, 1887, and served the church for nearly fifteen years, bringing the church to self-support and greatly increasing its membership. Dr. Strange was the only installed pastor of the church.

Rev. Philo F. Phelps was pastor for two years, and March 1st, 1905, Rev. Jas. M. Wilson became stated supply, and under his personal direction (for he is an architect of unusual ability) the present church building was erected, or more correctly speaking, the old church was transformed into the present modern building.

The old manse was sold and the present manse was built on plans drawn by Mr. Wilson.

After a brief pastorate of less than two years, Mr. Wilson accepted a call to the Fairhaven church, Bellingham, Wash.

The present minister Rev. Ward W. MacHenry began his work Jan. 1st, 1907.

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY THROUGH THE SAN JOAQUIN PRESBYTERY.

I had the privilege of being entertained while speaking at Woodbridge by Mr. C. L. Newton. His father, a physician seeking health, found that health in the saddle crossing the plains in '49. He lived to the ripe age of over eighty years. His son, C. L. Newton, is an efficient county supervisor, as well as a prominent citizen in other interests. I had the pleasure of taking supper with this distinguished pioneer family Sunday evening.

While here I learned the origin of the name of the ancient town of Woodbridge. Mr. Woods came across the plains in early days and was the first to erect a house in this locality. He constructed the first bridge across the Mokelumne river at this point, hence the name of the place, "Woodbrige." Mr. A. B. Dickerson, who is a senior student in the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, has been supplying the Presbyterian Church at Woodbridge for five

months. He has endeared himself to the whole community, people speaking of him in most commendatory terms.

The faithful pastor at Sonora is Rev. James M. Smith. Rev. Mr. McKay, pastor-at-large, is now holding a series of evangelistic services here. These good brethren were considerate enough to convert Wednesday evening's service into a Foreign Missionary meeting, giving me the privilige of presenting the work in far away Laos land. Mr. Smith, discovered that I had no apopintment for Thursday evening and having a sort of horror for idleness, took me in his buggy Thursday forenoon to Columbia, four miles distant, where there is a fine church building, although there are no Presbyterian church members. This is one of Mr. Smith's preaching points. A missionary address was announced for that evening, by word of mouth and posters, and at the hour designated a goodly number came out. In Sonora I met another faithful worker, Rev. Mr. Ferns, one of those good souls known as Sabbath-school missionaries, who are the forerunners of so many Home Mission churches.

Nature destined this section to be famously historic, by the discovery of gold at Columbia, in March, 1850. The first experienced miner, Captain Arent, realized three and a half pounds of gold for his first day's work. Thirty days after his discovery 6,000 men had come into the camp, which in those days was called "American Camp." These famous "mother lode mines" run from northwest to southeast of the county and to the boundary line of Mariposa county. Although placer mining is in the past, except that which is done on a very small scale, quartz mining is carried on to a considerable extent and there is some gravel mining An Irishman, whose name is O'Hara, has become wealthy recently (reward of years of hard work) in owning and operating a quartz mine. In four or five months, it is estimated, from $200,000 to $500,000 worth of gold has been taken out. Among other fine specimens of gold I saw one in possession of a certain dentist, living in Sonora, for which $350 was refused.

In the "fifties" Columbia, now a town of a few hundred, had a population of 10,000, and it vied with other California towns for the capital. The alluvial soil of this whole section of country has been washed away by placer mining, leaving huge, pyramid-like rocks suggestive of a vast cemetery. And when one considers the many hopes unrealized and the lives sacrificed, the impression is apropos. Many trees—especialy the pine—that have grown up in the hollows among the rocks give a mellowing effect to the rugged, picturesque land. The great holes in the hillsides suggest homes of squirrels of abnormal size; and the hillocks, which the placer mining created, the mound builders. Midway between Sonora and Columbia stands the store building (still in use) in which Senator Fair lived. Here he got his start by washing gold with his own hands. A short distance from the Senator's mining home lived D. O. Mills, one of New York's great bankers. Here he also got his start. And no less personages than Bret Harte and Mark Twain sojourned here. I saw an old man who was pointed out as the man who had the privilege of "bunking" with Mark Twain.

The genial pastor of Oakdale, Rev. Wallace E. Miller, is keeping "bachelor's hall" with their younger son, while Mrs. Wallace is in Oakland with their older son, who is attending high school. I enjoyed immensely the hospitality of the "bachelor's hall," as well as the beautiful fellowship.

Under the splendid leadership of Rev. H. K. Pitman, the church at Modesto has grown steadily. Five years ago the membership was about a hundred; now it is two hundred and thirty. Moreover, Mr. Pitman reaches the men, nearly one-half of his congregation being men. This church can boast of a fine "Brotherhood." The men in this church include some of the best business men of the town. One of the elders of this prosperous church is Dr. B. F. Surryhue, who is not only a popular physician here, but he has built a fine sanitarium, fitted up with all modern appliances for cases requiring skillful surgical treatment.

The church at Fresno is just putting into its now edifice a fine pipe organ.

The church at Fowler seems a veritable beehive. They know how to give. Last Sunday morning the offering for the object of Foreign Missions, through the Occidental Board, was about $20. This is not a part of their annual offering, which is yet to come.

NEW MEXICO.

The Synod of New Mexico has juct closed its sessions, after a most delightful meeting. It was my privilege to be present, and the beautiful spirit of harmony throughout the business sessions and the mountain-top experiences will not soon be forgotten.

The keynote of the Synod was Missions,—Home and Foreign,—and the blending of the work in home and foreign lands in a powerful address by Rev. R. M. Donaldson, D.D., Home secretary for the Rocky Mountain district, suggested the oneness of the great work. His text, "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city," was interpreted with telling illustrations from the home and foreign fields and from history. Emphasis was laid upon the necessity for our country to give to all people, including immigrants in the home land, the saving gospel, if we would preserve ourselves and fulfill our destiny. Rev. Thomas C. Moffett, brother to Dr. Samuel Moffett, of Korea, special secretary of our Home Board, was also present with cheering words.

The Synod has about ninety church organizations, of which only sixteen are self-sustaining. Ten years ago there were only three self-supporting churches in the Synod. Four have become self-supporting during the past year. This Synod is known as a "Home Mission" Synod; but reports and recommendations adopted show purpose to advance in its gifts to all the Boards. There is an increase in gifts to the various Boards over last year of 50 per cent. In a recommendation passed, the standard set for the coming year is far in advance of that of the year just closed, for Americans, Mexicans and Indians.

The report of the Sabbath-school committee disclosed the fact that only one-fifth of the Sunday-school scholars in the Synod are children of Christian parents. What a missionary agency the Sunday school is. This report recommended that all the Sunday-schools take an offering every fourth Sunday for mission work, and that more attention be given to the systematic study of MISSIONS.

Great privileges were accorded me in presenting the needs of the Laos people,—an illustrated address to the populace, an address to the brethren at Synod, a talk to the Sunday-school and an address before the students of the State Normal located at Silver City. On the evening of the popular meeting an offering was taken for the Occidental Board.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

Rev. W. Edward McLeod came to El Paso three years ago from Estherville, Iowa, where he built a $32,000 church and doubled the membership. When called to El Paso the congregation worshipped in a little church with a debt hanging over it. Since then about two hundred members have

been received, a fine brick church has been erected, costing $71,000, with a $5,000 pipe organ and all modern equipments. It now has a membership of over 500; its Men's Club, 100. Its Choral Club numbers 50 and children's choir over 40, and besides these is a paid quartet. The Ladies' Aid Society has about 100 active members. Last year a mission was begun in East El Paso that has grown to such proportions as to require the entire time of a settled minister. Two lots have been obtained for the purpose of establishing another mission in another part of the city. El Paso has a population of 45,000 and is one of the cleanest cities I ever saw. Being on the border of Mexico, I took the street car into Mexico proper and saw, among other things, the great bull ring where bull fights are witnessed by the public every Sunday afternoon. There is a place, also, to witness the cock fights. C. R. Callender.

CHURCH NEWS

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FRESNO, CAL.

Our members and friends have now returned from their summer holidays, from the health-giving pine forests of the high Sierras or the favorite resorts on the wave-lapped shores of the Pacific, and all of them filled with enthusiasm and zeal to carry on the work of the church in every department during the coming winter months.

The church is splendidly organized and most efficiently equipped and officered, with Rev. Thomas Boyd, D.D.,, our pastor, at its head, supported by a most devoted body of men and women, appointed to take charge of the several departments of the work, temporal and spiritual. It now rests with the rank and file to render them our heartiest support, remembering that by so doing we too are participating in furthering the work of the Master.

During the last two years, besides carrying on the work in our own immediate church, clearing off all indebtedness on our new building, we have organized in the south side of the city what is now known as the "Knox Mission," erecting a chapel suitable for present requirements, at a cost of over $2,000. In this chapel we have a regularly conducted Sunday school, with a roll call of sixty, under the able leadership of Mr. Francis Robb, through whose untiring energy and unselfish devotion the work in that district has been built up to its present position. We have also undertaken the work of maintaining a missionary in the foreign field, agreeing to subscribe $850 per annum towards the support of same. As an especial protegee we have chosen are busy planning their work for these coming months, and, we may feel confident that under their supervision the social part of the church's work will be skillfully managed, and especially that the stranger or sojourner in our midst will receive a glad welcome.



First Presbyterian Church, Fresno, Cal.

Throughout the winter months of the past two years we have had a special service of song in one Sunday evening Dr. Mason, who, with his wife, is carrying on medical missionary work in the far-off land of Laos.

The Ladies' Aid Society, with their many allied circles, of each month, rendered by a finely-trained choir, under the able leadership of Mr. A. G. Wahlberg. And in this part of the services the members are looking forward to some rare treats, as Mr. Wahlberg's ardent hopes and expectations are about to be realized in the shape of an exceedingly handsome pipe organ, now being installed in the church.

Sunday, the 27th of September, was Rally Day for the Sunday-school and the Christian Endeavor Societies. The morning services were entirely under the charge of the Sunday school. At 11 o'clock the scholars, nearly 300 in number, augmented by a further 90 from the "Knox Mission," filed into the auditorium of the church, each class headed by its own teacher, and each class holding aloft its own shield or banner with the name of the class inscribed on it. "Philathea" is the name chosen by a splendid class composed of young women; "Baraca" that of a class of 30 young men, with Judge H. Z. Austin as their teacher; "Sunshine," a group of merry little girls, and "Sunbeam" a large class of bright little tots that surely bring joy and gladness to many a Fresno home. These are but four out of a long list of twenty-two classes.

The exercises were opened by the school singing their chosen song, "The King's Business," after which the superintendent, Mr. A. L. Munger, in his usual earnest and happy vein, made some well-timed and excellent remarks on Rally Day, applicable to old and young alike. Our teacher, Dr. Boyd, then read from Nehemiah the eighth chapter an account of the great Rally Day of the Israelites, after their 70 long years of captivity.

Mr. Giffen, one of the assistant superintendents, read the roll call of the classes, emphasizing most effectively his reference to Rally Day, and what it should be, by his illustration of "Old Faithful,,—the geyser in Yellowstone Park, from which place he had recently returned.

A number of the younger children furnished splendidly-rendered recitations, solos and duets.

A most successful Rally Day service was rounded off by taking up a substantial collection of nearly $70 to be sent the Board of Missions for work among the immigrants.

OPENING OF KNOX CHURCH, BERKELEY, CAL.

The Knox Church congregation entered into their new building on last Sabbath, the 4th of October. It was a great occasion. In the morning Rally Day was observed in the Sabbath school. At the time of morning worship the sacraments were observed. Baptism was administered to thirteen children, and seventeen were received into the membership, sixteen of whom came on profession of their faith,



and the majority being adults. At the Fellowship Meeting in the afternoon the Rev. L. A. McAfee, D.D., of the First Church of Berkeley preached from the text, Mark 11:17: "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations." Representatives of fully twenty-five churches were present. In the evening the Rev. G. G. Eldredge, of the St. John's Church of Berkeley, preached from the text, Heb. 13: 7, "I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee."

The building and the furnishings cost $10,000. One of the members, Mr. E. B. Spitler, is a contractor, and to him was awarded the contract for $7,630. The workmanship on the building is of a high grade, particularly the selection of first-class lumber and its finish. The architect is H. F. Starbuck, Room 4, Macdonough Building, Oakland. He was architect of the Knox Church of Los Angeles. The style of the present building is a departure from the ordinary method of church construction. Instead of stained glass, plate glass has been used. The old building has ben retained, and will serve as a hall for the social work of the church.

The church is an outgrowth of a Sabbath school founded by the First Church about nineteen years ago. Mr. Arthur Ayres, the sainted elder, Alexander Ross, and the missionary, Dr. Campbell of Alaska, were all workers or superintendents of the school. The Rev. F. J. Akers was the first pastor of the church. He was soon called to the Centennial Church, and was succeeded by the Rev. H. H. Dobbins. Under a pastorate of five years the church built a house of worship costing about $3,000. In 1903 the Rev. R. S. Eastman succeceded Dr. Dobbins. The present membership is 188.

PERSONALS.

Rev. C. . Botts began preaching on Oct. 1, for the churches at Enumclaw and Wabash, Wash.

Rev. R. M. Robinson is conducting evangelistic services at the Bell Memorial Church, Los Angeles.

J. Addison Whitaker, D.D., and Mrs. Whitaker of Tacoma, Wash., have gone to spend the winter in Southern California.

Mr. William E. Roberts, a senior in Occidental College, began preaching at Mt. Washington Chapel, Los Angeles, last Sunday.

Rev. J. M. Newell, D.D., who recently resigned the pastorate of Bethsada Church, Los Angeles, after fourteen years' service, has been elected pastor emeritus.

Rev. Malcolm James McLeod, pastor of the First Church, Pasadena, is about to sail from New York for a Mediterranean trip. He supplied the Brick Church, New York City, during July.

Rev. Leroy W. Warren, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Redlands, Cal., who has been seeking rest and health in the northwest, is expected to return to his duties about Nov. 1.

Rev. W. A. Hunter, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, conducted the communion service of his church at the vesper hour, 5 p. m., on Sept. 27, and received six new members into the church.

Rev. Henry V. Noyes, D.D., and Mrs. Noyes have returned to Canton, China, where they have labored for more than forty years. It is said that they have been greatly cheered and encouraged by the zeal for Missions as they have observed it in the home churches.

Rev. A. P. Barrett and family, Missionaries of our Church in Nan, Laos, after four years' service, have been obliged to return to America on account of Mrs. Barrett's health. They are at present in Berkeley, and it is hoped that our favorable climate will effect a speedy healing.

Rev. W. G. Palmer, who organized South Park Church, Los Angeles, three and a half years ago and which now has four hundred members, has been compelled to resign the work at Miramonte Church, which he has been carrying on in addition to Park Church. A pastor is needed for this church, which now has about 150 members.

OREGON.

PORTLAND, First Presbyterian Church.—This church is supporting seven Foreign Missionaries and five Home Missionaries, in addition to partial support given the Sunday-school Missionary of the Pendleton Presbytery. The total amount contributed last year for Home and Foreign Missions was $16,212, which is over $13 per member. The church during September began its fall work, the pastor preaching a special series of sermons Sunday evenings. During October the Sunday evening services will be devoted to topics appropriate to the fall,—Oct. 4, the subject being, "The Harvest is Past, the Summer is Ended;" Oct. 11, "The Tree of Life;" Oct. 18, "Wild Grapes;" Oct. 25, "Enchanted Ground." On Sept. 20, Rev. Hiram Foulkes, D.D., organized a Young People's Class, which has taken up "The Challenge of the City." The class meets each Thursday evening for an hour, having supper at 6:30, followed by discussion.

EUGENE.—The Presbyterians of the entire State have reason to be proud of the splendid church edifice erected by the members of Central Presbyterian Church, Eugene, and dedicated last Sabbath, the pastor of this church preaching the sermon. We share with the people of Eugene, the appreciation of this Christian monument for two reasons—one, the fact that the University of Oregon, located there, gives the Eugene Church a State-wide influence; the other the gratifying fact that, though no outside assistance was sought, it was the privilege of the pastor of this church, in presenting the opportunity for a dedicatory offering to the people of Eugene, to announce an unsolicited gift from a few of the friends of the First Church of Portland, totaling the sum of $350, and providing for a beautiful memorial window to the Rev. Edward R. Geary, D.D., so well known to the early residents of Portland. The donors of this gracious remembrance are, Mrs. W. S. Ladd, Mrs. P. J. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kamm, Wadhams & Kerr Broth-

ers, Fletcher Linn, Dr. R. C. Coffey, and Dr. E. P. Geary, whose father was so appropriately remembered.

NEWPORT, ORE.—The season at Newport is over. We have had more summer visitors than ever before. Several times the church was too small to accommodate the people. The Lincoln county Sunday-school convention was held at Toledo and Newport September 18-20. The attendance and interest were better than ever before. Rev. C. A. Phipps who was with us is a very effective worker. Mr. Phipps says that the Newport Presbyterian Sunday-school is one of six which he has found with a larger attendance of men and boys than of women and girls. Of the former he counted thirty-one; of the latter twenty-two, at the beginning of the lesson study. Rev. C. T. Whittlesey was selected for the fourth time president of the County Sunday School Union. Dr. H. J. Minthorn and Mrs. H. D. Blakeley were reelected superintendents of the adult and home departments respectively. Sept. 23 a successful church social was held, for the purpose of mutual acquaintance. Sept. 28 the Lincoln county high school opens at Newport, with excellent promise. The principal, Prof. Wilbur, was for four years at the head of a business college in Madison, Wis., and will teach shorthand and typewriting besides the usual high school studies. Oct. 4 our annual services will be held in the morning. In the evening Rev. T. Zimmerman of the Anti-Saloon League, will give a stereopticon lecture.

WASHINGTON.

TACOMA, First Church.—Rev. Duncan Matheson, formerly of Tenino, is to serve this church as assistant pastor to Dr. McLeod.

BUCKLEY.—The new church at this place was dedicated September 27. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Dr. McKay, dean of Whitworth College. This building, which cost $5,000, is a great credit to the pastor, Rev. C. E. Cornwell, and his faithful helpers.

WABASH.—Plans are being made for a building for this church, which less than a year ago was organized with 14 members. Since then the membership has largely increased

SOUTH BEND.—The corner stone was laid for the alterations and enlargement of the South Bend Church, on September 20. This church is doing splendid work, as is shown by this need for additional room. Rev. G. W. H. Smith, D.D., the pastor, is largely responsible for the enthusiasm with which the work is carried forward.

SEATTLE, First Church.—The work among young men in this live church is assuming large proportions. The Young Men's Bible Class is offering its fine club-rooms, including reading rooms, baths and all conveniences of an institutional church, to strange young men going to Seattle. The club has engaged the services of a general secretary, who will give his entire time to assisting young men to secure employment and making them feel welcome in the First Church.

SPOKANE, First Church.—Since the resignation of Dr. G. William Gibboney the congregation of this church has been considering the choice of his successor, the matter being directly in the hands of a committee of thirty. After much consultation an unanimous call was extended to Rev. Campbell Coyle, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Duluth, Minn. Mr. Coyle was heard by the congregation in July of this year. The offer to Dr. Coyle is unusually flattering, as the salary is $6,000 a year. In addition there will be a fine new parsonage erected as soon as the new church is completed.

LOS ANGELES.—The Bible Institute opened the Fall term October 5th. Daily classes will be held at the rooms, 262 1-2 South Main street. The work is very enjoyable and effective as a training for Christian work. Some of the pupils have already been greatly used of the Lord. The annual meeting of the Church Federation was held in Temple Auditorium, October 4, Rev. E. P. Ryland presiding. Rev. C. E. Locke, the new pastor of the First M. E. Church, spoke on "The Church Federation of New York." Dr. Walker, the popular pastor of Immanuel Church, took charge of raising $1,000 for the work. He is an expert in getting money for the Lord's work, and that matter was soon disposed of, to make way for a strong address by President John Willis Baer on "The Torrey Campaign." He gave three catchwords—CHRIST, CO-OPERATION, CONQUEST. The organization of prayer circles and other systematic work looking to the coming of Dr. Torrey, has begun. A tabernacle will be erected at Seventh and Los Angeles streets. Dr. George Soltau, who spent last winter here to the edification of our churches, has returned with his wife. Both will engage in Bible teaching and other lines of Christian work. At the Ministers' Meeting he told something of the Winona Assembly, and some intensely interesting things of "Gypsy" Smith, whose father and mother he knew in England when "Gypsy" was a mere boy.

The Examiner of the 5th says: "At seven o'clock last night twenty-five Salvation Army leaders were taken into custody in a police raid upon a meeting at Fifth and Hill streets. They were locked in jail, but were released later on bail furnished by J. Ross Clark, vice-president of the Salt Lake Railway. They will appear in the police court today." This is a movement to test the validity of the ordinance prohibiting street meetings.

Immanuel Church has been celebrating its twentieth anniversary by a series of varied meetings. Dr. W. J. Chichester led out a colony from the old First Church and started Immanuel with 131 charter members, and remained with the church about ten years. Dr. Walker succeeded him. In the twenty years there have been received 4,142 members. One report says: "More than three-quarters of a million dollars has been raised by this church in the past 20 years; $280,000 being used for congregational expenses, while the remainder has gone for benevolences. Dr. Walker, like his predecessor, has been a popular minister, and the church is among the most popular in California."

San Francisco, Cal.

CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday, October 4, was communion Sabbath in Calvary Church. There was a large attendance, and Rev. Rader's sermon was very earnest and uplifting, his subject being, "The Cross." Six new members were taken into fellowship. A special offering was taken for missions. The second offering was given according to the usual custom to the Deacons' Fund. October 4, in the Christian Endeavor Society, marked the begin-

ning of a new six-month term. Rev. Rader installed the new officers. In his installation address he encouraged the Society in the work they were doing, and offered one or two suggestions as to how they might improve the Society. On Friday evening, October 9, there will be the regular monthly Sunday School social. A most interesting program has been prepared, which will be carried out by the children. This will be followed by a half-hour of play in the Social Hall. Parents, teachers, children, have been invited to come to the church on Friday evening for a good time. Next Sunday, October 11, will be Rally Day in the Sunday School, 9:30. Parents and children will assemble in the Sunday School room for special exercises. The parents are especially invited to be present next Sunday morning promptly at 9:30.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.—Our little church building is now moved from the leased ground to our own lot on the south side of Washington street, between Polk street and Van Ness avenue. On Friday evening of this week we hope to organize a Chapter of the Brotherhood. Last Sabbath we had twenty new pupils in the Sabbath school.

VALLEJO.—At the communion held last Sunday nine new members were welcomed. The church is well sustained in all its activities, and the increased number of men in attendance has been the means of renewed interest in the Brotherhood organized some six years ago.

MADERA.—The Woman's Missionary Society met on Friday afternoon with Mrs. Duncan Campbell, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Brown. The topic of Japan was led by Mrs. Morgan. The Japanese idea was carried out in the refreshments of tea and Japanese cakes. A Teachers' meeting was held at the manse on Tuesday evening. Plans for the benefit of the school were discussed, and it was voted to subscribe for ten copies of "Over Sea and Land." Rally Day will be observed next Sunday. The Ladies' Aid gave a "Potato Supper" in the church on Friday evening. The program consisted of songs, recitations and an humorous address by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Durrance. Unique souvenirs were presented to each one present, and a substantial sum was realized. The young ladies of Mrs. Cook's Sunday school class, accompanied by their teacher, called at the home of one of the shut-ins—Mrs. D. Campbell, on Sunday afternoon, and spent some time in singing for her pleasure. The Junior Christian Endeavor, with Miss Esther Darrance, superintendent, met Sunday afternoon, after a vacation through the summer months. The following officers were elected: President, Icelan Warfield; Vice President, Amelia Taylor; Secretary, Cathy Bennett; Treasurer, Charlie Moore. They are planning for a social some time soon, and are enthusiastic workers.

Oakland, Cal.

UNION STREET.—The young people of Union Street Church tendered Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Gribben a surprise celebration of their twentieth wedding anniversary on Monday evening, September 28th. Mr. Gribben is superintendent of the Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society, one of the most flourishing organizations of the church; and the more than thirty young folks who compose its membership conceived the idea of showing their appreciation of their superintendent and his wife by an appropriate observance of their anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Gribben were invited to the home of Mrs. J. H. Small to spend the evening, and when they arrived found that elaborate preparations had been made for their entertainment. The house was tastefully decorated, and the young people heralded their coming with shouts of "Surprise." The occasion was an entire surprise, and one which will be long remembered by Mr. Gribben and his wife. They were the recipients of a half dozen beautiful hand-painted plates from the Intermediates and their friends.

LEMON COVE.—On Sunday, September the 27th, the Presbyterian people of this place dedicated their new house of worship. Superintendent of Home Missions for the Synod of California preached the dedicatory sermon. Rev. B. D. Austin, a former pastor and the original organizer of this church, and Rev. Edward R. Piepenburg, the present supply, also participated. Two were received by letter and four children baptized. The organization of this church was effected about six years ago, and this is their first edifice. In the spring the public school building, a substantial and well-adapted structure, was purchased and a suitable corner site secured. The building was moved to this site, remodeled and a tower added. Both exterior and interior have been attractively finished and the building tastefully furnished. About 150 persons can be comfortably seated. The total outlay is $2,200, of which $700 is a grant from the Board of Church Erection; the balance was secured on the field. It would be difficult to duplicate the building for one-third over its present cost. The people of Lemon Cove, and the members of the church in particular, feel gratified over the completion and dedication of their edifice. Plans are being laid for practical and aggressive work.

Eight thousand persons interested in the cause of temperance marched in the streets of Chicago one day last week. Such a sight was never before seen anywhere in the land. The Tribune says: "Women in the streets lifted up their voices in audible prayers for the defeat of the liquor industry and Sunday-school children dressed in white sang gospel hymns and temperance songs. The non-temperance peope, who went to see the parade out of motives of curiosity, watched it with wonder. They had plenty of reason to, for it was, unlike any other parade that ever passed down the city's chief streets. In the procession were 200 preachers, led by Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Almost the entire force of the Salvation Army and the Volunteers was there. The Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and the theological seminaries were well represented, and many of Chicago's solid business men and prominent men of the professions were in line.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TREASURE.

The constant question in the haunts of business men is, Where shall I find a safe investment? Our Divine Master anticipated all such questions when he said, "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."

Paul was probably accounted a poor man at Corinth, for he earned his daily bread with a tent-maker's needle. But in God's sight he was a millionaire. He could say: "I know whom I have believed, and . . . that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." The great apostle had made Jesus Christ his trustee.

He had put his affections, his soul, and his everlasting hopes, into his Saviour's hands; and when he reached heaven he knew that he would find the great deposit safe. He had laid up nothing that moths could consume or rascals steal. His investments were in real estate that never depreciates, and the Son of God had charge of it. So may every true Christian—whether in a brown-stone mansion or in an attic—congratulate himself that what is precious to him is in the keeping of his Saviour.

The grand old tent-maker had other treasures laid up on high also; all the glorious spiritual results of his life were there. Brother and sister in Christ, so are yours and mine, however humble. And whatever we give up for our Master's sake increases our heavenly treasures The profits which we might make and which we sacrifice in order to keep a clean conscience, add to our wealth, for they make us "rich toward God." Hoarding money, stealing time from prayer and Bible reading, nursing popularity, all are wretchedly impoverishing. Giving up for Christ is an enriching process. Whatever we lay down here in order to please and honor our Master will be laid up to our account yonder.

Our God is a faithful trustee; he keeps his books of remembrance. He will reward every one according as his works shall be. Two talents will pay a grand dividend; yes, and even one talent will sparkle when some humble mission school teacher presents her class on the last great day and says, "Here am I, Lord, and these children I brought to thee!" When we speak of salvation as by grace and not "of work," we must not forget that other truth, that God will judge us all according to our works. They will be laid up there. If the selfish sinner's "wages" are paid in hell, a Christian's wages are paid in heaven.

Compound interest will make some of Christ's servants magnificent millionaires. All that Paul gave up of worldly pelf and fame and ease and emolument, will stand to his credit up there; and the results of this life of self-sacrifice for Jesus have been going on accumulating every day for eighteen centuries, and who can tell what they will amount to when judgment morning breaks?

People sometimes speak in a pitying tone of "poor ministers with small salaries." Wait until the treasure chests are opened up yonder, and see if any one will call that hard-working soul-winner poor. John Bunyan when in jail comforted himself with the thought that he had "rich lordships" in those souls whom he led to Jesus. What a Croesus the old tinker of Bedford will be when he comes into full possession of his inheritance!

Benjamin Chidlaw in the hard struggles of his boyhood sewed the skins of trapped animals into mittens in order to earn a few shillings; that log cabin experience fitted him for his great work as a pioneer of Western Sunday-schools I should not wonder if troops of children will salute him up in the Father's house.

To John Eliot, the converted Indian will be a star in his crown. Judson must have already met his "treasures" brought home from the mission field in Burma. I have been reading the letter of our young American brother, Mr. R. P. Wilder, announcing the conversion of a Brahman in India; his soul was filled with joy; for such a convert may make a breach in the wall of heathenism through which others will pour in. Who says that investments in foreign missions do not "pay"?

The simple fact is that the only investments that do pay interest through all eternity are those which are made for the cause of Christ and in his service. The gains are very steady up there. Poor city missionaries and frontier preachers and Salvation Army soldiers and godly needlewomen have their savings banks in God's right hand. Those banks never break. The only change for heavenly treasures is their enlargement. There is no corruption from within, and no consumption from without. The moth never gnaws there and the burglar never breaks in to steal.

It is impossible to compute what treasures every faithful, self-denying Christian may be storing away for his or her long life in glory. God keeps his record on high, and each good deed of love, each act of self-denial, each surrender of pride or worldly ambition for Jesus' sake, will find sure remembrance there "Follow Me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," says the Master. My reader, how much real estate have you got?

MORNING LIGHT.
By Edward A. Wicher.

O God, who on the primal day
Didst call forth out of darkness light,
Who givest thy belov'd alway
Their rest in sleep, their peace in night.

We bless thee that on this new morn
Thou hast us raised up in strength,
That we should thank thee, and adorn
Thy doctrine through the whole day's length.

We praise thee for thy wondrous being;
For thine effulgence we adore;
We glorify thee for our seeing
Which ever groweth more and more.

And we beseech thee that within
Our hearts the Sun of Righteousness
May shine, and scatter clouds of sin,
And banish all dark lustfulness.

O Light of Truth, Eternal Light,
That shineth upon men distress'd,
Teach us to apprehend aright
Until we reach our endless rest.

PRESBYTERIAL HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

An interesting program has been arranged for the semi-annual meeting of the Presbyterial Home and Foreign Missionary Society, held at Trinity Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Friday, Oct. 9, at 10 a. m., and 1:30 p. m. A luncheon will be served at noon.

The pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker, until recently pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, and arrangements have been made with him to supply regularly until the coming of the Rev. Harry R. Miles from Brattleboro, Vermont, about the first of December. Some who heard Dr. Baker last Sunday were moved to remark that it was to be regretted that he had decided to give up the regular work of the ministry. His sermons were able and interesting.—The Pacific.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Williams College opened this year with an enrollment of 485, the largest in its history. Middleburg opened with 220. At Amherst there are 192 freshmen.

The first of August there were in the Ohio penitentiary 1,675 prisoners. Of this number 1,355 state that were intemperate before going to the prison, and 348 state that drunkenness was the direct cause of the crimes which sent them there.

A liquor journal, Boufort's Wine and Spirit Circular, says concerning the saloon: "The saloon has discredited personal liberty and made it a term of reproach. If the saloon cannot be successfully defended, then let it go, and let the people decide how they want alcoholic beverages retailed."

Police Commissioner Bingham, of New York, gives some startling statistics regarding the foreign city population. He estimates the Jewish population of New York City at 1,000,000. According to his statement one-fourth of the criminals who are brought before the police judge of that city are of that race. He further estimates the Italians of that city at 500,000; the Hungarians at 150,000; Austrians, at 100,000; Germans, 150,000; Bohemians, at 75,000; non-Hebraic Poles, 80,000; Greeks, 80,000.

Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick has resigned his position as director of physical training in the schools of Greater New York to cary on playground work. His work will be along the lines of making use of the Sage Foundation Fund, which Mrs. Russell Sage has given for the purpose. Dr. Gulick is the author of "Physical Measurements" and "Physical Education by Muscular Exercises." His writings on physical education have commanded wide respect, and he is an im-

---

MEETINGS OF SYNODS.

California, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 21, Pasadena, Cal	Wm. S. Young, D.D., 645 S. Boyle St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Montana, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24 to 27, Anaconda, Mont	Geo. Edwards, 1108 4th Ave., N., Great Falls, Mont.
Nevada, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Rhyolite, Nev	
New Mexico, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24, Silver City, New Mexico	Chas. E. Lukens, M.D., Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Oregon, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 8, Ashland, Oregon	John A. Townsend, Ph.D., Roseburg, Oregon.
Utah, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 13, Idaho Falls, Idaho	David A. Clemens, Caldwell, Idaho.
Washington, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 1, Ellensburg, Wash	Eugene A. Walker, Rathdrum, Idaho.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.

Synod of California.

DATE PLACE	STATED CLERK
Benicia, 11 a. m., Oct.19, San Francisco, 920 Sacramento St.	Walter M. Sutherland, Fulton, Cal.
Los Angeles, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 22, Pomona	William S. Young, D.D., 645 S. Boyle St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Nevada, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Rhyolite	George H. Greenfield, Elko, Nev.
Oakland, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 14, Oakland, Emmanuel Church	R. S. Eastman, 2847 Fulton St., Berkeley, Cal.
Riverside, 7:30 p. m., Oct 13, Riverside, Westminster.	Daniel L. Macquarrie, 128 Magnolia Ave., Riverside, Cal.
Sacramento, 1 p. m., Oct. 19, Sacramento, Westminster Ch.	Hugh T. Dobbins, Calusa, Cal.
San Francisco, 7:30 p. m., October 6, San Francisco	Herbert N. Bevier, 1606 14th Ave., South S. F., Cal.
San Joaquin, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Fresno, First Church	George B. Greig, Coalinga, Cal.
San Jose, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 19, Watsonville	Frank H. Babb (elder), Box 775, San Jose, Cal.
Santa Barbara, 2:30 p. m., Oct. 20, Pasadena First Church.	Winfield C. Scott, Fillmore, Cal.

SYNOD OF WASHINGTON.

Alaska	N. D. Haarrison, Skagway, Alaska.
Bellingham, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m.	F. G. Strange, D.D., Sendro-Woolley, Wash.
Central Washington, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m	Donnell R. Montgomery, Cle Elum, Wash.
Olympia, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m., Buckley, Wash., First Church.	S. Alexander George, Kelso, Wash.
Puget Sound, Sept. 15, 7:30 p. m., Auburn, Wash	W. Chalmers Gunn, Auburn, Wash.
Spokane, Sept. 28, 7:30 p. m., Spokane Wash., First church.	Eugene A. Walker, Creston, Wash.
Walla Walla, Sept. 29, 1:00 p. m., Asotin, Wash	Prof. Wm. Sands Morley, Sc. D., Moscow, Idaho.
Wenatchee, Sept. 29, 7:30 p. m	Herbert M. Course, Wilson Creek, Wash.
Yukon	Howard W. Frank, Fairbanks, Wash.

SYNOD OF MONTANA.

Butte, 2:00 p. m., Sept. 24, Anaconda	Elko J. Groeneveld, Butte, Mont.
Great Falls, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 23, Anaconda, Mont	Henry G. Hanson, Harlem, Montana.
Helena, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24, Anaconda	Davis Wilson, 504 Tracy Ave., South Bozeman, Mont.

SYNOD OF NEW MEXICO.

Pecos Valley, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 24, Silver City, New Mexico	Edgar E. Mathes, Artesia, New Mexico.
Phoenix, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 25	Frank C. Reid, Phoenix, Arizona.

SYNOD OF UTAH.

Boise, 7:30 p. m., Sept. 30	David A. Clemens, Caldwell, Idaho.
Kendall, 8 p. m., Oct. 12, Idaho Falls, Idaho	Joseph Y. Stewart, Malad City, Idaho.
Utah, 7:30 p. m., August 27	John D. Stormont, Myton, Utah.

SYNOD OF OREGON.

Grande Ronde, 7:30 p. m., October 6, Ashland, Ore	W. A. Robinson, Halfway, Oregon.
Pendleton, 9:00 a. m., Oct. 7, Portland First Church	B. F. Harper, Milton, Oregon.
Portland, 2:00 p. m., Oct. 5, Portland First Church	Edward M. Sharp, Mt. Tabor Station, Portland, Oregon.
Southern Oregon, 2 p. m., Oct. 7, Ashland, Ore	Joseph E. Burkhardt, North Bend, Oregon.
Willamette, 7:30 p. m., Oct. 13, Creswell, Ore	William T. Wardle, Lebanon, Oregon.

portant authority on the subject. Five years ago, when he was appointed to the position which he has just resigned, he was elected president of the American physical educational association.

There has been invented in Hungary a machine by which it is said 40,000 words per hour can be ent over a telephone. The machine consists of three parts, a perforator, transmitter and receiver. The first may be worked by a type writer, while the other two are automatic, working through the agencies of electricity and photography, and the instrument may be connected by an ordinary telephone line. Through operating the keys of the perforator the operator writes messages upon a long paper ribbon. By touching the keys a series of holes are punched in the ribbon, each set of holes representing a letter. After taking the ribbon from the perforator, the inventor places it in a small cylinder in the transmitter, and a touch of the switch sets the cylinder revolving and the ribbon with it. Before the ribbon has completely passed through the transmitter, a second broader strip of sensitized paper issues from the receiver, and upon it is written in plain, legible characters, the actual message which the inventor or operator has written on the typewriter. It is claimed that messages may be thus transmitted hundreds of miles, as well as short distances. It is said the inventor has discovered a means of harnessing light to electricity, by which a tiny spot of light hundreds of miles away is controlled as readily as close by.

The movement among independent Catholics in France, says the Missionary Review, is making rapid progress and shows that a great change has taken pla(e. The people are coming to look more favorably on the separation of church and state, and while they have little conception of what real Christianity is, many of them are not satisfied with unbelief and listen readily to the gospel. The following encouraging statements appear in a contemporary: "Three years ago some hundreds of priests, through reading the New Testament, formed a combinaion with a view to establishng themselves and their congregations on new lines, separate from Rome. M. Meillon, the converted priest, and the head of the Paris mission of Protestant converts, was selected as their leader and entered fully into the spirit of the movement. The claims of 300 priests and 300 congregations willing to be led, came so powerfully upon him that he has resigned the charge of the Paris office; and has consecrated his talents to these 300 congregations called by the government, 'Associations cultuelles.' They are banded together in a league, and stand for: Separation from Rome; establishment on the basis of the gospel; ab solute independence to be the right of each church, yet federation of all; election of trustees by and of their own associations only; perfect liberty as to Rome's dogmas, and substitution of French for Latin in public worship; loyalty to the republic."

WESTMINSTER UNIVERSITY GETS $200,000 LAND GIFT

Papers filed at Brighton disclose the gift to the Westminster University of Denver of some 400 acres of land adjoining the university tract north of the city. These lands are valued conservatively at $200,000, and, in conjunction with the university tract of 120 acres upon which is located the big building, the institution will now have more than 500 acres.

The Westminster Realty company has been organized from the board of trustees of the university to look after these lands, which will be sold in town lots, and it is expected that ultimately a prosperous suburb to Denver will be built up there.

Arrangements are being made to extend the Denver tramway lines to the university, and contracts have already been made for water for the whole tract. The big building will be remodeled at once and the university will open in its own building next month.

For nearly eight months James D. Husted, president of the board of trustees, has been working to secure this gift of lands from prominent men of Denver and New York. The necessity of court proceedings and settlement with various interests were responsible for the delay, but finally the lands have been passed to the university.

To H. J. Mayham of Nw York, Whitney Newton of Denver, and N. Macy Tabor and F. N. Pierce, administrators of the estate of Mrs. Tabor, is due the credit for this most generous gift.

The Westminster University began work a year ago, using the Central Presbyterian Church until arrangements could be made to occupy the new building north of the city. In order to secure water for irrigation it was necessary to have more land.

The Presbyterians of the country have been watching the new institution, and when the general assembly meets in Denver next May there is little question but that most liberal endowment will be provided.

The university building occupies a commanding position on a hill north of Clear creek.

With the occupation of the new building will come many improvements. Homes for the professors and other university buildings are to be constructed.

Dr. J. L. Weaver, the president of the university, is seeking money both here and in the East to meet current expenses and for the construction of a suitable dormitory.

The faculty of the university consists of the following well-known educators: The Rev. J. L. Weaver, D.D., president; John C. Shedd, Ph.D.; Miss Mary McCutcheon, A. B.; John B. McCuish, Ph.D.; William W. Baden, Ph.D.; John Inglis, A.M., M.D.; Philo C. Hildreth, A.B.; Ray F. Coyle, B. S.; Roger H. Motten, A.B.; Miss Ruby Albert, A.B.

James Wilson MacDonald, who died recently in New York at the age of 84, was America's oldest sculptor. He was of Scotch parents, and was born at Steubenville, Ohio. His career began when as a small boy he drew pictures on barn doors. His father, a farmer, wanted his son to be a blacksmith, but the boy ran away from home and journeyed to St. Louis. At seventeen he entered the employ of a book publishing house in that city. Eleven years after he became senior partner. At thirty Mr. MacDonald retired from active business to study art. Before leaving St. Louis he modelled a bust of Thomas H. Benton, then United States Senator from Missouri, which was the first model of sculpture art cut west of the Mississippi river. Charles O'Connor was his next subject, and later James F. Brady, whose bust is in the law library of New York, to which city he went soon after the Civil War. The statue of Edward Bates, attorney-general under President Lincoln, at Forest Park, St. Louis, is another striking example of his work. His later works are a statue of Fitz Greene Halleck, bust of Washington Irving, in Prospect Pork, Brooklyn; bust of John Hancock, MacDonald's "Washington," is widely known throughout the country. It is a copy of the bust of Washington made at Mount Vernon by Jean Antoine Houdon, in 1785, the original of which is in the State Capitol of Virginia.

25). It is a delightful glimpse into the earnest and fraternal life of the early Christian church. But it is something more—an incentive to the emulation of that generous and self-sacrificing spirit there so clearly manifest. And we are thankful that this incident led to Paul's classic expression of the true spirit of Christian benevolence in the passage assigned for our topic and in the eighth and ninth chapters of II Corinthians. Such phrases as these have entered into the thought and life of the Christian Church—"He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully;" "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." And the principle of equality in the share of the gifts of God was never better set forth than in II Co. 8: 13-15. To the mind of Paul generosity was one of the graces receiving the greatest blessing from God. It is a grace that we would all do well to cultivate. How many an otherwise well-rounded life is spoiled by a spirit of niggardliness. The world very rightly despises the stingy man, for this disposition takes its rise in selfishness. But the man of generous spirit—how men love him and what a pleasure it is to know him. And yet notice how sane is this New Testament standard of giving. There is no sanction for that extravagent and reckless generosity that lacks balance and common-sense—not "that others may be eased and ye distressed, but by equality."

And to Paul's mind the giving should not only be generous, but be systematic and habitual. "Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store as he may prosper." Upon this simple plan of a weekly, systematic giving, the great collection was secured for the needy of Jerusalem. And it is a plan upon which we cannot improve. The weekly gift to the church, to missions, to benevelont objects the ideal set by all who are managing the finances of such work. The small gift if it be systematic and methodical has a cumulative power that is amazing. The bulk of the support of all philanthropies is from systematic gifts of small proportions rather than from the large sporadic gifts. And systematic giving should be cultivated for yet another reason—that thereby generosity becomes a habit and has its reflex influence upon the whole character.

Among Christian Endeavorers one plan or system of giving is meeting with ever-increasing favor—the Tenth Legion . It is an adaptation to modern conditions of the old Jewish plan of tithing—and deserves adoption by all loyal Endeavorers. It would be well if the conduct of this meeting were entrusted to the Tenth Legion Superintendent of your society, that this particular plan of systematic, generous giving might receive its due consideration. And above all let us emulate the example of those Macedonian churches which out of their deep poverty "abounded unto the riches of liberality." We can all give to the Lord's work, no matter what our material state, and receive a blessing if we give heartily and prayerfully. For in God's sight if "the readiness is there," the gift "is acceptable" unto Him.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than the death of night;
To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, to falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone life, joy, empire and victory.

—Shelley's Prometheus.

THE HOME

THE "PUTTERING" WOMAN.

To "putter," which is essentially the derivative from "potter," is a word hard to define and easy to understand. It means to busy one's self about trifles and to work to little purpose. It means a vast expenditure of nervous energy on matters that might be lightly dismissed or relegated to others, and the consequent failure to gain "power through repose," or culture through the elevation and concentration of the life . And one of the saddest sights in the world is to see a woman occupied strenuously with innumerable and self-imposed household nothings!

I do not of course refer to "the trivial round, the common task" of duties inseparable from household management, the rearing and training of children, the economics of the commissariat and the like. Women of capacity discharge such duties with promptitude and thoroughness and still find leisure for church and social obligations, for the writing and reading of books, for healthful recreation. I mean rather by "puttering" the over-emphasis which is put upon trifles of little or no importance, trifles that may as well be left to servants, the exaggeration of household details, the gradual contraction of a woman's life to such pettiness of environment as will ultimately dwarf the higher powers and faculties. And this baneful tendency is not confined to any particular class of women . It is not a question of poverty or wealth whether a woman shall become a mere household "putterer." It is a question of intelligence, of will power, of management, of innate capacity. Not infrequently, as pastor of a church, I have found that the women in my congregation who read the best books, lend a helping hand to philanthropy, respond to appeals for workers and keep abreast with their husbands in knowledge of current and weighty topics are those having but one servant and from two to three children.

The "puttering" woman may possess excellent qualities of mind and heart, but they are in danger of being swallowed up in the sea of the infinitesimal. She comes down to breakfast forecasting muddy coffee; she goes to bed at night anxiously debating whether the raspberry jam was stored away on the second or third shelf of the pantry. Now it is worry as to what shall be done with an accumulating mass of daily papers, which the ragman will jump at the chance of calling for regularly one a week . Now it is a bad quarter of an hour because she decided to let Jack go to school without his reefer . Now there is a crease of irritation in the white forehead if the servants are five minutes late in putting on the dinner, and the habit of exaggerated concern is so fixed that if her husband fails to arrive promptly from the office he must surely be mangled by a cable car or overcome by apoplexy

The "puttering" woman is never able to get away from herself. In the maelstrom of the self-centered she cares less and less for social enjoyment and recreation, for books and reading, because her whole mind is taken up with determining whether the family ark of a trunk shall go up garret or remain in the back entry, or a hundred trifles of equal moment. Poor soul! Her originally fine nature may be warped or twisted by this failing until the good housewife grows unbearably petulant and rasping. . . . .

There is a family likeness in all portraits of the "put-

tering" woman. Her type is one of the most unvarying in all creation. But the encouragement of the situation is that the present athletic, out-of-door life for girls is building up a race of young women who, when married, will begin their careers with a reserve fund of strength, energy, buoyancy and accumulated power to which their mothers were strangers And the mothers themselves who "putter" may win back much that has been lost of larger interest in larger worlds by resolutely building a new physical life on the modern scientific basis of physical culture.—F. S. Root.

THRE COLDS A WINTER.

"My neighbor, Mrs. Vere de Vere, tells me that she expects three colds every winter and is thankful if she escapes without having four. That seems a hard experience for a woman of her age and duties. I wonder if it as necessary as she thinks.

"Probably not. Perhaps she does not know how to take care of herself."

"She ought to—she must be fifty. But how can one avoid taking cold?"

"In its application that is a difficult question. In its principle, I think I can answer it in a few simple sentences.

"1. Keep your lungs full of good air, and not bad. A 'stuffy' room means that the air that fills it is stuffed with poison. A deep breath of cold air often seems to counteract the danger of a sudden chill. It is like opening the draft of a furnace; it makes the fire burn. But, perhaps, Mrs. Vere de Vere does not know how to take a deep breath. Few women do.

"2. Keep your mouth shut. I sat near a young woman in church the other day who drank in the sermon with a mouth just wide enough open to let a good sized mouse creep in. There was no mouse, but, although I believe her to be a good and sensible girl, it certainly made her look like a fool, and I suspect she suffers from catarrh and has a cold all winter. The nose passages filter and warm the air. Let them do their work and keep the mouth for eating and talking.

"3. Keep the feet warm and dry. Two of Mrs. Vere de Vere's colds she probably owes to thin shoes a size too small for comfort. A bird's foot seems impervious to cold, but a man's foot is sensitive and revenges its suffering upon the body and brain.

"4. Keep the pores open. A cold is a congestion. It means that some of the natural channels of excretion are closed up and the rest are overworked. Pay the pores of the skin good wages of care and they will not be quick to go on strike. Wool and water and the flesh brush are their due; see that it does not go unpaid.

"5. Eat only what you earn. If food were simple, a natural appetite would be a sufficient test, but with our special temptations for a sophisticated appetite it is best to remember that food is for repair of waste. If you have been sitting in a warm corner with a novel all day you have not earned much dinner. If you have been active in the open air, more will not hurt you. Muscle work wants food for muscles, brain work food for brains. Whenever you overload the stomach with excess of food—either of quantity or of a kind that is not easily digested—you are inviting a congestion, which always means a 'cold.'

"6. Don't worry. Anxiety and ill temper distill poison in the blood. It takes longer to digest food when you are cross or gloomy. Ill temper is like sand instead of oil upon the bearings of machinery. Fun and faith are among the best preventives of sickness we possess.

"If one attends faithfully to these six maxims and still has three colds a winter it must be because he or she has inherited or acquired an enfeebled constitution."

DON'T SPEAK OF IT.

A highly educated young lady was one day talking of an elderly cousin who had done a great deal for her. "He is as good as gold," she said, frankly, "but, O, isn't he stupid! He is the stupidest man I ever saw!"

The several people who heard this remark were properly shocked. After all which that generous and cultured man had done for this thoughtless girl, the least she could have returned to him was silence regarding his failings. She might have left other people to find him out, if indeed they existed, so long as it was not necessary for her to expose them.

On the other hand a young man of exemplary habits had a wicked father, but no one ever heard a complaint of that father from his son's lips. When called into court to testify against him, the unhappy youth related conscientiously the facts in the case, but it was evidently one of the most painful experiences of his life. The boy showed consistently by his speech a filial regard for his father, but his general bearing was an utter condemnation of that father's sins. It was a wonderful lesson in right living.

There is a species of individual who cannot bear to have anybody praised without hastening to qualify the compliment with something unfavorable. This is bad enough to hear of strangers or near acquaintances. It is revolting when the subject is a relative or supposably near friend of the speaker.

A certain girl showed a fine feeling in this matter. A loud-mouthed, rude fellow made an insulting remark concerning her father in the village store in which she served as a clerk. The girl swiftly crossed the room and stood erect before him, her face pale, but her manner full of dignity.

"If you allude to my father, Mr. ————," she said, calmly, but with righteous indignation in her voice, "I will ask you never to mention his name in my presence, unless you can do so with respect. He is poor and feeble, and I will not hear a man like you insult him."

There is nothing more beautiful than to see a whole family standing by each other and striving to help each other, if their purpose is good and their ambition high. The Rossettis presented a striking example of this virtue. The Field, Lothrop and Jocelyn families and many others have been conspicuously true and kind to each other.

All of us have weaknesses. Most of us have serious faults. Sometimes in the interest of justice it becomes necessary for us to mention the failings of our relatives and friends. When it is not necessary, let us keep quiet concerning them. There can be no fine loyalty in love or friendship without such reticence.—Kate Upson Clark.

The Nebraska Senator who sometime ago raised the question of Mr. Taft's religion and ended his defence by declaring that Mr. Taft was neither a Roman Catholic nor a Unitarian. It must not be overlooked that, according to the daily press, Mr. Taft is "sufficiently religious to attend funerals in all denominational churches." The Nebraska Senator can rest easy. It is pretty evident that Mr. Taft is not like the Athenians—"too religious in all things."

Young People

JACK'S TURKEY.

"Tell us about it, mother," said Bessie, just as if she had not heard the story so many times that she could tell it quite as well as mother herself, the story of Thanksgiving Day in the eastern home where mother had lived when she was a little girl.

"Well, throw another stick on the fire, Jack," said the mother by way of preparation, as she took baby Charline in her arms.

The flames roared up the wide chimney, and threw a bright glow out into the large room, a cabin room, with its log walls unplastered and its rude furnishings of the simplest sort . The mother herself swayed to and fro in a clumsy wooden rocker while she told the children that which sounded to them like a page from a fairy tale

"We all went to grandfather's that day. There were ever so many uncles, aunts and cousins of us, thirty-five in all, and we children thought it the happiest day in all the year. We all wore our nicest dresses—"

"'You had a crimson merino, and your hair was tied with crimson ribbons,' interposed Bessie. "And your Cousin 'Liz'beth wore a blue dress and had long curls."

"Let mother tell it," said Jack, cutting short the description of finery "I want her to come to the dinner."

"Well, we had plenty of games and fun, and time enough to look at each other's dresses before we came to the dinner," said the mother laughingly; "but when it was ready—my! what a table! Roast turkey, roast pig—"

But there the narrative was cut short by the stamping of feet outside the door. Father and Will had come in from the clearing, and mother hastily put the sleeping baby in his cradle, and went to see about supper. The children knew all about the dainties that graced great-grandfather's dinner table, however, and they finished out the list to each other from the plum pudding through all the pies to the nuts and oranges.

"I wish we could have such times," said Bessie discontentedly . "We don't have anything away out here, and I hardly know how an orange looks."

"It's the turkey and such things I'd like to have," said Jack. "Mother says when we get through clearing, and the place fenced in we can have chickens, but it takes so awfully long. Day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving too, and it'll be just the same old kind."

But it was not like Jack to want things without planning how to get them, and when he sat whittling out a boat by the fireside that evening he was studying something besides boats.

"I think you will have to go over to Mrs. Lander's tomorrow, Jack, and carry her a bag of hops," said his mother, suddenly looking up from her work "I promised her part of mine when the vines did so well this cummer, but I never sent them."

"Yes'm," answered Jack, with unusual readiness, while Bessie's voice broke in eagerly:

"O mother, may I go with him?"

Visits were rare in that new country, and an errand to the next clearing meant a walk of four miles, dinner, and a pleasant hour or two with friends, and then the walk home. Both children were ready early the next morning, but Bessie was surprised when they were a little away from the house to see Jack put down his hops and running around to the side of a cattle-shed, bring out an old rifle that had been given him.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked wonderingly.

"Hush! walk on and I'll tell you," Jack answered. "I don't want the folks to know, for maybe I can't do it; but I'm most sure I've heard wild turkeys in the woods, and if I could shoot one we'd have it for dinner tomorrow."

His father and Will might have laughed at the expectations of the young hunter, but the little singer had perfect faith in Jack's knowledge and skill, and her eyes danced at the mere thought of such a surprise. And a wonderful thing happened that day, for Jack really did shoot a wild turkey. To tell the truth it was not so much a matter of fine marksmanship as of a fortunate happening, for Jack did not see his game at all, he only heard a rustling in the bushes and fired at random.

"You've done it! You've done it!" cried Bessie when the fine bird was found. She wanted to turn homeward with their prize at once, but the cooler-headed Jack objected.

"Why we must be more than half way to Lander's now; we might as well go on," he said. "I'll hang the turkey up in the tree where nothing can touch it, and we will get it on our way back."

Both children thought they should stay but a short time —the visit had lost something of its charm in this new delight, but they had wandered farther than they thought in their search for game, and it was almost dinner-time when they reached the clearing. They were hungry and tired and when dinner was over the Lander boys had treasures to show them in the way of a tame squirrel and a captive coon, so that it was Mrs. Lander who noticed the clock and suggested their departure.

"You musn't keep the children too late, boys," she said. "I'm sorry they did not come early enough for a longer visit, but they must get home before sunset."

There was plenty of time for that, they all agreed and good-byes were called back and forth cheerily until the two were out of sight of the clearing.

"We'll have to go out of our way to get the turkey, but that won't take long," Jack said to Bessie. "I don't see why I didn't think to bring it as far as the path before I hung it up."

"It wasn't very far off," answered Bessie contentedly as they pushed their way among trees and tangled undergrowth. But though Jack felt sure he knew where to go, he had not particularly marked the way, and one clump of bushes looked wondrously like another as they pushed forward, constantly thinking they recognized a tree or thicket just ahead of them, and as often finding it not the spot they sought. Distances and directions grew confused in the baffling search, and time slipped away unheeded until the deepening gloom of the woods warned them that the short afternoon was drawing to its close. Even then they could not bear to relinquish their prize, and though Jack decided that they must have passed the place and they turned back, they went slowly, looking all the way.

The gloom of the woods increased rapidly, and they did not find the tree nor reach the footpath. Then a sound came to their ears, faint and distant, but it made Jack catch Bessie's hand and hurry her forward; they both knew the howl of a wolf. Pushing through thickets and around trees

they hastened, hoping every moment to strike the path, while the cry of the wolf sounded again and nearer, and was repeated from another direction. The darkness deepened, and Bessie began to see danger in every shadow. By and by a dark form did skulk through the bushes not so far away but that they could dimly see it, and Jack fired his rifle in a vain hope of frightening away any animal that might chance to be near.

"It's no use, Bess. We'll have to get into a tree while we can," said Jack breathlessly as the cry of wolves came momentarily nearer, "Here, this one."

He dropped his gun and helped her to climb, following hurriedly after her, and they were scarcely settled among the branches before dark forms began to move about at the foot of the tree. The children, though chilled and benumbed by the frosty air, were safe; but the snapping and howling of the hungry creatures beneath them was horrible, and the long hours seemed endless. Then suddenly the sound of a rifle rang out, flaming torches flashed through the woods. and before the young prisoners could be quite sure what had happened, father, Will, and big Mike were under the tree, and the cowardly wolves had fled.

"When you didn't come home at nightfall we started out to look for you," said the father, holding Bessie close in his arms, "and we were scarcely in the woods before we heard the wolves and feared something was wrong."

Will and Jack went back the next morning and easily found the turkey, "properly frozen and calmly waiting," as Will said, just where Jack had placed it. But Bessie would scarcely have cared if they had not. The rough-walled cabin seemed dear and beautiful to her after the danger of the night, and when she saw her mother's face and baby Charley's, she missed nothing in all the wide world.

"O mother, this is the very thankfulest Thanksgiving I ever saw," she said.—Boys and Girls.

THE TEA PARTY.

It was baking day, and the kitchen was full of warm, sweet smells as Robin came in from school. A big frosted cake stood over on the dresser, and four lemon pies beside it.

Mamma was making cookies at the table—the loveliest cookies, with lots of raisins in them and spice and all sorts of good things!

Robin knew from experience just how nice they were, and he peeped into the big jar to see if here were any baked. Yes, indeed, it was nearly full.

"Oh, goody!" he exclaimed, as he reached for a crisp one with a fat raisin sticking half out; "may I take some to school this afternoon, mamma—just this once?"

"Robin, you know I don't care to have you eat much sweet stuff between meals; but you may have a few this time." And mamma carefully loosened a yellow bear from the cooky cutter.

"Put 'em in this new paper bag, and I'll have a tea-party at recess; and we'll have more fun than anything." For Robin hadn't found out then, as he did later on, that "tea parties are for girls," with a scornful emphasis on "girls."

"That will be lovely," agreed mamma. "You can put two of those golden pippin apples in your pocket, since you are to be generous and divide your refreshments. Now run and wash for lunch. I'll fix the cakes in the ltttle bag and set them on the table ready for you. After school I want you to take a bagfull to old Mrs. Smith."

Lunch was ready by the time Robin got his hands wiped, and mamma untied her apron and took the last panfull of cookies out of the oven and filled the teakettle and closed the stove draught, and Robin didn't know what else, because before that he was in his chair and had his napkin unfolded.

At school time mamma was busy in the sitting-room with Miss Helen, who came in to ask about a pattern she had borrowed. Robin went out for the cookies. On the table stood two paper bags, one partly filled, the other filled to the top with only a little rim of paper left to screw into a tiny handle.

Robin stood and looked. Which was for him? Conscience said: "Take the little package, Robin. You know mamma meant it for you."

Then another voice urged very loud: "No; the big one is yours, Robin. Mamma wants you to be generous."

Then conscinece again: "Mamma said, 'a few.'"

The other voice declared: "There are not many. That little bag couldn't hold enough to hurt a fellow."

Conscience: "Prob-bly the big one is for Mrs. Smith, anyway."

Other voice: "There are plenty more for Mrs. Smith. This isn't enough for her. Mama always sends her lots."

Robin decided it. "I'll take the most, so I can be generous," he said aloud.

And then he gathered up the full bag and sped down the street as fast as his little fat legs could go. Once at school, he put his treasure away without a glance and went slowly to his seat. His heart began to feel very queer and uncomfortable. He tried to cheer himself by thoughts of the tea party, rumors of which he had already set afloat.

Recess time came at last, and with it many guests to the flat stone under the big elm, where the complimentary school feasts were always spread. The aples were carefully divided with Robin's new jackknife, then the bag was lifted and untwisted. He didn't stop to look in, for the cookies didn't seem half as interesting as they did at noon. He turned it upside down over the paper napkin his teacher had given him, and poured upon it a pile of—egg shells!

How they all laughed and teased! Nothing but the remembrance that he was a boy kept back the tears. Had it been done purposely? Perish the thought! Mamma would never, never in this world. Yet there were the empty shells, and there were no refreshments to be generous with, only the scraps of golden pippins.

Crestfallen and mortified, the poor little host went back to his seat to puzzle over a problem that was solved only when he got back home.

"They were to throw away, Robin. Mamma had used a good many eggs, and dropped the shells into the bag to get them out of the way. I thought you would know which package to take. Mamma never gives you as many cookies as that."

And mamma stroked the disappointed little head with a gentle hand.

"I did know," confessed a penitent voice. "I thought I got Mrs. Smith's."

Next day the boys and girls in Primary Class No. 1 had two luscious, crisp cookies apiece to atone for their disappointment. But Robin, who passed them around, saved none for himself. He and mamma had decided that the only way to still the tempting, disobedient voice that had led him into trouble was to punish it very hard, indeed, so the family emptied the cooky jar that week quite without Robin's help. But it never had to happen again.—Elizabeth Price in Sunday-school Times.

LESSONS FOR A BOY.

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment; and though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased; that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him I came out on the piazza beside him and said: "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise: "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected. "Why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt"—Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—Church Record.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED

THE VOICE OF PRAISE

NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLDS GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2

PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED

OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

A TEACHERS' BIBLE

FOR $1.25 POSTPAID

Concordance to the Authorized and Revised Versions, Combined with a Subject Index and Pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names and A New Indexed Bible Atlas.

Minion type bound in Egyption Seal—with overlapping edges, round corners, red under gold edges.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

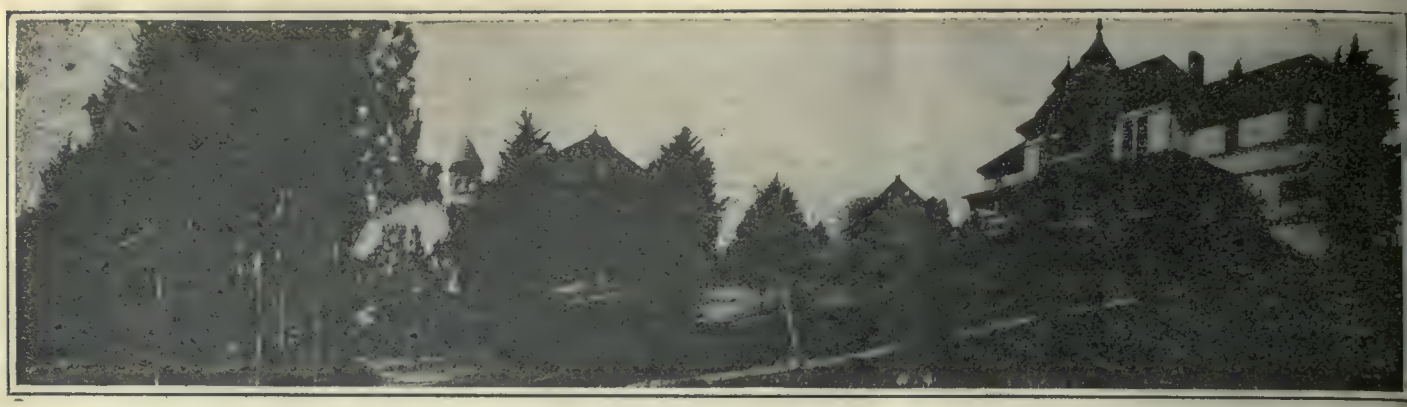
W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS. G. PATTERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, OCTOBER 15, 1908. No. 42



REV. W. J. FISHER,
Moderator of the Synod of California.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

- ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen, $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

APPRECIATION THAT IS APPRECIATED.

There has been a good deal said in the past about people who have handed a tract to a starving man instead of giving him something to keep his body alive. The publisher of every religious paper has a great many expressions of sympathy and many good wishes proffered, which the printer refuses to accept in lieu of hard cash for getting out the paper. But once in a while some one does such a generous and kindly deed that the publisher is ashamed of his pessimism and forgives all the people who have given promises and sympathy instad of cash with which to run his paper. Such a generous act was performed by the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley, California, of which Rev. Lapsley A. McAffee, D.D., is the pastor. At his suggestion the session of the church voted $25.00 in cash, to be used in any way the Pacific Presbyterian thinks best to establish the paper in that congregation. The money can be used to pay for sample copies of the paper to be sent for a brief time to every family in the congregation, or in any other way it is deemed best to secure the subscription of the members and attendants of the church. We believe this action on the part of the session will prove to the congregation that the church is really backing the Pacific Presbyterian, and not only wants but expects the members of the church to subscribe for the paper; and we are sure that when even so large a church as this one—with its multiplied agencies for doing good—shall see the great work being done in all the other churches, that it will stimulate it to even greater activity. This church has recently sent out two of its members as missionaries to Korea. Its missionary work in giving ranks it among the best churches of the West, and we believe that this substantial encouragement of the Pacific Presbyterian will prove another missionary enterprise which shall redound to the blessing of the church.

We recently chronicled the splendid effort of the Vallejo church to establishe the Pacific Presbyterian in that congregation, through the generosity of its pastor, Rev. Theodore Burnham, D.D., in sending 50 subscriptions for a month; and we have promises of similar efforts from a few other pastors. But what we need now to establish the paper and make it self-supporting,—which it must be if it is to continue,—is to have the sessions of the churches officially take action to have the paper sent at least for one month to all the families in the congregations and during that month let the women of the missionary societies canvas these families and secure their subscriptions, for which the Pacific Presbyterian will contribute to the treasury of their society and 60 cents for each $2.00 subscription and 35 cents for each $1.50 subscription. If the session of the church for any reason does not deem it wise to pay for the paper to be sent to each family in the congregation for one month at the cost of 20 cents per family—for which we agree to furnish it,—let the session take action and direct the pastor to present the matter of subscription to the congregation, stating the action of the session and urging every family to subscribe, taking the annual subscription if possible, but if not, the three months' subscription at 50 cents. This will give an opoprtunity for persons to become familiar with the paper, and we believe after they have taken it three months we will be able to hold their subscriptions. Let there be action all along the line

This matter will be presented at the meeting of Synod, and we hope every minister will come to Synod prepared to report that his session has taken action in this matter, favorable to the installing of the paper in his congregation.

CONVERSATIONAL EVANGELISM.

With the goal of "California for Christ" the Christian Endeavor workers of our state have undertaken the work of personal soul-winning, using the following pledge:

"Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him, that I will endeavor to become a personal soul-winner."

What a splendid idea for every young man and woman in Christ's army! What opportunities for making the pledges effective! And how surely will enlistments be secured where there are so many personal recruiting officers. May not this same method be employed with advantage by church members of all ages. This is the method of the early church, when the Disciples went everywhere preaching the Gospel. This is the method now employed with such splendid results in Korea.

California for Christ! Is the result impossible? Surely not, if all the confessed followers of Jesus Christ will engage in conversational evangelism, first praying to God to prepare our hearts and lips, to prepare others' ears to hea" and hearts to receive the message of salvation.

O. E. H.

The Pacific Presbyterian publishes more news of the Western churches than all the Eastern papers combined.

THE SYNOD OF CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Wm. S. Young, D.D., Stated Clerk and Treasurer.

The session of the Synod of California, which is about to be held in Pasadena, should be in the very best sense inspirational. The meetings will be held under as good local

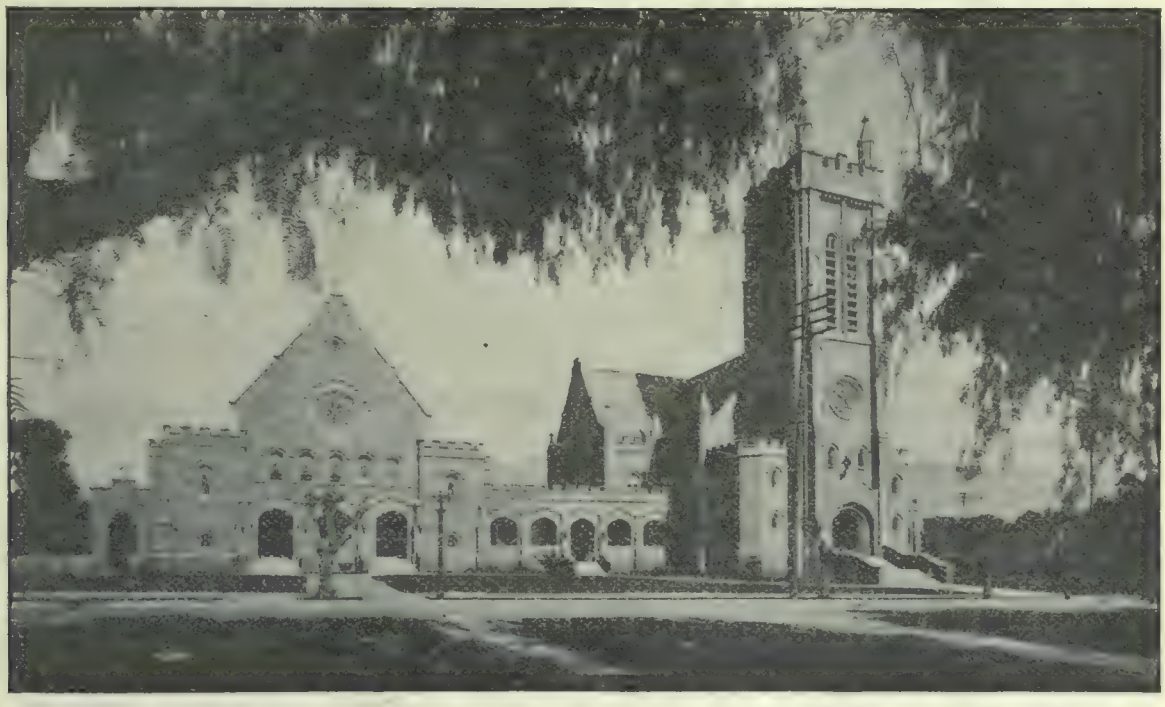


REV. WM. S. YOUNG, D.D.,

conditions as is possible in Southern California. The complete new church of Pasadena, which is the nearest to a cathedral church of our denomination on this coast, affords exceptional advantages for the daily sessions. Pasadena as a place is the paragon of modern cities. It is laid out spaciously; its streets are lined with some of the most artistic and elaborate homes to be found anywhere. It has all sorts of facilities of convenience, and the Synod will be cordially welcome to its best. The hotel at which the guests will be housed has an unsurpassed reputation. The local committee of arrangements is well organized to assure dispatch in doing its part and in anticipating the needs of the Synod. Great causes will be to the front,—old subjects, but treated with new enthusiasm.

There will be something worth while about the great missionary movements; news from the awaking world will be brought out by men and women fresh from the field of service. The call to the awaking church as to its opportunity will be brought out by those at home who are already fired with the call for help,—while they "hold the ropes." One great fundamental in the Presbyterian history,—EDUCATION,—will be warmly considered. Education that is Christian in its plan, aim and result will be proposed as an important factor in the solution of the Freedmen problem; education as a specific work in aiding to solve the problem of the furnishing of men and women to meet the increasingly emphatic call of the world's need of ministers and missionaries, and Christian teachers, physicians and lawyers; education as the salt preservative needed in all the varied walks of life,—business, the home and society. Incidentally, the Synod will be given the chance of visiting our own Occidental College and its faculty, while at their work. Education, still more fundamentally as it obtains in the life of the Sunday-school missionary and the Sunday-school teacher, will be considered, together with the heroism and romance of the lone worker here and there in mountain, valley, plain and camp.

But the evangelistic committee will emphasize the fact that the paramount need of man is met in regeneration, not in education alone, in settlement work, or society reform.



First Presbyterian Church, Pasadena. Place of the Meeting of the Synod of California.

These are not sufficient, however efficiently advocated. Only the new man will bring about the new conditions sought at. And the Seminary to conserve these ideals in men and equip them for the strife, will be recognized.

There will be great philanthropic reform movements discussed; temperance, labor, Sabbath reforms; marriage reforms and the like, and self-sacrificing service to care for the orphan and train him to true Christian citizenship; while the work of battling against human lust as represented in the great white slavery iniquity, will stir all hearts as we hear of victories gained and kept by the power of God.

One of the greatest modern movements in the church is the Brotherhood. It is a great idea, big enough to demand the best in every man in the church, as it seeks the men of today for the Man of Galilee. It seeks the citadel of

manhood in the name of Jesus Christ and for His cause; not merely to be a men's missionary society, but to enthuse men so with the mind and Spirit of Christ that once more it will be true of the disciple of Christ that he goes everywhere talking the gospel,—seven days per week. Then, too, there will be the latest words and something interesting about the other great causes of the church.

Now, to get the benefit and inspiration of these it will be necessary to ATTEND THE SYNOD. Not trolly trips, Mt. Lowe, Sunken Gardens, etc.,—the local hosts plan and look after these things incidentally. The faithful member of Synod will give and receive, and go home feeling from the church court side that the things done were good to the Holy Ghost and to the church; and from the individual life side it were good to be there, and he will say at home, "Come, let us be up and doing today!"

Yes, come! There will be something doing to get you awake and to keep you awake all the time you are here, and send you home sufficiently awake to make a disturbance among those who persist in sleeping in the great daytime of the advance of God in His world, through this branch of His body, the Presbyterian church, as it pulsates with the holy life from His blood.

tunity to meet them. They are at Klawock on the west

The Synod is made up of two states, California and Nevada; 10 presbyteries; 411 ministers; 311 churches; 1079 elders; 36,232 church members, of whom 2,685 were received by confession of faith last year. The churches of the Synod gave $210,517 to benevolences, and $622,023 for congregational purposes last year. There are 35,842 in our Sunday-schools,—a good sized army growing up to be the workers of tomorrow. The emphasis of all these facts is not what has been done, but what possibilities of yet greater things lie before,—with God and His truth on our side.

PROGRAM OF SYNOD.

Wednesday, October 21st.

7:30 P. M. Devotional Exercises. Sermon by Rev. Wm. J. Fisher, D.D., of San Francisco, the Moderator of the Synod . Roll Call and Constitution of Synod.

Thursday.

8:30 A. M. Devotional Services, led by Rev. W. C. Sherman, Sacramento.
9:00 A. M. Organization of Synod and business.
9:40 A. M. Report of Committee to attend Theological Seminary Examinations.
10:00 A. M. Report of the Committee on Freedmen.
10:20 A. M. Address, Rev. J. A. Stevenson.
10:45 A. M. Foreign Missions, report of Committee.
Address by Rev. C. R. Callender.
11:30 A. M. Business.
12:00 M. Recess.

Thursday Afternoon.

1:15 P. M. Meetings of Presbyteries and Committees.
1:45 P. M. Business
2:00 P. M. Report of the Committee on the College Board.
Address, President John Willis Baer, LL.D.
2:45 P. M. The Brotherhood—Report of the Committee.
3:10 P. M. Report of Directors of Theological Seminary
3:25 P. M. Report of Committee on Theological Seminary.
3:45 P. M. Report of Synodical Sabbath School Missionary, Rev. Arthur Hicks and other Board Missionaries.
Report of Publication and Sunday School Work.
4:30 P. M. Business.
5.00 P. M. Recess.

Thursday Evening.

7:30 P. M. Welcome to Synod on behalf of Pasadena church—Organ recital.
8:45 P. M. Reception in Sunday School Rooms.

Friday.

8:30 A. M. Devotional Exercises, led by Rev. David H. McCullough.
9:00 A. M. Business.
9:15 A. M. Address by representative of General Assembly Executive Commission.
9:40 A. M. Report of Synodical Missionary, Dr. W. B. Noble.
Report of Committee on Home Missions.
Address, by Field Secretary, W. S. Holt, D.D.
10:50 A. M. Report on Sabbath Observance.
Address, Rev. G. L. Tufts, Ph.D.
11:10 A. M. The Occident.
11:30 A. M. Report of the Woman's Synodical Society of Home Missions, the President Presiding.
12:00 M. Recess.

Friday Afternoon.

1:15 P. M. Meeting of Presbyteries and Committees.
1:45 P. M. Business.
2:15 P. M. Report of Presbyterial Records.
2:40 P. M. Report of Woman's Occidental Board—the President presiding.
3:30 P. M. Report on Education.
3:50 P. M. Report of Committee on Ministerial Relief.
4:15 P. M. Report of Committee on Young People's Work.
4:45 P. M. Business.
5:00 P. M. Recess.

Friday Evening.

7:30 P. M. Popular Meeting in the interest of Missionary Extension at Home and Abroad.

Saturday.

8.30 A. M. Devotional Exercises, led by Rev. Joseph N. Boyd, Oakland.
9:00 A. M. Historical Society and Historian of Synod.
9:15 A. M. Report of Presbyterian Orphanage, Mrs. P. D. Browne.
9:35 A. M. Report on Temperance.
10:00 A. M. The Jews. Address on work among.
10:20 A. M. Report on Church Erection.
11:00 A. M. Report on Systematic Beneficence.
11:25 A. M. Reort on Necrology (Memorial Service.)
12:00 M. Recess.

Saturday Afternoon.

1:15 P. M. Meeting of Presbyteries and Committees.
1:45 P. M. Business.
2:15 P. M. Report on American Bible Society.
2:35 P. M. Business.
3:30 P. M. Recess.
The Board of Trade invites the Synod for a ride through the city in automobiles.

Saturday Evening.

7:30 P. M. Popular meeting in the interest of Temperance and Personal Evangelism.

Sunday.

11:00 A. M. Sermon by the Moderator of the Synod and Sacrament of Lord's Supper.
3:00 P. M. Rally in the interest of the Sunday School and Young People's Work.

7:30 P. M. Meeting in the interest of the Brotherhood.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SYNODICAL SOCIETY OF HOME MISSIONS, OCTOBER 21 AND 22, 1908.

First Presbyterian Church, Pasadena, California.

Wednesday, October 21st.

2:00 P. M. "Master speak thy servant heareth. I am listening Lord for Thee what hast Thou to say to me."
A presentation of "The Last Word," Mrs. Steele, Santa Paula.
Reports from the Year's Work.
Box Secretary—Mrs. W. H. Hamilton, Oakland.
Literature Secretary—Mrs. A. G. Garrett, San Faancisco.
Over Sea and Land Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Laughlin, Oakland.
Treasurer Contingent Fund—Mrs. G. H. Burdick, Oakland.
Appointment of Committees.
"The Best Thing" of each Presbyterial Society told by the nine Presidents.
Benediction.

Thursday, October 22nd.

9:00 A. M. "Speak to me by name O Master, for I long for fuller light, deeper love and clearer sight."
Reports continued.
Rocording Secretary—Mrs. A. M. Milligan, San Francisco.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. P. Prutzman, San Francisco.
Young People's Secretary—Miss M. E. Boyce, Alameda.
Editorial Secretary—Mrs. D. M. Ross, San Francisco.
Freedman Secretary—Dr. Kate C. Moody, Los Angeles.
Financial Secretary—Mrs. F. S. Page, Berkeley.
Missionary Correspondence Secretary—Mrs. H. E. Dozen, San Francisco.
Temperance Secretary—Mrs. David McCullough, Red Bluff.

11:00 A. M. Spanish work, Miss Crowe, Miss Smith, Miss Miss Boone, Miss Merwin.
Exercise by Spanish children.
Mission Study Classes, Mrs. Van Meter.
Election of Officers.

12:00 M. Quiet Hour.

2:00 P. M. Scriptural Reading.
A message direct from Alaska.
Miss Julia Fraser, Pacific Coast Secretary Woman's Board.
Mrs. Ella A. Boole, Corresponding Secretary of Woman's Board is among the possibilities.
Presbyterial discussion of practical subjects as: How best to stimulate advance? The increase of General Fund. The necessity of prayer. The interrelation of Auxiliaries and Young People's Societies. Extended organization. The Far West renewals and new names, Sunday School secretaries,
Missionary Hour.

Master speak in love and power,
Crown the mercies of this hour
With the music of Thy voice,
Speak and bid Thy child rejoice.

PROGRAM OF THE OCCIDENTAL BOARD SYNODICAL MEETING.

Friday, October 23rd, 1908.

9:30 A.M. Devotional.
10:00 A. M. A Bible Study. Phillipians, Mrs. I. M. Alden, (Pansy)
10:30 A. M. A Model Mission Study Class, introducing the "Nearer and the Farther East."
11:00 A. M. With our Missionaries.
12: A. M. Praise and Prayer.
Adjournment for Luncheon.

Afternoon.

1:30 P. M. Devotional, Mrs. H. B. Pinney.
1:45 P. M. Notes from Occidental Board.
Mrs. E. G. Denniston, Treasurer.
Mrs. J. G. Chown, Board Secretary.
Miss Garette, Literature Secretary.
Miss Partridge, Y. P. S. C. E. Secretary.
Mrs. D. S. McCullah, Temperance Sec'y.
2:30 P. M. Traffic in Slave Girls in San Francisco, since the Earthquake and Fire of 1906. Miss D. Cameron, Superintendent Chinese Mission Home.
3:15 P. M. Praise Service, Rev. Lapsley McAffee, D.D.
Adjournment.

ALASKA NOTES.

Miss Julia Fraser.

It was a very keen pleasure to meet again at Metlakahtla, Rev. Wm. Duncan. Fifty years ago he came out to Canada from London, and began to work among the natives when cannibalism was practiced as a religious rite. He taught them everything. They became Christians, civilized, self-supporting, and established a flourishing and permanent village. Then because of serious misunderstanding with the Canadian Government about land titles, the Indians left their homes, their saw-mills, their fine church building, and moved upon American soil, having secured Annette Island by special act of Congress. It was my great privilege to be with them at the Dedication Service and the flag raising,—then on the fringe of virgin forest where only a few temporary cabins had been built. Now there is a finely organized Indian village, with well built homes, stores, a public library, school house, social hall, and the largest church building in Alaska. The natives have done all this themselves. They have not had a dollar of missionary money, and the Government does not even pay the teacher's salary. They have a large cannery, and various other work amply supports them. It was a great satisfaction to note the wonderful development which had come since I was there, and the only regret was that Mr. Duncan's kind invitation for a longer visit could not be accepted. Mr. Duncan is strong and vigorous and the actual leader in everything. What he has accomplished is marvelous to behold. Unquestionably he is one of the greatest men in the world, and his faith and trust in God is simple as a little child's

Saxman is a native village, not very far from Melakahtla, and it is here where the Rev. Edward Marsden is at work. He has a large house, beautifully located on a

promontory giving a magnificent marine view. He built the house and it is his personal property,—does not belong to the Board. His wife is a fine woman, exceedingly helpful in all the church work, and is also a capable housekeeper. I was delighted with her and glad when I learned she had been in our Sitka school. Mr. Marsden has a steam launch, with which he follows up his people when they scatter for the summer fishing.

* * * *

Ketchikan is the Alaskan port of entry, consequently all vessels are obliged to stop there. It is the distributing center for Saxman, Metlakahtla, Kasaan and the points on the west coast of Prince of Wales Island. It is an exceedingly strategetic point, but our church failed to grasp and hold it. Dr. John Myers and his wife live in Ketchikan. He was sent out by our Board as a medical missionary to Saxman, but after a year's service he found he could do all the medical missionary work there was and at the same time support himself, and he so wrote the Board and released his salary. Dr. Myers is one of the notable men of Alaska. He is a strong, vigorous and intellectual man, a successful physician, deeply spiritual and devoted to the best interests of Alaska. He is an elder of the Saxman church. Rev. and Mrs. David Waggoner were in Ketchikan while we were there, and it gave us a most fortunate opportunity to meet them. They are at Klawock, on the west coast of Prince of Wales Island, and it takes about three days to make the trip from Ketchikan in the missionary launch. Mr. Waggoner took us to Metlakahtla and Saxman in the launch. Watching the expert way in which he handled the launch, we realized keenly the varied accomplishmens required for successful missionary work in Alaska. Mr. Waggoner is doing things with two native helpers, in a parish extending over three hundred miles along the west coast.

* * * *

At Wrangle it was delightful to see the great improvements Mr. Clark has been able to make in the mission property. The church has been newly floored, papered and painted. A new stove simplifies the question of properly heating the building. The manse has the most atractive flower garden in southeast Alaska. We hear with gratitude the revived interest spiritually. Mr. Clark has five services Sunday, two native and three white, and a number of stated meetings week nights.

* * * *

Juneau, the capital of Alaska, is on the mainland, and directly across the narrow channel is Douglass Island, on which is the celebrated Treadwell mine. Our Juneau property is in good repair, freshly painted and very attractive. Dr. Holford, in charge of the white church, was obliged to leave for expert treatment for his eyes, but we had a pleasant visit with his wife, and also with Mr. Jones, who is the Nestor among our Alaskan missionaries. Mr. Jones took us visiting into the homes of his people, and when we met the pleasant-faced mothers with their dear chubby babies in their arms; learned that nearly all of these mothers had been in our Sitka schools; saw the way they were keeping their homes and training their children, we were getting an increased vision of the results of missionary work.

* * * *

Hoonah, dear to Benicia presbyterial, because of much work in the past, now has increased personal interest because Rev. A. J. Whippey with his bride are stationed there. Mr. Whippey is a San Francisco Seminary man, and has just successfully closed his first charge in Circle City. Hoonah was very hurriedly visited, our time allowing us to stay only while the ship unloaded a little frieght, but we saw enough to know the mission property needs repair and some household furniture.

Skagway is the gate to the "inside", the term generally applied to all the great interior country. Skagway is "outside," while Seattle, California, and all the rest of the world in fact, is simply "down below." Skagway is practically a "white town",—very few natives are there. Our equipment is fine, including a church building with lecture room and manse, all in good repair and neatly furnished. The Ladies' Aid Society has just purchased a good piano. Skagway is a busy, pushing town, and claims a population of fifteen hundred. As ours is the only Protestant church having regular services, the Rev. Geo. Good is energetically making use of his splendid opportunity. Skagway is only fifteen miles from Haines, and regular boat connections make a most charming trip down the famous Lynn canal, with mountains and marvelous glaciers all around. A second visit to Haines simply deepened the impression previous made and noted in a former letter. Mr. McLean is doing splendid work, and the little hospital with increased facilities will be increasingly useful.

Ketchikan, Alaska.

CHURCH NEWS

Rev. Julian Hatch has removed from Gaston, Oregon, to Goldendale, Wash.

Rev. W. H. Fishburn, D.D., from Camden, N. J., has begun his pastorate in the Grand View Church, Los Angeles.

Rev. F. D. Seward, pastor of the Moneta, Cal., church, reports receiving nine new members into the membership recently.

Rev. Harry Leeds, who has assumed work as pastor of the Mizpah church, Portland, Ore., has taken up his residence at 592 E. 20th St.

Rev. F. J. Munday, D.D., reports fourteen new members added to his church, eight of these on confession of faith. Bethany church, of which he is pastor, is prospering under his leadership.

Rev. Geo. Soltau, D.D., spoke before the Presbyterian ministers' meeting, Los Angeles, recently, giving an account of the summer meetings and conferences at Winona Lake, Ind. He reports that the meetings this year were the largest in the history of the conference.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson's private library has recently been received and placed on the shelves of Converse Hall, Westminster College, Salt Lake City. This valuable addition is greatly appreciated by the faculty and students.

Rev. John Carrington, of Oakland, has been supplying the Lebanon Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, the past two Sabbaths, while the pastor, Rev. Richmond Logan, is

WHITTIER CALIFORNIA

absent attending a family reunion in Idaho, his relatives coming from the different parts of the United Staes and even so far away as Canada and Nova Scotia.

Rev. J. T. M. Knox, Ph.D., who has gone to take the pastorate of the Minneapolis, Kansas, church, was tendered a reception by the Miles City, Montana, church before leaving, at which time the session of the church presented him with a purse of $200, as a gift from the congregation in token of the esteem with which he and his wife are held in the church and community.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calvary.—October 11 was Rally Day in Calvary Sunday-school. They were rather unfortunate in the day, and on account of the inclemency of the weather the attendance was small. They had fully expected 300 present, but were a little disappointed. But the small attendance and the inclement weather did not seem to affect the pockets of the scholars, and a collection of $47 was taken, which was given to the work among the foreigners. There was a very interesting graduation exercise, by which eight members of the Junior Department were graduated into the Intermediate Department, and received their diplomas. Dr. Hemphill, who was present after his four months' vacation, talked to the pupils. There were also interesting talks by the superintendents of the Junior and Intermediate Departments, and by Superintendent A. S. Johnson. Mr. C. R. Fisher informed Mr. Johnson that he thought Calvary Sunday School the second largest Protestant school in San Francisco. There was also special music by two members of the choir. The San Francisco Sunday School Association held its convention in the church on Monday and Tuesday with a dinner Monday evening. Mr. W. C. Pierce of Chicago was the principal speaker. On Tuesday the women workers held an all-day meeting. The morning was devoted to Home Missions and the afternoon to Foreign Missions. Dr. Catherine Scott was the speaker of the day. Friday evening the Deltas meet at the home of Miss Harris. Rev. Wm. Rader, the pastor, is absent on his vacation. Rev. John Hemphill, D.D., pastor emeritus, is occupying the pulpit.

SAN FRANCISCO, MEMORIAL.—The congregation of this church delightfully surprised their pastor, Rev. H. N. Bevier, and his wife last Friday evening with an old fashioned complimentary visit and substantial tokens of affectionate regard. The time chosen was the meeting night of the Hope Band Missionary Society, which holds monthly sessions and for several years has had its favorite gathering place at the manse. This was planned for as usual and was a successful screen for the testimonial meeting intended. The people gathered at the home of Dr. J. M. Gardnr near by, and came in a body which filled the house to overflowing, each carrying a package with a gift. In addition to the Memorial people there were a number from St. James parish at the Reis Tract, headed by the pastor, Rev. Chas. G. Watson and his wife. Several of the Memorial people who have recently moved to San Mateo came up for the evening. It was a comjlete surprise, and an unmistakabl evidence of the tie that binds in Christian love. After the people were seated a brief missionary meeting was held —and it was a record one, too—followed by refreshments and congratulatory remarks. The pastor and Mrs. Bevier expressed their thankfulness, and the remaining hours until past midnight were spent in music and various forms of entertainment by the young people. Mr. Bevier has been pastor of this church fifteen years. He has never had any other, and has had the joy of seeing two new churches established within the limits of his territory, and being in some measure instrumental in securing them both. Mrs. Bevier came to the church as a bride.

BERKELEY, St. John.—Rev. Geo. C. Eldridge, D.D., was installed pastor on Wednesday evening last. Rev. H. H. Wintler, moderator of the Oakland Presbytery, presided and propounded the constitutional question. Prof. Charles G. Paterson of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, preached the sermon. Rev. Robert S. Eastman gave the charge to the pastor and Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., the charge to the people.

TUSTIN.—The Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. J. W. Millar is pastor, is much interested in the formation last week of a Young Men's Christian Association, in which the church takes a good part. It will sustain the boys' Bible classes, which have been held for more than a year, and hopes to reach out after a lot and building, with debating society, study classes and entertainments, as fast as these things can be secured.

SANTA ANA, First.—This church has prospered greatly under the ministry of the Rev. J. A. Stevenson, the money for the $25,000 church, and pipe organ costing $3,000, being all raised. The present membership is 540, an increase of nearly 200 during the past year. The church is planning to raise $2,500 for missions this year, in addition to which the Endeavor Society supports a native worker in China, and the church helps to support a Japanese Mission in Celery land and also a Japanese Mission in the city.

BISHOP.—The Woman's Missionary Society of this church held a most enthusiastic meeting on October 6, discussing the subject of Mormonism and the need of Home Missions at our door. The society decided that they would make an active canvas of the community in the interest of the Pacific Presbyterian, that they might increase the efficiency of their work and at the same time enlarge their gifts to missions through commissions to their treasury. The secretary, Mrs. C. E. Dorrance, was instructed to write the Pacific Presbyterian and secure sample to begin the canvas.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Mt. Zion Presbyterian Church, which is situated in the San Bruno district, was formerly organized on October 4, at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh K. Guthrie, D.D., preached the sermon; Rev. E. K. Strong, D.D., presided; and Rev. G. A. Bair conducted the formal organization. This field was turned over to the Home Mission committee one month ago. Rev. Herbert N. Bevier, Stated Clerk of the San Francisco Presbytery, and Rev. C. G. Watson assisted Rev. G. A. Blair, chairman of the Home Mission committee, in the work of visiting in the district. Special meetings were also held commencing September 20, at which the San Francisco pastors preached. The church begins with forty-three charter members, two elders and five trustees. At the time of organization, three adults and eight infants were baptized. The church was supplied during September by Rev. Robbins, and Rev. C. C. Babbadge will supply the church until the regular pastor is secured. This is the fourth church organized in San Francisco since Rev. G. A. Blair assumed charge of the Home Mission work six months ago. The total number of mem-

bers in these four churches is 295, of which but thirteen came from other San Francisco churches.

LOS ANGELES, South Park.—The reception of forty-two new members into this church recently, of whom thirty-one came on profession of faith, was a cause of great rejoicing on the part of Rev. W. G. Palmer and his people. The growth in membership in this church, if continued at the present rate will soon compel a large structure for church services.

LOS ANGELES, Hollywood.—The erection of the new $50,000 church is well under way, work being pushed rapidly on the new chapel, and it is hoped to soon have the basement ready for occupancy, when it will be used for regular church services.

LOS ANGELES, Immanuel.—The six days' celebration of the twentieth anniversary of this church began Oct. 2, with a reception to the charter members at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Chichester, the wife of the first pastor of the church. On Sunday the morning service was devoted to a historical sermon by the pastor, Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., and in the evening he spoke upon "Twenty Years of Women's Work." Monday evening was given over to a dinner,, and speeches concerning men's work, arranged by the Brotherhood. On Tuesday the women followed with a luncheon at 11 a. m., followed with addresses on "Re-union, Review and Reminiscences." The evening was given over to the Christian Endeavor Society for its re-union. Wednesday evening the Sunday-school had charge, and on Thursday evening there was an "old home" reception. This church, which began with 131 members, now is the fifth Presbyterian Church in size in the United States, having 2,224 members. Last year 167 members were added. The Sunday-school 941. Dr. Chichester served the church for ten years, during which time the church membership grew to 1,190. Dr. Walker has now served ten years, the membership doubling during his pastorate. This church is one of the strongest forces for Presbyterianism in California, and its work and influence is felt throughout the entire West.

HEALDSBURG.—Three members were received into this church last Sunday, and one adult and two children were baptized. These additions make a total of twenty that have been received since April 1st. Eighteen of these were by profession. This is the semi-centennial year since the organization of this church. A fluctuating population and ministry has kept the church back, but it is hoped that the up-grade has now been reached. There has been a net increase of fifty per cent under the present pasorate.

NAPA.—The Sabbath-school of this church observed rally day, Sunday, Sept. 27. Exercises appropriate were held in the Sunday-school room at the regular hour. At 11 o'clock, the church hour, the scholars filed into the auditorium of the church, each class headed by the teacher. The service consisted of songs and appropriate recitations by the scholars. A very pleasing part of the exercises was the christening of a little member of the Cradle Roll. The superintendent, Mr. Wm. Dickie, gave a very good report on the work being done by the school. His report shows the school to be in a very flourishing condition. He spoke particularly of the young ladies' Bible class, taught by Mrs. Bickford; also the young men's Baraca class, taught by Mr. Elmer Bickford. The exercises concluded with a short address by the pastor, Mr. Wylie, in which he made a strong appeal for more workers in the Sunday school.

SAN FRANCISCO, LEBANON.—On Friday evening, October 2, the Lemajo Bible Class gave a bright entertainment, which proved to be a great financial success,—the proceeds going toward the fund for repairing the church. The Christian Endeavor Society chartered the party car "Sierra" last Friday evening and took a trip to San Mateo. Needless to say, all had a splendid time. The Christian Endeavor Society has consented to take charge of the first two Wednesday evening prayer meetings during the pastor's absence, and the session, the remaining meetings.

LOS ANGELES.—At the Ministers' Meeting, October 12, Dr. J. M. Newell gave reminiscences of forty years in three pastorates in California. October 3, 1868, he was ordained, and went at once to Placerville, where he remained ten years, doing valiant work, fighting evil and building up the church for the kingdom. Sixteen delightful years followed in Santa Clara, and then fourteen years with Bethseda Church, Los Angeles. Revivals of the old-time religion have characterized Dr. Newell's ministry. He has passed through times of deep sorrow and deep joy. He still has the trustful heart and the shining face, and although he now resigns the regular pastorate he still is able and expects to do active skirmish work. The announcement that he was to give his experiences drew an unusually large attendance, and those who came were well repaid. It was felt that nothing could have been more enjoyable, or more timely, as a preparation for the proposed evangelistic campaign under Dr. Torrey. It is to be hoped that our readers can have Dr. Newell's paper, or part of it, in the not distant future. In recognition of fifty years of active service in the ministry, Dr. S. E. Wishard and family were given a delightful reception recently at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Merrill in Highland Park. The Doctor gave some intensely interesting reminiscences, and words of appreciation were spoken by some present. The occasion was one most beautifully planned and carried out by the entertaining family. On Monday, October 19, James S. McDonald, D.D., of Corte Madera, the historian of the Synod of California, will give a paper at the Ministers' Meeting.

NEWARK.—The manse of the Newark Presbyterian church was completed about a year ago, but was occupied for the first time by the pastor and his family only a few weeks since. It was resolved to hold a dedication service on Friday evening, September 25, 1908.

A goodly company was present then and the exercises were unique and interesting. These begun by the audience singing, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," Mrs. H. L. Zeigler presiding at the organ. Miss H. Margaret Wales then recited the description of the manse in J. G. Holland's "Mistress of the Manse." All joined in singing "Home, Sweet Home," and Dr. E. A. Ormsby read "The Village Preacher," by Goldsmith. Dr. James Curry, the pastor, then read what is said about the house of the Levites, in Numbers 35:1-5, and spoke of the kindness of his people in providing this home for their pastor and family. He said in part: "We dedicate it first to the use of our people. We wish them to come often to see us, and when they desire to have a social gathering like the present we want them to be free to come at any time." And in order that they may find easy access to the manse he presented to Mr. S. F. Brown, senior elder, as the representative of them all, a key to the front door. Here he handed Mr. Brown a huge key made of wood, which produced much merriment.

"Thus we dedicate it as a Christian home. We trust that we and all others who shall abide in this home shall so lead the Christian life that our example may always be a help to others to noble living.

"We dedicate this manse to the service of God. We hope that here and in all our life together, pastor and people may do efficient work for the Master.

"And finally, we dedicate it to prayer. If any of you wish to render special thanks to God for His blessing, come to the manse for it. If any are in trouble or sorrow, come here and seek help with us from God. And may you often come together here to pray for God's help and blessing on the work of our church." Rev. J. T. Houston, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Centerville, offered prayer, and all joined in singing "Shall We Gather at the River?" Refreshments were served and a pleasant social time was had. During this Miss Susie Brown played a piano solo beautifully and Emma Wales rendered very efficiently a character recitation. The evening was closed by singing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

OAKLAND, Centennial.—September 27th was observed by the Centennial church as Rally Day in the various departments of church activities. On Friday preceding a Rally Day social was enjoyed by a goodly company of happy-hearted people. Sunday night a splendid program included singing by the choir of the church, the Sunday-school choir and others; recitations by younger pupils, and short addresses by the pastor and superintendent. The attendance was more than the seating capacity of the church (though all the chairs of the primary department were in use), a considerable number of men and boys stood during the exercises. The following Rally Day song, written by the pastor for the occasion, was sung with a hearty good will:

Rally Day Hymn.

Tune—Portuguese.

All hail, Rally Day, we will welcome your hours
With hearts filled with gladness, with hands filled with flowers;
With loud hallelujah we'll sing a glad song,
Our Sunday School Army is marching along.

All hail to King Jesus, who saves by His grace,
All hail to His mercy, more boundless than space;
All hail to His gospel, wide spread o'er the land,
All hail to Centennial's Sunday-school band.

How firm the foundations for Sunday-school work,
How pressing its claims on the home and the Kirk,
How urgent the calls by the spirit and word
For living and serving that honors our Lord.

Then come, join our school, lend a hand, do your best;
Our church will be strengthened, your home will be blest.
Here's welcome, thrice welcome, to all and to each,
For boys and for girls and for those who can teach.

OAKLAND, First.—Last Sabbath this pulpit was occupied by the Rev. W. E. Vaughan of Alameda, editor of the Pacific Methodist Advocate. In the evening the choir gave an oratorio service from "Elijah." This choir, with its noted quartet famed as the most gifted in Northern California, came up to its reputation in rendering a splendid program. Rev. J. M. Van Evry continues to conduct the prayer meetings with much profit to the attendants; the subject this week being "A Strong Church." On Tuesday evening a formal reception of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars was held in the church parlors. Thursday the all-day meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society will be held, with luncheon at noon. Friday evening the Men's League of the church will give a dinner at 6:30, after which Mr. A. H. Elliot, one of the members of the City Council, will address the League on "A New Charted for Oakland." Next Sunday morning Mr. W. M. Burke, Ph.D., district superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, will occupy the pulpit. In the evening H. W. Clampett, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, will preach. Many remember with much pleasure when Dr. Clampett occupied this pulpit before.

MADERA.—The Sunday-school class of Mrs. H. E. Cook held a business meeting and election of officers, at the home of Mrs. P. W. Cook. The following officers were elected: President, Dora Wren; vice-president, Eleanor Edwards; treasurer and secretary, Cecylle Scott. This class has decided to take some active work in missions, and is planning to assist in the support of a Chinese girl at the Occidental Home. For this purpose a social was given in the church on Friday evening. An interesting program was furnished by the members of the class, and delicious refreshments of ice cream, cake and coffee was served. The proceeds will give the young ladies a good start on the amount they undertake to raise. The attendance at the Sunday-school is increasing. On last Sabbath there were more present than for four years. The plan has been adopted of calling the roll of teachers and officers, to be responded to with a verse of scripture bearing on the lesson. The Cradle Roll, although composed of the smallest people, are not the least in point of numbers, which is seventy. Rev. H. J. Furneaux visited here on his way south on last Sabbath morning; the service was one of great interest and very impressive. Six were received into membership; three on confession of faith and three by letter. There were five baptisms of children. A large congregation was present in response to personal invitations sent out by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Dorrance, to each member of the church to be present at the celebration of the Lord's supper. The church is prospering and the outlook for growth is encouraging. The Woman's Missionary Society was held at the home of Miss Ida Wren. The devotional was led by the president, Mrs. W. A. Moore. Plans were discussed for the district meeting to be held in Merced the 6th of November. The district includes Modesto, Merced and Madera. A letter was read from Mrs. B. F. Surryhne of Modesto, advocating an active campaign for increasing missionary literature subscriptions. The topic of "The Mormons" was an absorbing one and was taken part in by all present. At a meeting of the session David Freeland was elected delegate to Presbytery and Synod; Joseph Morgan, alternate.

OREGON.

SAGINAW.—Rev. Will V. McGee preaches at this church in the evening of the first Sabbath of each month, dividing his time with three other stations,—the first Sabbath preaching in the morning at Walker, the second and fourth Sabbaths for the Creswell church, and the third Sabbath at Dorema, a mission field.

ALBANY.—The First Church is making fine progress under Rev. J. C. Elliott. An innovation in the evening ser-

vice is proving popular, a vesper song service at 5 p. m. taking the place of the evening preaching. The attendance is large; the talent from the Musical Conservatory of Albany and the gifted soloist, the pastor's wife, make the service attractive.

BAKER CITY, First.—The young people of this church form a very important part of its working force, and the Rev. L. Myron Boozer, who has just begun his work here, is taking advantage of this to enlist the Christian Endeavor Society in the work. The officers have planned for a strong advance movement all along the line.

PORTLAND, First.—The proposed union of this church with Calvary Presbyterian Church, which is suggested by the latter, has not been officially acted upon as yet. Should this take place it is expected that the First Church will give up its present site, as it is in the business section of the city, and occupy ground now held by Calvary. The First Church aided in the organization of Calvary Church, so the union will not be difficult if deemed advisable.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Landon has returned from the meetings of the Northern Synods. In the Washington Synod at Ellensburg, he had an interesting hour's conference with the alumni, which was folowed by dinner together in the Antler's Hotel. There were present William Kirkland, '06, of Seattle; W. Chalmers Gunn, '97, of Auburn; Harry S. Templeton, '00, of Vancouver; James Murray, '02, of Asotin; Robert M. Hood, '06, of Sunset, and James Thomson, Jr., '06, of Okonagon. Alfred H. Haines of Granger, who took two years with the class of '00, was also present, and Mrs. Templeton made one of the company. There are other graduates in the Synod, but these were the only ones in attendance.

Rev. A. D. Soper, '99, has left Portland and gone to Chicago to take charge of the West Division Street Church. He is the fourth man to be called from the Coast to a Chicago church in the past year, a pretty heavy draught on the Coast to help evangelize Chicago. As Messers. Allen and Soper are both San Anselmo men, it looks as if McCormick were needing the help of San Anselmo to carry on the work in Chicago. It is probably more correct to say that Dr. Hill, who is superintendent of city mission work in Chicago, knew the worth of Messers. Allen and Soper, as they had both been his assistants in Portland, and therefore invited them to go to churches in Chicago.

Rev. James Thomson, Jr., '06, of Ogonagan, Wash., drove 200 miles in his buckboard to attend the fall meeting of Wenatchee Presbytery, of which he is a member. He thinks the Okanagan country the greatest in the world. He says he is surrounded by many young men who, though not yet professing Christians, assist him in his work. Nearly all of them are college graduates.

Rev. William H. Bleakney, Ph.D., '99, principaly of Pendleton Academy, Pendleton, Or., has been increasingly successful in his educational work. When he undertook it a few years ago there was only one old and poorly equipped building. They have now a new location and three excellent buildings, one of them a fine brick structure. There is a helpful local interest in the school. They have recently sent several of their young people to colleges. Mr. and Mrs. Blackney are rejoicing in a daughter two months old, their fourth child.

Rev. James M. Cornelison, '99, is doing a great work among the Indians in the Umatilla Reservation in eastern Oregon. A minister who preached for him a few years ago said he found the church partly filled with Indians, the greater part of whom had long hair and wore blakets. Recently he visited the church for the same purpose and found it completely filled with Indians, only four of whom wore long hair and blankets. The others had adopted citizens' dress. This is a great change, as the change of dress indicates change of heart and life.

Rev. George H. Roach, '00, of Bandon, Or., who feared for his health was so much impaired that he would have to give up the ministry, has been advised by a specialist to take two or three months' vacation on a ranch with a judicious diet. The physician promises that at the end of that time he can resume his work. It is hoped that he may then be relieved of some of his long rides, as he has had a long circuit.

PRESBYTERIAL.

HELENA.—Met at Anaconda, September 25, 1908, in the Presbyterian church, in connection with Synod. Rev. W. N. Sloan, Ph.D., was elected Moderator, and J. W. Ross, D.D., temporary clerk. Rev. S. W. Richards, D.D., from the Presbytery of Bellingham and Rev. Robert Tweed from the Presbytery of Kendall, were reecived and their names ordered enrolled on receipt of their certificates by the Stated Clerk. Dr. Richards is in charge of the church at White Sulphur Springs, and Mr. Tweed of the recently organized church at Terry. Licentiate Delmer B. Ralston was rceived on certificate from the Presbytery of Great Falls. Mr. Ralston made application for ordination, and after due examination was sustained. His ordination took place at the closing hours of Synod, Sabbath evening, September 27, in the Presbyterian church. Dr. A. B. Martin of Dillon preached the sermon from John 3:16. The Moderator, Dr. Sloan, presided and delivered a suitable charge to the candidate. The ministers of the Great Falls and Butte Presbyterys, who were present were invited to sit as corresponding members and took part in the services. Mr. Ralston was then solemnly ordained to the office of the holy ministry by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. His name was then ordered to be entered upon the roll. He is in charge of the newly organized church at Harlowton. Rev. George A. Wilber of Belgrade was appointed to preach one-half his time till April at the new town of Three Forks, on the Milwaukee railroad, now in process of construction. The action of pastor-at-large in securing lots at Three Forks for church purposes was approved.

DAVIS WILLSON,
Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Bellingham.

The Presbytery of Bellingham met in the Acme Church on Tuesday, September 29th, at 7:30 p. m. Rev. W. J. Mitchell was chosen Moderator. Rev. L. W. Richards, D.D., was dismissed to the Helena Presbytery that he might accept a call to Sulphur Springs, Montana. Rev. J. M. Wilson accepted a call to South Bellingham, Wash., and will be installed October 14th. Licentiates Walter A. Conden and L. C. Michaels were ordained as evangelists. The church in which we met at Acme, Wash., was dedicated. The sermon was preached and the evangelists were charged by Rev. F. G. Strange, D.D. The Synod at Ellensburg, Wash., transferred Snohomish County to this Presbytery, thus adding four churches and three ministers to our roll. An Executive Commission was appointed as follows: Revs. W. J.

Mitchell, Friday Harbor, Wash.; A. B. Van Taute, Snohomish; F. G. Strange, Sedro-Wolley; R. S. Simpson, Bellingham, and John McRae, Everett. The spring meeting will be held in Baker, where a new church is soon to be dedicated. F. G. STRANGE, Stated Clerk.

HOME MISSIONARIES IN THE MINING REGIONS OF ARIZONA.

C. R. Callender.

I have just come from two mining camps in Southern Arizona,—Clifton and Morenci. This whole vast region is noted for its copper mines. The Arizona Copper Company has a smelter at Clifton that turns out 1400 tons of copper monthly, and there are other companies with larger capacities than this. The famous Phelps & Dodge Company of New York has extensive copper interests throughout this section of the country. Owing to the liberality of the companies and miners at Clifton and Morenci, both churches are self-sustaining. The population of each town is several thousand. At each place is a fine reading room (the one at Morenci being a splendid building for the Men's Club) supported by the companies. Rev. Allan Krichbaum is pastor at Morenci and Rev. Curry H. Love at Clifton. On the occasion of my giving missionary addresses at these places a free-will offering for Foreign Missions was taken, the offering at one place amounting to $11 and at the other, $8.30. People are willing to give to Foreign Missions if they have an intelligent opportunity.

Duncan is a small place in the Gila Valley. Rev. John D. Boone has been here only about 18 months, but has erected a nice, comfortable chapel, costing $3,500, of which $1,300 was given by the Board of Church Erection. Yesterday a lot of chairs arrived for the chapel, and as they were "knock down" and needed for last night's meeting, all took hold,—the Home and Foreign missionaries and the good ladies of the church (and one brother man),—and set up the chairs. We were as busy as bees and made much more noise. At the evening meeting, which combined a Ladies' Aid Social and an illustrated address on Foreign Missions, there were present at least 150 people, about three-fourths of whom were children. Coffee and sandwiches were served, and games played out in the moonlight. Mr. Boone, like many a home missionary, has done a grand work. He is now over 50 years of age, but is strong and active. The major part of his ministry was spent in Texas, although his labors have not been confined to that one state. At present the good old man is "batching it" in an adobe house, while Mrs. Boone is assisting in the culinary department at the Agricultural College of New Mexico, in order to help their son through college. Faithful, consecrated Home missionaries!

WOMAN'S OCCIDENTAL BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, 920 SACRAMENTO ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Mrs. R. L. Madden, Recording Secretary.

In the absence of Mrs. H. B. Pinney, the President, the October meeting of the Occidental Board was presided over by Mrs. James G. Chown, who led the short devotional service, reading the 1st and 2nd Psalms.

It was the time for semi-annual reports, and several of the secretaries gave most encouraging accounts of work. Mrs. Gribbin reporting for Baby Band and Junior C. E. work, said that the greatest need was for earnest consecrated leaders for these children's organizations. Where such leaders are found splendid work has been done.

Miss Partridge reported the very enthusiastic Young People's Rally held in Oakland Presbyterial recently. San Jose Presbyterial is also wide awake and energetic. Mrs. Morris congratulated Los Angeles on its advance work, this Presbyterial having pledged $400 for Station work at Etah, India.

Miss Lathan announced that a gift of $50 had been made by the little Lakeside church for Miss Churchill's school work.

All were delighted to listen to a letter written by Mrs. A. M. Sharrocks, part of it being written on board the Korea, with a postscript added from Syen Chun. None of their party had suffered from mal de mer, and they had a pleasant voyage. On their arrival at Syen Chun it seemed that the whole town had come to welcome them home.

Mrs. Chown, reporting for Presbyterials, announced that Sacramento is soon to be blessed and stirred by a visit from Dr. Caroline Merwin.

Mrs. Susan Mills, of Mills College, the oldest returned missionary on the Pacific Coast, was present and gave the Board as her message, "Do the greatest good to the greatest number of people for the longest length of time."

Miss Garette announced that all helps and maps for Mission Study Classes might be had on application to her.

Mrs. Garrette reported that the Chinese school work is growing so that it was necessary to employ Mrs. Chang, as the house-to-house visitor in Oakland. Mrs. Garrette also made a special plea for societies and individuals to begin work on Christmas aprons, bags and gifts for the Chinese school children . Patterns may be had on application.

The Rev. Mr. Eccleston of Golden Gate Church led the afternoon devotional, giving a most helpful explanation of the 17th chapter of St. John.

The children of the Occidental School, under the leadership of their Principal, Miss Crowder, sang several songs, and recited the 91st Psalm. The children are all residents of the San Francisco Chinatown School in English branches, and Bible study.

It was a great pleasure to all that Miss Colby, of Japan, who is supported by the Mt. Holyoke, Mass. church, should be present to address the meeting. Miss Colby spoke particularly of the Social Evil of Japan, and said that the womanhood of Japan will never be elevated until its manhood is taught to lead pure, clean lives.

It being Library Day the gifts of books were then received. Several friends were generous and 17 books were received, among them being a few valuable missionary reference books.

Miss Morton's book reviews were very helpful. Among the books mentioned were Pastor Hsi, Christian Missions and Social Progress, Verbeck in India, The Continent of Opportunity (South America), and A Yankee on the Yangtse Geil.

Miss Cemeron then reported that a little slave girl had been rescued in Vallejo, who with three others had recently been made wards of the Occidental Board. Miss Camron's bravery and enthusiasm in her work is the wonder and pride of the Board.

Mrs. Deniston anounced the receipt of $216 more from the Philadelphia Boards towards the Home. This delightful bit of news cheered us all.

The meeting adjourned with the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Whitman.

OUR SUNSET SHORE AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

By Charles Edwin Bradt.

When the Board of Foreign Missions appointed Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Western District Secretary, it took a long stride forward in its work of world-wide evangelization. The Western Coast of this continent with its contiguous territories on the east is in my humble judgment dead ripe for genuine evangelism. By genuine evangelism I mean the kind that **evangelizes**, the kind that gives the gospel to those who have never heard the good news, not the kind that sits down and sings,

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord,
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?"

but the kind that finds its blessedness in obeying Christ's command to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and thus realize upon the promise of His almighty and ever blessed presence. By being dead ripe for such evangelism I mean that the churches of the Pacific Coast are just in the condition that if they do not now give themselves heroically to the world's evangelization they will themselves lose not only the greatest opportunity conceivable, but in losing their opportunity will also lose their Christianity, for the Christian religion is something that must be propagated or it will perish from the earth. The churches on the Pacific Coast are next door neighbors to one-half the human race, and that half of the race too, which is just now not only opening its portals to all western ideas and ideals, but which is going out of its doors and out of its way to meet, greet, and give audience to the Christian missionaries. In a very marked manner of course this situation concerns our whole continent of Christians, and not alone our western coast churches, but the Pacific shore line presents a strategic and critical line of battle just now for two important reasons:

First,—Because of their vast resources of men, money and magnificence of every kind. While the West is without the density of population, immensity of capitalization, and intensity of localization found in the East, it is nevertheless characterized by a wealth of manhood, material resources and matchless measurements of beautiful landscapes, sea and sky scenes.

"Ever of those who have richest dower
Will heaven require the more,
Theirs is affluence, knowledge, power,
Ocean from shore to shore;
And East and West in their ears have said,
'Give us, give us of your living bread.'
Will they eat their banquet alone?

Freely as ye have received so give,
He said, who has given us all.
How shall the soul in us longer live
Deaf to their starving call,
For whom the blood of the Lord was shed,
Whose body was broken to give them bread,
If we eat our banquet alone?"

It is impossible. We must share our salvation or lose it ourselves.

Again, because of the complex and rapidly growing Home Mission situation, the western coast churches must grapple heroically with our Foreign Missionary problem. Because a church is possessed of men, money, and magnificence does not mean necessarily that it is missionary. These very forces which are so truly effective in the work of establishing the Kingdom of God in the earth, may become the very means of retarding or even preventing the coming of the Kingdom. Hence Christ says, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom." And again, "Except ye humble yourselves and become as little children, yet shall in no wise enter the kingdom." Pride and worldly mindedness which are such friendly bed-fellows of prosperity and human nature must be skillfully dealt with if they are to be eliminated from such a situation as exists on our western shores, and the money and men needed to savor and save our sunset coastland shall be forthcoming. The way to secure a sufficient force of consecrated men and women, and adequate funds to finance the home field in its both expanding and contracting needs in Washington, Oregon, California, and Alaska, is for the Christians and churches of these Synods to set about heroically now to obey the Great Commission. They truly have the heathen at their door, and if now

They will cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
Then they'll love the heathen nearer,
And will help them at their door.

But without this spirit of world-wide evangelization, the local and home mission work is sure to falter and fail. This is true of course in any part of the country. But it seems to me that it is especially true of the situation on our western shores where the ends of the earth are meeting and are certain to meet more and more numerously in the immediately coming days. This meeting, too, will be of such a nature as only the love which God had for a lost world implanted in the hearts of His children, can make happy and helpful to all parties.

But the situation among our churches and members on the Pacific Coast is most encouraging. After several weeks of association and co-operation with the pastors and churches of these regions I am persuaded that nowhere in this country is there a larger sympathy and more practical disposition to grapple with the missionary problem and support the missionary enterprises of the church than in the western section of our country. In Butte and Anaconda, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Bellingham, Portland, Salem, San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Ana, Flagstaff, Ariz., not only did the churches give enthusiastic audiences to Foreign Missions, but heroically set themselves to attain the Omaha Standard, adopting the most approved ideals and methods of successful Foreign Missionary accomplishment. The Los Angeles Presbytery is this year working on a $60,000 proposition, aiming to reach if possible the Omaha Standard as an entire Presbytery. The sunset shore of our country is sure to become the sunrise coast to many who now sit in the darkness of heathen lands. Praise the Lord for our Pacific pastors and churches!

Governor Hughes, in a recent address, said: "Don't follow the man who thinks it is American to be slick. There may be many illustrations that will occur to you of cases of successful sharpness, but they are so exceptional as to prove the rule. The old way, the steady way, **is the right** way; put a little more in the measure than you need to give a good basketfull of fruit, and don't simply have a little display on top of superficial attention and industry; give a little more work than you are asked to give, and it will show, on one hand, that you are unpurchaseable, and, on the other hand, you esteem it an honor to give more than is required at your hands in every department of life's effort."



THE PARTITION WALL.

By David Lyall.

There were three kirks in Cairn-Nethan besides a meeting house of the Quakers and a room in the Friar's Wyand, where a new sect used to meet on Sundays calling themselves the Bethlamites. I never knew rightly what tenets the Bethlamites held, nor have I ever heard of them in any other place. They were peaceable folks, and nobody sought to hinder them from gathering together for worship in the form that pleased them best. For me the parish kirk has always been good enough, my father having been minister of it for five-and-forty years, dying before all the storm of the disruption broke over the land. I have no means of knowing what side he woudl have taken then, for though there were signs and portents of the storm long before it broke, they were never so much as alluded to in Cairn-Nethan Manse. My father was a silent, austere man, who kept his family at arm's length, my mother gentle and sweet, and wholly taken up with the affairs of her household, which she managed with a skill I have never seen equalled. She was beloved from one end of the parish to the other, and when she died was universally mourned. My father survived her only one week, discovering, as many a strong man has discovered before him, how, while appearing to be the stronger, he had really leaned upon the prop of a wife's love, and was so lost without it that life was no longer possible to him.

It may be imagined, therefore, that I had a warm love, and a never-failing interest in Cairn-Nethan kirk, in its manse and all its affairs. And when some trouble came upon it I was quick enough to sympathize and to help as far as lay in my power. It arose out of a love affair between Elsie Logan, the daughter of the Manse, and Hugh Carstairs, the son of the Free Church minister in the same place. Now, I must explain here that while the Reverend Mr. Logan was a good man, who sought to fulfil the duties of his parish conscientiously, never sparing himself, he was also a hard, dour one, taking the narrowest views and cherishing a most un-Christian-like bitterness against his brethren the Dissenters, but more especially against the Free Kirk, which was strong in Cairn-Nethan, and had built a big, handsome kirk almost opposite to the parish church, so that they seemed to rival one another for power and place, their very bells clashing against one another, seldom in tune, every Sunday morning. I have myself seen his face sour as his eyes fell on the goddly outline of the Free Kirk, and he never so much as darkened its door, or took the smallest notice of its minister, a very worthy man, no great preacher, though he had some gift of scholarship which raised him above the common. Such bitterness was by no means uncommon at the time when the Disruption made dissension in so many quarters, invading even the family circle, but it was rarer at the time of which I write, and was considered by most to be unseemly. There could be no doubt that Mr. Logan did himself and his own cause harm by his animosity, and that the sympathy of the people went naturally toward those he pursued with such relentless vigor. But I must hasten on to tell how the bitterness was healed, and peace made between the two manses. One evening I was surprised to have a visit from Mr. Carstairs, the Free Church minister, after business hours, and on a Saturday night. He was a tall, spare man, with a somewhat thin, pale face, caused by much close study, but when he smiled, as he did when he entered the room, it made such a change on his face that I was surprised.

"I am glad to see you; yes, indeed, Mr. Carstairs, and no apology is needed for disturbing me at this or any hour. I hope I am always at a neighbor's call.

He thanked me, and was for a moment silent.

"I have some trouble in my family, Mr. Kirkland, and I wish a word of advice such as one man would give to another. I have lived so long in the world of books I am not so capable of judging as I might have been, but this thing troubles me. It concerns my son Hugh, who was this year licensed as a preacher of the gospel, and has just been called to the church at Edenbridge."

"It seems no time since he used to run, a bareheaded lad, to the school, Mr. Carstairs, and I remember the sharp eye of him yet."

"He is very clever, Mr| Kirkland, and, moreover, a good lad, with the fear of God in his heart. He will do well, I doubt not, in the sphere to which he has been called. But only if he gets that on which he has set his heart. When I tell you what that is, you will know how deep is my trouble. He wants to marry Elsie Logan, the only daughter of our friend at the parish church."

I could not help the dismay which gathered on my face.

"How has this come about Mr. Carstairs? Between ourselves there could not have been a more hopeless case."

"Ask me how the wind blows, the answer would be easier. There have been no comings and goings betwixt the two manses, as you are well aware, but they have met here and in Edinburgh, and their minds are made up—hers not less than his. And there is trouble likewise at the parish manse over it. You have great skill in the unraveling of human affairs, and you are the ruling elder up by. Could you, for the bairns' sake, put in a word to Mr. Logan? I have written him, and yesterday I stopped in front of him in the street, but he passed me by with a wave of the hand, and his brows bent black upon me, and my lassies will have it that Elsie is shut up at the manse and being fed on bread and water."

"That I don't believe, though I think he could be harsh, but I will beard the lion in his den and see what can be done. Tell me, since it is certain, if we discuss the matter at all, we must get into material things, what means has your son to marry upon?"

"He has enough," answered Carstairs, quietly, "though the salary is small, as it must be where a new cause has to be built up. But I am not seeking to whine to my neighbor Logan, Mr. Kirkland, but only to have reasonable speech with him, and I should like to tell him that neither he nor I can arrogate to himself the right of arbiter of destiny even for our own bairns. I am proud of my son, for he has never given me a moment's anxiety, and he will rise high, if he be spared, and be an honor to his name. And though I do not wish you to tell this to Mr. Logan, their future will be assured, for his uncle, Sir Hugh Burnett, has made him his heir. Hugh himself does not know this, and will not, till the time comes, because it is not good for a young man to know what is in store for him. It might unfit him for his work."

"It would make a difference to Mr. Logan, and it may come that we shall have to tell him."

"No." The line of the minister's mouth lift me in no doubt as to his point of view, and though I secretly admired the pride that would have his boy accepted on his merits alone, I shook my head.

It was two days' time before I had an opportunity of speech with the minister of the parish, and then I had to make it. In the interval I had been making some inquiries regarding Hugh Carstairs from outsiders, and heard all I wished to know. Mr. Logan was a large, burly man, with a fine figure and a militant air. I thought, however that there was a furtive anxiety in his eyes, and that he seemed less satisfied than usual with himself and the world in general.

"Is the world not usuing you well, Mr. Logan?" I asked cheerily, whereat he shook his head.

"No, badly. I have but one bairn, Mr. Kirkland, and she gives me more trouble than if there had been ten. What would you think of a woman that, with the world to pick from, and more than one eligible suitor at the door, sitting her heart on a poor whippersnapper of a Free Kirk student, with not a penny to his name?"

"If you're speaking of Hugh Carstairs, the description does not fit," I said dryly.

"I am speaking of him, so you know, I suppose, it is the talk of the parish? I have sent her to her aunt at Edenbridge."

"At Edenbridge!" I repeated, with a small gasp, and very nearly added, "into the lion's mouth." But reflecting that speech sometimes made the very mischief we desire to avoid, I crushed the words back, and waited for his futher news.

"Yes, to her Aunt Jane, a farmer's wife there, on a small, poor place, and I have told her to make Elsie work hard, and to keep her close, and show her what life is like where there is nothing but poverty and hard work. But, look you, Mr. Kirkland, it is not the poverty I so much mind, because many good folk are poor, it's the Free Kirk that sticks in my throat. I could forgive anything but that. I'll never come to it—no, never, though I live another fifty years."

"And you would darken the bairn's life for that, Mr Logan?" I said gravely. "Believe me, you are making a mistake."

"She has no mother and she is all I have, and I will not let her go to a hungry Free Kirk manse; and if she does go against my wishes, she shall lie on the bed she has made, and never darken my door again."

I looked at him steadily and in no small wonder. He was a good and enlightened preacher, and had often helped and uplifted those to whom he broke the bread of life. But at the moment he seemed to me very far from the kingdom he was supposed to hasten.

"Mr. Logan, I think you are making a mistake, though it may be no business of mine to tell you so. Look back upon your own life, and tell me how you would have acted had anyone tried to interfere with your choice of a life's partner."

"I should have told them to mind their own business; but I was no fool, Kirkland . I took care to fall in love in the right direction."

"And were you happy?"

He turned his head swiftly away, and when he answered his voice was strained.

"We are not sent into the world in quest of happiness."

"But it is the natural desire of every human heart, besides being heritage of the young. Think over it again. What I hear of Hugh Carstairs is all to his credit. He is clever, he is handsome, and, above all, he is good. He will take a high place in his Church yet."

"But it's the Free Church, Kirkland," he answered, almost with a groan. "I could have forgiven almost anything but that."

We parted just then, and no more was said. I felt that there was nothing whatever I could do to either hasten or hinder matters, and that the visit of Mr. Carstairs to me was likely to be barren of results. But the matter was lifted from my hands, from all our hands, in a few weeks' time, when something occurred which broke down the partition wall.

Mr. Logan came into my office one morning visibly excited, having just come off a journey. He came right into the inner room, and began to talk without greeting or preamble.

"Mr. Kirkland, it was true what you said, that we had not the right to try and order other folks' lives."

I did not remember the words, but supposed I must have uttered something like them.

"I have come from Edenbridge this morning, where my daughter is. I sent her where, think you, to the very place where her lover had just entered on a new charge. It was the very irony of fate. I wonder why nobody warned me, or whether anybody knew?"

"But what I have come to tell you is this, that but for Hugh Carstairs I might this very day be a childless man, mourning Elsie's untimely end. It seems that she was caught in one of the floods that come up so swift at the Solway's mouth, and was rescued by her lover from the very jaws of death. No, she was not out with him, for she had passed her word, and though she is strong-minded she is also true. So he has the best right to her, and so I had to tell him."

"You told him that! But surely you are not so ill pleased after all, now that you have got to close quarters with him? There is nothing to be ashamed of."

"I like the lad, and have aye liked him. It's the Free Kirk."

There was something almost pathetic in his admission, and though it savored of an old-time bigotry I seemed to understand it. Now that all was well betwixt the two houses, I could afford to be charitable. "She might have done much worse, and she never will be as poor as you feared," I said with a little smile. "He is sole heir to his uncle, Sir Hugh Burnett of Mearns."

He stared at me aghast.

"Heir to Sir Hugh Burnett, of Mearns! It's impossible!"

"It is true."

"But why did they never tell me?"

"Because their pride can match yours, Mr. Logan, and I have heard Mr. Carstairs himself say that he would have his boy accepted on his own merits."

His face was a study as he turned away. Perhaps he found it difficult to understand a pride that could keep quiet concerning earthly aggrandizement, and which placed merit above all. I watched him walk slowly across the Market Square, with his hands behind his back, in deep meditation. Then, when he came opposite the gate of the Free Church Manse, he straightened himself suddenly, squared his shoulders, and went in.—From "Records of Cairn-Nethan, in British Weekly.

With visions bright of lands of light
and shining streets of gold;
And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where
memory dreaming stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to
India's coral strands."
They seem to sing forever of holier,
sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God
bloomed white in all the ways;
And I want to hear their music from the
old-time meetin' rise,
Till "I can read my title clear to man-
sions in the skies."
We hardly needed singin' books in them
old days; we knew
The words, the tunes of every one the
dear old hymn book through!
We had no blaring trumpets then, no
organs built for show,
We only sang to praise the Lord, "from
whom all blessings flow."
An' so I love the dear old hymns, and
when my time shall come—
Before the light has left me and my
singing lips are dumb—
If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass,
without a sigh,
"To Canaan's fair and happy land, where
my possessions lie!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED

THE VOICE OF PRAISE NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2
PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED
OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

A TEACHERS' BIBLE

FOR $1.25 POSTPAID

Concordance to the Authorized and Revised Versions, Combined with a Subject Index and Pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names and A New Indexed Bible Atlas.

Minion type bound in Egyption Seal—with overlapping edges, round corners, red under gold edges.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

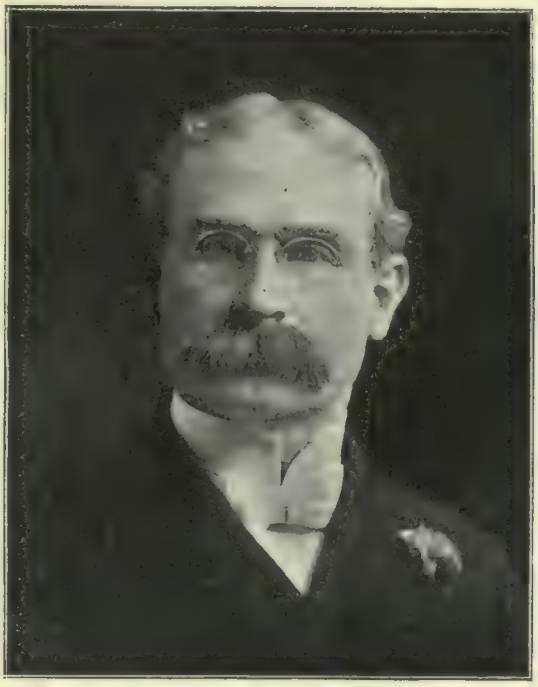
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, OCTOBER 22, 1908. No. 43

University Library



HON. W. C. PATTERSON,
President of the Board of Trustees of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles.

UNIVERSITY

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser, Rev. Dwight E. Potter,
W. S. Holt, D.D.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen, $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

FROM THE FINANCIAL STANDPOINT A REVIVAL IS DUE.

From every side we hear reports of great gifts from churches for evangelization. We recently gave a report from one of our churches, showing that even with a large membership it had given on an average $13 per member. We hear on every side of churches attempting to come up to the Omaha standard of $5 per member for foreign missions. We see in one of our leading denominational papers a serious discussio as to what work there will be for the Home Mission Board when all of the presbyteries become self-supporting, which is something not too far away to be considered at this time. We note everywhere the great enthusiasm with which the men of the Presbyterian this if money and men can do it. Then we all know of the thousands who at their own expense attend the conventions, of their different plans for the evangelization of the world within a generation, of their determination to accomplish this if money and men can do t. Then we all know o f the self-sacrificing devotion of the women who, from their limited means are contributing splendidly to the great work of saving the world. There is no thought of tithing by these consecrated modern heroines, but only a question of "How much can I give?" From a financial standpoint alone a revival is due, for we read in Malachi 3:10, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

It might appear from the tenor of this argument that man can with money buy a revival, but the writer has no such thoughts in mind. The fact is that when men get their hearts full of love to God and their fellow-men they will give generously. Their giving is a sign of their hearts being right, and when the heart is right the revival comes.

THINGS STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL.

The wonders of ocean, of earth and of air
The ages are telling, the heavens declare.
The splendors of dawn, and the sky's changing hue,
The grandeur of wave, and of ocean's deep blue,
The nights and the days doth their glories proclaim.
Though heard is no voice, yet their beauty and fame
Are told in the silence of infinite calm,
While on rolls the music of nature's great psalm.
A psalm that is voicing the glory and might
Of nature's great God, whose garments are light;
His footstool the earth, though His throne is above,
Whose token of peace is a white winged dove.

How strange is our world with its life and its light,
Where those whom we love pass away in a night.
How wond'rous the grace of our Father above,
How manly, how noble the Son of His love.
How strange that eternity, ever so near,
Is silent and still, though we're yearning to hear
Some word from that silence to quiet our fear.
But blessed be God, and our Savior most dear,
He tells us, His spirit, His angels are near.
Oh, wonderful Love! Jesus comes to receive,
And us, from all sin and all sorrow relieve.

How strange is all life, and how splendidly grand
Are the conquests of men on the sea and the land.
How great are the works of his brawn and his brain
On mountain, in forest, in city or plain.
But marked for destruction are the beauties of life,
And scarred all its domains with bitterest strife
But marvelous grace shall life's beauties refine
Till life once again with God's glory shall shines;
Till men of all clans and all nations shall bow
And pay to Jehovah their long promised vow.

How bright shines yon moon, ladies' queen of the night;
How every star twinkles, a gem of pure light;
How marcheth the sun as a king in his might;
How glorieth the spray of the waves in his sight.
What wonderful beauty, what splendors you see
On mountain and prairie and over the sea.
There's beauty in age, and there's beauty in youth,
There's beauty in form, and there's beauty in truth;
And man, list! for you all this world hath been made,
Resplendent in glory of sunshine and shade.

What beauty, what splendor, what glory untold
Will ages on ages of research unfold.
When earth and its beauties are numbered as past,
The beauty of life shall time's beauties outlast.
O beautiful story of angels made known,
O beautiful faith by the ages o'ergrown,
O beautiful psalms that the ransomed ones hear,
O beautiful robes that the sanctified wear,

O beautiful heaven, yes, beautiful life
Where endeth all sorrow, where ceaseth all strife,
O beautiful love of the Savior of men,
O beautiful Jesus, amen and amen.

ACCESS.

O Father, we come to thee, not as though we were worthy to be called thy children, not trusting in anything that we have done or hope to do; but we come because we need thee and thou hast bidden us to come. We are only thy willful, foolish, sinful children, who have lost our way from thee. And yet we are thy chidren and thou art our Father. And great as is our yearning for thee, we know that thine for us is far greater. Purify us that we may approach thee and look upon thy love. Enable us to come before thee with pure hearts and chastened lips and a countenance that needeth not to be ashamed, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen. —E. A. W.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

Immanuel Presbyterian Church, of Los Angeles, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its founding last week, amid great enthusiasm. The celebration consisted of a series of events running through an entire week, beginning Friday evening, October 2, with a most delightful reception to the old-time members by Mrs. W. J. Chichester, the widow of the first pastor and founder of the church. It was a time of delightful reunion and reminiscence. The historical sermon by the pastor, Rvv. Hugh K. Walker, brought together a great congregation on Sunday morning. It was stated that 4,142 members had been enrolled in the twenty years, and that the congregation had expended more than three-quarters of a million dollars, nearly a half million for denominational and miscellaneous benevolences. On Sunday evening the five women's societies of the church had charge of the meeting, and the inspiring reports and addresses made it a most notable gathering. Monday night the Presbyterian Brotherhood was host at a great dinner to the men of the church, and the after-dinner speeches, with Mr. W. E. McVay as toastmaster, delighted and thrilled the two hundred guests present. All day Tuesday hundreds of women thronged the church. The noonday luncheon and the program that followed, with Mrs. Chichester as toastmistress, made it a day long to be remembered. The Christian Endeavorers had a great anniversary rally on Tuesday night, and the Sunday-school on Wednesday night. The "Old Home Reception" on Thursday evening was attended by throngs of people from all parts of the city, and a fitting close to a great celebration. The officers of the church presented Dr. Walker with an elegant 400-day clock, and the ladies gave Mrs. Walker a splendid solid silver dish. There were many congratulatory speeches, and Mr. W. C. Patterson, for many years president of the board of trustees, delivered the principal address of the evening. The celebration was in every way a great success, and the impetus given to all departments of church work is most gratifying. Imamnuel church enters upon a decade with renewed hopefulness, and with lasting gratitude to Almighty God for the many blessings that have crowned its first twenty-five years!

B. C. and L. C. Address, at the 20th Anniversary of the Organization of Immanuel Presbyterian Church.
By W. C. Patterson, President Board Trustees.

Inasmuch as life itself is a mystery, and inasmuch as without the exercise of faith, immortality is an unproved and unprovable hypothesis, mankind gropes with an instinct and desire that may be divine, for a basis of hope that "death does not end all."

The exponent of this desire is religion; and the expression of religion is crystalized in the church. The great ethnic religions failed to satisfy the longings of the human race. It remained for the Christian religion with its universality of adaptation, to supply the solace and hope of humanity. Its churches, while diverse in their specific policies, are all built upon the solid foundation of the Rock of Ages. Good rather than evil has doubtless resulted from the various ideas which have given rise to a multiplicity of sects and denominations, in that by this means the various and varying conditions of life and desire have been met.

The tendency to division has been toward dissolution, but in the direction of evolution. Out of this tendency there was evolved the strong, rugged ideas upon which was built the great Presbyterian Church. It is a church which recognizes intellectuality as well as spirituality and fervency, and it is a church which permits the largest liberty consistent with righteousness; a church which stands for the courage of conviction, and for the uplift and ultimate redemption of the race. Twenty years ago a branch of such a church was organized in Hanna College, under the inspiration of sainted Dr. Chichester. It was his purpose, as I happen to know, to establish a church where piety should take precedence over piosity, and where Christ should come before Calvin. If in any wise it has diverged from these ideas, it has in so far failed in the mission for which it was organized.

Immanuel Church had its struggles, its battles fought and won, but from the beginning there was begotten what was known as the "Immanuel Spirit," of harmony and cooperation. This spirit while tolerant, has always been ready to smother any effort to sow seeds of discontent. Its spiritual policy has been controlled by pastors and boards of elders, dominated by men big enough and consecrated enough to lay broad and deep the foundations for unexampled spiritual growth. As to this phase others will speak.

Those who had to do with the secular affairs of the church gave to them the best thought which successful business experience had engendered. The financial plan as finally adopted was an evolution growing out of various experiments. The plans adopted were accepted with the true "Immanuel spirit," and notwithstanding the fact that a very few set the deleterious example of declining to acquiesce in the expressed will of the majority, yet the result has been that no church in the country stands higher in financial standing and credit than does Immanuel Presbyterian Church.

The early financial discussions centered around the thought that the outside world judges the church by the manner in which its members meet their financial obligations to the church and to each other.

There has been steady insistence that obligations incurred to the church must be met, and an urgency which is to be pressed with unabated vigor against those who have been neglectful of their duties toward the financial support of the church.

It is well nigh inconceivable that there are apparently proud spirited people who would indignantly decline to accept a gratuity from an individual, but who are willing to avail themselves of the privileges of a church from whose support they withhold their contributions.

Great as has been the activities of this church, the policies already adopted must be followed up. There is

institutional work to be done which in my opinion can best be accomplished by close affiliation with and support of the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association. Occidental College must continue to be succored and supported, and new fields in which the harvest is ripening must be entered. The church must be alive to changing conditions and keep up with the times. The notions of the sixteenth century do not meet the demands of the twentieth century. We must take the world as it is, and not as we would have it be, and deal intelligently with its problems. The lesson must be learned and well learned, that it is work and not words, which counts. Professions that are not exemplified by right living are abominable. Scores of professed Christians are arrant cowards. Their aims seem to be to escape damnation after death, rather than to do right because it is right.

The church whose members fail to become better men, better women and better citizens of the commonwealth through its influnce is a failure.

It should do more than prepare people for death, it should prepare them for life. If they live right they will die right.

Immauel Church had a propitious beginning and it has had a glorious history. It is equipped with an effective organization and well adjusted machinery. Devotion to high ideals in the future as in the past will mark its destiny. Battles are not won by stragglers or by those who sulk in their tents. Success awaits the assaults of courageous soldiers of the Cross, who in solid column and with unbroken lines, storm the battlements of evil. I do not believe that permanent results follow spasmodic and hysterical efforts, but that the real uplifting of the church is accomplished by an appeal to the intelligence with which God has endowed his people, and by the exercise of a consecrated common sense.

We are twenty years old. That is an age when we should be most lusty. Glorious as has been the past—what of the future? Will the church rest on its laurels, shrivel up and die? On the contrary, it behooves Immanuel Church to take fresh courage and with God's help win greater triumphs than those which have crowned her past.

If each member of this great church will loosen the bonds which compress his sympathy, will loosen his purse-strings, and will pledge his loyal devotion to the "Immanuel spirit," the destiny which from the beginning has been predicted for this church will become a realization. Some one has said that "loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast and works for success." At this, the beginning of a new epoch, let us adopt as our watchword, LOYALTY. Loyalty to service—not merely "lip service," which is easy and is usually insincere, but real service; loyalty to conscience, loyalty to our fellow men, loyalty to country, loyalty to our neighbors and ourselves, loyalty to ALMIGHTY GOD.

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE SAILOR.

To Readers of the Pacific Presbyterian:

Among the worthy undenominational institutions appealing to us on the coast, none is more deserving of recognition, in my judgment, than the Seaman's Friend Society which has for its aim the ministering to the welfare of the seamen who visit our ports. The magnitude of this work is surprisingly large, and its previous and present success justifies a much larger investment, both of money and of interest on the part of Christian people.

The branch of the Auxiliary located in Portland has closed a remarkably good year. One of the phases of the work demanding particularly human interest is that which suggests the providing of Christmas comfort and cheer for the seamen who may be in port during the holiday season. Chaplain and Mrs. E. H. Roper, our worthy superintendent and his wife, are anxious to have comfort bags provided in good numbers for the sailors who may be here this coming Christmas, as a present from the Christian people of this section. As my knowledge of needlecraft is somewhat limited, I can only pass on as I have received it the recipe for making comfort bags, which is as follows:

Making Comfort Bags.

"Use some heavy material, as cretonne, or denim, cutting it twenty by twenty-four inches, and folding so as to make a bag ten by twelve inches when complete, drawn up with two draw-strings.

Contents—A Testament, containing a letter from the donor, with her address; cotton and linen thread, both black and white; assorted needles; black and white horn buttons inclosed in little bag; a thimble; wax; darning yarn; court-plaster; scissors; linen for bandages; vaseline; soap; whatever besides you choose."

If any of the readers of the Pacific Presbyterian, especially members of Young People's Societies, care to undertake the providing of a number of these useful articles for the seamen's Christmas stocking, they would be rendering a Christian service. Chaplain Roper would appreciate, also, a promise beforehand, specifying the number of bags that will be made, in order that he might make his plans accordingly.

How many of our Young People's Societies will respond through some officer? Chaplain Roper may be addressed at the Institute, No. 263 Flanders street, Portland, Oregon.

In behalf of those who go down to the sea in ships,

Very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKS,

Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Portland, Ore.

CHRISTMAS FOR CHINESE CHILDREN AT PRESBYTERIAN HOME.

For several years Miss Donaldina Cameron, superintendent of the Chinese Presbyterian Mission, San Francisco, has had a Christmas tree in the Home for the large number of children there. This year there are twenty small children and many older girls to be provided with gifts. Who will help to make these children happy this Christmastide? Mrs. Berry-Goodwin of "Rockhurst," Mill Valley, Cal., would be glad to hear from any who can send in dolls, toys, books, handkerchiefs, or other gifts; candy, nuts, raisins, or the tree itself.

After December 31st of this year the Transcontinental Passenger Association will not issue half-fare permits to persons coming under the following divisions: Ordained clergymen acting as editors of officially recognized church papers; ordained clergymen acting as college presidents or professors; ordained clergymen acting as financial agents for church, religious or charitable institutions, including educational institutions under church government; ordained clergymen engaged in Christian temperance or Y. M. C. A. work; brothers of religious orders, Sisters of Charity, devoting their entire time to religious work, who habitually wear a garb distinctive of their order. This ruling was made a few days ago in accordance with a decision made by the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

CHURCH NEWS

PERSONALS.

Rev. S. E. Wishard, D.D., occupied the pulpit of the Central Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, recently.

* * *

Rev. W. C. Rushing, who has been supplying the church at Hanford, is visiting in Los Angeles.

Rev. W. S. Young, D.D., the stated clerk of the Synod of California, moderated the session for the Miramonte church, Los Angeles, which extended a call to Rev. W. E. Fry.

* * *

Dr. F. F. Ellenwood, who for more than thirty-five years was secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, passed away September 30, in his eighty-third year.

* * *

Rev. James McDonald of Corte Madera, historian of the Synod of California, gave a paper, "The Incoming of the Methodists and Presbyterians," before the Los Angeles Ministers' Meeting this week.

* * *

Rev. Gerald D. Heuver, Ph.D., of Wenona, Ill., is expected in Los Angeles the latter part of this month, to begin his pastorate at Bethsada church.

* * *

Rev. A. B. Prichard, D.D., pastor of the Central church, Los Angeles, has been unable to occupy his pulpit for a few weeks on account of illness. He is reported to be rapidly improving.

* * *

Rev. W. Scott Whittier, a missionary from the Island of Trinidad, occupied the pulpit of the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal., last Sabbath.

* * *

Rev. H. K. Sanborn, D.D., preached last Sunday morning for the First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee, who has gone south for a little rest before Synod.

* * *

Mrs. H. B. Pinney, Mrs. E. G. Denniston and Mrs. J. G. Chown of San Francisco, officers of the Occidental Board, went south last week to speak at San Diego and other Southern California cities, prior to the Occidental Board Synodical meeting at Pasadena.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Westminster.—On Tuesday evening, October 6, this church held its annual gathering for the election of officers, the hearing of reports and laying of plans for the future. The meeting took place in the auditorium of the church, and was participated in by a large number of the members of the church and congregation. The exercises were held under the moderatorship of F. M. Greenwood, and were complete, encouraging and satisfactory. Progress was shown along all lines. The church is very much alive, and is doing a good work under the leadership of Rev. T. A. Mobley, its pastor. One of the new activities added during the past year was a society for boys, called Knights of King Arthur. The work is very interesting and instructive, and has taken a large hold on the boys under the very efficient leadership of Mr. Fred Bullock. The musical work of the church is now under the direction of Prof. Wallace, and is an attractive feature of the Sabbath services. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: F. M. Greenwood, moderator; C. S. Capp, clerk; Dr. Walter Bullock, assistant clerk; Walter Glunz, treasurer; W. H. Bonick, C. W. Duffy, Manson Adams, W. F. Davis and Mr. Nichols, trustees. After the business meeting the audience adjourned to the parlors of the church, where refreshments were served by the Ladies' Aid Society. Addresses were made by Pastor Mobley and some of the newly elected officers, and plans were formulated for an aggressive campaign during the year to come.

SAN FRANCISCO, Lebanon.—Rev. Richmond Logan, pastor of this church, is now enjoying a four weeks' vacation, which is of particular pleasure to him, as he and his eight brothers and sisters are having a family reunion at the home of one of the sisters in Harrison, Idaho. It has been nearly twenty-five years since Mr. Logan saw the family, which is scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so there will be much to relate and many interesting circumstances to recall. The time will prove all too short for those interested, although the members of Lebanon church are counting the days until their pastor's return. Rev. John Carrington, the first minister of Lebanon church, is filling the pulpit during Mr. Logan's absence.

OAKLAND, First.—There was a pleasant expression of interdenominational harmony at this church on last Sunday evening, when Rev. Alexander Allen, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Oakland, conducted the regular evening services, at which Rev. F. W. Clampett, D.D., of Trinity Episcopal Church, San Francisco, preached. A stranger would not have recognized in either the men or the service anything un-Presbyterian. Dr. Clampett supplied this pulpit for several services about two ears ago, when the pastor was East, and the people were greatly pleased with him. It is said that the rector has intimated that he would not look askance at a call to this vacant pastorate. Whether the intimation was in jest or earnest, is not known. The Wednesday evenig prayer meeting will be addressed by Rev. W. Scott Whittier, missionary from the Island of Trinidad. The committee on securing a new pastor has a large task before it, as more than twenty-five applicants are already on the list.

LOS ANGELES, Highland Park.—At communion service, October 18, thirty or more people were received into the membership of this church, bringing the total up to about 600. This is one of the best working churches in Synod, thoroughly organized and devoted to missions. Rev. W. B. Gantz, the pastor, is giving a series of evangelistic sermons on Sunday evenings. One of the most enjoyable meetings ever held by the Brotherhood took place Tuesday evening. The supper was prepared by the ladies of the church, after which they retired, and left the serving of the supper in the hands of the social committee of the Brotherhood, consisting of Dan Hammack, H. B. Grotthouse, Arthur Clapp, James McClung, Clarence Judson, Henry Thompson and Mr. Widenham. These "waitresses" were adorned with gingham aprons and pink bows and were very "ladylike" in their behavior. Nearly one hundred men present did full justice to the repast.

Mr. A. H. Bailey was toastmaster of the evening. Among the speakers were D. M. Hammack, who told of some of the ways in which the Brotherhood could be made of value in the work of the church. Mr. J. C. Watson gave some of his experiences in Scotland, where most of his long and useful life was spent, and where he taught in the Sunday school of the Sunday school, was present and gave an address, after which the evening was given over to a social time. Election of officers for the Sunday-school resulted in the following being chosen: Harold Pellegrin, superintendent; R. P. Shea, associate superintendent; Benjamin Hitchcock, secretary; J. G. Chambers, treasurer.



REV. W. B. NOBLE, D.D.,
Superintendent of Home Missions for the Synod of California, Who Makes His Report to Synod on Friday.

for over fifty years. Mr. List, Mr. B. R. Jones, Mr. Clapp, Mr. Baker and others also made short remarks, after which the pastor, Revv. W. B. Gantz summed up the purpose of the Brotherhood from the standpoint of its real usefulness which was to bring men to Christ, failing in which, it missed the real object of its organization. The statement was made by one of the speakers that this Brotherhood is the largest on the Pacific Coast, with the possible exception of one at Seattle, and it is certainly one of the best, both from the standpoint of the fellowship secured and work accomplished. This is a membership of about 150 in a church of 600. Let us hear from other Brotherhoods. What ones have a dozen members, or a larger proportion as compared with the church membership? A campaign for Brotherhood membership would not be a bad idea.

LOS ANGELES, Mt. Washington Chapel.—A pleasant reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Roberts upon the occasion of Mr. Roberts' assuming charge of the work of Mt. Washington Chapel. Rev. G. C. Butterfield, the organizer

LOS ANGELES, Grand View.—The work of the new pastor, Rev. William H. Fishburn, D.D., who recently arrived with his family from Camden, N. J., has begun under auspicious circumstances, the members of the church tendering a most enthusiastic reception to the pastor and his wife and the preaching services being largely attended.

LOS ANGELES, Miramonte.—An unanimous call has been extended by this church to Rev. W. E. Fry to become the stated supply for one year. Rev. Mr. Fry has accepted the position and begins his duties at once.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calvary.—The pastor, Rev. William Rader, will be absent during the week, attending Synod in Pasadena. Elder Ferguson was elected as our delegate and Elder Wells as alternate. Monday evening the Berean Society will be addressed by the famous ship-builder and citizen, Mr. George Dickie. Tuesday, 8 p. m., an interesting concert will be rendered in the church by the Calvary Choral Society, directed by Mr. Giselman and Zech's Orchestra.

BELLS.—The addition of ten new members to this church, as a result of the evangelistic services now being conducted by Rev. R. M. Robinson, is a most important event, as it nearly doubles the membership of the church.

PLACERVILLE.—The Sunday-school of this church had the largest Rally Day attendance in years. All departments, Cradle Roll, Beginners' Class and Home Department were represented. The Sabbath-school missionary work was remembered by a good offering. Sunday, October 11, we had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Caroline S. Merwin, the Field Secretary of the Woman's Occidental Board. She was kind enough to speak at both the morning and evening services, besides short talks to the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society. She was heard by a large congregation. The Occidental Board is doing good work in sending her to all the churches.

ARCATA.—At the recent communion service in the First Church of this place two members were received on confession of faith. A Sankey memorial service was held recently at which all Sankey hymns were rendered, and a sermon commemorating the song-evangelist was delivered by the pastor, Rev. C. P. Hessel. The church was filled. A Harvest Home festival has been arranged for one of a series of special services, the church to be decorated with grain and fruit, in celebration of a bountiful harvest. The young people of the Christian Endeavor Society have been holding exceedingly interesting missionary meetings. At the last one, "The Cry of the City" was the general topic. Talks were given on the "The Children of the Slums," "The News Boys' Problem," "The Institutional Church" and "Missionary Work in Arcata." Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Cry of the Children," was included in the exercises. The next in the series is "An Evening with the Mormons." The members of the missionary committee arrange the program, and little manuscript is used in the meetings. The Endeavorers havev introduced a "Thanksgiving Mission Box," which is placed each Sunday on the speaker's table. Those who have had some special blessing during the week drop

into the box a thank offering, and the money will be counted at the close of November, with an appropriate service. The sum will go to the mission fields of the society.

OREGON.

PORTLAND, First.—The San Greal Christian Endeavor Society held an important business meeting Monday evening, in connection with the regular monthly supper. The regular teachers' meeting and conference for Sabbath-school workers is held each Monday evening at 8 o'clock. The pastor, Rev. William Hiram Foulkes, D.D., began a series of discussions upon Paul's letters to the Philippines before the regular mid-week prayer meeting services Thursday. On Friday a post-communion social and reception is to be given all the old and new members of the church by its officers. under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. The church which is a generous supporter of the Anti-Saloon League of Oregon, makes its annual offering to this cause next Sabbat.h

MT. HOOD.—This field was supplied during July and August in a manner very satisfactory to all by Rev. C. C. Bobbidge, who left for the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, Sept. 1. During September the supply was by Rev. J. M. Cornelison, the missionary on the Umatilla Reservation. Mr. Cornelison elected to take a vacation at this time on account of his wife, who suffered from a severe illness in August. The fine mountain air soon brought the proverbial "Mt. Hood appetite," so that by October 1 all had gained several pounds each. Rev. George L. Washburn, formerly of Washington, Mo., arrived with his family Oct. 1. The impression was a happy one left on all after the services of the first Sabbath, and we have confidence that it will abide and that the work will grow under so skillful a leader. Mrs. Cornelison remarked that the congregation sang lustily, "O What a Change," when they looked from the September supply to the permanent pastor. There was certainly an appreciable difference in their avoirdupois.

PRESBYTERIAL.

SPOKANE PRESBYTERY.—Met in the First Presbyterian Church of Spokane, Washington, Monday, September 28, 1908, at 7:30 p. m. Rev. Elton F. Spicer was chosen moderator and Rev. Oscar S. Wilson was chosen permanent clerk.

The following brethren were received and enrolled upon their "constitutional testimonials," viz: Rev. Conrad Bluhm from the Presbytery of Pueblo, Rev. Edward A. Renich from the Presbytery of Cayuga, and Rev. John E. Darling from the Presbytery of High River, Canadian Presbyterian Church.

Rev. David Brown of the Presbytery of Phoenix, Rev. William J. Thompson of the Presbytery of Olympia, and Rev. Edward J. Statom of the Presbytery of Boulder, were received provisionally, their names to be enrolled when their certificates of dismission shall be placed in the clerk's hands.

Candidate Frank A. Arbuckle was examined and licensed to preach the gospel.

Calls were presented, accepted, and arrangements made for installation as pastors as follows, viz: Manito Park Church of Spokane and Rev. Daniel W. Parks, Centenary Church of Spokane and Rev. Conrad Bluhm, First Church of Coeur d'Alene and Rev. Edward J. Statom. Installations were reported as follows, viz: Rev. Elton F. Spicer with the Northport church, and Rev. Atherton N. Smith with the Lidgerwood Church of Spokane.

The organization of a church at Garden Valley, Wash., was reported and the church was enrolled.

The next stated meeting is to be held at Harrington. Wash., Tuesday, April 20, 1909.

Eugene A. Walker, Stated Clerk.

WILLAMETTE PRESBYTERY.—Met in fall session at Creswell, Ore., Oct. 13th. By request Rev. W. T. Wardle preached the opening sermon. Rev. J. C. Elliott was elected moderator, C. T. Whittlesey temporary clerk, D. J. Becker reporting clerk. Rev. F. H. Geselbracht, Ph.D., was received from the Presbytery of Chicago. Revs. W. A. Smith was dismissed to the Southern Oregon Presbytery, I. M. Bayles to the Presbytery of Grand Ronde, Revs. T. B. Griswold, C. T. Hurd, and Thomas Robinson to the Presbytery of Portland. The Home Mission Committee with its new chairman, Rev. W. T. Wardle, was empowered to put a pastor at large in the field to look after our weaker churches. An executive commission consisting of three members besides the moderator was appointed. Arrangements were made to install Rev. F. H. Geselbracht over the Albany First church. Stated clerk was instructed to enroll the name of W. T. Scott on reception of his letter. Reports were interesting, full of vigor. There are some vacancies in our bounds. We need men to man grouped fields. Presbytery adjourned to meet in the Central Church of Eugene in April.

W. T. Wardle, Stated Clerk.

PENDLETON PRESBYTERY.—This Presbytery met Oct. 7, in the First Church of Portland,—on the way to Synod. Rev. George L. Washburn was received from the Presbytery of St. Louis. An executive committee was appointed in accordance with the action of the General Assembly. Good reports came from the fields represented. Two fields are vacant. The chairman of the Home Mission committee. Rev. J. M. Cornelison, Pendleton, Ore., would be glad to correspond with some good man relative to filling these vacancies.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Professor Paterson supplied the pulpit of the First church of San Jose last Sabbath.

Rev. Alexander Eakin, '91, was installed pastor of St. John's church, San Francisco, Sunday afternoon. Rev. William Kirk Guthrie, '96, preached the sermon, and Rev. George G. Eldridge, '96, and Rev. Hugh W. Gilchrist, D.D., delivered the charges.

Rev. William C. Kerr, son of Rev. Dr. Kerr, a former professor here, has reached Korea, to which the Foreign Board has sent him, and been assigned to Chai Ryong, where he is to have charge of a district of about fifty churches.

Rev. William H. Darden, '81, of Corning, received six new members October 11. Three of these were young men. He is doing a fine work in Corning, characterized by peace and harmony, and a willingness to work on the part of the people.

Rev. William Chalmers Gunn, '97, entertained the Presbytery of Puget Sound in his church in Auburn, Wash. The interior of the church has been recently beautified. The people are showing their appreciation of Mr. Gunn's arnest efforts by increased attendance and interest.

WE WANT YOUR ADDRESS.

The following will be appreciated by every city pastor. The amount of coaxing and pleading it takes to get people

to divulge their hiding places would make one think they were afraid of the officers of the law:

"Again, with tear-bedimmed eyes, fatigued speech, wearied patience and fainting hope, we beg you for your new address. You have moved to a given spot known only to you and your Heavenly Father. We are anxious to find your retreat, your cottage or your palace. In the name of your health, for the sake of ours, the welfare of the church, and the good of humanity, give us your new address. If you will not, from these compelling considerations, then for the sake of your own purse, give us your new address. If you continue to neglect to give us your address, please lend us your automobile or furnish us with car tickets in order that we may continue the search. We plead for your merciful consideration and beg you to give us your new address." —From a Church Calendar.

HISTORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

One of the most interesting books concerning Presbyterian work of the Coast is that compiled by Rev. James Curry, D.D., secretary of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Theological Seminary. This comprises a complete history of the seminary from its origin to the present time; biographical sketches of twenty-eight of the principal founders and supporters of the seminary; history of the Alumni Association, including a brief outline and sketches of the Alumni and students and an account of the Quarter Centennial Anniversary of the Alumni Association, and the historical address delivered on that occasion. It has received high testimonials from many prominent Presbyterians, including H. C. Minton, D.D., Warren H. Landon, D.D., John L. Baer, LL.D., and Mark A. Matthews, D.D. The book may be secured by addressing Rev. James Curry, Newark, Cal. The price, postpaid, is $1.50.

MISSIONARY NEWS FROM PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

Yesterday the pastor at Phoenix took me out to the Indian Reservation, a drive of fifteen miles, where we tried to shoot quail. The closed season having expired on the 15th, many were out in different parts of the country hunting. We took a couple of guns along and hunted a little, but it was so late in the day by the time we got at it that we did not shoot more quail than law allows. It was, notwithstanding the heat, dust and a broken harness, a diversion for me which I enjoyed. I was glad to see work among the Indians, too; it seemed to be much like our work among the Laos. I had a good visit with the missionary in charge, Dr. Ellis, and his wife. They have become attached to the Indians and the work. The Indians live in little adobe houses inferior to the dwellings of the Siamese and Laos. The church membership at this place is about two hundred. I saw one of the teachers, whowas appointed by the government for the school work.

Phoenix is the capital of Arizona, situated in the Salt River valley. The population numbers from ten to fifteen thousand, the difference being due to the many who come here for the winter months only. The large Roosevelt Dam is not far from here. When completed it will furnish water for 250,000 or more acres of land. Then this will be one of the finest valleys in the world. All along the foothills is a belt well adapted to the raising of oranges. The quality of the orange raised here is said to be superior to the California orange,—it is jucier. As there are none ripe here now, I am not in a position to dispute the claim. One thing I am privileged to see here which I did not witness in the Orient, dates growing on the date palms. The branches of this luscious fruit are encased in cloth to protect it from birds and bees. The umbrella tree, so common in Siam, graces the streets with its beauty and shade. This whole section of country is a vast sanatorium for patients afflicted with tuberculosis. Nature is kind to many who come for health, but some come too late. I attended the funeral of a young man her who succumbed to the dread disease. Most of the ministers are living in this part of the world for health reasons; either their own or that of their wife or some relative. Perhaps that accounts for so many able ministers scattered throughout this large Home Mission field.

The Presbyterian Church has a membership of over six hundred; two hundred of whom are Indians. An unusual interest in foreign missions is manifest. Miss Bertha Blount, who sailed for Siam on the 16th of this month, is the representative of this church in the foreign mission field, her entire support being suplied by it. Miss Blount is highly recommended as an efficient, consecrated worker, and is much beloved by all. She will be associated with Miss Edna Cole in the Harriet House Girls' School, Bangkok. She will have a most lovable companion in Miss Cole, as well as an able director. Miss Blount's father is a well-known educator in this section of the country, having been principal of the high school in Phoenix for many years. Recently Professor Blount and family moved to Los Angeles to live. Already, the fond mother of Miss Blount is reckoning the time when her daughter will return. Such mothers will not cease to pray for their children. The able and well-behaved pastor of the Phoenix church is Rev. Henry M. Campbell. He succeeded Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D., whose efficient pastorate is not forgotten by these good people. The name "Campbell" is tenderly associated with the Laos mission.

The present pastor's cousin, Miss Mary Margaret Campbell, went to Chieng Mai in 1878, accompanied by Miss Cole. Although a missionary there less than two short years, the sweet presence of this beautiful character made an indelible impression upon the Laos mission and those dear people.

The Ladies' Missionary Society met this afternoon, between thirty and forty being present. It was decided to take up the text books for mission study classes. The Presbyterian church of Phoenix is thoroughly alive both to home and foreign missions, and such a church is bound to attend to all pressing needs of the community.

C. R. Callender.

PREACHING OLD DOCTRINES IN NEW TIMES.

By Herrick Johnson, D.D.

[There was published recently by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York a comprehensive handbook on homiletics, bearing the title, "The Ideal Ministry." It is the work of the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson of the chair of homiletics in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. Dr. Johnson has been spoken of as "a life-long mentor of his fellow ministers in the art of preaching." To many years of active pastoral service he added twenty-five years as professor of homiletics, nd he now sends forth a book of large value to all who are seeking to perfect themselves in the art of preaching. The book consists of 488 pages and is furnished at $1.75 net. The article herewith, one of general interest, and a most timely one, is taken from this volume.—Editor.]

1. What do we mean by old doctrines? And what do we mean by the new times? Definite knowledge of what these new things are is in order before we undertake to fit the one to the other. Let us have a roll-call of the old doctrines, and then let us have a characterization of the new times. With these fairly in mind, we may be well on the road to their best adjustment.

If the old doctrines are the doctrines of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, of sin and its punishment, of God's love in the divine incarnation, of the life, death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession of Jesus Christ, of his atoning expiatory sacrifice, of everlasting reward and punishment, of justification by faith, of spiritual regeneration, repentance for sin and growth in grace, of death and the resurrection and the judgment—these, and doctrines like them, the profoundest truths ever grasped by the human mind, and that make the book that contains them the completest and the all-sufficient revelation of God to man—these are old doctrines; old yet ever new, that may change their form but not their substance; whose order of succession, whose method of illustration, and whose proportionate expression may vary with the successive centuries, but whose inner and eternal realities are like him in whom they inhere, and from whom they came, "the same yesterday, today and forever."

"Heredity" and "environment" and "the stream of tendency" and "the survival of the fittest" and "the law of selection" have not done away with sin. "Atrophy by disuse" is only a partial answer to the scriptural doom of death. The fires of intense physical tortures as the penalties of sin may have burned out, but the fierce flames of a wrathful conscience have not burned out; and the human bosom is still wrung with the cry of Satan, "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell." Evolution still leaves us bridgeless gulfs that only the divine interposition involved in the incarnation and the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and in the regeneration of a human soul, can help us over. Personal responsibility is not yet resolved into a "brain-rack." The "I" of personality is still the tremendous factor in human existence. The word "ought" is still in all dictionaries. The "reign of law" makes more room for God.

2. What now of the "new times?" Is this a mere phrase, the coinage of the hour? Or does it stand for a recognizable and indisputable fact? The times are new, beyond a doubt. They are ever new. There is no long dead-level either of excellence or stupidity. New conditions prevail. New forces are let loose. New social order is established. There's a new world next door. The nations have entered into such near relation to each other that any hour they may hold a conversational club meeting. Society is complex, yet so knit together that ideas spread like a contagion. The stir is prodigious. A heart-beat is felt around the world. If a man who "fell on sleep" a hundred years ago should wake up now, he would rub his eyes and say: "Old things have passed away. Behold, all things have become new." New men, new measures, new thinking, new agencies, new processes, new relations. New ideas come trooping in at new sides of the mind. New forces are at play, changing mental attitudes suggesting mental challenges, threatening to play havoc, or playing havoc, with mental convictions. Warfare is not waged as it was. Business is not done as it was. News is not heralded as it was. Out of what struggle and push and whirl and weariness men come into Sunday! The pulpit now has a harder task than it ever had in this world. As Ruskin once put it, "Thirty minutes to raise the dead in!"

3. How, now, shall the old doctrines be preached in these new times?

(a) In their totality. The "times" cannot change the truths or the facts. Man's need as a sinner, Christ's power unto salvation, and everlasting life and death, remain persistent factors in all social relations, and in spite of all scientific discoveries. When we get to putting great doctrines of God on the shelf because they are not suitable or palatable, we are guilty of Saul's sin of substituting sacrifice for obedience; and however sweet-smelling the savor of some other truth we bring, it will no more find favor with God than Saul's best sheep and oxen. The new times must hide no truth. It would be strange, indeed, to further God's cause and kingdom of truth by proving infidel to God-ordained truth.

(b) Again, the old doctrines must be preached in their scriptural fullness.

Just what they mean in God's word, they must mean in the modern pulpit. To preach the old truths, and yet so preach them that they are emptied of their deep and essential significance, is as great recreancy to truth as not to preach them at all. Hell is hell, and Christ made it dreadful by every figure of speech. And to hide its terrible features by a euphemism, to interpret all the dreadful imagery that is used in scripture for setting hell forth as if it indicated mere atrophy of powers, or the mere searing of conscience, or the mere shriveling of the soul at last into nothingness, is to preach a hell that many a man would welcome as he left this world, counting entrance into it a positive joy.

And to preach Christ crucified as a marvelous "governmental expedient," or a mighty "moral influence," or a matchless "vicarious sacrifice," would be to preach the truth of the atonement indeed, but not all the truth. To set forth that marvel and miracle of grace in all its scriptural fullness is to put into the doctrine of the atonement expiation for sin. The world is full of vicarious sacrifice, but there never was but one exhibition of it that affected sin, and made it possible for God to forgive the sinner. A mother may suffer cheerfully, and to the point of death in her child's behalf and stead, but no anguish of her soul can take her child's sin away. The absolutely unique and transcendent thing in Christ's sacrifice is this, that it is expiatory. And to preach the doctrine of the atonement with this left out is to preach the doctrine with its heart left out.

So, too, with all the old great truths. Love and law go hand in hand. Mercy and truth meet and kiss each other. Millions of free wills act and interact in the midst of sovereign and eternal purpose. We shall find the harmonies if we go deep enough. All seeming antagonisms melt into friendships in the divine reciprocity of the kingdom of God. Each old doctrine holds in its fullness, and must be preached in its fullness in old times and new times.

(c) But again, the old doctrines are to be preached in the new times with constant regard to the law of adaptation.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman unshamed by his work," is the perpetual divine injunction. (1) Bows are not to be "drawn at a venture." Haphazard shots, simply because the arrow is drawn from the quiver of God's word, can have no justification. Adaptation is the magic thing that will fit the old doctrine to the new times. Not adaptation that looks to change of fundamental truth that would cut and hew and chip away at doctrine until it was so disfigured and marred as no longer to reflect the divine image, or to be radiant with the glory of God upon it; but adaptation that looks to change in the method

of handling doctrine, and of fitting it into present living need, this is the necessity. Not elimination, nor modification, but adjustment.

(2) This adaptation will have respect to men as they are; not as they were fifty years ago, not as they will be fifty years hence; not as they ought to be today, but as they are today. The actual human nature in the pew before the preacher Sabbath by Sabbath—this is the study of the man of God, next to his Bible, and equally with his Bible. Coordinate with scripture exegesis will be this exegesis of human nature, this reading of heart histories, this investigation of methods of approach, this purpose to know what his hearers are thinking about, what defenses they are building, what subterfuges they are resorting to, what the secret, subtle, and sometimes unconscious reason is, for their indifference, or their antagonism, or their active opposition. He must get at them, get along side of them, lovingly, sympathetically, practically, sinuously. A burglar will make a study of a bank vault for weeks and months that he may get at its elaborately locked-up and triple-bolted treasures. Too many preachers spend much time in studying the deep things of God, but no time at all in studying how to get these deep things of God into the depths of a human heart.

Some belligerent preachers come with a battering ram every Sabbath as if every hearer's heart were a fortress, walled up at every avenue of approach, and encased in steel, and to be entered only by sheer force. Some are forever making a downy pillow of the gospel, and shying it at people week by week, as if those making up the whirl of the world, whether in Millionaire Avenue or Little Hell, were aching and sighing for the touch of the gospel's feathery softness, and wanting nothing else on earth but a gospel lullaby!

Adaptation! Adaptation! It is the magic word that will make an old doctrine fit to any time, and seem like a birth of yesterday in its sweetness and light.

(3) Of course the perspective, and therefore the proportion and the emphasis of truth, will change with the changing years and customs and habits of thought and needs and antagonisms of men. The burning question is not always the same question. The theory of a process of God is not always the process. Inspiration is far more than any theory of inspiration. That an old theory has been exploded is no proof that the doctrine has been exploded. The crude notions of creation are exploded; but "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," opens the record of scripture today with all the authority of a thousand years ago. Punishment may not be literal fire any more, but to correct the crude conception of the doctrine of retribution that made hell a bed of hot coals is not to cease to preach the doctrine of retribution for sin. Dives, the rich man, begging for a drop of water to cool his tongue, may not mean physical torment of flame, but it means something unspeakable. And science joins hands with scripture in the contention that as a man sows he shall surely reap.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

The Story of Its Progress by J. Campbell White, the General Secretary.

Remarkable progress continues to characterize the development of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Not only is the world ripe for a great advance on the part of the church, but the men of the church seem eager for something more worth while than material gain to which to devote their best intelligence and energy.

At the present moment, a national missionary campaign is on in Canada, under the auspices of the movement. At twenty centers, from Sydney, on the Atlantic, to Victoria, on the Pacific, campaigns are being conducted during September and October. The one question being considered at all of these centers is this: Will Canada evangelize her share of the world?

At this writing six of the twenty campaigns have been held. Without exception they have been marked by intense interest and profound conviction. Every city visited, at each of which there were representatives present from the surrounding district, clear and unequivocal answers have been given to the above question which unifies the whole series. It is estimated by Canadian missionary leaders that the churches of the Dominion, numbering about 900,000 communicants, should evangelize forty million people in the non-Christian world. The various denominations in Canada, and one city after another, are seriously accepting their proportion of this responsibility, involving as it does in many cases the trebling or quadrupling of their aggregate missionary offerings.

Every missionary board in Canada is co-operating to the full extent of its power, in this interdenominational national campaign. One or more of the secretaries of each board is making the trip to the Pacific Coast, to participate in the meetings. A large number of business men, at their own expense, are traveling long distances to assist in enlisting the laymen of all Canada in this splendid enterprise. At least four of them are taking the trip all the way from Toronto to Vancouver in this way. One of the most prominent and successful business men of Toronto has publicly declared that he will never add another dollar to his capital, but will hereafter devote his whole income to the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

A splendid contribution to the success of the meetings in the Maratime Provinces was made by Mr. D. F. Wilber, the American Consul-General at Halifax. He gave a week at this time to attending four of the city campaigns. His story is very remarkable. Three years ago he went to Singapore as the American Consul-General, as he himself says, "a man of the world." During his two years residence there, the evidence of the transforming power of the gospel, upon the heathen all about him, was so overwhelming, that both he and his wife surrendered their own lives to Christ, and now count it their chief joy to promote the world-wide kingdom. It was a very discerning remark he made to me during the week we spent together, when he said, "Nothing is doing so much to produce cordial relations between Canada and the United States, as this Laymen's Missionary Movement.

It was thought best to have the Canada national campaign during the period preceding the presidential election in the United States. As soon as the election excitement is over, the schedule of Laymen's Movement Campaigns in the United States will begin. On November 10 and 11 at St. Louis, the laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church are gathering to launch their denominational Laymen's Missionary Movement, the object of which is to add a million dollars annually for the next four years, to the foreign missionary offerings of that church.

On November 12, at Chicago, the Baptist Brotherhood Convention will assemble, and one of their main themes is the relation of Baptist laymen to the evangelization of the

61 millions of non-Christians who constitute the field of that church.

On November 14, at Boston, the General Committee of the Laymen's Movement, consisting of over 100 laymen from all parts of the United States and Canada, will hold its annual meeting. Many of the members of the committee will remain to assist in the great interdenominational campaign under the auspices of the movement, to be held in Boston, November 15 to 22.

On December 3-6, the first Interdenominational State Convention of the Laymen's Missionary Movement will be held at Atlanta. All denominations are co-operating to bring together their best laymen from all parts of the state. The movement has now reached the stage when it can only meet the demands upon it by dealing with states as units. Four state conventions are already fixed for Georgia, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Several others will be held during the winter. It is expected in this way to be able to propagate the spirit of the movement most rapidly and effectively.

The movement has now eight secretaries giving their time to answering a fraction of the calls that come for the presentation of the work. Three of these are secretaries of the general movement, Mr. Herbert K. Caskey, of Philadelphia, having joined the force recently. One secretary is employed by the Canadian Council of the Movement. Two are engaged in the movement in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and one each in the Southern Methodist and Southern Baptist Laymen's HoxevmentniaSmfairpotGtOoofnri n ern Baptist Laymen's Movements. At least two other denominational movements are now seeking suitable secretaries.

Thus on every hand, the spirit of the movement spreads, further and faster than any one can trace or record. God is at work and we can only see or understand a fraction of his product in the lives of the people.

My confidence grows stronger as the providential indications multiply, that the greatest missionary development of human history is upon us. It will be accompanied by the greatest revival which the church has ever experienced. By undertaking to save the world, the church itself will be saved from materialism, formalism, commercialism, and indifference to the will of God.

A Northwest correspondent writes from St. Paul under date of October 1st: "Every train that pulls into St. Paul and Minneapolis from the Northwest these days is loaded down with extra coaches from which emerge hundreds of harvest hands returning East and South from the great wheat belt. Rough, bronzed, husky, overalled, they make a picturesque sight as they swing off the cars and swarm the railway stations. About a third of the people who in the months of August, September and part of October eat and sleep in the State of North Dakota are non-residents—harvest hands there to help garner the giant wheat crops. This may be said almost equally well of South Dakota; some sections of Minnesota, Washington and Oregon; the great land of promise in Canada, embraced by the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, British Columbia; and in lesser degree, perhaps, of Nebraska, Kansas and Oaklahoma have an earlier season. In other words, 300,000 men pour into the Northwest country from the outside to help in the eventual answering of the world's prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Who are the men? Where do they come from? are the questions well asked. Lumber jacks and mill-hands from Michigan, Minnesota and Canadian lumber camps, half-breeds from the reservations, stevedores and deckhands from the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, farm hands and even farmers from the Middle and Central States where harvesting is over, school teachers, college students anxious to make money fast before school opens, railroad paddies, tramps and roustabouts from everywhere. It is a motley constituency that harvests our grain crop for us. All the great floating population of the nation centers in the Northwest at this season. The term 'floaters' may be used with special aptness in the case of the many lumber jacks from the spring 'drive' who float down the Mississippi early in the summer for the harvest season in Oklahoma and work north as the season advances to end up in Alberta, perhaps, where the snow flies. The high standard of wages is supposed to be the attractive force, but more often it is just 'Die Wanderlust,' the passion for excitement and the desire to see new people, new places and new situations."

THE HOME

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD READ

Twenty years ago a girl's reading was carefully chosen for her by responsible persons. She was not at liberty to choose a book. This system had its drawbacks. It had also its distinct advantages. One of the drawbacks was that girls were given books of a very "namby-pamby" description, neither calculated to entertain nor improve the mind. I recall some of these "Girls' Books," which had a sickly vein of sentimentalism calculated to enervate the moral tone they were obviously intended to raise. On the other hand, girls were not imbibing rank poison, as many, only just in their teens, are doing to-day. Now girls go to a lending library and carry off just what book they please, which would have been impossible under the old, narrower, but safer regime. Last summer I had a striking proof of the dangers of promiscuous reading in which girls now indulge. I happened to be alone with a girl of about seventeen in a railway carriage. She was a particularly nice girl to all appearance, with a fresh, piquant face and laughing candid eyes. As soon as the train started she opened a bag, and took out a six shilling novel, bearing a library label, and commenced to devour it.

Being always curious as to what girls read, I glanced at the title, and was absolutely horrified to find that it was a book which I had refused to review for a literary journal on whose staff I was at the time on account of its disgusting nature. I will not give the title of the book, as I do not wish to advertise it, but it was by far the filthiest book I had ever had the misfortune to come across in any language. And here before me was a fresh young girl, only just out of the school-room, fouling her mind with its loathsome teaching.

"My dear," I said, interrupting her reading, "do not read that book. No nice girl would ever read it. Take my advice, return it to the library, and ask some older person to choose your books for you."

"But it's awfully interesting," she answered, with a touch of pique not uncommon in girls who just begin to feel themselves women and above criticism.

"That may be," I replied; "but no nice person would respect a girl who would choose to read it."

"I always choose my own books, as all my friends do," she told me, and made a pretence of going on reading. But I noted that another page did not get turned.

This incident set me thinking, and I saw one reason at least why women are degenerating. I remembered, too, how sure of success a novelist was who would write a sex novel sufficiently unrestrained. For such a novel there was a public at once, and plenty of unholy dollars.

Then I turned my attention to the consideration of what books a young girl should read, and the first book that came to my mind was "Little Women," a book which I think every young girl should read early, for it will give a bias to the mind which will ensure the purity of after reading. Apart from the charm of the story itself, which is undeniable, it is crammed with ideal teaching, in which there is not one grain of cant. No girl could read of Jo's bravery without wanting to be brave, nor of Meg's motherliness to her young sisters without wanting to be a home comfort, nor of little Beth's unselfishness without the wish to be like her. The way in which Amy struggles against her faults is enough to arouse similar endeavor. The "March" family is as real to me as if I had known them all. But, of course, this is a book for younger girls, though even now I can read it with pleasure.

Boys' books are more attractive than books written for girls, and there is no reason why girls should not read them. In fact, I am inclined to advocate them, for they have always a stimulating flavor of pluck and honor. Girls need these qualities quite as much as boys, and the atmosphere created by such writers as Max Pemberton, Warren Bell and Charles Mackay is as healthy for girls as for boys. I have tried Warren Bell's "Tales of Greyhouse," on two or three girls with amazing success. It is an advantage in a girl to get the robuster outlook on life that boys' books afford. Ethel Turner has written some delightful books, which no one, boy, girl, or grownup, could fail to read with pleasure. "Seven Little Australians" is perhaps her best, though "A Little Larrikin" runs it close.

I would not debar a girl from reading novels even if I could. But these novels should be clean and wholesome, which does not mean that they should be void of healthy excitement. There are many novels that come under this category. What could be more enthralling reading than Marion Crawford's "Cigarette Maker's Romance?" Yet the book does not contain a single disagreeable situation.

The modern girl rushes after the last new novel to the utter neglect of old favorites which will still bear the test. "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes" and "David Copperfield" are voted old-fashioned. The same verdict was passed the other day by a girl in my hearing on that admirable story "John Halifax, Gentleman." The same girl said of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," "I can't read them." But Mrs. Henry Wood's books still are read by girls. Let them read them, by all means. Mrs. Wood has always a story to tell, and there is never even a suggestion of anything which could sully a girl's mind. They bear the stamp of a particularly pure and beautiful mind, which the writer assuredly possessed. I remember her saying to me in reference to a novel which had been sent to her, and which was at that moment upon her table, "What a pity so clever a writer should choose such an unsavory subject, when life teems with subjects which are at once clean and interesting."

Girls can't be expected to read dull books; moreover, books have no right to be dull, any more than they have a right to be evil in tendency. "Goody" books are dull. Good books never are dull.

For sheer breathless interest what can surpass Wilkie Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," or Conan Doyle's Charles Read's "Never Too Late to Mend," or Conan Doyle's "The Sign of Four," or Max Pemberton's "Iron Pirate?" There is no dearth of exciting fiction which girls may read without danger. But books which deal with situations which are doubtful, with characters which are attractive and immoral, with phases of life which are shameful, these books girls should not read. The growing body needs pure food. The developing mind needs pure food even more, for what nourishes it that it will surely become. It is an awfully appalling thing to think that libraries are sowing broadcast seeds of vice in the minds of the young and innocent. It is awful and appalling that parents and guardians should let young girls choose their reading haphazard.

I was in a library the other day when I saw a young girl select a book. It was a book describing the amours of a married woman in some detail. "I have been dying to read this book," she observed smilingly to the attendant. "I have heard that it is so awfully exciting. A girl I know cried her eyes out over the heroine!"

Heroine! Think of it! A woman who had no virtue, no honor! A woman whose infamous life caused her husband to commit suicide. And a girl had wept in sympathy for the well-deserved woes of this heroine!

There is only one way out of the evil so far as I can see, and that is to keep young girls well supplied with really interesting and harmless fiction, so that they do not need to ransack libraries for themselves. It is a reading age. Girls will read, and why shouldn't they? Their mental food ought to be catered for by those responsible for them just as regularly as their meals. Older people in the family who read omnivorously should not leave doubtful books ready to the hand of the young folk. This sort of carelessness is nothing short of criminal.

This question of what girls read is one of the gravest importance, and it is treated in the most casual manner. It is left to chance. And this happens in otherwise really nice families. I know one mother of several girls, who is in many respects an admirable parent, who, when asked by a daughter of sixteen for "something to read," said, "Oh, go to the library and hunt somthing out for yourself. I can't think of any, and I can't be bothered about it."

Librarians are better than some mothers in this respect, for when asked by a young girl to recommend a book, they select one not likely to harm her. I know one librarian who always dissuades a young girl from taking a pernicious book if he sees her select one.

There is one difficulty in guarding the reading of girls which can not be ignored, and that is secret reading. I was recently told by a mother that to her horror she had found a questionable book under her young daughter's pillow. She told me that she had forbidden the girl to read a book without first submitting it to her, that she might judge of its suitability, so the girl had read what she liked secretly. In my own mind I felt that the fault really lay with this indignant mother. A girl properly brought up would scarcely have been so sly. In that same mother's drawing-room I once heard an animated discussion about a book no girl ought to read. And there sat the girl taking it all in!

Nowadays people are not nearly so particular what they discuss before the young as they used to be. This is a great evil, and is part of the laxness which has been gaining ground so rapidly, and which has recently aroused one notable preacher to thunder forth invectives from the pulpit.

That the minds of the girls who are to become the

mothers of sons be kept pure is vital not only to the individual, but to the nation. If only this were realized, surely those persons who are the guardians of young girls would see that the books they read are such as at least not to lower their moral tone and narcotise the aspiration for the good and pure which is at least in embryo in every young heart.—Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.

Young People

THE BOY HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

"There's a boy in the electrical shops that I want to recommend to your attention," said the superintendent of the Eureka Manufacturing Company, as he and the president came down the steps of the office at the noon hour.

"What about him?" asked the shrewd old gentleman.

"He has an inventive turn of mind, and has already made several suggestions which have saved us a bit of money."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen? He is a mere child!"

"But he has a man's head on his shoulders. There he is now—the little fellow that just threw that hand-spring. He's the queerest possible combination of childhood and manhood that ever I saw. What in the world is he up to?"

As the superintendent paused, a fair-haired, slightly built lad disentangled himself from a crowd of fifty or sixty workmen who were hurrying into the street, and hid behind a corner of the building, peering keenly toward a figure coming slowly down the road. The object of his attention, a man of almost gigantic mould, was dressed in his working clothes, having evidently just come out of the rolling mill, where he had, no doubt, been puddling iron. In spite of his dirt-stained garments, he presented not only an imposing but an attractive appearance. His great head was finely poised upon his broad shoulders. His features were strong, his blue eyes keen, and his heavy shock of hair so fiery red that his shopmates called him the "Volcano."

The boy permitted him to pass the corner, and then with an agile spring bounded onto his hugh back, and flung his arms around his neck.

"You little imp" the two observers heard the giant exclaim, and then saw him hoist his evidently not unwelcome burden across his shoulders, and started down the street on a run, the boy's musical laugh ringing out on the air, and the crowd cheering.

"That's his crony—Mike McGinnis," said the superintendent.

"Queerly mated pair," the president replied.

"Perhaps you never heard how they became friends."

"No."

"Well, this little shaver's name is Alfred Atherton. He lived in a little town up in the State somewhere, and when his parents died a couple of years ago, struck out for himself, and came down to Cincinnati. For a few weeks he sold papers; then got into the messenger service, and finally landed here. He was good-natured and clever, making many friends, but exciting some hostility by his indomitable teetotalism. While he was not aggressive about his temperance ideas, it became perfectly evident that he disapproved of his shopmates' habits of 'rushing the growler.' They resented this, of course, ridiculing, abusing and tempting him cruelly. Nothing could move him, however, and they resorted to the scurviest trick you ever heard about. Eight or ten of the biggest and roughest boys in the shop devised a scheme to inveigle him into one of the saloons, and either persuade or force him to drink a glass of rum. Somehow or other they got him inside the door, and failing to make him obey them voluntarily, began to threaten. 'We'll pour it down your throat,' they said. 'You will?' he cried, with flashing eyes. 'We'll see! My father fills a drunkard's grave, and I promised my mother on her dying bed that I'd never drink a drop! Now make me break that promise if you can.' With these words still on his lips the little shaver flung off his coat, and set his back against the wall.

"In a jiffy the crowd was on him, and he went down, but fighting like a wildcat. Several of them held his hands and feet; others pried his mouth open, and one was just going to pour the whiskey into it when this same big Irishman sprang from his chair, and seizing them one after another, flung them across the room as if they had been five-pound bags of salt. When he came to little Atherton at the bottom of the pile, he picked him up, set him on the bar, slapped him on the back, and said to him: 'You little spalpeen, you make me want to sign the pledge.'

" 'Then do it,' said Atherton.

" 'But I can't keep it.'

" 'You can, with the help of God,' the boy replied.

"There was something about the honest look in his eyes and the clear ring in his voice that made the giant tremble. He had been a terrible man you understand, having taken to drink on account of the death of his little child. He was the best puddler in the city, earning eight or ten dollars a day, but spending it all in weekly drunks, and going home to abuse the sweetest and most patient little woman in the world.

"For a moment McGinnis looked him blankly in the face while the crowd of boys picked themselves up and stood watching from a safe distance.

" 'My Denis would have been just about your size,' and the puddler burst into tears.

" 'Don't cry! don't cry!' exclaimed little Atherton, putting both hands on his shoulders in an agony of sympathy for it hurt him to see the giant weeping.

" 'Come home with me, lad,' the Irishman replied; and lifting him down from the bar, led him out-of-doors. No one knows just what happened, but it looks as if the McGinnises had adopted the boy, for he stayed in the house, and the 'Volcano' has never drunk another drop."

"Send that boy to me at 7:30 to-morrow morning. I've been looking for him for twenty years," said the president, when the superintendent had finished his story.—Epworth Herald.

THE JOKE ON EPHRAIM.

Ephraim was the hired man. Jimmy liked him, and that was one reason he hesitated some time before deciding to play an April-fool trick that would cause his friend much trouble. One reason, mind you; the other was because Jimmy was afraid to do his part in the matter. Not that Jimmy was a coward. He was brave as most 10-year-old boys, but it required courage to play that particular April-fool trick.

The boy lived on a ranch among the foothills of the San Bernardino mountains in Southern California. His father owned one cow, and it was Ephraim's custom to milk that one cow after dark every night. The creature wore a bell, which seemed unnecessary, as she was never allowed

to roam at will, but was always tied somewhere near the ranch house.

After supper Jimmy usually watched Ephraim's every move; and the minute the man reached for his lantern, a small cap was forthcoming and its owner was ready to help milk—at least the boy called it helping. As a matter of fact, Jimmy liked the hunting stories Ephraim told while he leisurely milked the cow.

From morning until noon on the 1st of April, which fell on Saturday that year, Jimmy tried in vain to fool the hired man.

"Can't do it, Bub," said Ephraim. "Bigger boys than you have tried to play jokes on this individual and had to give it up. I hin't so green as I look. From Maine to Mexico and from Alaska to the Horn, I could always see through jokes. They look flimsy to me. I know what's coming from start to finish."

At that moment an idea flashed into Jimmy's mind.

"I wonder if that's so!" he mocked. "Maybe you'll wish you'd never poked your nose into Southern California!"

"Mebbe and mebbe not," replied the hired man with a grin. "But tricks is like rubber balls. Some times they bound back and hit the one that started 'em. Better go easy."

"I wouldn't go easy if it wasn't for one thing," Jimmy declared. "I know I could get an April-fool on you if—if—"

"Oh, never mind the consequences," urged Ephraim, "we ain't had any excitement since your goat chased that there real estate agent a month ago."

Jimmy did mind the consequences, nevertheless, and if Bob, his 14-year-old cousin, had not come from town about four o'clock that afternoon to stay over Sunday on the ranch, the 1st day of April might have passed without incident.

"O Bob!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Here's the best joke on Ephraim! You know sometimes Bess gets loose and Ephraim has to go after her. Well, then, just before supper let's take off her bell and hide it. Then we'll tie Bess in a safe, new place where Ephraim won't see her. Next thing we'll hide with the bell until Eph comes with the lantern to do the milking. Then we'll creep away up Oak canon and jungle the bell. When Mr. Eph follows after with the lantern, we'll keep on going 'tinkle-tinkle-tinkle' farther and farther away up the hills and into the canons. All this time Ephraim will be after us, thinking he's on the cow's trail; and just at the right time we'll shout 'April-fool!' What do you say?"

"I say it's too easy to get lost in the moothills," objected Bob.

"Oh, but you couldn't lose Ephraim," Jimmy explained, "he's a regular old-timer in the mountains, in the desert and everywhere. He can tell by looking at a toadstool 'xactly how many miles you are from Washington, D. C. We won't get far ahead of him; you remember old Bess isn't a race horse."

Circumstances favored the boys. Company arrived in time for supper.

"Of course," whispered Jimmy, "Ephraim won't be surprised if we don't follow him tonight. I feel specially interested in hearing father and Mr. Simons talk politics."

"Couldn't tear me away," added Bob, "until Ephraim hits the trail."

"Where are you going?" inquired mother when she saw the boys grab their caps.

"After Ephraim," said Jimmy, as the two darted from a side door and ran swiftly to find the cow bell.

"That there beast loose again!" they heard Ephraim grumble.

A moment later the cow bell jingled from underbrush near Oak canyon. Ephraim started in pursuit.

"Most fun I ever had," observed Bob as the lantern appeared.

"We can't climb directly up any hills," Jimmy observed, "because Bess doesn't take naturally to stiff grades."

"Co-boss—co-boss," called the hired man.

Farther and farther away sounded the bell as the boys skirted the foothills, debating upon the proper moment to shout loudly, "April-fool!"

At last a glimmering of the situation caused the hired man to stop and exclaim, "Well, I swan!"

As he stood perplexed a lantern appeared on a distant trail. It was coming nearer.

Ephraim, with a chuckle, lifted the globe of his lantern and blew out the light.

"Bob, where's Ephraim?" whispered Jimmy, clutching his cousin's arm.

"I—Idon't know," was the reply, "he's probably just out of sight for a minute; perhaps behind some rocks."

"But—but it's queer," said Jimmy, whose heart was thumping hard and rapidly. "Maybe he fell and is hurt. Maybe—"

"Hush!" cautioned Bob. "Let's watch."

"Oh! oh!" Jimmy groaned. "Ther he goes kiting down the trail—way down there, do you see? Come, Bob, quickly! I wouldn't be left up here alone for $50,000! Oh, see that lantern go!"

"Now don't be a baby!" grumbled the older boy. "Do you know the way home?"

"No—o," faltered Jimmy, thankful that Bob couldn't see the fast-falling tears. "May—maybe the moon will shine out after awhile."

Suddenly, close beside the boys, a wildcat growled. There was no mistaking that peculiar sound. Jimmy knew it was a wildcat. Terror sent the lads plunging into the canon below.

"The foothills are full of wildcats and mountain lions," sobbed Jimmy. "We—we hear them every night."

"Listen!" suggested Bob. "They're all around us. What shall we do?"

"I—I don't know." Jimmy's teeth chattered. He wept without reserve.

First from one direction, then another, the wildcats threatened. The canon seemed surrounded.

When the boys felt unable to endure another second of such agony, a cheery voice called:

"Hey there, boys, April-fool! Didn't know your old Uncle Eph was a professional ventriloquist, now, did you? Why don't you clap your hands, hey? I'll do it again, while we light the lantern and end up with the April-Fool Chorus! Ha, ha, ha!"

"O Ephraim," begged Jimmy's cousin, "don't, please! Don't do that wildcat act again. You may say April-fool all the way down the trail if you wish—that's music."

"Music," echoed the small boy. "Say it again, Ephraim. I love the tones of your voice tonight when you say April-fool!"

"Didn't it take you a long time to milk the cow?" asked mother when the three appeared.

"Oh," explained the hired man, "we had a bit of an entertainment outside. Hey, boys?"

"And you can't fool the man that lives on our ranch," added Jimmy.—Frances M. Fox, in The Interior.

BETWEEN .THE .DAYS

Between the days—the weary days—
He drops the darkness and the dews;
Over tired eyes His hands He lays
And strength and hope and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days!

Else who could bear the battle stress
Or who withstand the tempest's shocks,
Who thread the dreary wilderness
Among the pitfalls and the rocks,
Came not the night with folded flocks.

The white light scorches, and the plain
Stretches before us, parched with heat;
But, by and by, the fierce beams wane,
And lo, the nightfall, cool and sweet,
With dews to bathe our aching feet!

For He remembereth our frame!
Even for this I render praise.
Oh, tender Master, slow to blame,
The falterer on life's stormy ways,
Abide with us—between the days!

—British Weekly.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED
THE VOICE OF PRAISE
NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE N°2
PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED
OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST., PHILA.
27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK
140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

SPECIAL THIS WEEK
A TEACHERS' BIBLE
FOR $1.25 POSTPAID

Concordance to the Authorized and Revised Versions, Combined with a Subject Index and Pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names and A New Indexed Bible Atlas.

Minion type bound in Egyption Seal—with overlapping edges, round corners, red under gold edges.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, OCTOBER 29, 1908 No. 44

University Library



REV. THEODORE F. BURNHAM, D.D.
Moderator of the Synod of California.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt, D.D. Rev. Dwight E. Potter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.

Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.

Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.

Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.

Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

OBSERVATIONS SYNODICAL.

Editor Pacific Presbyterian:

You ask for some observations on Synod. The task is an easy one.

"Men of Peace."

The "Senior Wrangler" was not there. It was a fraternal and peace-loving body. Not once was a point of order raised, and while "Bittenger's Manual" was on the desk, the Moderator never once had to refer to it to settle a controversy. Not an unkind word was spoken on the floor of Synod.

Men of Action.

Synod was a busy company. There was little attempt at oratory, but the docket was carried out by men who do things. The reports were condensed, conservative and not of undue length. The reception of the Bidwell bequest, of a home for veterans retired from the work of the ministry, was an important event. The appointment of an Executive Commission was a long step in advance and means greater usefulness for future Synods.

The Personnel.

The Moderator missed some of the older men who have formerly made Synod a place of spiritual power and blessing. But Dr. Dinsmore was there with his incisive voice, and Bro. Newell, with his warm, fraternal hand-clasp. Dr. Parker and Bro. Junkin and others of the old guard put in an appearance and made the sessions look natural, but the Mintons, Grahams, Mackenzies et al. left vacant places which it will take time to fill.

The Hospitality.

Pasadena will long abide in our memory most sweetly. It is a city of wealth and culture, but nobody tried to make us feel that our social level was not up to the Orange Grove avenue standard. The Moderator and wife was whirled twenty-four miles on a Thomas flyer, guided by the safe hand of a good elder, and when asking for the occupation of his host, a brother replied, "Only to be pleasant." Oh, that more people were efficient in that line of work! The stately temple of the First Presbyterian Church, which cost about $385,000, is an object lesson to thousands of tourists from all parts of the world, who here find that the finest building in the city is one consecrated to Almighty God. The sea of faces which met our eye on Sunday was an array of cultured, devoted, believing people, to whom it was a joy and privilege to preach the old gospel "once for all delivered unto the sains."

THEODORE F. BURNHAM.

THE SYNOD OF CALIFORNIA.

The meetings of the Synod of California were held October of 21 to 25 in the beautiful First Presbyterian church of Pasadena, a picture of which we gave in the issue before the last. The place of meeting was ideal, the church being a model of convenience and the city most charmingly attractive. It was indeed a rest to most of the commissioners to go to a city and not be disturbed by the sights and sounds of a liquor town. No saloons, no shabby, bleareyed loafers, no gambling slot machines, no all-night restaurants and baudy houses, no cheap theaters,—none of the things that are fostered and fed by the liquor business. But instead, beautiful homes, beautiful gardens, business places closed at night—even the cigar stores nearly all shut at 6 p. m,—no noisy crowds on the streets. Everyone seemed to have a home and enjoy it enough to stay in it. The majority of the guests had the pleasure of staying at the Hotel Green, one of the finest hotels in the state. Not many of the ministers and elders were accustomed to such elegant quarters as were placed at their disposal through the kindness of the proprietor, J. H. Holmes.

The members of Synod were wise in the selection of a Moderator whose patience could not be exhausted by hours of debate, or ruffled by irritated members. Yet he was firmly in command at all times, accurate in judgment and clear in his decisions. Rev. Theodore F. Burnham, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Vallejo, will be favorably remembered by all the delegates as an ideal Moderator. Those accurate and painstaking custodians of records, Rev. Wm. S. Young, stated clerk, and Elder Frank H. Babb, permanent clerk, were always in place and aided much in expediting business by their knowledge and experience. They were ably assisted by Elder C. E. Cornell of Oakland and Rev. E. J. Harper of Los Angeles as temporary clerks. Rev. Ellsworth Rich, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Watsonville did good service as Vice-Moderator.

The business of Synod was carried through with order and dispatch, allowing the meetings for business to close at 4 p. m., Saturday. The final session was on Sunday evening. To give a full report of all the addresses and reports would occupy more space than at our disposal, so a brief summary is presented herewith and a complete report from the most important will follow in a later issue.

Appointments.

The appointments by the Moderator was as follows: Committees: Bills and Overatures, W. J. Fisher, D.D.; Judicial, Hon. J. K. Law; Minutes of the General Assembly, H. K. Walker, D.D.; Leave of Absence, James Curry, D.D.; Treasurer's Accounts, Rev. J. S. Thomas; Finance and Mileage, Rev. J. O. Henderson; Correspondence, Rev. G. G. Eldridge; Pulpit Supply, Rev. C. M. Fisher; Bible and Tract Society, Rev. A. Crosby; Sabbath Observance, J. A. Gordon, D.D.; To Attend Examination at San Francisco Theological Seminary, O. E. Hart, D.D., J. W. Dinsmore, D.D., Hon. J. K. Law.

Freedmen.

Rev. James Falconer read the report, which showed a marked increase in contributions to Boards. The 20 per cent advance asked for by the Board of Freedmen has been faithfully met, and several of the Presbyteries have gone to the 100 per cent mark. The total amount raised was $4,166, an increase of $470 over last year.

Foreign Missions.

Richard Wylie, D.D., presented the report, showing receipts of $37,787; $1.02 pere member. The following churches gave $2.00 or over: Los Angeles, Immanuel; Arlington; Colton; North Ontario; Redlands; Red Bluff; Fresno. Oakland, Union Street, San Rafael and Santa Monica have passed the $2.50 mark. Pasadena has given more than $4.00 per member, and San Anselmo bears the banner with a contribution of more than $5.00 per member.

Treasurer's Report.

Treasurer W. S. Young, D.D., gave his report, which showed the total receipts to have been $3,920.48. The expenses, $2,712.57. Balance on hand, $1,207.91.

College Board.

Rev. H. C. Cockrum, chairman, gave his report as follows: In 1883, when the Board was organized, we had seven colleges, now there are thirty-four in the same field and fifty-two in connection with the Board, including eight from Cumberland Church. In 1883 gifts to the Board were $14,-912, last year the total gifts to the work were $1,667,072. Bible teachings and spiritual influences are emphasized in all our institutes. Reports of thirty-eight colleges show that 641 students gave their lives to Jesus Christ. There is shown an increase in the number of candidates for the ministry. The trend in the State Universities is AWAY from the ministry, in Christian Colleges TOWARD it. Our Christian Colleges show a splendid record, also, in the matter of men who have held high places in many walks of life.

"It is with pleasure that we report the splendid work being done at Occidental College, and since our interest as a Synod in the affairs of the College Board has to do especially with Occidental, our recommendations relate to it and are as follows: (1) That ministers be urged to inform their congregations as to the needs and possibilities of Occidental College, (2) That all pastors and supplies be urged to present the claims of this cause and take an offering for it, (3) That proper influence be used to induce our young people to attend our own college. (4) That the Day of Prayer for Colleges,—Thursday preceding the second Sunday in February,—be observed in all our churches."

Directors Theological Seminary.

The report of the committee recommend the re-election of the following: Prof. J. O. Griffin, Ph.D., Mr. Charles A. Laton, Rev. Ellsworth Rich, Mr. J. W. Richardson, Rev. H. K. Walker, D.D., Mr. T. M. Wright, and Rev. William H. Bleakney, Ph.D., and Rev. Andrew J. Montgomery of Portland, Oregon, appointed by the Synod of Oregon. Mr. Robert Dollar to be elected for two years.

Synodical Sabbath School Superintendent.

Rev. Arthur Hicks presented his report, showing a good work done by the four Sabbath School Missionaries of the Synod: Rev. George Butterfield, Los Angeles Presbytery; Rev. F. H. Robinson, Nevada Presbytery; and Rev. H. J. Furneaux of San Joaquin Presbytery. These, with the Superintendent, have traveled 46,320 miles, visited 4,763 homes and organized 45 Sunday Schools. Five churches have been organized from Mission schools and two chapels built under direction of the Missionaries. Three tents have been in constant use during the year, in which Sunday Schools and preaching services have been held.

Sabbath School and Publication.

Robt. A. Chrichton gave the report from the committee, showing 1,205,000 members in the Presbyterian Sunday school, an average gain of 19,317 per year during the past century. 106,000 new pupils were brought into our Sunday school last year, and 41,212 young people were received into the church from the Sunday school. Dr. Worden says that perhaps 900,000 of the 1,300,000 members of our churches were received from the Sunday school, and these include most all the aggressive pastors, missionaries and lay workers of the church. The missionary offering of the Sunday school last year was $400,000, which is double the amount contributed in 1884. 30 Sunday schools have been organized during the year, with 833 pupils and 117 teachers. Total Sunday schools reporting in Synod, 310; a gain of 10 for the year. Officers and teachers, 3,896; pupils, 31,743. Number of teachers and pupils added during the year, 4,813; gain for the year, 1,515. There was a net gain of $1,222 in contributions to the Board last year, a gain of fifty per cent. Committee recommended the continuance of Rev. Arthur Hicks as Synodical Superintendent of Sunday schools.

Executive Commission.

Something new under the sun in our church, which some have feared. The following from the Executive Committee of the General Assembly should relieve such fears: "The Commission desires to make plain that it has interpreted its main work for the present to be to adjust the benevolent and missionary work of the church so as to lessen undue pressure and multiplied appeals upon congregations, and to secure the adoption by them of systematic methods of contributions to the Boards."

Seventh Annual Report of Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D., Synodical Missionary

Reference was made to the increased expenses of the Board and unfavorable financial conditions, resulting in debt for the first time in ten years. Yet the receipts were the largest ever shown,—nearly $1,500,000. Of thirteen church organized in Synod during the past year, five were by Synodical missionaries—Searchlight, Nev.; Strathmore, Cal.; Knowles, Cal.; Rawhide, Nev.; Chico, Indian. The last named started with thirty members, and is the fruit of the faithful labors of Mrs. John Bidwell. The total membership of the five churches was 94. At Searchlight and Rawhide preliminary work was done by Rev. F. H. Robinson; at Strathmore, by Rev. H. J. Furneaux. Other churches organized were: Glendale, by Rev. G. C. Butterfield; West Westminster, Pasadena, by Rev. W. E. Dodge; Kermen; St. James, San Francisco; Richmond, San Francisco; Glenside, San Francisco; Mt. Zion; these being in part the work of Rev. L. T. White and G. A. Blair, Superintendents for mis-

sions for Presbytery of San Francisco . Also a Japanese church at Hanford with twenty-one members and the Second church at San Anselmo. Total charter members for these thirteen churches, nearly 550. The work of the Synodical missionary is greatly varied; house to house visiting, street and camp preaching, supplying vacant churches, holding evangelistic meetings with pastors, presenting cause of home missions to wealthy churches, organizing churches, helping about building and dedication houses of worship, voluminous correspondence, etc. In seven years our eight presbyterias have increased to ten; 290 ministers to 411; 235 churches to 311, of which 35 were organized by the Synodical missionary. We now have 36,233 members, an increase of 11,985; 35,842 in Sunday school, and increase of 9,905. Home mission gifts have increased from $20,758 to $37,302, and to all causes from $451.124 to $832,540. Opportunities and needs are now even greater than seven years ago. "Let us go up and possess the land."

Overtures From Presbyteries of Nevada and Sacramento, asking for abolishment of office of Field Secretary, were not adopted.

Synodical Home Mission Report.

The greatest advance has been in Los Angeles Presbytery, which has become self-supporting. This presbytery has in it 36 per cent of the members, and 31 per cent of the ministers of the Synod.

Presbyterian Lectureship.

H. C. Biddle, chairman of the committee, reported that Prof. Chas. G. Paterson, of the San Francisco Theological Seminary gave the course last year at Berkeley on "Call of the Highest." The committee is now planning for other lectures. Of the 50,000 students enrolled in Western colleges, 9,000 are Presbyterians. The committee recommended that Synod invite Rev. Joseph W. Cochran, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education, to visit the Coast during the year. Also, that the committee be enlarged. John Willis Baer was added and two others are to be named by the committee.

Committee on Religious Work in Universities.

Asked to be continued for another year; that Rev. George G. Eldridge and Elder Prof. J. O. Griffin be added to the committee, and Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D., be made chairman.

Pacific Presbyterian Recommended.

Vice-Moderator Rev. Ellsworth Rich, after the presentation of the work and purpose of the Pacific Presbyterian by editors Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D., and Rev. Orlando E. Hart, D.D., and manager Earl S. Bingham, presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted: Resolved that the Synod express its apreciation of the Pacific Presbyterian, and of the self-sacrificing efforts of the manager and editors in behalf of a newsy Presbyterian Coast paper, and be it further resolved that the pastors and sessions of the Synod give the paper their hearty support.

Committee on Finance and Mileage.

Through Elder Robert Henderson, chairman, reported claims aggregating $2,910.60, with funds to pay in full and recommend that the Synodical Fund assessment be reduced from ten to nine cents per member. Adopted.

Ministerial Relief.

Rev. E. K. Strong, D.D., chairman. This work is founded, not in A NEED but in a SERVICE RENDERED. It is an agency to care for the sick and infirm, and family as a matter of honor. Part of the need grows out of the fact that ministers' salaries are so small. One-third of our ministry receives smaller incomes than hod carriers, and less than the average cost of living. This Board is not a charity, but an agency to try to give in part that which faithful labors have fairly entitled one of our servants to. Last year 1,067 names were on the Board, the largest ever recorded. The maximum paid is $300. The average last year to widows was $150, and to disabled ministers not honorably retired, $225. Churches in California Synod gave $3,334.13, as against $2,327.89 the year before. In the year 1906-08, 118 churches contributed. 149 did not. In the year 1907-08, 146 churches contributed and 156 did not. 78 of the 146 gave less than $10 a piece. One year ago we drew from the Board $11.712.50 and gave $2,327.89. Last year we drew out $11,715 and paid in $3,334.13, a difference of $8,380.87. This difference OUGHT TO BE LESSENED. The needs of this Board will increase rather than decrease We recommend: (1) That both ministers and elders give more attention to the Board of Ministerial Relief, taking greater pains to inform their congregations of the importance and claims of the Board, and not permit themselves or their people to be satisfied with the meager offerings so frequently made. (2) That all the churches try to increase their offerings to the Relief Fund this year.

Invitation Extended to United Presbyterian Synod.

The officers of Synod were authorized to correspond with the officers of the United Presbyterian Church Synod, and invite them to meet with this Synod at San Jose next year.

Committee on Civic Righteousness.

Rev. E. K. Strong, chairman. Ministers were urged to preach and teach Civic Righteousness from their pulpits, and to use their influence to have it taught in public schools and to secure co-operation of men's and women's clubs in emphasizing this important phase of Christianity.

Presbyterian Orphanage and Farm.

Read by Rev. Arthur Crosby. Report of Evelyn Browne Keck. This report by Evelyn Browne Keck showed 120 children in the orphanage. 64 of the younger pupils attend the Robert Dollar school on the grounds, and 45 the public school. Boys are taught to work, and the girls housework. Every Sunday morning 100 attend the San Anselmo church. Sunday afternoon service, that takes the place of Sunday school, is held at the Orphanage. Every day, morning and evening, prayers are attended by all the children. This is one of the few orphanages that receives children whose parents are living. But for these no state aid can be received. These children need help from the churches,—Christmas gifts and clothing is needed and more money. Dr. Crosby urged that churches make an offering of 25 cents per member for the support of the Orphanage and on motion it was adopted.

Committee Appointed to Attend Examinations at Theological Seminary.

Was received and adopted. The term of service of the committee was changed to two years; the present committee to serve for one year more. The reference to the report on teaching at Seminary refered to the Standing Committee on the Seminary.

Systematic Beneficences.

In gifts to the Boards the following presbyteries show an increase: Riverside, 61 cents per member; Oakland, 3 cents; San Jose, 15 cents; San Francisco, 18 cents; Benicia, 17 cents; Sacramento, 33 cents. If special contributions to Occidental College were included Los Angeles Presbytery would stand at the head of the list, showing $7.22 per member, and Synod's gifts would average per member, $4.00

for 1908 and $3.23 for 1907. But without endowment gifts, report shows average per member for Synod as $2.85 in 1907 and $2.82 in 1908, a decrease of 3 cents. For congregational expenses the average per member for Synod in 1907 was $20.18, and in 1908, $16.99, a decrease of $3.19. The recommendations adopted were as follows: (1) That we increase our offerings to the several Boards 20 per cent over the offerings of the year just closed; (2) That a systematic effort be made in all our churches to increase the number of those who will set apart a definite portion of their income to the Lord's work. (3) That the portion set aside be not less than one-tenth, for while under the Gospel dispensation we recognize that no definite rule can be laid down as to the amount that should be set apart from our income as the Lord's portion, yet the whole trend of the teaching of the Word indicates that it should not be less than the tenth. (4) That each pastor be urged to preach one or more sermon each year on "The Duty and Privilege of Giving to the Lord."

Committee on Education.

Rev. A. B. Pritchard, chairman. 809 students receiving aid from the Board. Receipts, $57,244.42, an increase of $9,533.21 over last year, a 20 per cent advance. This Synod gave $1,600.18, an increase of $567.17 over the previous year. The commitee recommended diligence in urging claims of ministry upon young men. That February 14 next be observed as Education Day, and as far as possible be made a day of prayer for the youth of our land and for the educational institutions.

Bible Society.

Rev. J. M. McElhinney, chairman. Resolved: (1) That our churches be urged to make an annual contribution to the American Bible Society. (2) Recognizing the special efforts of the American Bible Society to supply the Pacific Coast at the present with Bibles, we recommend the appointment of lay representatives to co-operate with the Pacific agent at San Francisco in the promotion of this work.

Larger Salaries for Ministers.

The following resolution presnted by Rev. E. K. Strong was adopted: In view of the increasing demands upon the ministry for leadership and the increased cost of living, this Synod urges upon Presbyteries and sessions the need of larger compensation to young men of ability to enter the ministry as a life calling, and recommends that the minimum salary should not be less than $1,000 and a manse.

Trustees of Synod.

The following were elected as trustees of Synod for one year: Hon. H. K. Law, Merced; F. H. Babb, San Jose; Robt. Young, Los Angeles; Rev. W. S. Young, D.D., Los Angeles; and Rev. Willis G. White, Chico.

Necrology.

During the year fourteen of our brethren in the ministry, within the bounds of Synod, have been called from their service below to the fellowship above. The oldest of these, Rev. Wm. C. Mosher, had reached the age of 88; the youngest was Rev. Felix Z. Nesbit, aged 36.. These brethren, whose memory we lovingly cherish, are the following: Benicia Presbytery, James S. Todd, D.D., died at Arcata, Cal., June, 1908, aged 65; 41 years in the ministry. Oakland Presbytery, George Washington Lyons, D.D., died in Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 18, 1907, aged 59 years; 28 years in the ministry. Elijah Levings Burnett, died in Los Angeles, Feb. 8, 1908, aged 68 years; 40 years in the ministry. Los Angeles Presbytery; Richard H. Jackson, died at Orange, Cal., Oct. 18, 1907, aged 79 years; 46 years in the ministry. Theophilus Beazley, died at Fullerton, Cal., Feb. 16, 1908, aged 75 years; 48 years in the ministry. George Augustus Hilton, died at Alhambra, Cal., March 3, 1908, aged 71 years; an ordained minister for five years, but many years a most efficient evangelist. David R. Colmery, D.D., died in Los Angeles, July 4, 1908, aged 79 years; 46 years in mihistry. Samuel W. Miller, D.D., died at Spokane, Wash., July 6, 1908, aged 73 years; 43 years in the ministry. William C. Mosher, died at Berkeley, Cal., Aug. 7, 1908, aged 88 years; 55 years in the ministry. Sacramento Presbytery: William David Kidd, died in Sterling City, Cal., May 27, 1908, aged 45 years; 11 years in the ministry. San Joaquin Presbytery: Felixx Z. Nesbitt, died at Coalinga, Cal., May 26, 1908, aged 36 years; 14 years in the ministry. Santa Barbara Presbytery: John Alten Carrothers, died at Fresno, Cal., June 2, 1908, aged 77 years; 47 years in the ministry.

"For all the saints who from their labor rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest! Alleluia!"

Respectfully submitted,
Hugh T. Dobbins, Chairman.

Synod Meeting at Occidental College.

Upon invitation of John Willis Baer, president of Occidental College, the Synod went in a body on Friday morning to the college, where the morning session was held, after which the delegates returned.

Evening Sessions.

The evening meetings were valuable and interesting. The first on Wednesday was devoted to a sermon by the retiring moderator , Rev. W. J. Fisher, D.D., of San Francisco, followed by the selection of moderator and clerks.

Thursday evening the entertaining church welcomed the Synod with an organ recital, at which Miss Dodge, solo soprano of the church, sang most charmingly. Then followed a reception in the parlors, where ice cream and cake were served.

Friday evening the meeting was in the interests of missionary extension at home and abroad. The speakers were: Silas Johnson, M.D., of Africa; Giles Kellogg of Los Angeles, and Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., of Portland. The address of Mr. Kellogg appears in these columns.

Saturday evening was given over to addresses on "Temperance and Personal Evangelism." The speakers were: Rev. D. McG. Gandier, field secretary of the Anti-Saloon League, Prof. Thos. V. Moore, D.D., of the Francisco Theological Seminary, and Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., of Los Angeles.

Sunday afternoon the Sunday-school and young people's work was discussed by Rev. Arthur Hicks, Synodical Sabbath School Missionary, and Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., pastor of Emmanuel Church, Los Angeles.

Sunday evening the Brotherhood work was presented by J. S. Noyes of Los Angeles and Rev. William Rader of San Francisco.

Important Addresses.

In addition to the addresses spoken of there were a number delivered at the day sessions in connection with reports that are worthy of printing in full and we hope to be able to secure them for this purpose. Among the notable ones were those of Rev. J. A. Stevenson on "Freedmen," Rev. C. R. Callender on "Foreign Missions," John Willis Baer, D.D.

on "Colleges," and Prof. W. H. Landon, D.D., on the Seminary, a brief of which appears in his Seminary Notes in this issue.

The California Woman's Synodical Society of Home Missions and the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions held their meetings at the same time and place as the Synod and the officers of these bodies gave their reports before Synod on Friday afternoon. We are promised these reports for another issue.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Drs. Moore and Landon were in attendance at the Synod of California in Pasadena. The other professors remained at the Seminary and kept the classes busy.

Dr. Moore gave one of the addresses on evangelism at the popular meeting on Saturday evening.

Dr. Landon addressed the Synod on behalf of the Seminary and was heard with interest and sympathy. The statement was made that nearly one-fifth of the active ministry of the Synod are graduates of our Seminary. The attendance at Synod was unusually large, but nearly every fifth man who responded to the roll and performed his part of the work had received his theological education in this institution. The responsibility for a small attendance at the Seminary was laid upon the church, as the average attendnce is larger than the total number of candidates supplied by the entire coast.

The alumni lunched together on Friday. The following were present: Rev. C. W. Anthony, '73, of Santa Cruz; Rev. James Curry, D.D., '75, of Newark; Rev. F. H. Robinson, '77, of Nevada; Rev. James Thompson, '80, of Ballard; Rev. Charles D. Merrill, '81, of Los Angeles; Rev. M. T. A. White, '82, of Tehama; Rev. H. N. Bevier, '93, of San Francisco; Rev. J. K. Inazawa, '94, of Los Angeles; Rev. E. B. Hays, '95, of Petaluma; Rev. C. R. Callender, '96, of Oakland; Rev. George G. Eldredge, '96, of Berkeley; Rev. W. K. Guthrie, '96, of San Francisco; Rev. R. W. Reynolds, '96, of Los Angeles; Rev. E. L. Rich, '96, of Watsonville; Rev. A. G. Hunt, '98, of Santa Maria; Rev. S. H. Jones, '98, of Nevada; Rev. D. H. McCullagh, '98, of Sacramento; Rev. W. U. Sutherland, '98, of Petaluma; Rev. R. S. Eastman, '00, of Berkeley; Rev. E. R. Pipenburg, '02, of Colony Centre; Rev. J. H. Sharpe, '05, of Red Bluff; Rev. Paul G. Stevens, '05, of Covina; Rev. H. T. Caskey, '08, of Point Arena. The following members of the Alumni Association who took a part of their course in this Seminary were also present: Rev. James Falconer of Hollister, Rev. Arthur Hicks of Oakland and Rev. H. T. Dobbins of Colusa. The following alumni were in attendance at the Synod, but were unable to be at the luncheon: Rev. J. A. Merrill, '76, Los Angeles; Rev. Williel Thomson, '77, of Los Angeles; Rev. J. W. Lundy, '86, of Stockton; Rev. Harry Hillard, '01, of San Luis Obispo, and Rev. P. M. Walker, '06, of Fall River Mill. Rev. W. K. Guthrie, retiring president, presided. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. C. W. Anthony, the first graduate of the Seminary; vice-president, Rev. James Curry, D.D.; secretary and treasurer, Prof. Charles G. Paterson; orator, Rev. J. H. Sharpe; alternate orator, Rev. Paul G. Stevens. At this meeting $150 was subscribed towards the Alumni Fellowship for next year.

Among the most important items of business in the Synod relating to the Seminary was the unanimous confirmation of the election of Dr. Mackenzie to the presidency.

Rev. E. L. Rich, '96, was vice-moderator, and performed all his duties with modesty and efficiency.

Rev. Geo. G. Eldredge, '96, president of the Board of Directors, presented a very interesting and hopeful report on behalf of the Board, which was well received.

Rev. William Kirk Guthrie, '96, was chairman of the Seminary Committee, and made its report.

Rev. Charles R. Callender, '96, recently from Laos, made an impressive address when the subject of Foreign Missions was under consideration.

The Synodical committee on examinations was continued for another year except that Judge Law of Merced takes the place of Mr. Alexander Walde.

Dr. Landon preached last Sabbath for Dr. Walker in the Immanuel church of Los Angeles. In introducing him, Dr. Walker, who is one of the directors, made a rousing appeal for a hearty support of our own Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bouick attended the meetings of Synod and were warmly welcomed by the alumni.

Rev. M. T. A. White, '82, of Tehama, has been elected Sunday-school missionary for the Presbytery of Sacramento.

Rev. Paul G. Stevens, '06, of Covina, is engaged with the other ministers of his town in union evangelistic services with encouraging results.

Rev. S. H. Jones, '98, is pastoral evangelist of the new Presbytery of Nevada.

Rev. H. H. Wintler, '98, who recently resigned his pastorate in Oakland, was married in Berkeley on Tuesday evening of last week. He has accepted a call to Los Gatos and has already entered on his work there.

RENEWED EFFORT FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

By Giles Kellogg, Los Angeles.

Delivered Before the Synod of California.

This is a great world in which we are living. Since six o'clock this morning some 80,000 human lives have been born into it, all with immortal souls to be saved. Scattered throughout the world there is due to these souls some part of that great blessing of which we are the inheritors. For as we in this building have coursing through our veins the blood of Saxons, Angles and Teutons, it must be remembered that our ancestors, brought to Christ by the solicitude of Augustine or Paulinus, were men of blood, and we thus are children of converts from paganism and darkness. Fairness demands that we pass to others that which came to us by the message of the Cross. But why is it that at this particular time the men of our church especially are actively enlisting themselves in the spread of truth in foreign lands? Why does Toronto decide to raise its gifts from $141,000 to $500,000 and the men of the Presbyterian Church in the South from $275,000 to $1,000,000, and the men of the Methodist Church in the South from $230,000 to $1,000,000? It is because of the realization of the fact that the Eastern nations are in state of flux, with five years now counting more than fifty years in the past century, and that the opportunity must needs press home to us the responsibility of each church member assuming the charges for the 75 souls which constitute his allotment of the unevangelized. That the $5 per year from each church member, which is needed to supply one missionary to each 25,000 on the foreign field, is not beyond reason seems quite apparent when we consider that many of the poorer churches, small in membership and in purse,

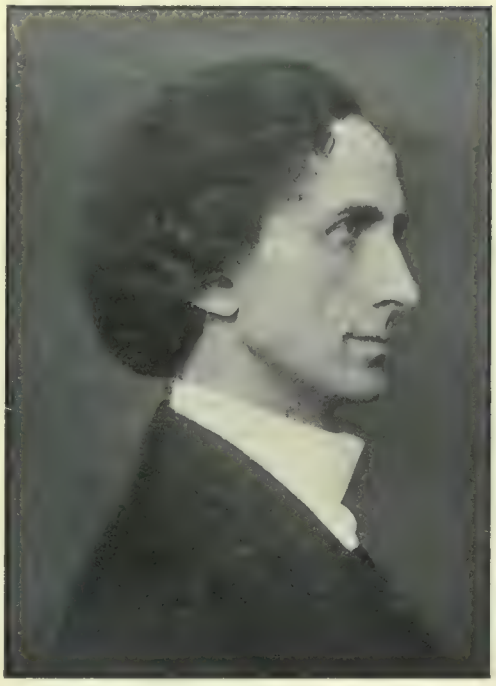
but strong in spiritual faith, are already giving from $8 to $13 per member to bring in the unevangelized on the foreign field. Los Angeles Presbytery feels its responsibility for 1,000,000 souls on foreign soil, representing its apportionment, and is solicitous to raise the $60,000 which should be its annual gift on the Omaha basis of $5 per member. To our pastors it will be a great aid for three from a session to list the membership of its church roll and with the aid of a member of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, effect an active canvass for pledges to foreign missions, payable in amounts of not less than $5 annually, by a proportionate part deposited weekly or quarterly, and through such channels of the church as may best interest the giver, whether through the Sunday school, Women's foreign missionary societies, brotherhoods or other like channels. Where the first request may not meet with answer, another request will be mailed with new leaflets, that a genuine educational advance may be made for future years. How are we disposing of the wondrous efficiency of the Blood of Christ? The work is all done by Jesus Christ, and there is sufficiency of power from the Blood of Christ represented in this audience tonight to save the 90,000,000 of the Soudan and to save them at once. Full of thoughts of ourselves do we allow this marvelous efficiency of the Blood to lie unused? When speaking as to the end of the age, referred in Matthew 24th, Edersheim says that the last sign and the only sign is when the gospel is preached to the last nation as a **witness**; then shall the end come. God grant that we may be willing to offer the fervent prayer, "Come quickly Lord Jesus," and by offering the witness to the last nation hasten the coming of our Lord.

THE SYNOD OF WASHINGTON.

The Synod of Washington met in the First Presbyterian Church of Ellensburg, Wash., Oct. 1 to 4, and was preceded by a Synodical conference on Sunday-school work in the church parlors, with the following program: Illustrated Talk, Mr. W. A. Hillis; The Christian College and Training of Teachers, Rev. A. L. Hutchinson, D.D.; A Training School in Every City, Rev. W. A. Stevenson, Ph.D.; Music, the Soul of the School, Rev. Frank H. Mixsel; The Sunday School and Moral Training, Rev. J. M. Wilson, D.D.; The Bible Institute, Rev. M. A. Matthews, D.D.; Teaching the Lesson, Rev. James Thomson; Winning the Boys, Rev. W. A. Major, D.D.; The Making of Preachers, Rev. Owen Jones.

The Presbytery of Wenatchee was enrolled consisting of the following ministers, viz: Revs. Thomas H. Atkinson, John W. Berger, Walter L. Bone, Herbert M. Course, John B. Ferguson, William H. Hoole, James Howell, John A. McArthur, Irving T. Raab and James Thomson, Jr.; and the following churches, viz: Bridgeport, Cashmere, Coulee City, Krupp, Mold, Okanogan, Omak, Quincy, Saint Andrews, Waterville, Wenatchee and Wilson Creek.

The opening Synodical sermon of the moderator was a masterful discourse, especially inspiring to his ministerial auditors. Rev. Mark Alison Matthews, D.D., was chosen moderator. The business of Synod was transacted with thoroughness and dispatch. Many of the acts of the court were suggestive of the growth of the work, as for example the erection of the new Presbytery of Columbia River, by the division of the Presbytery of Olympia; the transference of the churches and ministers of Snohomish county from Seattle to Bellingham Presbytery, and the favorable consideration of the proposition to make the Synod a delegated body.



REV. MARK A. MATTHEWS, D.D.,
Moderator of the Synod of Washington.

Rev. D. O. Gormley, D.D., was re-elected to the office of Synodical missionary. An executive commission was created according to the recommendation of General Assembly, to serve in three classes, one elected each year, and to have charge of the apportioning of the annual budget to the Presbyteries. Special discussion and enthusiasm was aroused by the reports of the permanent committees on Comity, Temperance and Sabbath Observance, Home and Foreign Missions holding their usual place of pre-eminence.

In view of the approaching date of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, to be held in Seattle in 1909, the work of the committee on securing the closing of the Exposition on Sunday was backed by a resolution of no uncertain sound,



—Courtesy Seattle Post-Intelligencer

REV. W. A. HITCHCOCK,
Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Ellensburg, Washington.

demanding that the Lord's Day be not so profaned. A committee on preparing a Presbyterian Exhibit was authorized to collect of our church in the Pacific Northwest, including Alaska, but to refuse to place said exhibit in the Exposition unless Sunday closing is guaranteed. The work of compiling a history of the work of our church in the Northwest was delegated to Rev. Thomas M. Gunn, D.D., and the last named committee was authorized to co-operate in the collection of the material and to devise plans for financing and publishing the work, and to manage the sale of it at the Exposition and elsewhere.

A committee was appointed, as had already been done by the Presbytery of Seattle in the celebration of the year 1909, the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin. The observance will be held in the First Church, Seattle, and will include a week of lectures by Professor Patton, of Princeton, and a series of "Calvin Institutes," or daily studies in Bible doctrine for the ministry and laity.



—Courtesy Seattle Post-Intelligencer

First Presbyterian Church, Ellensburg, Washington.

Dr. W. S. Holt, Pacific field worker of the Home Board, was on hand and led in his enthusiastic manner the conference on Home Missions. Rev. W. H. Landon, D.D., gladdened the hearts of the San Francisco Seminary frontiersmen by his presence, and laid upon the ministers and churches of the Synod the burden of their share of responsibility for the lack of candidates for the ministry, which at present is lamentable. He showed that our Coast Seminary is doing its duty by the West. Seven graduates of the Seminary were present at Synod. These enjoyed a profitable conference with Dr. Landon, while accepting of his hospitality at tea at The Antlers.

Miss Julia Fraser, Pacific Coast field worker of the Woman's Board conducted the Saturday evening meeting, a rally on Foreign Missions. One of the faithful attendants of Synod, without whom the circle would not be complete, is Miss Kate McBeth, and with her were the noble, manly, yes, handsome Indian ministers and eldres, who are crown-stars for Miss McBeth and her sainted sister, through whose patient training and efficient eldership and ministry has arisen among the Nez Perces.

Synod was addressed by President B. H. Kroeze, of Whitworth College, and the Synod's committee on Whitworth College presented a report, which was adopted, commending the work being done by this our Synodical institute, and calling upon all our churches to send their sons and daughters to the college and give the school their financial support. A special fund was raised on the floor of Synod towards establishing in Whitworth College a Chair of English Bible.

Rev. J. M. Wilson, D.D., presided at a meeting in the interest of good citizenship. "The Four I's of a Good Citizen" was a subject strongly presented by Rev. Murdock McLeod, D.D., of Tacoma. Mr. Boyd P. Doty, State attorney of the Anti-Saloon League, presented powerfully and most acceptably the claims of Christian citizenship and the opportunity of the hour in the State of Washington for securing local option. Professor W. E. Wilson, principal of the Ellensburg State Normal School, presented a paper on the Rejuvenescence of the Sunday School.

Wednesday afternoon the members of Synod were guests of the faculty of the Normal School. The ruling elders held a profitable conference on the "Budget Plan," conducted by Mr. U. K. Loose. Dr. Matthews led the conference in the interests of the Presbyterian Brotherhood. Many of the delegates and ministers found it necessary to leave before Sunday, but he pulpits of Ellensburg churches were filled on Sunday by members of Synod. The change of time of Synod proposed last year was adopted at this meeting, and hereafter Synod will convene Tuesday evening for the moderator's sermon, and Synodical communion will be observed on Wednesday at 11 a. m., the session not extending over

Sabbath. Westminister church of Seattle extended an invitation to the Synod for next year's meeting, which was accepted.

PRESBYTERY OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

This presbytery met at Ashland, Oregon, on Wednesday, October 7, and was opened with a sermon by the retiring moderator, the Rev. Ward W. MacHenry. Rev. Geo. Pratt of Klamath Falls was elected moderator. The Rev. Robert McLean was received from the Presbytery of Porto Rico. It was voted to receive Rev. W. A. Smith, and the stated clerk was instructed to enroll him upon receipt of his letter from the Presbytery of Willamette. A special committee, appointed at the spring meeting to organize a church at Central Point, reported that the organization had been effected. It was ordered that the church be enrolled as the First Church of Central Point. A call from the Bethany Church of Grants Pass for the services of Rev. Robert McLean as pastor was presented. After referring the call to a special committee, and finding it in order, it was placed in Mr. McLean's hands. He having signified his acceptance of the call, it was arranged that the service of installation occur in the church at Grants Pass on Oct. 22. Rev. John E. Day of Woodville was appointed to preside, preach the sermon and propound the constitutional questions; Rev. J. K. Howard of Glendale to give the charge to the pastor; and Rev. W. W. MacHenry of Ashland to give the charge to the people.

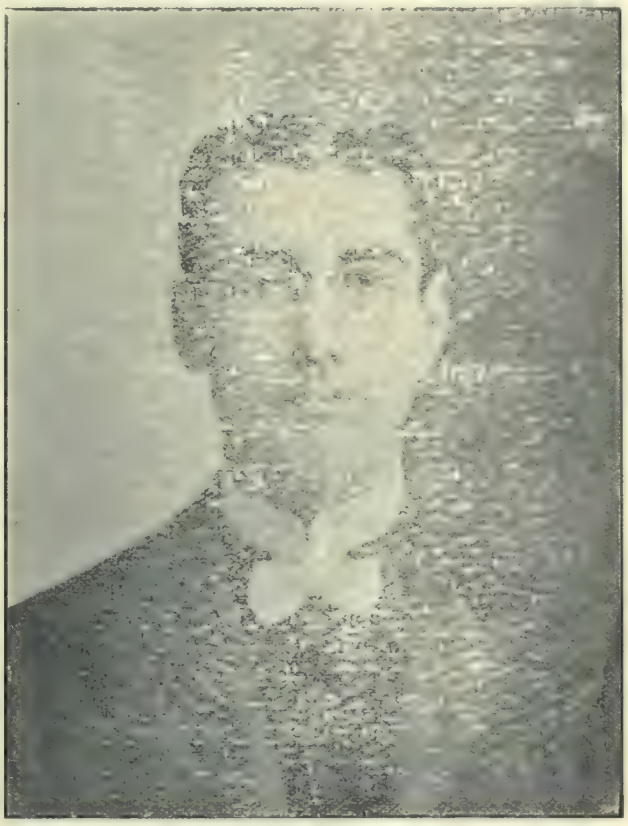
A request from Rev. H. H. Brown, of Marshfield, asking for a dissolution of the pastoral relations, was read. The church concurred, and it was granted. Rev. J. E. Burkhart of North Bend was appointed to declare the pulpit vacant on the first Sunday in November. He was also appointed to moderate the session. On request Rev. H. H. Brown was dismissed to the Presbytery of Jersey City.

In accordance with a communication from Dr. Ira Landrith, General Secretary of the Presbyterian Brotherhood, urging some presbyterial organization along this line of work, a committee on Brotherhood was appointed to act in this capacity until the spring meeting. The members of the committee are Rev. W. F. Shields, Rev. J. E. Burkhart and Elder J. Pardee. In response to a petition signed by thirty-three members and twenty adherents, asking that a church be organized at Spring Lake, a committee consisting of Revs. George Pratt and L. M. Anderson of Klamath Falls and Merrill, respectively, was appointed to effect the organization, if the way be clear.

The Home Mission Committee reported that Rev. J. K. Howard had assumed charge of the church at Glendale on August 15, and that the prospects were very good for a successful work there. The Oakland-Yoncalla field has called Rev. J. R. Evans, who is on the field and will probably accept. The right man has not yet been secured for the Curry county work. Rev. George H. Roach of Bandon has been giving some time to the field, and it is hoped a man may be secured for regular work in the near future. Rev. C. E. Botts left the work at Myrtle Point on Oct. 1 to accept work in Washington. This leaves the Myrtle Point-Coquilla field vacant and desirous of a pastor at an early date.

An Executive Commission was elected, consisting of Rev. George Pratt, Rev. Robert McLean, Rev. W. W. MacHenry and Elders Warren and Benedict. Their powers are limited to (1) The disposition of the Budget plan, (2) Receiving and dismissing ministers, and (3) Acting as a committee on vacancy and supply in the case of self-sustaining churches.

The Rev. J. K. Howard was elected pastor-evangelist for the year beginning April 1, 1909, and is recommended to the Home Board for commission as such. The Presbytery adjourned to meet at North Bend the third Tuesday in April. J. E. BURKHART, Stated Clerk.



REV. H. W. JONES,
Retiring Moderator of the Synod of Utah.

THE SYNOD OF UTAH.

The Synod of Utah met in Idaho Falls, Idaho, Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1908. The opening sermon, which certainly was a strong one, was preached by Rev. Charles L. Chalfant, pastor of the First Church in Boise, Idaho. The Synod, made up of the three Presbyteries of Utah, Boise and Kendall, was at this session well attended. This Synod covers Utah and the greater part of Idaho. So you see we are identified with the section of country now attracting a great deal of attention, both East and West. The statements made on the floor of Synod in reference to the developments in Idaho especially, seemed almost too great to be told in a religious assembly. But they were true, for the brethren vouched for them.

Rev. E. G. McNiece, D.D., a resident in Utah for 31 years, was made moderator. This was especially fitting at this time, since he was a member of the Synod when it included within its bounds Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana. It was afterwards changed to include Montana, Idaho and Utah, then again changed to include Idaho and Utah, and at this meeting, Synod overtured the Assembly, which is to meet in Denver, to divide into two, the Synod of Idaho and Synod of Utah.

The reports to the Synod were all good. We felt as we

listened that there was an earnestness on the part of the men which manifested itself in all of the reports. While these men are pioneers, and are encountering many serious difficulties, they are not discouraged, they are men of faith. This meeting showed great diligence on the part of all in taking possession of the strategic points for church work. We think we are keeping pace with the marvelous developments of the country. We would like for the Presbyterians, who are seeking for homes in a new country, to look this way and find out what this Inter Mountain can offer them. Dr. Donaldson, field secretary, was present and gave us a very strong and helpful address. The overture from the Presbytery of Utah asking for division into three Presbyteries was granted. Now we shall be known to the church as the Presbyteries of Ogden, Salt Lake City and Southern Utah. Let all the men now living who were once members of the old Presbytery of Utah take notice of the change.

Rev. Josiah McClain was reappointed Synodical superintendent of missions for another year, also Rev. H. W. Rankin was reappointed Synodical Sunday-school missionary for another year. The spirit manifested at this last meeting of the the old Synod of Utah was very beautiful. Favorite and appropriate scripture verses were given by different members. This was followed by four short addresses given by Barton, McClain, Boyd and McNiece, men who had been on the ground for 23 years and more, Then three brethren led in prayer, followed by the singing of the old hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," and the moderator in a brief prayer closed this interesting meeting. If the division is made by the Assembly the new Synod of Utah will meet August 26, 1909. The new Synod will meet in Twin Falls, Oct. 13, 1909.

PRESBYTRY OF COLUMBIA RIVER.

The new Presbytery of Columbia River was, by direction of the Synod of Washington, organized at Vancouver, Wash., October 13. Rev. Angus McKenzie was elected moderator; S. Alexander George, stated clerk; and W. W. Edmondson, permanent clerk. The presbytery comprises seven counties, six of which formerly belonged to the Presbytery of Olympia and one to the Presbytery of Central Washington. It has at present fifteen ministers and twenty-one churches. The routine business of organization having been attended to, presbytery adjourned to meet at South Bend, Wash., on the second Thursday of April, at 7:30 p. m.

S. ALEXANDER,
Stated Clerk.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENDORSED BY SYNOD.

Future of Presbyterian Coast Paper Assured.

The enthusiastic reception given to the men responsible for the Pacific Presbyterian by the delegates of Synod, and the hearty words of approval spoken, show how highly the ministers and elders prize the paper. The commendation and praise of Synod was voiced in a resolution offered by the vice-moderator, and unanimously adopted. The resolution appears in full in the report of the Synod, published on another page.

The paper was represented before Synod by the associate editors, Rev. Lapsley A. McAfee, D.D., Rev. Orlando E. Hart, D.D., and the manager, Earl S. Bingham. The moderator and other brethren of Synod took occasion to warmly endorse the paper. It was suggested that every pastor take immediate steps to introduce the paper into the families of his church, and that each pastor make a determined effort to secure at last one subscription for every twenty members of his congregation. Some of the brethren pledged themselves to do better than this. The value of the paper to the Pacific Coast and the great service it is rendering the church is appreciated, as is shown by the offers of nearly all the delegates to do all in their power to largely increase its circulation in their churches. We are expecting to soon hear results from this wor,k and think that ere long it will be necessary to enlarge the paper to contain the reports of the great work being done by the Presbyterian Church in his Western field. There is no question but what the 80,000 Presbyterians in these states fronting the Pacific, can and will generously support a great denominational paper if aroused to its needs by pastors and elders. We are hoping for great things and expect great things.

Prominent Presbyterians to Contribute.

The Pacific Presbyterian is pleased to announce that it has secured the services of a number of prominent persons to contribute special articles to its columns, among these being Mr. John Willis Baer, LL.D., President of Occidental College, Los Angeles, known the world over as a leader in young people's work; Rev. Hugh J. Furneaux, who will furnish a number of his typical sketches of life in the mining and lumber camps of the mountains of California; and Miss Donaldina Cameron, Superintendent of the Mission Home, San Francisco, has consented to tell for the readers of the Pacific Presbyterian a number of her thrilling experiences in rescuing Chinese girls from the high-binders. Miss Julia Fraser, Pacific Coast Field Worker of the Woman's Board, will continue to give her interesting articles concerning her work and travels. Miss Mary Jewett of Persia, the first missionary of the Woman's Board of the Northwest, will contribute two articles, "The Condition of Moslem Women in Persia" and "The False Prophet of Arabia." This is the beginning of special articles to be contributed by foreign missionaries concerning their fields and work. We are to have the co-operation of Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, in securing these. An article will appear each month concerning the country designated for that month in the year book of prayer for Foreign Missions. In addition a friend of the Pacific Presbyterian, who is making a two years' tour of the world, will contribute frequent articles concerning the most unfrequented points of interest of the trip. These will appear under the signature of "A Scotch Girl."

With this wealth of material in sight, and reports of the work of eight hundred churches, seven Synods and thirty-nine presbyteries, it does look as if the Pacific Presbyterian should be able to furnish a splendid publication, and it will, if the paper has the full co-operation of all the churches in the matter of securing news and subscriptions.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHURCH NEWS

Dr. Silas F. Johnson of Efulen Station, West Africa Mission, gave a very interesting address in the Central Church, Los Angeles.

Rev. J. S. McDonald, D.D., of Corte Madera, historian of the Synod of California, occupied the pulpit of West Lake Church, Los Angeles, at a recent Sunday evening service.

The Church of the Redeemer, Los Angeles, Rev. J. D. Habbick, pastor, is greatly in need of a new building. Services, both morning and evening, are crowded.

WASHINGTON.

SOUTH BELLINGHAM.—Rev. J. M. Wilson was installed over Fairhaven church, in this city, Oct. 14. Rev. F G. Strange, D.D., preached the sermon; Rev. W. C. Jones of North Bellingham presided and propounded the questions; Rev. J. Macartney, pastor of the High Street church, Bellingham, charged the pastor and Rev. James Thomson, pastor-evangelist, addressed the people. Mr. Wilson recently returned from a three-months' vacation in the East, and he enters upon the duties of his pastorate with much to encourage him. He has been supply pastor to this church for nearly two years, and his installation is a happy consummation. The city is growing, and the church is more than keeping up with the growth. With a strong preacher, a wise pastor and a great builder for its minister the church must go forward, with God's blessing.

ANACORTES.—Rev. H. T. Mitchelmore has resigned his pastorate in this city, that he may accept a position as sectary of the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. of Boise, Idaho. He has been pastor in Anacortes for more than two years and has done a good work. A special meeting of the Presbytery of Bellingham is called, to meet in Bellingham, Oct. 30, at 2 p. m., to dissolve the pastoral relations and dismiss Brother Mitchelmore to the Presbytery of Boise.

CALIFORNIA.

ALHAMBRA.—Twenty-five new members were received into this church at the last communion service. The pastor, Rev. S. T. Montgomery, is an able leader, and the church as a whole shows a progressive spirit.

LOS ANGELES, Second.—Ten new members, eight on confession of faith, have lately been received into his church. The greatly beloved pastor, Rev. J. R. Compton, after an illness of four months, is again at work among his people.

LOS ANGELES, Sunset Hills Mission.—The new chapel for this mission, Golden Gate Avenue and Sunset Boulevard, will be formally opened next Sunday. This mission is steadily growing in numbers, and great interest is manifested in both the preaching services and Sunday-school work.

LOS ANGELES, Third.—The pulpit of this church was supplied very acceptably for two Sabbaths recently by the Rev. H. H. Fisher of Brooklyn, N. Y., brother of Rev. C. M. Fisher of South Pasadena. The church is now without a pastor, and it is hoped that a strong man will soon be found to fill this important position.

VANCOUVER, First.—Rev. Harry S. Templeton was installed pastor of this church on the evening of October 14. Dr. Foulkes of Portland preached the sermon; Dr. B. Corvallis gave the charge to the pastor; and Rev. James A. Laurie, Jr., gave the charge to the people. Rev. William W. Edmonson, of Ellsworth, presided.

PROF. WITCHER TO LECTURE.

On Friday, October 30th, at 2:30 p. m., Professor Edward Arthur Wicher, of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, at San Anselmo, will give a public lecture in the Assembly Hall of the seminary upon "The Pronunciation of Ancient Greek Historically Considered," to which all who are interested are invited.

A TRANSFORMATION.

The mere chronicling of the fact that a great local option victory was won in Oregon last June does not tell the whole story. There was behind the 1908 struggle and victory a well-organized plan, running back for at least four

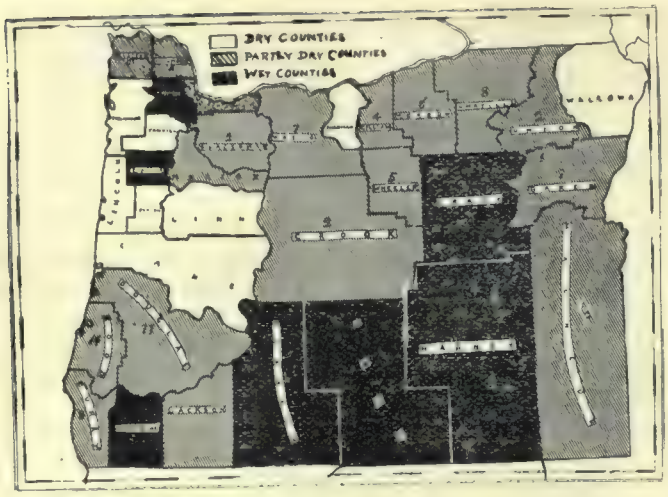


years, and having two more years yet to run before it is completed.

The maps accompanying this article are illustrative of both the finished and the unfinished portions of the Anti-Saloon League program.

In 1904 a temperance man looking over the map of the State of Oregon, with reference to the State's position on the prohibition question, would find it looking like the first map of the series of four, given above. Oregon was a license state, and so, in the language of the temperance reformer was a "wet" and "black" State. It is not meant to say there was no place in Oregon where the saloon was prohibited. There were several small places into which the saloon could not enter because of a clause in the deeds to the land sold. There were also a few instances—very few, indeed,—where, by protest of the inhabitants, the saloon was denied admission. But so far as the law of the state was concerned, in 1904, the state was "black" and "wet."

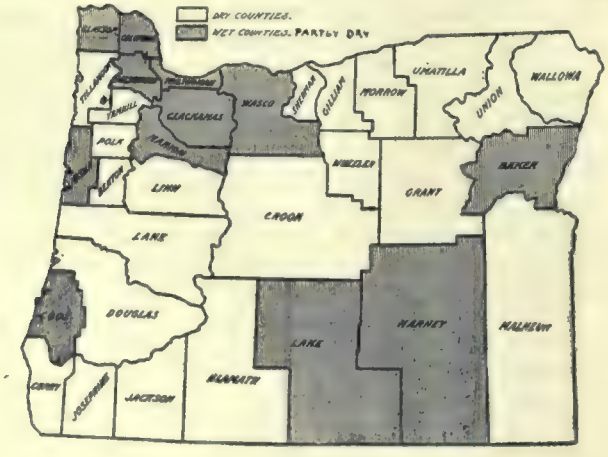
The next year, by "initiative," a local option law was obtained, and by a good majority. This law was a kind of "enabling act," allowing any county in the state, or any precinct, or any combination of precincts, by a majority of the votes cast on that question, to prohibit the sale of intoxicants within the bounds of the territory so voting. For the purpose sought, there is no better law anywhere in the



United States. Though it is not hard to find weak places in this law, it is, on the whole, an excellent instrument with which to fight the saloon. The history of the struggle since its passage demonstrates its great value.

The second map shows what was done for the state in 1906, by means of this law. About twelve of the counties of the state sought the benefits of the local option law, in this year, and as will be seen by reference to the second map eight whole counties were cleansed of the sinful traffic, and about seventy-five precincts besides in counties which had not faith enough, as a whole, to try conclusions with the traffic, but did so successfully in some of their precincts, while some of the counties, that strove for mastery, were unsuccessful, as a whole, but were successful in certain precincts in the counties voting. This leaves the state map black and shaded and white. The black counties, retaining as their policy the granting of liquor license. Shaded, those counties in which some one or more precincts adopted local option as their policy, and white counties those that denied the liquor traffic a legal standing anywhere within their borders.

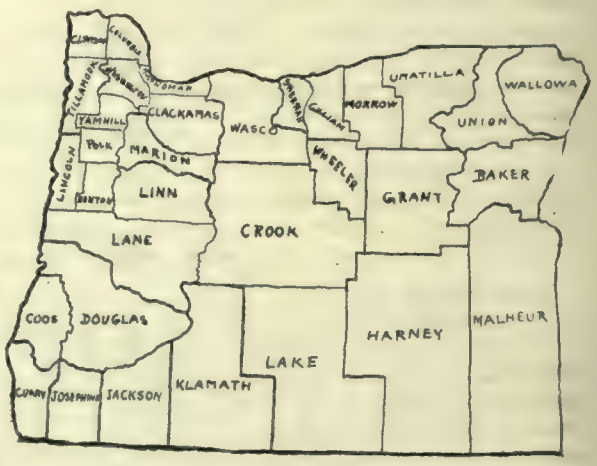
That was the condition in Oregon in the beginning of 1908, when Rev. J. R. Knodell, so wel known in church and league work in California, was made leader of the temperance forces in Oregon. Promptly on taking up the management in that state the work of organizing the "black" and "shaded" counties for a campaign against the saloon was begun. In a few weeks twenty-one counties had filed



petitions with their respective county courts asking that the question be put on the ballot. In addition to these the liquor men petitoned for resubmission in seven of the eight counties "dry" before. This made twenty-eight county contests, and about thirty more in precincts. For five months the battle was waged as no battle was ever before fought in Oregon. When the election was over, and the ballots were counted, the map of Oregon was shaded as in the third map of the series. Twenty-one white counties instead of eight, as before election, and one hundred and seventeen white precincts in black counties, in place of the seventy-five dry precincts outside of the white counties before election. This is the condition today. Twenty-one "dry" counties and twelve partly "dry." More than half the area of Oregon is cleansed from the leagalized saloon. One-half of the population in the state are living in "dry" territory.

The fourth map is a prophecy. It is also indicative of the rest of the program made out in 1904 and commenced in 1905. That program may be succinctly put into two sentences—A transformation scene: From black to white in five years.

The plan contemplates the filing of an "initiative bill" in 1910, which it is presumed will surely carry, and will thus make local option the policy of the whole state, and make



Oregon the first Pacific Coast state to put away this criminal traffic.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A branch of the Boston Emmanuel Movement has been opened in New York. The Rev. Dr. Batten, a professor in the Episcopal theological seminary, is in charge.

Theological seminaries report an increase in the number of matriculates this year.

It is no longer East divinity hall at Yale, nor West divinity hall, but Edwards hall and Taylor hall, in honor of Jonathan Edwards and Nathaniel W. Taylor—the one of the class of 1720; the other of 1807; and both of long prominence in the religious world.

The outlook for the unemployed is not promising for the winter months. That a hard winter is ahead is the prediction. But charity and relief organizations are expecting it and preparing for it. This was not the case last year. The crash of 1907 came without warning.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. Hiram Bingham the Christian world loses one of its missionary heroes. The son of one of the pioneer missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands, Hiram Bingham, Jr., early consecrated himself to the service of Christ on the islands yet farther out in the Pacific. Going to the Gilbert group in 1856 he accomplished finally, in later years, the task of giving to the people of those islands the Bible in their own tongue.

The comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper continues to meet with condemnation. One of the latest to write against it is Miss Summers, one of the best writers of stories for children. She says in the New York Times: "The comic suppliement of the Sunday newspaper is lowering the standard of literary appreciation and debasing the morals of the children of this country. It teaches children to laugh when boys throw water from an upper window upon an apple-woman, or outwit an old and infirm man. Humor has its place in the literature of childhood, and it would be well if gifted writers for children could be found capable of substituting genuine fun for the coarse, vulgar type now so prominent. The child learns in but one way, by reproducing in his own activity the thing he wishes to be. By means of the imagination the child forms a mental picture, which he holds in mind and strives to imitate. Therefore, the most vital purpose of the story is to give high ideals which are reproduced in character."

Young People

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

A Lover of Mankind.

(There was published about a year ago by the American Book Company of New York a book entitled "An American Book of Golden Deeds." The stories are by James Baldwin, an attractive writer, and the book is, throughout, one of high value for children. There are 45 different articles. We select one which we believe young and old will read with interest and profit.—Editor.)

One morning, about a hundred years ago, a farmer lad with a basket on his arm was walking to the village store in Franklin, Massachusetts. He was probably fourteen years of age, although you would have guessed him to be older. His face was pale and bore the saddened look of a child who had never known what it was to play. His clothing of home-made stuff was tattered and worn. His whole appearance told of poverty and hard work.

Some village boys saw him, and shouted, "There goes Horace. Let's have some fun with him."

They pelted him with mud. They threw stones into his basket.

"Hello, girly," said one, "have you washed the breakfast dishes yet?"

"How much straw can you plait in a day, Horry?" asked another.

They all hooted, "Girl-boy! girl-boy! girl-boy! Helps the women in the kitchen!" and they pranced around him in great glee.

But the lad walked on silently, seeming not to notice their ill-mannered taunts. At the store he was greeted kindly by the men behind the counter.

"Some more straw braid today, Horace?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "There's not so much as I hoped to bring, but I shall do better next week."

The storekeeper took the rolls of plaited straw from the basket, and soon figured up their value.

"One shilling and sixpence. And what will you buy today?"

"Half of it is mother's," answered Horace, "and half of it is mine. Mother will come in tomorrow and get what she needs. For my part, I want the arithmetic book that I was looking at last week. I know I lack three pence of having enough. I only want to ask if you will lay the book aside for me until next week, when I shall have enough to pay for it."

"You may take the book now," said the man, "and I will trust you for the balance till you have some more braid ready."

The lad thanked him, and tucked the precious book under his coat. Then taking up his empty basket he went out to meet the taunts of the street boys again.

"That's right, girly," they shouted after him; "run home now, and wash the breakfast dishes. Run home and plait some more straw."

"That lad will make his mark in the world," said the storekeeper to the group of loafers who were lounging at the door. "The boys make fun of him because he makes straw braids and helps his mother with her housework. But they'll be glad enough to do him honor by and by."

"Has he no father?" asked one. "Ah, no. His father died two years ago, and the boy has been the mainstay of the family ever since. And work, why he's never known anything but work. That boy never played a day in his life. He's at work on the farm whenever the weather will let him. And then of evenings and on rainy days he's always plaiting straw. Why, he plaits more straw than any woman or girl in Franklin. The hatmakers say that his braids are the best of any I send them.

"School? No, he never has time to go to school much. I guess he goes seven or eight weeks in midwinter, when he can't do anything on the farm. But they do say he knows more than the teacher, young as he is.

"Books? Well I should reckon. He's read everything in the Franklin library, and he has a few books of his own. They say that he sits up and reads when every one else is in bed. Sometimes he sits up till long after midnight. And they're so poor up at his house that I guess they can't afford to buy many candles, either."

II.

Such was the boyhood of Horace Mann. It was a boyhood unrelieved by any of the joy which children commonly know. He never knew a holiday. Marbles and kites and tops never came his way, for he had no time to spend with them. As for playing ball, he was too busy even to think of it. In fact, he never had any kind of plaything that he could call his own.

As he neared the age of manhood, however, he contrived to give more time to the study of books. Through his industry and self-denial his mother was at length quite well provided for. Why should he not indulge himself with a little of that learning for which he had always had such a hunger and craving?

One day when he was twenty years old, a school teacher whose name was Barrett surprised him by saying:

"Horace, you must go to college."

What a strange idea to put into the head of a young man who had neither money nor opportunities.

"Why, Mr. Barrett," said Horace, "I don't know enough to enter college. I have never studied Latin, and as for

Greek, I have yet to see the first book in that language. It is useless to think of such a thing."

"Not so useless as you suppose," said Mr. Barrett. "I have said that you must go to college, and I mean it. I myself will prepare you."

Horace did not require much persuasion, for all his ambition pointed that way. He set to work with a will, and so did Mr. Barrett. Within six months the young man mastered more Greek and Latin than most students learn nowadays in three years. Before he was twenty-one he had passed the examinations and entered the sophomore class of Brown University.

He had no money. He had no wealthy friends to help him along. But he was resolved to make his own way. He earned what he could by doing any odd job that turned up. For a few weeks in each year he taught a country school, keeping up his studies and passing the examinations as they came. He took care of his own room. He sometimes cooked his own meals. He lived sparingly.

At first his classmates were disposed to laugh at him. Yet he was so gentle in his manners, so brilliant of mind, so studious and earnest, that he finally won the admiration of all the students and the respect of all the professors. No finer classical scholar ever passed through Brown University. At the end of three years he graduated at the head of his class.

III.

Long before Horace Mann left college he had made up his mind to be a lawyer. At that time all the brightest young men in the country were preparing for the profession of law. It was the profession that would give the freest scope to the exercise of genius; it was the profession that offered the surest promise of fame and fortune.

There was a famous law school at Litchfield, Connecticut, and thither, at the age of twenty-four, went Horace Mann. As a matter of course, he was not long in pushing to the front. With his tireless energy and his natural brilliancy of intellect, his progress was but a series of intellectual triumphs. He soon became known as not only the best student, but the best lawyer in the school.

At the age of twenty-six he was admitted to the state bar of Massachusetts. The road to honor and distinction was open before him. As an attorney he had all the practice that he could manage. He was assured of a steady and increasing income. At thirty years of age he was chosen a member of the state legislature. He became known as, next to Daniel Webster, the greatest public speaker in Massachusetts. At length he was elected to Congress to succeed ex-President John Quincy Adams in the House of Representatives. Surely but few men at his age have ever had brighter prospects before them. But, notwithstanding his success, Horace Mann was ill at ease. "I ought to be doing more for humanity," he said.

The schools of Massachusetts, indeed of the whole country, were at that time very poorly managed and very inefficient. People felt but very little interest in education. The public schools were attended by only a few pupils, and these were of the poorer class. Thousands of children were growing up in ignorance and vice.

"This is not as it should be," said Horace Mann; and he began to study the subject with all his accustomed thoroughness.

"The children must be better cared for," he said. "The state must provide for the instruction of all. We must have more schools and better schools."

He brought his arguments before the legislature. His arguments were so clear and convincing that a law was passed providing for the general improvement of the schools in the state. More than this, Horace Mann himself was appointed secretary of the Board of Education, and it was made his duty to see that the provisions of the law were carried out. All of his friends were astonished when he accepted the position.

"It is the work of my life," he said. He closed his law office. He sold his law library.

"The bar is no longer my forum," he said. "I have betaken myself to the larger space of mind and morals.

The salary was small. The honors were few. The labor was great. Yet cheerfully did Horace Mann take hold of the work that was assigned to him, and manfully did he carry it forward.

He visited Europe and studied the best systems of education there. He lost no effort to make the schools of Massachusetts the best in the world. "We must have better teachers, better buildings, better school books, longer terms of school," he said; and for the procuremenet of these he toiled unweariedly.

The result is now to be seen in the high character and wonderful efficiency of the public schools all over the country. The good work which Horace Mann began in Massachusetts soon had its influence in other states. That good work, once begun, has never been abandoned or neglected, but still goes on. All that is best in the public schools today may be traced to the influence and work of this man, who was willing to sacrifice ease, honor, and fame in order to promote the welfare of the children.

Now-a-days there are comparatively few people who remember the name of Horace Mann, and fewer still who are acquainted with his history. But every child in the public schools of the United States should know that he owes very much of his own happiness to the energy and generous self-sacrifice of the boy who braided straw and helped his mother.

"Be ashamed to die," he once said, "until you have won some victory for humanity."

TRUE GLADNESS.

Be glad when the flowers are faded?
Be glad when the trees are bare?
When the fog lies thick on the field and moors,
And the frost is in the air?
When all around is a desert,
And the clouds obscure the light,
When there are no songs for the darkest days,
No stars for the longest night?

Ah, yes, for the truest gladness
Is not in ease or mirth;
It has its home in the heart of God,
Not in the loves of earth.
God's love is the same forever,
If the skies are bright or dim,
And the joy of the morning last all day
When the heart is glad in Him.

The Liquor Dealers' Association has suddenly turned into a reform association. It favors closing the saloons at midnight. That is a great concession. It has apopinted a committee to investigate saloon conditions. That is a great note. If it is not checked in its mad Don Quixote career of reform we fear it will vote for Chafin. These "anzels of light" will bear watching. Whosoever is deceived by them is not wise.

A FABLE.

A ragged beggar was creeping along the street. He carried an old walle and asked every passer-by for a few cents. As he was grumbling at his lot he kept wondering why it was that people who had so much were never satisfied, but were always wanting more.

"If I only had enough to eat and wear, I should be satisfied," said the beggar.

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him:

"Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold out your wallet, and I will pour this gold into it; but I will pour only on this condition—all that falls upon the ground shall become dust. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the beggar.

"Then have a care," said Fortune; "your wallet is old."

He opened the wallet quickly, and the yellow metal was soon pouring in.

"Is that enough?"

"Not yet," said the beggar.

"Isn't it cracking?" asked Fortune.

"Never fear. Just a little more," said the beggar; "add just another handful."

Another handful was added, and the wallet burst from end to end.—The Round Table.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED

THE VOICE OF PRAISE

NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2

PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED

OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

A TEACHERS' BIBLE

FOR $1.25 POSTPAID

Concordance to the Authorized and Revised Versions, Combined with a Subject Index and Pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names and A New Indexed Bible Atlas.

Minion type bound in Egyption Seal—with overlapping edges, round corners, red under gold edges.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

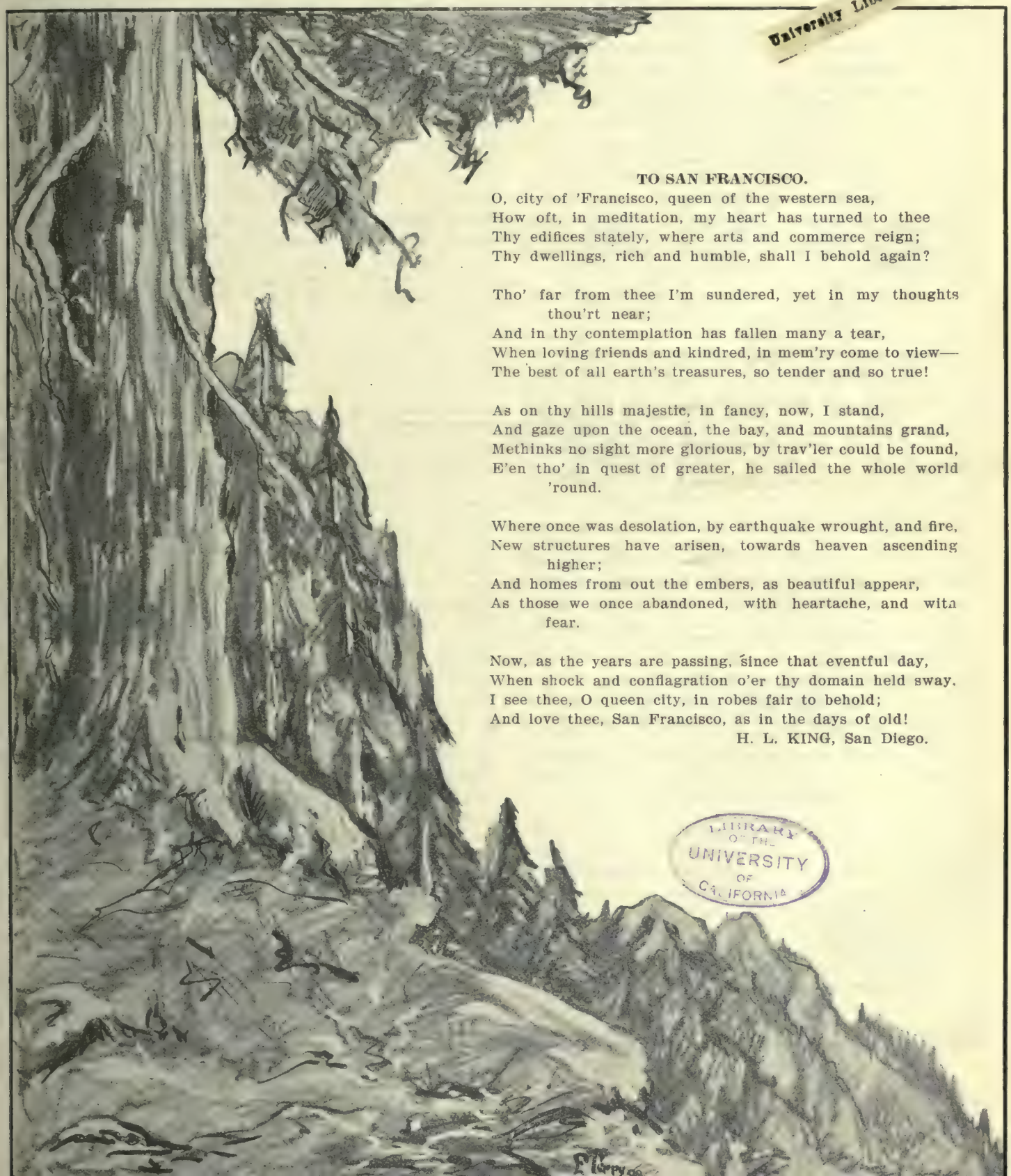
1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 5, 1908. No. 45

University Library



TO SAN FRANCISCO.

O, city of 'Francisco, queen of the western sea,
How oft, in meditation, my heart has turned to thee
Thy edifices stately, where arts and commerce reign;
Thy dwellings, rich and humble, shall I behold again?

Tho' far from thee I'm sundered, yet in my thoughts thou'rt near;
And in thy contemplation has fallen many a tear,
When loving friends and kindred, in mem'ry come to view—
The best of all earth's treasures, so tender and so true!

As on thy hills majestic, in fancy, now, I stand,
And gaze upon the ocean, the bay, and mountains grand,
Methinks no sight more glorious, by trav'ler could be found,
E'en tho' in quest of greater, he sailed the whole world 'round.

Where once was desolation, by earthquake wrought, and fire,
New structures have arisen, towards heaven ascending higher;
And homes from out the embers, as beautiful appear,
As those we once abandoned, with heartache, and with fear.

Now, as the years are passing, since that eventful day,
When shock and conflagration o'er thy domain held sway.
I see thee, O queen city, in robes fair to behold;
And love thee, San Francisco, as in the days of old!

H. L. KING, San Diego.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt, D.D. Rev. Dwight E. Potter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.
EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager
433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.
Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.
Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.
Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.
Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

WHEN THE SON OF MAN COMETH, SHALL HE FIND FAITH ON THE EARTH?

If there are any who are asking the question, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" we refer them to the introduction of the minutes of Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church in Korea, which are printed herewith. For real faith coupled with works, and enthusiasm that venteth itself in hallelujahs in print, we point to the Korean Christians. We are sure that every Presbytrian will read this introduction with approval and rejoicing.

Introduction to the Minutes of Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church in Korea.

(Translated.)

Spiritual and great is the excellent Presbytery! The Head of the Church, the Lord Jesus Christ, having selected the apostles and disciples, ordained them to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven in all the world for the salvation of the souls of all men.

Thus commissioned by the Lord Jesus Christ, the apostles and disciples carefully kept the special command of the Lord, given as he ascended to Heaven; and all with one accord assembled in the upper room at Jerusalem and gave themselves to earnest prayer. After they were filled with the power of the Holy Spirit, promised by God, they were able to speak with other tongues and work miracles, and being scattered abroad, preached the Gospel to every nation under Heaven. Those who repented and believed on the Lord, they baptized in the name of the Lord and made disciples. From amongst those believing brethren they chose men and ordained them as elders and pastors to govern the church.

From Antioch of old, Paul and Barnabas and two or three believing brethren went up as delegates to Jerusalem, and being assembled together with the pastors and elders of the original church at Jerusalem discussed and decided upon the regulations which the Church should observe. This truly is the origin of the Presbytery. Hallelujah! We will praise the deep love of our Heavenly Father, the Lord of Hosts; the wide mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church; and the great power of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter.

Our Korean people knew not God but worshipped spirits and idols; so there was no way of escape from the impending punishment of God. But the merciful God looked with compassion upon our countrymen and moved the hearts of our Christian brethren and sisters of the American Presbyterian Church, North and South, the Australian Presbyterian Church and the Canadian Presbyterian Church, and caused the General Assemblies of these four churches to select and send out missionaries to this country in 1884. During the twenty-three years that they have been preaching the Gospel, close to 100,000 people have repented and turned to the Lord.

In place after place they have ordained elders and founded churches. The English and American missionaries and the Korean elders from various places met together and discussed the affairs of the church; but not yet having ordained any Korean ministers they were unable to constitute a Presbytery,—and called these meetings the "Presbyterian Council." During this interval fifteen annual meetings have been held.

By the abounding grace of God, a few years ago, four General Assemblies, to wit, the American Presbyterian Churches, North and South, the Australian, and the Canadian Presbyterian Churches, granted special permission to organize the Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church in Korea. On Sept. 17th, 1907, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Council, Rev. S. A. Moffett, D.D., made a speech narrating how the authority of these four General Assemblies had been obtained to establish a Presbytery for the Church of Korea. He said, "This Presbytery depending upon the Lord Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church, and unshakably established in firm reliance upon the Cross, must become a glorious light before men and a pure and holy Presbytery before God;" and precisely at 12 M., declared the Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church of Korea duly constituted. Thereafter seven men, graduates of the Theological Seminary of Korea were ordained to the ministry, and the Presbytery was called "Tai-Han-Kuk Yeisu Yyo Chang-No-Hoi No-Hoi." (The Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church of Christ in Korea.) Truly this is the independent Presbytery of Korea! Hallelujah! Praise God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit! To Him be the glory, world without end! Amen.

PROGRESS IN HOME MISSIONS.

Address Delivered Before the Synod of California by Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., Field Secretary.

California is making rapid progress in the Home Mission work. One year ago the thought of self-support, for example, had received little or no attention. The good old plan

was working well, and was entirely satisfactory. Once a year an offering was made to the Board. If all was favorable it was a good offering, otherwise not. But last year the budget plan was introduced in every Presbytery. The Home Mission committee appointed one man in each Presbytery to have charge of the budget. He was made the special correspondent of the Field Secretary. From this latter officer monthly reports were made to the correspondent as to what churches had sent an offering, and how much. This kept every Home Mission committee acquainted with what the churches were doing. Those Presbyteries which had pastor-evangelists, had good help from them. As a result of this plan, and without special intent to become self-supporting, Riverside Presbytery actually sent the treasurer of the Board $326,—more than its grant from the Board. This was a practical self-support, and much appreciated. Los Angeles Presbytery assumed self-support and the management of its own Home Mission work, beginning April 1, 1908. Los Angeles Presbytery is the first in California to commit itself by official action in this new move, but Riverside was the first to do it.

At a meeting of the Home Mission committee of Oakland Presbytery, held early in the year, it was decided to aim at sending $2,500 to the Board of Home Missions the current year, as the grants for this year, including half salary of the pastor-evangelist. This makes Oakland the third Presbytery in the Synod to assume self-support. At the fall meeting of he San Jose Presbtyery it was shown that the Presbytery was on the VERGE of self-support. Accordingly, on the recommendation of Dr. Dinsmore, the veteran chairman of the Home Mission committee, the Presbytery unanimously voted to send the Board at least as much as it is receiving.

During the session of the Synod the Riverside Presbytery officially discussed its own situation, and also by unanimous vote decided to send the treasurer in New York at least as much as it draws out of the treasury. So today California has four self-supporting Presbyteries, and stands at the head of the list in the Pacific Coast District. This sets the pace, and it will be strange indeed if the splendid example does not serve as a gentle stimulant, not only on the Coast but throughout the United States.

A most interesting incident at the Synod, which was a delightful meeting throughout, took place after Dr. Noble presented his report. Dr. Noble expressed a strong desire to relinquish the office of Synodical Missionary, which he has filled so satisfactorily for seven years, but the Synod's Home Mission committee recommended his re-election. Dr. J. W. Baer, so long connected with the Home Board, expressed satisfaction with Dr. Noble's work in such strong terms that the Synod could only be satisfied by re-electing Dr. Noble, and by a unanimous rising vote. It was a splendid tribute to the efficiency of Dr. Noble's work, and worthy expression of the esteem in which he is held.

BANNER MISSIONARY CHURCHES.

In this day when money expended for the evangelization of the world means so much more than in any other time, it is only proper to give credit to those churches which most fully grasp this opportunity and show their appreciation by the most generous gifts to missions. The Laymen's Missionary Movement, which set a standard of $5 per member for many foreign missions, is finding many churches ready to come to this high standard of giving at once. Here on this Western shore, where much of the work is necessarily pioneer and itself missionary, the churches are responding nobly. In last week's issue the report of the Foreign Missions Committee at Synod gave the list of churches giving $2 and over, and named the San Anselmo Presbyterian church as having contributed more than $5 per member. The chairman of the Foreign Missions Committee, Richard Wylie, D.D., now writes to say that the banner belongs to the Los Angeles Chinese Presbyterian church, which with a total membership of thirty-six, gave $567, an average of $15.75 PER MEMBER. The San Anselmo church, with a membership of thirty-five, contributed $211 to Foreign Missions, or $6.03 per member. In this connection it is only fair to note that the San Anselmo church contributed $9.54 per member to home missions, as compared with 94 cents per member for the Chinese church. Still the banner would rest with the Chinese church, if the total contributions for Home and Foreign Missions is considered, as the Chinese gave $601 and the San Anselmo church $545.

We publish herewith a list of the banner foreign missionary contributing churches of California, consisting of those contributing more than $2 per member. We will be glad to change this list, and especially to add to it the names of any other churches entitled to a place herein. This list will be kept standing, and the churches of other Western states will be inserted in their proper order as fast as possible.

Banner Foreign Missionary Churches.

	Per Member
Los Angeles, Chinese	$15.75
San Anselmo	6.03
Pasadena, First	5.65
La Jolla	3.00
Redlands, First	2.95
Oakland, Union St.	2.83
Red Bluff	2.64
Santa Monica	2.50
Los Angeles, Highland Park	2.50
San Rafael	2.29
El Cajon	2.27
North Ontario	2.24
Fresno, First	2.21
Arlington	2.12
Los Angeles, Immanuel	2.08

MARTIN LUTHER'S ENLIGHTENMENT.

By Charles Gordan Paterson.

Delivered at the Opening of the San Francisco Theological Seminary.

One of the most fascinating things in the study of history is the study o fhistory is to perceive how epoch-making events have been embodied in individuals, and to discover the vital significance of them in the persons who were their centre and soul. The German Reformation was surely such a movement, and this was the relationship sustained to it by Martin Luther. If Louis XIV could say, "I am the State," much more truly might have Luther declared, "I am the Reformation." Naturally enough we explore for the secret spring of the life which gave to that revolution its character and power, suspecting from our knowledge of human nature andevents that the the real genesis of the Reformation may be located in some personal crisis through which its hero was called to pass. And we are not mistaken, for our study convinces us that the birthplace and birth-year of that great

event which marked the close of the last phase of the medieval era were the cell of Luther in the Erfurt convent, and the time of the spiritual enlightenment which brought to a close his long-drawn agony of soul. After that religious experience of his Luther was a new man, and when his ministry had ended, Europe in large part was found renewed in the things of the spirit.

In the year 1505, the year in which Knox was born, four years before the birth of Calvin, Martin Luther entered an Augustinian convent at Erfurt, at the age of twenty-two. This step occasioned the greatest surprise, even to those nearest to him; for he was in training for the law in the university of that city, and had proved a most successful student, with the brightest prospects of early and notable preferment in that influential profession. The explanation of his abrupt, though by no means unusual, change of plan has been given in several legends; but the reason must be sought in something far deeper than the impression made upon a sensitive nature by the sudden death of a companion. Happily we are told by Luther himself what that was. He says that he entered the convent to save his soul. Could he not haev saved his soul without thus withdrawing from the world? He doubted it, almost to denial; and therefore, to make doubly sure, he became a monk.

Regarding the character and life of Luther at this period three things are to be noted. In the first place, his was an intensely **practical** nature, rather than speculative. Herein he resembled Zevingli and Knox, and differed from Melancthon and Calvin. He did say, indeed, that in his case the proverb was true, "Doubt makes a monk;" but his doubt was concerning the possibility of his being saved if he remained in a secular calling, and not any intellectual difficulty. He was familiar from boyhood with such famous medieval representations as that of a ship bound for heaven and filled with priests and monks, who were casting ropes to the laymen who were sinking in the waves; or that of Jesus with awful frowning face, coming seated on a rainbow and with a flaming sword to judge him and send him to hell. And so, though he was not troubled with mental questionings of the accepted dogmas of the Church, he was deeply impressed by such conceptions of religious essentials, and tortured with fear lest he should be eternally damned. The most awful thoughts of the hereafter fell upon his very sensitive spirit like Dante's "flakes of fiery snow without wind," deliberate, incessant, unavoidable. He was like the Psalmist: day and night he felt God's hand heavy upon him, and his moisture was turned into the droght of summer. He was being inwardly consumed with longing for the peace which comes from the sense of God's pardon. It was his keenly realized need of divine forgiveness that drove him into the convent, the most practical matter conceivable. As a student his favorite authors were those that dealt with the practical side of religion, as a professor he sought to make his theological lectures guide men to God, as a preacher be made plain applications to daily life of the truths of scripture; and when the quiet man was finally stirred into becoming a reformer, it was because of the practical moral evils which resulted from the sale of indulgences, and not because of speculative interest in the subject.

Luther was, moreover, an eminently **pious** man, according to the standards of his day. He was famed as a young saint among his contemporaries, and as a model and miracle of piety. He was a monk of the monks, and as touching the rules of monasticism, blameless. Of himself he wrote later, "If a monk ever reached heaven by monkery, I would have got there also." With all the indeavor of an intense spirit this young devotee with thin, wan face, gleaming eyes, and look of fixed despair, sought to work out his salvation according to the medieval mode. By absolute submission to his superiors, by punctilous performance of every duty, by fastings and scourgings, by the unwearying use of every device furnished by the complicated penitential system of that age, Martin Luther for two bitter years, from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age, sought desperately to make himself fit to obtain God's forgiveness, and waited, sick at heart, for an expected feeling which never came. Biography does not furnish us with a more touching spectacle than that of this pure and ardent soul seeking, as he said, to get a footing on loose sand, which kept running from under him, going from one work to another in a pursuit of peace which was vain. He was too earnest to be deterred and too honest to be self-deceived. These months of struggle with the religion of the medieval church engaged in by Martin Luther constitute a veritable crisis in the history of our race. The fears of the past and the hopes of the future were concentrated in that one cell and soul.

In the third place, Luther's character was marked by genuine integrity. Fortunately for us, he never allowed the god of this world to draw the veil over his eyes. He met and resisted the severest of all temptations for one situated as he was, the praise of his holiness by his brethren. He writes thus: "Although I listened readily to the glowing language about myself, and allowed myself to be described as a wonder-worker, who could make himself holy in such was torment. He was without God and without hope, at I was the most miserable man on earth; day and night there was only wailing and despair, and no one could restrain me." He lived in a constant state of fear which has torment. He was without God and without hope, at the very time when he was being proclaimed abroad as a young saint. Flesh and blood could not have stood such a conflict much longer. If true peace were not found soon, insanity, death, or a temporary false peace must come. Such a man could not have rested with the latter, and God spared him the former by bringing him into the possesison of that which was to be the life of his life and the soul of the Reformation, the true knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

The spiritual illumination which finally dispelled Luther's darkness was from God, the Father of all lights; but he had been prepared to receive it by earthly agencies. The chief of these was John Stanitz, the Vicar-General of his order, who was attracted to him by his fame and his remarkable character and charm. It was to be his privilege and honor to play the part of Aquila to this young Apollos, and expound to him the way of God more perfectly. With loving sympathy he tried to discover what Luther's difficulties were, and with wise discrimination he directed him to where he could find their solution, to the Word of God. In the medieval church the scriptures were the final authority to which appeal was made; but they were held to contain a fourfold sense, and it was as perilous for a man to get the wrong meaning as it was difficult to be sure he had the right one. Hence it is no wonder that Luther had been doing little Bible study; especially since he had been first advised and then commanded by his professor of theology to let the Bible alone. This order was countermanded by Stanpitz, who told him to search, compare, and rest in the scriptures. But the greatest service which this good and wise man rendered to the future Reformer was to give him the real meaning of one of the chief phrases in the Bible, **"the righteousness of God."** (Rom. 1:17). Luther had thought that this meant that by which a holy God condemned and punished sinners. He had been placing his sinful-

ness in contrast to God's holiness, and trembling at the thought. He knew that he ought to love God; but he knew also he never could love such an one as he conceived God to be. Stanpitz thereupon showed him that he was quite right in settling over against each other God's righteousness and his own sinfulness, but that he was wrong in leaving these two things in permanent opposition in his thought. He led him to see with great joy that the divine righteousness was that by which a jus and merciful God justified sinners through faith in Jesus Christ. And this faith, Luther soon learned, was not a believing something about God, but a throwing one's self upon God, a trusting God by the exercise of a power given by himself.

This human friend had shown him the first glimmerings of light, and at last the divine Helper and Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, gave him a revelation, which came as he was pondering afresh the Epistle to the Romans. The enlightenment which changed the life of Martin Luther was was that by which a just and merciful God justified sinners with his God. In other words, that to him, as a believer, belonged the priestly privilege of access to God, no human mediator being successful. For ten years there was not much alteration in his outward relationships; but this discovery in the Erfurt convent wrought an inward change which made him strong in himself and a source of strength to others. This vision of God, this life-giving contact with the Unseen, fitted Luther to lead the greatest religious movement since Apostolic days, and to direct and control it till his death. He became supreme in the greatest of all spheres, that of religion, because that which is the elemental fact of Christianity, the personal relationship of trust in the living and present God and companionship with him, became the fundamental fact of his life. He had an experimental and first-hand knowledge of the God of all grace. Therefore he possessed that love which casteth out all tormenting fear of what God would or men could do unto him.

There are not wanting those who, like Karl Pearson, maintain that the intellectual enlightenment of the Renaissance was all that was needed, had it been allowed to proceed unhindered; that if men are made wise they will cease sinning; that the church could have been reformed by education, had Luther not made shipwreck of the plans of Erasmus. We are told that "the German Reformation was a moral catastrophe for the folk at large," and that there was a "frustration of Erasmus' attempt at rational reform by a violent conjuration of emotional ignorance." But we cannot read history to such a conclusion. The need of the great masses of that period was for something which the Humanists, with all their good qualities, did not possess. The people were longing, consciously or unconsciously, for a sense of God's forgiveness, for certainty of eternal salvation, for emancipation from fear of the priesthood, and for peace with God. Such spiritual freedom and moral renovation were not fruits to be plucked from the tree of Neo-Platonic ethics, nor plants to be forced by ecclesiastical legislation. Education does not work moral reformation; not even the spread of scriptural knowledge. There may be all this without the new religious experience, which alone insures a revival of the moral life. And the history of the church teaches us that they who have been leaders in such movements are they who have had a vision of God and communion with the Savior. "It is not to the clever folk," writes Amiel, "nor even to the scientific folk, that the empire over souls belongs, but to those who impress us as having conquered nature by grace, passed through the burning bush, and as speaking, not the language of human wisdom, but that of the divine will." In a word, the times in which Luther lived did not need another teacher such as Humanism supplied, but a prophet like unto Moses who spoke with God face to face. Such an one was the miner's son; and his personal religious experience, that the living God was ever present and immediately accessible to his children, became and continued the soul of the Protestant Reformation. After his enlightenment, Luther was the incarnation of joyful faith, and therefore able to lead his fellow-men out of ecclesiastical bondage into evangelical liberty. In a very real sense he became a captain of salvation and a prince of peace.

The account of Luther's enlightenment would not be complete, however, without recording that the God with whom he entered into companionship was He who was revealed in Christ. As for Paul and Athanasius, so for Luther, Jesus Christ filled the whole sphere of God; and a God so conceived he could and did love with all his heart, soul, strength and mind.

We hear from all sides that the Theological Seminary should prepare its students to understand and meet the demands of the generation to which they are to minister. This is very true so far as is meant the **religious needs** of the day. And the supreme religious need of every soul on every continent today, as in all the days, is the true knowledge of God. Men need to acquaint themselves with God as made known in Jesus Christ, and be at peace. It is life eternal that they should know the only true God and him whom he did send, even Jesus Christ. In the words of Harnack: "the Christian religion is the living assurance of the living God, who has revealed himself and opened his heart in Christ * * * nothing more." To gain this sense of the presence of Christ, and to cultivate it until it become the controlling fact of his life should be the one things sought by a man in the seminary days of peculiar opportunity, and to this great end all his theological training should minister. For he who sees Christ and abides in him will speak for him in irresistible fashion. Where there is no vision the people cast off restraint, we read in the Bible. How terribly true this is if the minister has no vision of his Lord! But whenever a Christian preacher and pastor moves among his people, glowing at heart from fresh communion with his Savior, their hearts are touched, their consciences pricked, and their intellectual difficulties disappear before the holy resolutions of surrendered wills. Not to be less of a teacher and organizer, but to be more of a seer and prophet should be the hope of each of us. The medieval missionary Ansgar, the Apostle of the North, had visions of his Lord which were most precious to him, and his own account of one of them is given by Neander. He thought himself lifted up to the source of light, from whence all holy beings drew their supplies. "All the ranks of the heavenly host, standing around in exultation, drew joy from this fountain. The light was immeasurable. And although I could see, far and near, yet I could not discern what was embraced within that light. I saw nothing but its outward shining; yet I believed that He was there. He himself was in a certain sense in all, and all around him were in Him. He encompassed them from without, and supplying their every want, inspired and guided them from within. **In every direction He was all.**" So may He be to us, our all and in all. May He be the recognized, loved and trusted Christ, our Lord and our God! Let us cultivate intellectual insight, literary skill, broad human sympahy, intense moral passion, but, above all else, overcoming religious faith in our invisible but present Lord. Surely no other period or place in life

will prove more favorable to all this than the student days passed in this delectable valley. Here may we have such spiritual enlightenment as shall make us the rich possessors of that which Martin Luther had, the liberty, the joy, and the power of a truly Christian man.

SYNODICAL AND PRESBYTERIAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.

In the future development of the Brotherhood movement, Synodical and Presbyterial organization must necessarily occupy a vital and conspicuous place.

One of the primary obligations of the National Council should be the effecting of Synodical organization with the following duties: (1) The holding of a Synodical Convention; (2) The promotion of Presbyterial organizations with working constitution and governing Council; (3) The general promotion, unification and stimulation of the movement within the Synod.

In cooperation with the National Council, a Presbyterial organization should be effected in each Presbytery with functions as follows: (1) The holding of a Presbyterial Convention; (2) The adoption of a constitution and the election of a Council to supervise the work within the Presbytery; (3) The organization of Brotherhoods; (4) The increased efficiency of the various organizations and their departments of activity; (5) The conduct of enterprises needing the combined force of the Brotherhoods in the Presbytery.

This scheme of organization will require within each Presbytery and Synod a governing Council elected by the annual Convention and entrusted with the promotion of the Brotherhood work within the bounds of its territory. The Presbyterial and Synodical Committees on Brotherhood would sustain the same relation to the Presbyterial and Synodical Brotherhood organization and Council that is now maintained by the General Assembly's Committee on Brotherhood to the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America and its Council. This would consist of the receiving of the Annual Report and passing thereon, and inasmuch as each Presbyterial and Synodical Brotherhood organization must necessarily be under the control of the church judicature, its functions would include the general oversight of the Brotherhood work within its territory in its capacity as a Standing Committee of Synod or Presbytery.

The plan of organization should also provide for the articulation of the Presbyterial and Synodical organizations with the National Council in view of its relationship of responsible supervision for the movement throughout the country.

HENRY E. ROSEVEAR.

WOMAN'S OCCIDENTAL BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

920 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

Mrs. R. L. Madden, Recording Secretary.

The regular monthly meeting of the Occidental Board was held Monday, November 2, at 10:30, in Culbertson Hall. The president, Mrs. H. B. Pinney, presided and led the devotional service, reading the 20th Psalm.

Mrs. H. H. Gribben announced two new Baby Bands in San Francisco, with a total enrollment throughout the territory of the Board of 1,200 members. Mrs. J. G. Chown reporting for Presbyterials, said that a Spanish-speaking society had been organized in Arizona. Los Angeles Presbyterial has been blessed with visits from several of its children, among them Mrs. Fulton of Japan, Mr. Glunz of the Philippines, Dr. Maude Mackey of China, and Mrs. Silas F. Johnson of Africa. All societies are endeavoring to gain numerically, financially and spiritually.

Mrs. James Horsburgh read a most entertaining letter from Mrs. Hummel of Central Africa, telling of their school work. There are two kinds of schools in this African territory, the one a day and boarding school taught by the missionaries, the other a day school taught by natives, under the control of some station. All English branches are taught, and Mrs. Hummel says that many of the native boys are as well advanced in their studies as the American boys of the same age.

Mrs. H. C. Morris announced that Calvary's C. E. Society had advanced their pledge to Foreign Missions to $200 for the coming year. Santa Barbara Presbyterial is anxious to assume the support of Mrs. Welbon.

Mrs. E. G. Denniston spoke specially of the interest and enthusiasm being aroused throughout Sacramento Presbyterial by Dr. Merwin's visit. Dr. Merwin will visit Benecia Presbytery next month, while Rev. C. R. Callender of Laos is doing similar work in the south.

Miss Latham read an article from Mrs. Erdman of Taiku, Korea, telling that the church being built by the Taiku Christians had been blown down by a terrific hurricane, so that they have to start in anew again. Who will help them?

The newly appointed Mission Study secretary, Miss Carrie Morton, asked the co-operation of all in organizing these helpful classes.

Mrs. Garrette urged that friends begin work on aprons, candy bags and dolls for the Chinese school children, as there are many for whose merry Christmas the Occidental Board is responsible. Miss Garrette called special attention to Dr. Milligan's fine new leaflet, "What the Foreign Boards have done." Another leaflet which will be found very helpful on the topic for the month is, "The Wonderful Story of Christian Missions in Korea."

The Rev. G. A. Blair led an inspiring devotional in the afternoon, his subject "The Church of God."

Miss Reynolds read an account of Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks welcome home to Sen Chung, written by Mr. Harry Rhodes, who sailed with them, telling of the hundreds waiting them at the station, headed by two bands, lines of school children and a torch-light procession.

Dr. Catell of Sou Chow, China, then gave a most interesting account of her work, as head of the Tooker Hospital. Dr. Catell, who has been summoned home, pled for some one to come to the rescue and reopen their hospital, which has been closed because of lack of funds to carry on the work.

Mrs. Chown, Mrs. Denniston and Miss Cameron each spoke briefly of the Synodical meeting at Pasadena. Miss Cameron spoke particularly of her joy in visiting several of the girls who formerly were inmates of the Home, but are now living in the South.

The girls and children of the Home gave their usual exercises of songs and scripture recitations, which were enjoyed by all.

Candidates for the Yale entrance examinations have of late years been showing many lapses in English orthography. The defect has been especially notworthy in spelling. In order to compel better work in the preparatory schools it is announced that papers of candidates showing marked defects in spelling, punctuation, grammar and English idioms will be rejected.

CHURCH NEWS

CALIFORNIA.

Madera.—The Woman's Missionary Society was held on Friday afternoon at the manse, with a full attendance. The devotional was led by the President, Mrs. W. A. Moore. The topic of "Persia" was led by Mrs. E. C. Stephenson in an interesting way, giving a brief history of the country, its progress and the work and influence of the missionaries there. Every member had some item or sketch and not a moment was lost. One pleasant feature was the welcoming of a long absent member, Mrs. C. M. Petty, who has returned to Madera to reside, after having spent several years in Los Angeles. Mrs. Petty is a faithful worker in the church and much beloved by all, and great is the rejoicing over her return. During the social hour Miss Darrance served tea and cake. An enjoyable affair of the week was a Progressive Dinner given by Mrs. F. Z. Nesbitt to the members of her class of boys, each one having the privilege of inviting his sister, or somebody else's sister, to accompany him. About thirty were entertained, the first course being given at the manse, which consisted of salad and wafers. The second course was served at the hospitable home of David Freeland. Mrs. Freeland had spared no pains to make this main part of the dinner delicious, and the beautifully decorated tables were a delight to the eye. Chicken, with the usual accompaniment, was served here. The jolly company then proceeded to "Greenwood," the home of Miss Marie Koonce, and partook of coffee and cake. The home of Miss Nesbitt was the final destination. Here they made merry over fruits, nuts and candies. The delightful evening closed with games and singing. At the session of the San Joaquin presbytery in Fresno, Mrs. F. J. Nesbitt of Madera, whose husband, Rev. Nesbitt, dropped dead while addressing an audience at Coalinga, is to be made a beneficiary of the presbytery to the extent of $300. A resolution to this effect was passed on the recommendation of the ministerial relief committee. The 24th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Cook was celebrated with a sumptuous dinner at their home three miles from town. The Cook home is noted for its hospitality, ever ready to welcome the many friends, and the girls of Mrs. Cook's class are always eager for an invitation to visit with their lovely and beloved teacher. Those present on this anniversary were: Mrs. Cook—mother of Mr. H. E. Cook—Miss Florence Cook, Elders David Freeland and George Marchbank, and their families, and Miss Agnes Cook. The Ladies' Aid Society was royally entertained at the comfortable country home of Mrs. D. C. McKenzie. The dimes that were invested in April with their earnings, were given in, amounting to $20. Each was required to give an account of how the money was earned, and these were very amusing. The Bazaar in December was discussed. Under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Mrs. Nesbitt is to give a social tea at her home next Thursday afternoon. A delightful program has been arranged and each member is to invite her friends. As the church is at present without a janitor, the ladies decided that they would apply for the position; two ladies together taking entire care of the church for two weeks, then followed by another two. The ladies are making strenuous efforts for a new church building, and are looking out for ways to increase their funds. Business over, the hostess invited all to the dining room, where if a table ever did groan, that one might have done so with good grace. Everything from fried chicken, hot rolls, to salted almonds was there. The Primary Class was entertained at the home of the teacher on Saturday. Rev. J. W. Darrance and David Freeland have returned from Synod, and report a delightful time.

MRS. MARCHBANK.

Eureka.—The Bible school in this church is in a flourishing condition, the best in nine years, the last quarter showing an increase in average attendance of about twenty per cent, and this quarter is showing a marked gain over the last. A Mission Study class was organized on Oct. 21st, and will take as its first text "The Near and Far East." The class, which will number not less than ten, has ordered a reference library and will begin study at once. On Oct 25th the Sunday evening church service was conducted under the direction of the Missionary Committee of the Y. P. S. C. E. and he "Special Object" committee for the church. This proved an interesting service and stimulated the growing missionary interest in the church. The pastor is Rev. Edward P. Shier, under whose direction the work is prospering greatly.

Haywards.—The new parsonage will be ready for occupancy about Dec. 1. The house is commodious and well suited in every way to help the social life of the church. Ng Poon Chew gave an exceedingly interesting lecture on China under the auspices of the Ladies' Missionary Society, on the 23rd inst. All that is needed to make Haywards an ideal home center is the banishment of the liquor traffic, which is a curse to the place and an impediment to all true progress. We hope the day is not far off.

Los Angeles.—The Union Ministerial Association held the first meeting for the season, Oct. 26. Drs. Hunter of the First church and Munday of Bethany, with Rev. R. W. Holman of Wesminster spoke for the Presbyterians. Highland Park church gave a reception for men members on Monday evening. At the same time the Brotherhood of Central church met, listening with pleasure to an address by Rev. E. L. Rich of Watsonville, Vice-Moderator of Synod.

DEDICATION OF SUNSET CHAPEL.

Rev. Geo. C. Butterfield, Sabbath-school missionary for the Presbytery of Los Angeles, has been unusually successful during the past year in the development of new churches and Sabbath-schools. The latest work started by him is located at the corner of Golden Gate avenue and Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, called Sunset Chapel. A neat chapel of the portable type has been put up, which will seat 120 people. The first Sabbath-school and church services were held Oct. 25, with about sitxy present at each service. The formal opening of the chapel occurred Nov. 1st, when Rev. Hugh K. Walker preached the sermon of dedication.

LOS ANGELES.—Rev. W. D. Landis celebrated the seventh anniversary of his pastorate with the Westlake Church, securing fifteen new members, five on confession of faith. This is one of our important and aggressive churches. Rev. C. Shields recently received two new members into the Dayton Avenue church. Work is being pushed for the completion of this building. Much thought is being given in all our churches to the meetings to be begun by Dr. Torrey on Nov. 8. Invitations have been put out by visitors throughout the city, the plan being to reach each home with an envelope containing an invitation, a statement by Dr. Torrey as to how he became an evangelist and some

carefully selected scripture passages. Mr. W. S. Jacoby, Dr. Torrey's assistant, addressed a meeting of ministers of all denominations on Nov. 2. He will hold personal workers' classes for men at the close of the meetings. Rev. Geo. Soltau has been doing splendid work throughout the city in the way of training workers. Mr. R. T. Stites, a member of Central church and for several years a missionary in China, is now here. A lot for the Brooklyn Heights Mission has been secured on Malabar, east of Forest avenue, and the portable chapel will be removed from Occidental Heights. Rev. Geo. R. Bird is engaged in this work. Last Sunday Highland Park church occupied the new addition, which provides about one hundred more seats. It looks as if this provision would not long supply the need. Rev. J. A. Whitaker, D.D., honorary pastor (a unique title), of Bethany church, Tacoma, is at present in Los Angeles. Rev. Geo. H. Winn, a graduate of Occidental College in 1905 and Omaha Seminary in 1908, is on his way to Korea under appointment of the Board of Foreign Missions. His sister, Miss Julia Winn, is now in Korea. His father and mother, some years in Japan, are now in Manchuria.

ALHAMBRA.—Under a carefuly organized plan twelve hundred calls have been made in the past month by men and women of the church. The visitors were divided into two classes, Alphas and Omegas, and a friendly contest was held to see which side would make the most calls. Reports were made at a mid-week service. Increased attendance at services and deepened interest in the work resulted. Rev. S. T. Montgomery, pastor, directed the work and is pleased at the outcome. Seventy-five have been received into membership since the first of the year.

Douglas, Arizona, has a population of about 12,000 people, and boasts a fine stone Presbyterian church building, costing $13,000, the Mining Company here contributing $5,000 of this. Rev. George Logie is the efficient pastor of the church. He is enthusiastic on missions, and a Mission Study Class is just starting. An experiment is being tried: The Christian Endeavor is dropped and the Mission Study class (to meet immediately at the close of the Sunday evening service) is being substituted. This class begins with much promise. Last Monday morning the ministers of Douglas joined "the fellows" at the Y. M. C. A. in an in-door baseball game, which they indulge in twice a week. Mr. Eastman, the Y. M. C. A. secretary, heartily joins the ministers in endeavoring to purify the society of Douglas.

OREGON.

Marshfield.—Rev. H. H. Brown, under whose ministry our church has attained self-support, has resigned to accept work in New Jersey.

Oakland.—It is reported that Rev. J. Rhys Evans of San Francisco will take charge of this church and Yoncalla, with which it is joined.

Newberg.—This beautiful new church is rapidly approaching completion. Dedication is set for Sunday, Nov. 22. Rev. J. E. Blair, the energetic minister, has worked faithfully to secure this building. It is one of the most commodious in the state.

Portland, Calvary.—At a congregational meeting the invitation from the First church to unite was fully discussed. It was decided not to accept the invitation, but to go on with the work which seems intrusted to us to do.

Portland, Forbes.—We are in our new church, and are satisfied with it. It is a great improvement on the one which burned, and much better adapted to our needs. We hope to dedicate on Nov. 15.

Portland, Westminster.—Our new Sunday-school room is completed, much to our satisfaction. We are now after a pipe organ; already the top of the pipes are above horizon, and soon we shall see the whole organ. Mrs. Marcotte, the wife of our pastor, is steadily gaining her health, for which we are devoutly thankful.

The Synod of Oregon, in response to the request from the General Assembly's Executive Commission, elected a commission, of which Rev. Robert Ennis, Jacksonville, is chairman, by virtue of his position as moderator. Each presbytery in the Synod also elected a commission.

New Churches.—The Presbytery of Portland has organized two new churches during the past week, the first at Kenilworth, formerly a mission of the Mizpah Presbyterian Church, and the other at Reedville, heretofore a preaching appointment in connection with the church at Tualatin Plains. Both churches are active and give promises of substantial growth. It is with gratitude that we welcome them into the Christian fellowship of the churches already organized.

DR. RADER ON THE SYNOD.

The men who composed the Synod represent the strength and enterprise of the Presbyterian Church of California. Some preach for small salaries—not equal to the wages of day-laborers—but they stand for the best, and are invariably on the right side of public questions. They touch life, and more than any class of men in public life grasp the meaning of the labor question. * * * I return from Synod with a new estimate of the unique religious life of California. First, we aer suffering from too many churches in small towns, where ministers are poorly paid and churches poorly equipped. All denominations have rushed in at the expense of the Kingdom. The Kingdom is more than any sect. When a town has one church, another should have sense enough to stay out unless it is clear two are necessary. * * * People go to church in Southern California. They say it is because Eastern people live there. Eastern people live there, and they who are native born should sit up and take notice. * * * I apepal to the men to be better Protestants. Protestantism is a state of life, an attitude o life. Protestantism has in it the colors of the flag. It is demccracy. Washington was the Luther of the state; Luther the Washington of the church. I apepal to you in the name of the church; stand by it. It carried the flag and the Bible over the plains and over the seas. I apepal to you in the name of the nation This is our country; let us save it by the religion of the Cross. I apepal to men to have a part in the extension of the Kingdom, and I asert a whole gospel for the whole man and for the whole world. A man is to be pitied who has no part in constructing the Kingdom of God. Great is the building of this city! Think of the opportunity of the men of today! Oh, men, consecrate yourselves and do not live selfishly, but be a part of the rising Kingdom that is surely coming!

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Wicher delivered a special lecture last Friday afternoon on "The Pronunciation of Ancient Greek Historically Considered."

The Ladies' Guild of the Second Church gave a Hallowe'en entertainment in a hall in the Bush Tract last Saturday evening. There was a large and interested attendance. It netted $30 for the treasury of the Guild.

The First Church held its quarterly communion last Sabbath. Three new members were received by letter. This makes a total of six by letter since last communion.

Rev. James Ervine, '02, has been appointed pastor-at-large for the eastern section of the Presbytery of Seattle, with headquarters at Quilcene, Jefferson county, Wash.

Rev. Ng Poon Chew, '92, of San Francisco, is to address the Men's Club of the San Rafael Presbyterian Church on Friday evening of this week. He will speak on "The Twentieth Century China."

Prof. Paterson preached at Calistoga last Sabbath.

Rev. Arthur G. Welbon, '00, who is home on his furlough from Korea, is to be one of the speakers in the Korean campaign, which will be conducted in and about San Francisco during the month of January.

Rev. John Meeker, '02, of Alamogordo, New Mexico, has a short but interesting article in the November number of The Assembly Herald, relating to how his church came to self-support. It was a business-like process characteristic of Mr. Meeker. It has now been tried for two years. This church which hardly believed it could be self-supoprting, has in the two years contributed over $600 to missions.

BOISE PRESBYTERY.

At a meeting of Boise Presbytery in Boise City on Sept. 30, the pastoral relation between the Rev. Charles F Woodward and the Roswell Church was dissolved, and Mr. Woodward was granted a letter of dismission to the Presbytery of Oakland. At the same meeting the pastoral relation between the Rev. Harry Leeds was granted a letter to was dissolved, and Mr. Leeds was granted a letter to th the Presbytery of Portland. Rev. Levi Henshaw was dismissed to the Idaho M. E. Conference.

At an adjourned meeting on Oct. 13, Rev. Charles L. Chalfant was chosen Moderator. Rev. George H. Turner was received from the Presbytery of Mattoon and arrangements were made for his installation over the Payette church.

DAVID A. CLEMENS,
S. C. of Boise Presbytery.

TRIBUTE TO DR. ELLINWOOD.

The Occidental Board would pay a heartfelt tribute to the memory of Dr. F. F. Ellinwood who, as Secretary of Foreign Missions, for several years, kept a watchful care over our young society, which we had launched without compass or chart: our work was so unique and we were so new and unfledged. Dr. Ellinwood comprehended the magnitude of the work we had undertaken, and his words of cheer and encouragement were contagious. We were ready to put on our armor and push our way into paths unknown to us.

The masterful address made by Dr. Ellinwood at the General Assembly held in Cleveland, after his return from a trip around the world, opened the windows and doors of China and other mission fields to many of us for the first time. Many of his sentences so eloquently expressed, became household words with us. Seven years ago the writer when in New York talked with Dr. Ellinwood in his office, and he expressed joy over the prosperity of the Occidental Board. Although stupendous interests had through the years weighed upon his mind and heart, the fortunes of our Board were vividly remembered, and the same animation and joy expressed.

At his funeral, Mr. Robert E. Speer spoke most eloquently of his beautiful Christian character, and of his achievements as one of the men of the Kingdom.

MRS. E. V. ROBBINS.

WHITWORTH COLLEGE.

Washington's Presbyterian College Has Brilliant Prospects.

Whitworth College opened September 16th with a large attendance. All indications point to the most successful year in the history of the College. Several new instructors have entered enthusiastically upon their duties. The new dean, Dr. Donald D. McKay, A.M., D.D., of Minneapolis, is a man of wide experience in educational and religious work and has taken hold with the vigor that makes for success. Dr. L. Raymond Higgins was elected to the chair of Latin and Greek. Dr. Higgins is a graduate of Brown University, degree A.B., and of Cornell University, degree Ph.D. Prof. Hewitt is a specialist in science. For the last four years he has been professor in Science at Sioux Falls College. Mr. Laurence Phipps, a graduate of Whitworth's class of '08, is an assistant in Latin and Mathematics.

The School of Music has been strengthened by making Mrs. Vienna Neel Riedelsberger, Director in Piano. She is a teacher and concert pianist of note, and Miss Rachel Wilson, lately of Omaha, as assistant. Professors Gray, Reynolds, Bull and Gridley remain in the department. and the outlook is most promising. A good orchestra has already been organized, and the Glee Club will soon begin its work.

Whitworth has the best football team in its history and expects to do itself credit in the big games with the University of Washington, Whitman College, Oregon Agricultural College, and Wilamette University.

The new Gymnasium and Literary Hall opened September 26th with a large reception. The magnificent building was thronged with friends of the college, who realized the importance to the student body of a well equipped gymnasium, and the incentive to athletics which such a building will give. It has long been the desire of the management of Whitworth College to give to its Christian Associations rooms which should be set aside for their exclusive use. This desire has now been realized. Two large and beautiful rooms on the first floor of the new Gymnasium and Literary Hall, one on either side of the main entrance hallway, have been given the Christian Associations. These rooms have been furnished by the friends of the college. Of all the various organizations of the college, none have a greater influence for good than the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Associations.

Perhaps no more important step has ever been taken in the history of the college than that taken at the recent meeting of the Synod of the State of Washington. A chair of Bible Instruction was established. It is the purpose to develop the work into a School of Bible Training. The need for the help and guidance of a specialist in this most important work of a Christian College has been very apparent. Whitworth College feels a just pride in being among the first to take this important advanced step. It

is our earnest hope that greater interest may be created in the Bible as a book throwing light upon literature and upon science, but more especially as God's Word to man for his guidance and uplift.

Olmsted Hall has been turned into a club house for college men, and the new plan of self-government is most successful.

This will be a banner year for Whitworth.

D. O. GHORMLEY.

Tacoma, Wash., October 16, 1908.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

Once again the season is at hand when, according to the ancient custom of our people, it becomes the duty of the President to appoint a day of prayer and of thanksgiving to God. Year by year this Nation grows in strength and worldly power. During the century and a quarter that has elapsed since our entry into the circle of independent peoples we have grown and prospered in material things to a degree never known before, and not now known in any other country.

The thirteen colonies which struggled along the sea coast of the Atlantic and were hemmed in but a few miles west of tidewater by the Indian-haunted wilderness have been transformed into the mightiest republic which the world has ever seen. Its domains stretch across the continent from one to the other of the two greatest oceans and it exercises dominion alike in the Arctic and tropic realms. The growth in wealth and population has surpassed even growth in territory. Nowhere else in the world is the average of individual comfort and material well-being as high as in our fortunte land.

For the very reason that in material well-being we have thus abounded, we owe it to the Almighty to show equal progress in moral and spiritual things. With a nation as with the individuals who make up a nation, material well-being is an indispensable foundation. But the foundation avails nothing by itself. That life is wasted, and worse than wasted, which is spent in piling heap upon heap, those things which minister merely to the pleasure of the body and to the power that rests only on wealth. Upon material well-being as a foundation must be raised the structure of the lofty life of the spirit if this nation is properly to fulfill its great mission and to accomplish all that we so ardently hope and desire. The things of the body are good, the things of the intellect better; but best of all are the things of the soul, for, in the nation as in the individual, in the long run it is character that counts. Let us, therefore, as a people, set our faces against evil and with broad charity, with kindliness and good will toward all men, but with unflinching determination to smite down wrong, strive with all the strength that is given us for righteousness in public and in private life.

Now, therefore, I Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do set apart Thursday, the 26th day of November, next, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day I recommend that the people shall cease from their daily work, and, in their homes or in their churches, most devoutly to thank the Almighty for the many and great blessings they have received in the past and to pray that they may be given strength so to order their lives as to deserve a continuation of these blessings in the future.

In witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand and cause the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this thirty-first day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eight and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty-third.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
President.

ALVEYA ADEE, Acting Secretary of State.

IN MUNICH, CAPITAL OF BAVARIA.

C. S. Nash.

The claims and charms of Munich are well-known in America. There are said to be several hundreds of our countrymen here at all times, and this autumn a larger number than usual. The stream is in constant flow. Most visitors stay but for a casual view. Nothing like the whole number present at any time is ever gathered together with one accord in one place. The chief centre of American life here is the American church. It is Episcopalian, broadened and simplified in its services of worship, avowedly adapting its ministry to all Americans. The present rector is a young man, Rev. Henry Rawle Wadleigh, once a co-worker in New York City with rector Edward L. Parsons of Berkeley. He is strong, manly, deeply Christian, with exceedingly good intelectual parts, an able preacher, a winsome soul. He fits finely this distant parish, where his words reach many a gifted man and woman over here for a holidiay or a year of special culture. He has just preached splendid sermons on freedom to think and to be, on the personal choice of Christ and righteousness, on the union of Christians around the Savior. After a proper term of service here, his permanent place seems to some of his new friends to be back in the thick of the battle in the home land.

The church possesses an excellent circulating library, now numbering several hundred volumes, free to all Americans. It is a daily centre of personal exchange and bureau of information. Much is done by the genial librarian, as well as by the rector, to help newcomers and to promote the general welfare. Such a ministry of books adds much to the power of a church in a foreign city, as it would to the power of a church in small and poorly equipped towns in the home land.

We can now testify that Munich is able to furnish, upon sufficient appeal, at least one solid month of perfect weather in the high California sense. We are told apologetically that the summers bring much rain and the winters much snow. We know to our own pleasure that the past month has been rainless and cloudless, cool and tonic. The altitude here is 1,700 feet, and the snow-clad Alps are visible twenty miles to the south. The Bavarian highlands, one of the most charming mountain and lake districts in Europe, stretch away in all southerly directions into Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol. It is eight and ten hours by rail to Vienna, and about the same time to Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, Berlin, Lucerne, or Verona. Quaint, mediaeval, fascinating Nuremberg is but three hours distant, Augsburg, with its memories of the Reformation, but fifty minutes.

Munich is an elegant modern city with nearly 600,000 inhabitants. In Germany only Berlin and Hamburg exceed it in size. It is one of the chief centres of art. It is full of imposing architecture and elaborate monuments. Being the residence of the Bavarian court and the headquarters of an army corps, it carries at all times the color and consciousness of the royal presence. The university, dating from 1472, boasts more than 5,000 students annually. The university library contains 450,000 volumes, while the royal

library possesses more than 1,300,000 volumes and 40,-000 manuscripts.

These meagre data suggest how desirable a residence for several purposes is this chief city of southern Germany. No wonder it is filled with excellent hotels and lodging-houses, while its citizens are prepared to take in the newcomer in his own language wherein he was born. The First Church of Berkeley is proportionately represented here. It is no small satisfaction, being six months and six thousand miles away from home, to find here Prof. and Mrs. C. A. Kofoid and Miss Ednah Keyes. Together we rejoice in the new pastor for the dear home church, and call down upon it and him in union the blessing that maketh rich.

THE MOHAWK PLATFORM.

Application of the Christian Principle of Altruism Urged

The platform adopted at the Mohawk Conference the last week in October, after rehearsing what has been accomplished for the Indian during the last quarter of a century continued:

"A much larger task is before our country in the control of our non-contiguous possessions as to the methods of whose government there is less agreement among our people and our law givers. In their behalf, as in behalf of all our dependent or belated peoples, the duty of this conference is to insist upon the application of the universal Christian principle of altruism. We are not to consider what they can do for us, but what we can do for them. We are not to look upon those peoples as inferior, but as our equals in right, if not yet in opoprtunity, and we are to put them in the way of receiving every opportunity for justice and liberty that we possess, that they may share with us the rights of full self-government. To this end we must ask laws to help them, rather than to help us, and by education and every form of Christian service bring them into the full possession of the highest Christian civilization.

"Believing that we are to count no races inferior in subject, but that all races of man have the same right to life, liberty and happiness that we enjoy, and that so far as their care has been put in our hands, it is our duty to seek to give them their rights, we now offer to the American people and our legislators these following recommendations for certain particular needs that require present and pressing attention:

"1. Observing the confusion which comes from the complexity of administration, particularly in Alaska, and the difficulty in securing prompt administration of justice, we ask Congress to consider whether some more united and responsible form of administration may not be devised, and particularly we ask that laws be enacted and executed which by imprisoning offenders shall prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives. We also ask that increased appropriations for the education of Alaskan youth be made.

"2. The additional appropriation needed to purchase small homesteads for the rest of the wronged, dispossessed and homeless Indians of California, Congress should make at this coming session, to complete the work of justice and mercy so well begun by the Government last year.

"3. The allotting of their land to Navajo Indians who have for years lived on the public domain should be completed under section 4 of the general severalty act; and where the title to land and water which due care of its wards by the Government as guardian would have secured to such Indians has been lost to them and taken up by white men, we believe that the Government should by law provide other land and water rights for such dispossessed Navajos.

"4 We warmly commend the policy of the Indian Bureau, which puts emphasis on the education of Indian youth near their own homes, and the gradual closing of the non-reservation school or the modifying of the course of study and methods of administration so as to admit white pupils and ultimately bringing these institutions under the control of the States in which they are located; and we urge the enlargement of the system of day schools for the people.

"5. For Porto Rico we repeat the demand of justice that the rights of full citizenship be given to all its people. We further ask the immediate extension of the forestry service to Porto Rico, and we further ask the further consideration of such aid or direction as may wisely be given for public projects of irrigation and for the sanitary service.

"6. For the Philippine Islands, we repeat and emphasize the urgent request of the Philippine Commission and the Secretary of War that the tariff relief be given to them, such as has been given to Porto Rico. We protest that the refusal to do this, at the desire of certain financial interests in this country is selfish and unjust.

"7. Hawaii has truthfully sought the rule and protection of the United States. Her peculiar and most important commercial position requires of us special and earnest consideration. We ask of Congress particular study of those conditions which require exceptional legisation in her behalf, particularly in view of the disadvantages which the coatswise shipping act imposed on her in restricting passenger travel. In view of the peculiar populations of Hawaii, we desire that the attention of the Commission on Immigration be given to the special conditions which now limit European immigration.

"8. In view of the coming international congress at Shanghai to control the traffice in opium, we urge that Congress enact a drastic law which shall forbid the production, manufacture, importation, sale or distribution of opium in any of its forms in our country or in any of its dependencies except to be used under strict medical direction.

"9. We accept the doctrine so often declared, from Washington to Roosevelt, that morality and religion are essential to national well being, and therefore we urge upon the missionary bodies continued and increased attention to educational and missionary work among all our dependent peoples."

THE CARMELITE NUNS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

(Five Carmelite sisters arrived in San Francisco the first week in October, and after three days in whch to greet members of other orders and friends and kindred went again into the seclusion of that most ascetic of Roman Catholic orders. In order that our readers may know a little what is going on religiously among our Roman Catholic people we give here in part an article concerning these sisters and their order, which appeared in a recent number of The Monitor.—Editor.)

The home of Robert Louis Stevenson's widow on Hyde street, which was spared from the ravages of the great fire by the devotion of the artist and literary colony of San Francisco, who abandoned cheerfully their own lares and penates to destruction, the better to devote their efforts to the saving of the house enshrining the relics and mementoes of the famous poet and author, was the scene on Sunday last of a reception, the like of which San Francisco

has never before witnessed—a reception wherein society, "all decked in its bright array," assembled in force to pay a parting visit to five sweet-faced, low-voiced, quiet women, in the humble garb of the "bare-footed Carmelites," who Monday evening, again entered upon the cloistered seclusion from which they had temporarily emerged, to pass away forever from contact with the world, and enter upon a life of prayer, fasting and severe penance, for the benefit of erring humanity. "Whether in the body or out of the body," remembering always the cry of the Royal Prophet· "He hath had regard to the prayer of the humble; and He hath not despised their petition."

Although the Carmelite nuns have entered San Francisco for the first time, they have the distinction of being the pioneer order of Sisters in the United States, coming to Baltimore from Antwerp in 1790, and there establishing a convent, which is at present the mother-house of the order.

The five sisters installed in the Stevenson house, which is a gift to the order from Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, whose eldest daughter, Ada, under the religious name of Sister Agnes, is one of their number, come from the Carmelite convent at Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, and are under the charge of Reverend Mother Augustine, who will be the Superior of the local convent.

The Carmelites are the most ascetic order in the Catholic church. Their habit is of the simplest, consisting of a coarse, loose robe of undyed brown woolen material, over which is worn a long, brown scapular. A very coarse, white lined 'toque" covers the head and is swathed about the throat, and over this is worn a veil of black linen, it being a rule of the order that they must use only linen and woolen materials. A large crucifix is worn over the heart, and at the side is a hermit's rosary of large wooden beads, with a cross, also of wood, strung on a leather thong. On the otherwise bare feet are worn white woven linen cord "alpargates," or sandals, imported especially for the order from Spain.

An adjunct to the habit is a cloak of white woolen material fastened at the throat by lops and a curious wooden peg. The costume follows closely the garb of "St. Therese de L'Enfant Jesus et de la Sainte Face," the patron of the order.

The cells are furnished with a straw sack spread on a wooden board and trestles, a small wooden table and a wooden cross.

The sisters never eat meat. They observe a particularly long fast, beginning in September and lasting until Easter, during which the strictest lenten regimen is enforced.

Their object is prayer, penance and meditation for the benefit of humanity and for the souls in purgatory. For the benefit of those who desire the prayers of the nuns, a circular revolving cupboard called "the turn," has been placed in one of the walls of the lower hall, in which petitions may be placed. A bell summons a sister who removes the petitions from the other side.

Of the five sisters at present in San Francisco, four entered the cloister Monday evening, the fifth being appointed an 'out sister," to keep up any communication with the outside world.

The salon parlor of the Stevenson house, hung with tapa cloths, a memory of the poet's island home, is the chapel of the order. On the raised platform at the end, devoted by Mrs. Stevenson to her famous husband's relics, stands, as on a fitting receptacle, the simple white altar, upon which as on the carved oaken pews, the light sifts softly through the stained windows. This chapel is to be always open to the public.

On Sunday morning at seven o'clock Archbishop Roardan said Mass in the chapel and afterwards blessed the house. Sunday afternoon at 4:30, Father Maxmillian, from the Franciscan monastery on Golden Gate avenue, held benediction service, at which many friends of the sisters were present.

One of the fathers from the Franciscan monastery will be appointed as chaplain to the order.

A New York daily paper remarks that feminine defense in that city of the big hats seems for the most part to take the unanswerable form of obstinate silence, and a continued wearing of the marvelous structures. But that now and then a resentful peep is heard. One woman writes to the New York Times that its article from which The Pacific quoted last week was timely, and says: "Say it again, and again. Make the women of New York appreciate the fact that they infringe upon the rights of others when they wear the crude millinery of the day in public places." And she asks that something be said to the dealers, stating that she had gone to one of the best millinery parlors recently and after trying on every specimen shown her had gone home hatless and disgusted. When finally this lady left an order for a hat specially designed she was looked at with a smile of pity for her ignorance.

THE HOME

A CAUSE FOR COURAGE.

By Rev. Clyde W. Greenlee.

We count it joy when fall we not
Within the tempter's reach and lure;
Not thus the way the Apostle taught.
To meet the trials we must endure.

He counts it joy when tried we are,
That faith thus proved may patience work.
Let me not fear the greatest power
Of Satan's vengeful wiles which lurk.

To me no harm shall ere befall
From Satan's deepest plots and skill,
If I but trust my Lord in all,
And seek to do my Master's will.

The Lord to me salvation brings.
Of whom shall I then be afraid?
For him who trusts, and bravely sings,
All dangers cease and fears are laid.'

New Plymouth, Idaho.

THAT TIRED FEEELING.

"Tired! What do you mean by being tired? I don't know the feeling." These were the words of a middle-aged man who had always led an active life. It is an interesting question how much of this freedom from a feeling well known to most of us was due to an unusually robust constitution which the appearance of the speaker failed to indicate—and how much to his Quaker training and belief, leading to a calm, serene, industrious life, "without haste, without rest."

Prof. Frederic Lee, of Columbia University, recently gave a paper on the subject of "The Problem of Fatigue" before a medical convention. While much of it was technical and suited only to the learned doctors to whom it was addressed, yet it contained suggestions not beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind. When we are "dead tired" it may not interest us to be informed that it is due to some chemical change that has taken place in the system, caused either by the loss of valuable material essential to activity or to the accumulation of waste products. We say that we are tired because we have overworked. Can we be sure that this is the real reason? It is a well-attested scientific fact that intense mental activity is capable of giving rise within the body to profound chemical changes. Professor Lee cites an instance of a child who was poisoned by its mother's milk shortly afer the latter had been subjected to a severe fright, and shows that it is quite possible for a depressed or disturbed mental state to produce a chemical change in the system which will cause a feeling of fatigue.

We all know how much less fatiguing is the work we like to do than the task that we detest. The boy too tired to do an errand for his mother will engage in strenuous exercise on the ball field. The girl exhausted with her school work will dance till midnight. The young woman who feels quite unequal to the simple household tasks will play golf for hours. There is no doubt that when a man feels greatly depressed his ability to work is appreciably lessened. Some one has said: "Bad ideas and memories kill energy. They affect the physical being immediately. On the other hand, happy feelings create energy and make one feel like exerting himself." This is the reason why the labor which brings us the joy of success wearies us far less than the unsuccessful endeavor. If we will learn to cultivate happy emotions, and to enjoy the work that is given us to do, or, at least, not to rebel against it, we shall have less of that tired feeling. Said an old Scotchman: "If I canna bring my lot to my mind, I can bring my mind to my lot."

Expectation of a blow is said to increase the pain felt, and even in some cases to cause such pain. A story is told of two medical students engaged in dissection: One playfully drew the handle of his scalpel across the finger of his friend, who started, cried out, and declared that he felt the pain of the blade cutting through to the bone. In like manner expectation of fatigue may increase, or even produce, the feeling of fatigue. We should not allow ourselves to think "How tired this work is making me!" but rather, "How much good it will accomplish," or "How strong I may become by this means!"

Professor Lee shows that while fatigue manifests itself chiefly in the fact that the muscles and nerves respond less readily to a given stimulus, and finally lose the power of response altogether, yet in its early stages a "temporary heightened irritability" or power of response may be noticed, and an aparent but not real heightened capacity for work. Common experience corroborates this conclusion. Does not every woman know that when exhausted with household labor she finds it difficult to rest? She sees dust and dirt and disorder which would ordinarily escape her attention or fail to annoy her, but which she now feels impelled to remedy immediately, at whatever cost to her wearied frame. It is well to recognize this "heightened irritability" as a sign of fatigue, and closing the eyes to dust and cobwebs, to lie down peacefully, assuring ourselves that there is another day coming with increased strength ,and that the present duty is rest.

Eminent Italian and German investigators have learned by careful experiments that sugar in the food tends to lessen fatigue and increase muscular power. As the result of such investigations more sugar has been added to army rations. The Canadian lumbermen, a fine muscular class, consume a great deal of sugar in the form of molasses. Alpine guides consider lump sugar and sweet chocolate an indispensable part of their outfit. It must not be inferred that the consumption of large quantities of sweets is therefore to be indiscriminately recommended. Sugar consumed and undigested is worse than useless. While Professor Lee recognizes the value of sugar as a partial restorer of working power, his conclusion is that the only adequate restoration for the tired man or woman comes with "rest—and best, rest with sleep."—The Interior.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

There was once upon a time a beautiful hen who lived at her ease in a courtyard, surrounded by her numerous family, among whom was a young cock, remarkable for his being deformed and lame. This was, nevertheless, the one of her brood whom the mother loved most, as mothers always love those best who need their help.

This little cockerel had only one eye, one wing and one claw, yet he was more vain than his father, who was the bravest and most comely cock in all the poultry-yards for twenty miles around. If the other fowls ridiculed this little cockerel, he thought it was from envy, and said they were angry because he took so little notice of them.

One day he said to his mother, "Listen, mother; I am weary of the country, and am determined to go to court to see the king and queen."

The poor mother trembled on hearing these words. "My son!" she exclaimed, "who has put this folly into your head? Your father has never been out of his own neighborhood, and yet he has always been considered an honor to his race. Besides, where will you find a courtyard like ours? Where is there food more wholesome and plentiful, a roosting-place more sheltered, or a family who will love you better?"

"But then," said the cockerel, "my brothers and cousins are ignorant and vulgar."

"Perhaps so, my son, replied his mother; but hast thou seen thyself reflected in the pond? Art thou not aware that thou hast only one eye and one claw?"

"Since you give me this chance," answered the cockerel, "I must tell you that you yourself ought to fall dead with shame at seeing me in this state. The fault is yours, and no one else's; and perhaps in the city I may meet with a skillful surgeon who can supply those parts of my body which are lacking in me—if not, t here is no remedy; so I shall set forth."

When the poor mother saw that there was no way of turning him from his intention, she said to him: "Listen, at least, my son, to the prudent counsels of thy mother. Beware, I pray you, of passing the churches where there is an image of St. Peter; for that saint is not fond of cocks, and still less of their crowing. Avoid also certain evil-disposed men in the world called cooks, who are our mortal enemies, and who wring our necks before we can utter a shriek. And now, my son, may the protector of travelers guide you. Go and ask a blessing of your father."

The cockerel approached his sire, bowing his head to kiss his claw, and asking his blessing. The venerable cock gave it with more dignity than affection, for this son was not a favorite with him. His poor mother was so much affected

that she was obliged to wipe away her tears by poking her head into a dust-heap.

The cockerel hurried away, flopping his wing and crowing three times by way o f taking leave..

It was summer time, and on arriving at the border of a rivulet he found it almost dried up, and the tiny stream of water happened besides to be hindered by a branch that had fallen into it. The rivulet, seeing the traveler, said to him:

"See, my friend, how weak I am; I can scarcely advance a step, nor have I strength enough to push away t hese troublesome boughs which obstruct my path; neither can I make a turn to avoid t hem, for that would fatigue me too much. You may easily relieve me from this distress by separating them with your beak. In return, you may not only allay your thirst in my current, but you may rely on my services when the rain from heaven shall have restored my strength."

The cockerel answered, "I can, but I will not; why should I become servant to a dirty little brook?"

"Though I am now weak, you shall remember me when you least expect it!" murmured the stream, with feeble voice.

"You certainly do not appear to have drawn a prize in the lottery, nor are you to be compared with the waters of the flood," said the cockerel in a scornful voice.

A little farther on he met with the wind, who was lying almost breathless on the ground.

"My dear little cockerel," said he, "in this world we all need each other's help. Come near and look at me. See to what a state the heat of summer has reduced me—me so strong, so powerful—me who can raise the waves of the ocean—can level the plains of the desert—whose might nothing can resist! The heat of these dog-days has nearly exhausted me, and here I lie languid and fainting. If you will raise me a few inches from the ground with your beak, and fan me with your wing, I shall be able t o take fight, and guide myself to my cave where my mother and sisters, the tempsts, are repairing a cloud which I have torn. There they will give me some refreshment, and I shall recover my strength."

"Sir," answered the ill-natured bird, "you have diverted yourself sufficiently at my expense. How often have you rudely pushed me behind, and caused my tail to open just like a fan, so that I was laughed at by all who saw me? No! my friend. To every pig comes St. Martin's day, and by what I see you seem to be a jester."

Having said this, he crowed three times, and strutting proudly away, pursued his journey. In the middle of a field which had been reaped, and to which the laborers had set fire, there arose a column of smoke. The cockerel approached and saw a small spark which was wandering about amongst the ashes.

"Dear little cockerel," said the spark, as soon as it saw him, "you are come just in time to save my life. For want of food I am at the last gasp. I cannot think what has become of my cousin the wind, who always helps me in these difficulties. Pray bring me a straw to revive me."

"What have I to do with it?" replied the cockerel. "You may die if you choose; it is no concern of mine."

"Perhaps it may concern you some day," answered the spark.

"Oh, no!" cried the perverse bird. "To whom do you talk such nonsense? Take this then—"

And so saying, he covered the spark with ashes; after which, according to his custom, he began to crow, as if he had performed an heroic exploit.

The cockerel arrived at last at the capital. In passing before a church, which he was told was the Church of St. Peter, he placed himself in front of the door, and there he made himself heard with crowing; as much to enrage the saint, as to have the pleasure of disobeying his mother. On approaching the palace, which he wished to enter to see the king and queen, the sentinels cried o ut to him, "Begone!" So he took flight and entered by a back door into a very large hall, where he saw many people coming in and out.

Asking who they were, he learned that they were the king's cooks; but, instead of flying away, as he had been warned by his mother to do, he went in pompously with crest and tail erect. But no sooner did one of the scullions perceive him than he laid hands on him and twisted his neck in a moment.

"Come, I say," said the scullion, "bring some hot water to scald this wretch, that I may pluck him."

"Oh, water, dear water!" cried the cockerel, "do me the favor not to scald me! Have pity on me!"

"Did you take pity on me, you ill-natured fowl, when I begged you to help me as I lay in the brook?" answered the water, boiling with anger, and washing all over him, while the scullions, by way of comfort, soon left him without a feather.

Then the cook seized him and put him on the spit.

"Fire, bright fire!" cried the unhappy bird, "take compassion on my sad case; repress thy heat; soften thy flames, and do not burn me!"

"Rascal!" replied the fire, "how have you the impudence to apply to me after stiffling me with ashes and saying that you wanted no help from me? Come near, and you shall receive what is your due;" and, indeed, not content with browning him, he burned him till he was black as coal.

When the cook saw him in that state he seized him by the claw and threw him out of the window. Then the wind took possession of him.

"Wind!" screamed the cockerel, "oh, mighty wind! Thou that reignest over all, and obeyest none, take pity on me, and lay me gently on some quiet dunghill."

"Lay thee gently, indeed!" roared the wind, whirling him round and round in the air, "not as long as I have life in me!"

So the wind whistled and whirled him about till he deposited him at the top of a belfry; and St. Peter, putting out his hand, fixed him there firmly; and since that time he has remained impaled there, black, emaciated, and stripped of his feathers, except some in his tail. He is soaked by the rain and buffeted by the wind. Now he is no longer called a cockerel, but a weathercock, for every one knows that all these misfortunes befell him as a punishment for his disobedience, his ill-nature and his pride.—Church Standard.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society takes commendable stand as to denominational comity, and declares as follows: "All wide-awake Christian people are interested these days in securing closer relations between different bodies of Christians. The Home Missionary Society has worked unceasingly toward this end for many years. Recently it has taken a forward step by arranging with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions to submit cases of dispute with reference to the occupancy of new communities to joint commissions of pastors in the vicinity. Already one such commission has brought forth good results. Others are being planned for. We stand ready to enter such agreements with any denomination of Christians. We cannot bring about ideal conditions alone. But we are willing to go much more than half way."

ON HALLOWE'EN.

She stood beside the window-pane—it was the All Souls' night;
She watched to see them pass along all in the glimmering light.
There was a film across the moon, the stars were far and dim,
And long she watched the graveyard road to see the Souls—and him.

Where fir trees stood a sombre row, she saw them slowly pass;
By ones and twos and threes they came across the frosted grass.
They looked not to the left or right; she heard no word or sigh—
It was a weird and windless night, that night the Souls went by.

She stood beside her window-pane to see the Souls go past,
And looked for one—a little lad; he could not go so fast.
But she should know him swift and sure, and he would turn and smile,
For he could never her forget in such a little while.

At last he came—his curls lay all floating on his gown,
That long and white in graceful folds Unto his feet dropped down;
He turned not to his mother's face, he neither spoke nor smiled,
Although she stood to see him pass—her little, little child.

—By Emma A. Lente.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED

THE VOICE OF PRAISE

NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2

PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED

OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

A TEACHERS' BIBLE

FOR $1.25 POSTPAID

Concordance to the Authorized and Revised Versions, Combined with a Subject Index and Pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names and A New Indexed Bible Atlas.

Minion type bound in Egyption Seal—with overlapping edges, round corners, red under gold edges.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. Send for Catalogue.

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

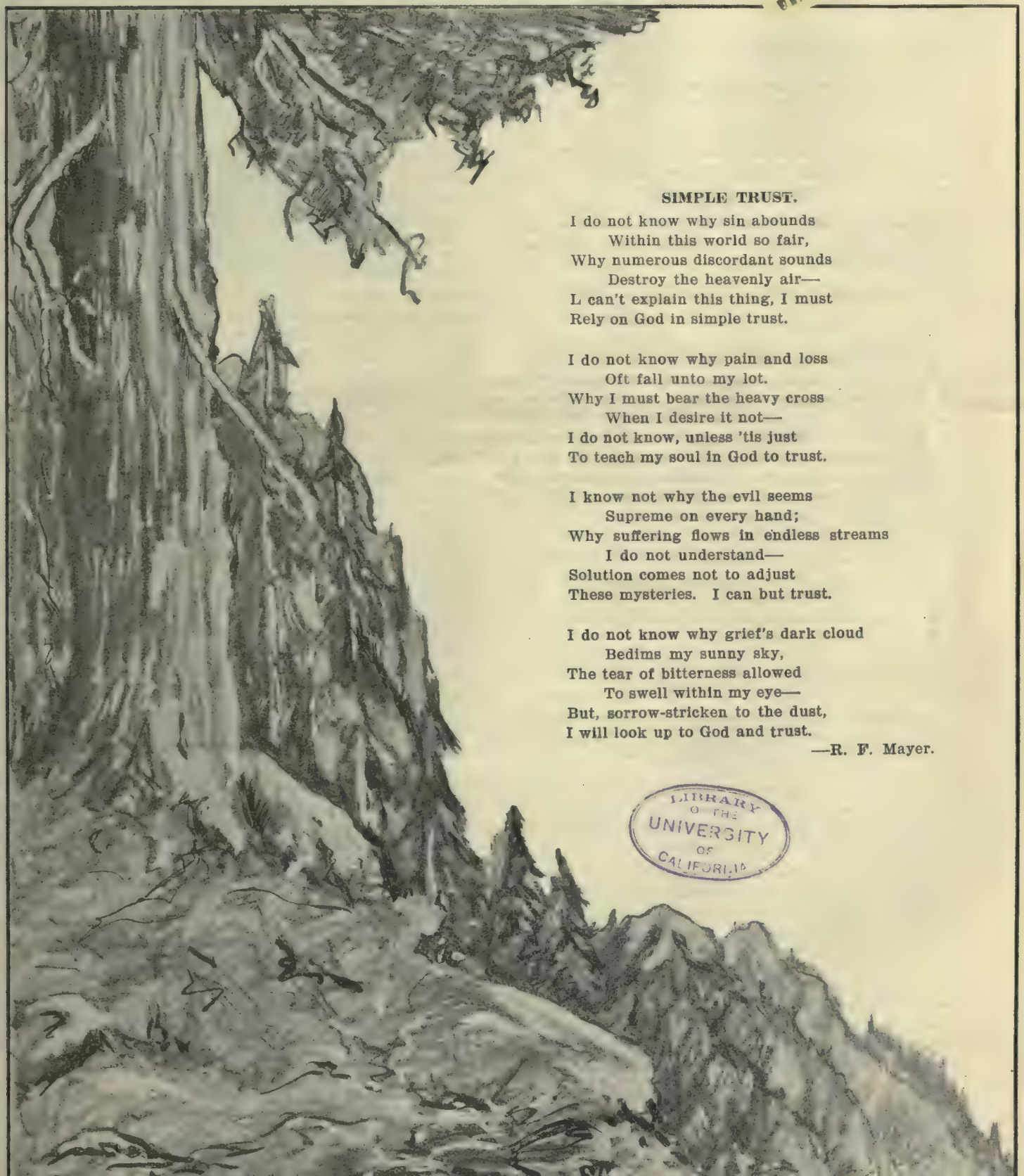
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 12, 1908. No. 46

University Library



SIMPLE TRUST.

I do not know why sin abounds
Within this world so fair,
Why numerous discordant sounds
Destroy the heavenly air—
I can't explain this thing, I must
Rely on God in simple trust.

I do not know why pain and loss
Oft fall unto my lot.
Why I must bear the heavy cross
When I desire it not—
I do not know, unless 'tis just
To teach my soul in God to trust.

I know not why the evil seems
Supreme on every hand;
Why suffering flows in endless streams
I do not understand—
Solution comes not to adjust
These mysteries. I can but trust.

I do not know why grief's dark cloud
Bedims my sunny sky,
The tear of bitterness allowed
To swell within my eye—
But, sorrow-stricken to the dust,
I will look up to God and trust.

—R. F. Mayer.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt, D.D. Rev. Dwight E. Potter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.
EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager
433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.
Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.
Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.
Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.
Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

New York City spends about thirty million dollars a year in public and private charities.

Night play-grounds for boys and girls who work during the day are suggested at Washington, D. C.

The Sunday before the election Dr. Gunsaulus condemned in his pulpit in Chicago the bigotry of the attempt to defeat Judge Taft because of his Unitarianism.

Twenty-one out of twenty-four election districts in Iceland declared a few weeks ago in favor of national prohibition of the liquor traffic. The national parliament will fix the day after which the traffic must cease.

Just before the election Bishop Hamilton of the Methodist Episcopal Church wrote a letter of protest against the movement among his brethren to defeat Speaker Cannon, up for re-elction to Congress. That doubtless helped greatly in Cannon's favor.

A German scientist and mining expert suggests the wisdom of experimenting to see whether electrical energy of great power and importance may not be obtained from the interior of the earth. He gives instances of the magnetization of driven well tubes.

Negroes from Africa to the number of several thousand have come to the United States during the last five years. During the last six months more than a thousand have come. They come from the Cape Verde Islands, which are situate about 300 miles from the coast of Africa. Some are of mixed blood—African and Portuguese. They have settled largely in Massachusetts, to a great extent in the Cape Cod towns.

About 80,000 automobiles are made annually now in the United States, and the vehicle is used all around the world. It is very popular already in Japan, China, Siam and India. Everywhere prejudice has been overcome and it seems that the automobile is to play a prominent part henceforth in the affairs of mankind. It is a great time-saver and falls in with the rapidity with which people wish to live nowadays.

Secretary Anderson of the Congregational Council furnishes us the following list of delegates appointed to the Federal Council of the Churches which meets in Philadelphia Dec. 3-8: Rev. Raymond Calkins, Maine; Prof. E. A. Steiner, Iowa; Rev. A. E. Dunning, Massachusetts; Rev. Washington Gladden, Ohio; Rev. Wm. Hayes Ward, New York; Rev. F. T. Rouse, Nebraska; President George A. Gates, California; Rev. R. H. Potter, Connecticut; Rev. G. Glenn Atkins, Michigan; Hon. Geo. E. Perley; Rev. W. A. Bartlett, Illinois; Rev. Albert J. Lyman, New York; President M. H. Buckham, Vermont; Rev. E. B. Sanford, New York; Rev. W. H. Bolster, New Hampshire; Mr. E. H. Pitkin, Illinois; Rev. Doremus Scudder, T. I.; Hon. T. C. MacMillan, Illinois; Rev. Asher Anderson, Massachusetts; Rev. Joel S. Ives, Connecticut.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York has resigned from his position at the head of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The New York Post says: "The withdrawal of the minister from the society means the end of an affiliation that has resulted in more disclosures of municipal ills, furnished more 'newspaper copy' and led more pulpit movements than any other local civic force of the last two decades. What will be the future of the Society for the Prevention of Crime is problematical. Certain it is that heretofore Dr. Parhurst has been, in effect, the whole society. It has had many other members, and occasionally Frank Moss, its counsel, or some other individual, was temporarily conspicuous; but Dr. Parkhurst, from the public viewpoint, has always been the dictator. From the period when he and the society came into local fame by reason of instigating the Lexow investigation to the recent time when he declared himself 'tired of police matters,' hardly a month passed without some word from the city's censor. By epigram, in and out of his pulpit, and by letters to public officers, or attacks through the press, Dr. Parkhurst has kept the city informed about the defects of those elected to run it." But Dr. Parkhurst states that he resigns because the society is well endowed now and able to continue its work independently. The society he believes ought to do a larger work than he is able personally to supervise. He states that his church work is pressing upon him, and that he hopes to undertake soon another work not unlike that done by the society, but about which he cannot at present speak further. This famous preacher began as a Congregationalist at Lenox, Massachusetts, in 1874. In 1880 he went to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York City. It was his description of the city after a Tammany return to power—"Hell with the lid off"—which originated the word "lid" in its colloquial sense.

CHURCH NEWS

The First Presbyterian Church, El Paso, Texas.

Twenty adult members were added to this church Sunday, Oct. 25th. Four were baptized. On Rally Day sixty-seven new scholars wer added to the Sunday-school, and every Sunday since, others have been added to the roll. The membership of the school has nearly doubled in the last



year. Mr. T. J. Jones, a leading business man, is the efficient superintendent. Judge A. G. Foster has a young people's Bible class of sixty, with regular officers and committees that are doing a great work. They get out their own printing, and apart from their regular Bible study work arrange special programs that are an important factor in the social life of the church. The Choral Club started out again this fall with fifty members, under the leadership of a competent director, and plan to give popular sacred concerts once a month and on special occasions.

The regular services of the church are led by a double quartet of paid singers, composed of the best voices in the city. A children's chorus of forty voices rehearses once a week for their part in the monthly concert given by the Choral Club. On Nov. 6th, an indoor picnic will be held in the assembly room and church parlors for the Sunday-school and young people of the congregation. Refreshments will be served and programs arranged for the different grades. On Oct. 29th the Ministers' Association of the city and their families, making fifty in all, attended a banquet in the church dining-room. The pastor, Rev. W. E. McLeod, D.D., acted as toast master. Every minister and many of the ladies took some part, making the occasion one long to be remembered for its flow of wit and genuine good fellowship.

This church has nearly six hundred members, and the new building is equipped with every modern convenience, including pianos, organs, class-room, dining-room, and kitchen furnishings. Property secured by the congregation in the last three years represents an outlay of $80,000. In the last two years, three missions have been started, one of them now an organized church. This work has been the means of saving many children and families to our denomination.

OAKLAND, First.—Rev. Mark A. Matthews, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Wash., has consented to preach morning and evening, Nov. 22. Last Sabbath the pulpit was occupied by Rev. O. E. Hart, D.D., pastor of the Centennial Presbyterian Church of Oakland, Cal. On Wednesday, Nov. 11, there will be an all-day prayer service for Christians of all denominations, the theme being "Boys, Young Men and Men." Thursday there will be an all-day sewing, with basket luncheon at noon Thursday evening Sunday-school superintendents and department superintendents of Alameda county will be addressed by Rev. Mr. Hamlin of Stockton. At the prayer meeting on Wednesday, Oct. 18, Rev. O. E. Hart, D.D, will speak on Mormonism. Nov. 20 the annual church sale and dinner will take place. . Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed, D.D., has been engaged to supply the pulpit for two months, beginning Nov. 29. The church has thus far been unable to settle upon any man for pastor.

LOS ANGELES.—The installation of Rev. W. H. Fishburn, D.D., as pastor of Grandview church, took place Nov. 5. Dr. Walker presided, Rev. W. H. Connett preached the sermon, Rev. R. W. Cleland charged the people and Rev. S. T. Montgomery, the pastor, while Rev. C. G. Patterson offered the prayer of installation. The church has a splendid field in one of the best residence sections of the city and the outlook is encouraging. Dr. Fishburn comes from a very successful pastorate in Camden, N. J.

Third church has called Rev. Herbert H. Fisher, pastor of the Prospect Heights church, Brooklyn, a brother of Rev. C. M. Fisher of South Pasadena. He is expected to begin the work early in the year. An adjourned meeting of Presbytery was held in the church last Thursday evening.

Rev. J. M. Newell, D.D., was released from the pastorate of the Bethesda church and made pastor emeritus. This is an item of more than usual interest, closing a record of 40 years in three pastorates in California, without intermission, as noted in these columns in the issue of Oct. 15. Happily, there is no vacancy in the church, for at the same meeting of Presbytery, to succeed Dr. Newell, Rev. Gerald D. Heuver, Ph.D., was received, subject to the filing of his letter from the Presbytery of Otaawa, where he was pastor of the church in Wenona. His thesis on "The Teaching of Jesus Concerning Wealth" is published by Revell. Immediately following the meeting of Presbytery there was held a delightful gathering in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Newell at 445 East Adams St., near by. It was given out as a reception, but proved to be much more than such usually are. The house was filled with warm friends, such as this good couple have the happy faculty of making in large numbers. After a social time came a beautiful service of dedication of the new house. Dr. Newell spoke of their purpose; that it should be a home for the service of the Lord. He was followed by Dr. H. R. Walker and Dr. H. A. Newell, and Dr. J. A. Gordon offered a prayer of dedication.

The Brotherhood of Boyle Heights Church was recently given a treat in an address on "A Man's Job," by Judge Curtis D. Wilbur. The Highland Park Brotherhood have him this week on the same subject. Judge Wilbur teaches the Baraca Class in the First Congregational Church and writes the Sunday-school notes for the Evening Express It is pleasing to note that a man who takes the stand he does in active Christian work heads the list of four men elected as Superior Judges in the late election. Pastor H. C. Kershaw of Boyle Heights reports a splendid Sunday evening service conducted by the Brotherhood, with address by Prof. Miller of Ocicdental College.

Rev. A. M. Prewitt is encouraged by the spirit in Calvary church. A number of the young people and children have recently taken public stand for Christ, and there has been some very touching instances of the young converts personal work and bringing their comrades to acceptance and confession of Christ.

At the ministers' meeting, Nov. 9, Dr. H. K. Walker spoke on the decline in number of candidates for the ministry. A higher spiritual tone in the homes, and the dedication to the work were among the things spoken of as needed. The same subject will be continued Oct. 16, Rev. H. C. Kershaw giving the address.

A reception for Dr. R. A. Torrey was given in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Saturday evening, Nov. 7. Representative speakers gave cordial words of welcome and Dr. Torrey made fitting response. His words gave to some a new and enlarged idea of the purpose he and his associates have in view. It was expressed as: first, to deepen the joy and experience in the lives of Christians; second, to lead them into fuller service to the Master; and third, to win the unconverted to Christ. But the third will surely come if the first and second do, and so in an important sense it is not a third.

SAN FRANCISCO, Lebanon.—Mr. Logan, the pastor of Lebanon Church, on his return from his visit to relatives in Idaho, was greeted with genuine affection by his flock. They were anxious to show their love and esteem in some way more substantial than words, so planned a surprise for their pastor. On Thursday evening, when the bell rang about eight o'clock, Mr. Logan went to the door and was confronted by about forty of his church members, bearing in their arms good things to eat so that Mrs. Logan's pleasure would not be tempered with anxiety as to how she would serve a bit of refreshment to so large a number on such short notice. A program which had been arranged beforehand, helped to make the evening enjoyable and the pastor who had been genuinely surprised when his guests arrived, was more than surprised when, after several speeches had been made, he was presented with a purse of gold. The Lemajo Bible class had a social last week to celebrate the close of their Red and Blue contest. The class had been divided into two parts, the numbers being chosen alternately by the captains, Mr. Wm. Orton (Red), and Mr. Chas. Spanowe (Blue). The winning side was to have ice cream and the losing crackers and cheese at the social. The Blues were the victors and it is safe to say they never enjoyed ice cream more than that eaten on this occasion. Those present who were not members of the class were served with coffee and cake. Several interesting speeches were made and all spent a most pleasant evening.

SAN FRANCISCO, Mizpah.—At the last communion service three persons were received in to church membership, two on confession of faith and one by certificate, making a total of 28 new members since the re-establishment of the work. The annual meeting of the church, including a very enjoyable supper, was held on the 4th inst. The reports were encouraging. During the year a castle of the Knights of King Arthur for boys, a Stainless Flag Brigade company and a King's Daughters Circle for girls was organized. The Band of Hope became affiliated with the Loyal Temperance Legion, W. C. T. U. With sincere feeling of the loss experienced, and expressions of sympathy for the bereaved family, the passing away of J. O. Doane, a faithful charter trustee of the church, was announced. Mr. Alfred W. Pearson was elected to fill the vacancy, and the other members of the board, viz: Messrs. C. S. Wright, F. W. Dickson, R. F. Jenkins, G. A. Gielow, C. C. Parish and W. G. Lee were re-elected. Mr. O. F. Hinty was re-elected, also, an elder. The "Duplex Envelope System" for collections was adopted. It was resolved to hold the annual meeting hereafter on the scecond Wednesday evening in January. The twenty-second wedding anniversary of the pastor and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Doane, was pleasantly remembered. The proceeds of a bazaar and rummage sale, recently held, helped very materially toward defraying the current expenses of the church, which, since last April, has been self-supporting. Verily "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Mr. J. C. Robertson of Glasgow, Scotland, an ex-magistrate of that city and prominently associated with all the Christian activities of the United Free Church, has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Moore. On Wednesday of last week at the conference hour he addressed the students on "Some Places and Men in Scotland." In the evening he addressed the monthly missionary meeting of the church on the progress of missionary work in his day. On Friday he went to Stanford University to address the student body there.

Rev. Charles A. Douglas, '01, of Teheran, Persia, writes that there has never been any danger for foreigners during the recent serious troubles there. He says: "A spirit of dissatisfaction, unrest and inquiry after a better way is increasingly manifest. In Teheran the Sabbath audiences have never been so large. Only a few Moslem strangers used sometimes to drop in out of curiosity; now on some days the church can hardly hold those gathered within. The spirit of contempt and scoffing has, in some cases at least, been succeeded by one of thoughtful inquiry." He and Mrs. Douglas spent the past year in Resht, taking the place of a missionary whose health had failed. Of the work there he says, "It was a happy, busy year, during all of which the Lord was gracious in sparing our health notwithstanding the adverse climate and the burden of work. In our narrow rented quarters we lived, held meetings and church services, conducted a daily school for boys and another for girls, and received all visitors who came for conversation. We were especially interested in the bright, lovable little children whom it was our privilege to instruct. About half were Mohammedans, nearly as many Armenians, some Jews and a few Russians and Greeks. Most of those who came during the week came also to Sunday School. The flourishing Sunday School was superintenden by Mrs. Douglas, and three or four teachers helped in the instruction."

Dr. Wicher administered communion at the Second Church of San Anselmo last Sabbath. One new member was received. Mr. Alexander Hood of the Middle Class has charge of this church.

Mr. William H. Bouick, assistant manager and secretary of the Mount Hermon Association, has moved into his new home in San Anselmo. He and Mrs. Bouick presented their infant daughter, Isabel, for baptism last Sabbath. Dr. Landon officiated.

The Men's Club of San Rafael gathered more than one hundred strong last Friday night to hear Rev. Ng Poon Chew, '92, give his address on "The Twentieth Century China." It was a great speech lighted up with many fine touches of humor. Thoughtful men went away saying it was the greatest treat they had had in many a day.

The students are conducting the morning services of the new Glenside church, San Francisco. They are enjoying the work and their services seem acceptable to the people. The superintendent of church extension, Dr. G. A. Blair, has charge of the evening services.

Dr. Day has been supplying the Belvedere church for the past month.

BELLINGHAM PRESBYTERY.

At a special meeting of the Presbytery of Bellingham, held in Bellingham, Wash., Nov. 4, 1908, Rev. H. T. Mitchelmore was released from the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of Anacortes, Wash., and was dismissed to the Presbytery of Boise, that he may undertake the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. of Boise, Idaho,—a work for which he is well qualified.

Rev. F. S. Thomas, having concluded his work with the Stanwood and Mukilteo churches, was dismissed to the Presbytery of Seattle, that he may take work in the bounds of that presbytery. The change is made for educational reasons. This will leave two very important home mission fields vacant near Bellingham, Wash. For information address Rev. J. R. Macortney of Bellingham.

F. G. STRANGE. S. C.

Sedro-Woolley, Wash., Nov. 5, 1908.

SACRAMENTO PRESBYTERY.

Sacramento Presbytery met in Westminster Church, Sacramento, Monday, Oct. 19, at 1 p. m. The Rev. J. S. Thomas, M. D., was elected moderator. Rev. Royal F. Reasoner was received from the Presbytery of Eastern Oregon and Rev. A. Roy Thompson from Walla Walla. The pastoral relation between Dr. Thomas Tracy and the Anderson church was dissolved, to take effect Nov. 30. Rev. C. T. Reed was dismissed to the Presbytery of San Joaquin, to take charge of the work at Visalia.

As the result of years of devoted labor on the part of Mrs. John Bidwell of Chico, an Indian church was organized at that place Sept. 13, 1908, with thirty members, one of whom was ordained an elder. The Rev. James Hayes of the Nez Perces of Idaho had been with the Chico Indians for a short visit, by arrangement of Mrs. Bidwell, and his presence made it a peculiarly opportune time for the organization of the church. The organization was effected by Dr. Noble, acting in conjunction with Rev. W. G. White, pastor of the Chico church.

The Ione church had been vacant for almost two years, but as the result of a visit to the field by a commission of presbytery, the way was prepared for a resumption of work and the church has been making fine progress under the ministration of the Rev. D. G. Campbell.

Because of urgent need for Sabbath school work in the untouched portions of presbytery, a request for the appointment of a presbyterial Sabbath school missionary was made to the Board, and Rev. M. T. A. White was unanimously recommended for the position.

The spring meeting of presbytery is to be held in the church of Marysville.

H. T. DOBBINS,
Stated Clerk.

Colusa, Cal., Nov. 3, 1908.

SAN JOAQUIN PRESBYTERY.

Presbytery met in First Church, Fresno, on October 19. 1908. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring Moderator, Rev. Ed R. Piepenburg, from the text Rom. 1: 16, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." Rev. Henry P. Ingraham of Stockton was church Moderator and Rev. N. C. McCoy Temporary Clark.

Presbytery received Rev. Hugh J. Furneaux from the Presbytery of Los Angeles, Rev. Warren T. Howe from the M. E. Conference of Iowa, Rev. Sozaburo Miura from the Presbytery of the Church of Christ in Japan, and Rev Charles P. Reed from the Presbytery of Sacramento.

Two churches were reported as organized since the spring meeting: The Japanese Presbyterian Church of Hanford with 21 members, 18 of whom were natives of Japan, and who have Mr. Miura for their minister; and Kerman with 16 members.

Two calls were presented and accepted, the call of Springville church to Rev. James Russell, and that of the Visalia First to Rev. Chas. F. Breed. Arrangements were made for the installation of both these brethren.

Presbytery appointed the following as a committee on executive commissions: Revs. H. P. Ingram, Geo. C. Giffen and N. C. McCay, with Elders L. C. Darling and J. W. Cuyler.

There were added to the Sabbath-school committee Rev. Hugh McNinch, D.D., and Elder Wiley M. Giffen.

The Presbytery's report to Synod showed 47 ministers and 54 churches. There is one licentiate, but no candidate for the ministry. Ten ministers have been received during the year. None have been dismissed to other Presbyteries, but one has died.

It was decided to hold the Sunday-school institute in connection with the sessions of the next meeting, the same to continue a full day.

The next meeting will be held in the First Church, Hanford, on the second Tuesday of next April.

Geo. B. Craig, Stated Clerk.

ORGANIZATION OF THE PRESBYTERY OF SOUTHERN UTAH.

Pursuant to the action of the Synod of Utah at its recent meeting at Idaho Falls, the newly-elected Presbytery of Southern Utah was organized at Manti on October the 27th, 1908, Rev. G. W. Martin, D.D., the temporary Moderator, preaching a very suggestive and appropriate sermon from Joshua 3:4, "That ye may know the way by which ye must go; for ye have not passed this way heretofore."

The following six members of the new presbytery were present: G. W. Martin, D.D., the oldest minister in the service, who was elected Moderator until the next stated meeting of presbytery, and was made chairman of the Home Mission Committee; Rev. J. K. MacGillivray, who was made chairman of the Sunday School Committee, of Systematic Beneficence and of Presbyterian Brotherhood; Rev. Chas. H. Hamilton, who was elected stated clerk, made chairman of Committee on Aid For Colleges, of Young People's Societies, and elected Commissioner to the next General Assembly; Rev. Theodore M. Keuseff, made chairman of Freedmen, of Evangelistic Work, and of Mission School Reports; Rev. E. J. Hanke, who was elected permanent clerk, placed as chairman on the Committees on Education, and Ministerial Relief; and Elder Ole Nelson, aged 84, a charter member of the oldest church (Presbyterian) in the territory covered by the new presbytery, that in which the presbytery was organized. The absent ministerial members were Rev. McLain W. Davis, who was made chairman of the Committees on Foreign Missions, Church Erection and Narrative, and was also elected Alternate Commissioner to General Assembly; Rev. Clayton S. Rice, who was made Chairman of Temperance, and of Bible Society Work; and Rev. James A. Dodds, D.D., late of Mexico, who was made chairman of Sabbath Observance.

Elder William McKenzie of Ferron was elected Commissioner to the General Assembly, with Elder Thomas H. Jones of the same church as alternate. The Executive Commission was made to consist of the Moderator, the Home Mission Committee and the Stated Clerk.

A body of Standing Rules was adopted; and besides all these things the presbytery spent many hours going over

carefully and in detail every department of work, especially that of a missionary and evangelistic character so that there might be a comlpete understanding among all the members of the nature of the work we as a Presbytery are planning to do in the coming year. We can meet but seldom on account of distances and cost, so we must do as thoroughly as possible all we can when we do meet.

For this reason another division will be desirable as soon as there are sufficient ministers and churches on either side of the Wasatch Range of mountains unless indeed the "Salina Cut-off" railroad shall soon become a reality. And as the three churches on the east side have all come into being during the last three years as the direct result of Sunday School missionary effort, why may this work not be duplicated in the next three years, and so make division possible.

We are a missionary presbytery, without a single self-sustaining church; but Green River gives splendid promise of soon reaching that much-to-be-desired goal.

We have fields within our bounds urgently calling for four new men at once; and we must have another Sunday School missionary or two as soon as the Board can provide them.

Yes, we are a missionary presbytery; but we believe in missions that **multiply** as well as **divide**.. Utah for Christ!

The spring meeting is to be held at Richfield, April 8th, part of the way down south, but a long distance from Panguitch, and much farther still from St. George. Look at the map!! J. K. M.

MRS. EMMA M. NYE.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Emma M. Nye were held in the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, Monday, Nov. 2, at 2 p. m. Rev. D. A. Mobley, D.D., of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, conducted the services, and pronounced a beautiful and fitting eulogy on the life and labor of the deceased. Mrs. Nye was the wife of the late Judge Stephen G. Nye, long on the bench of the Alameda courts. She was a woman of superior mind and character, and in public and private life shared and supplemented the noble work of her esteemed husband. As a Christian wife and mother, and as a faithful member and worker in the church, her deeds of love and philanthropy will long be remembered. She was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian church, first at San Leandro, then at Oakland, and the last four years of her life at Fowler. It was in the latter community that she showed her mature and splendid leadership, both in church and social affairs. She was a leading spirit in the Fowler Improvement Association, the leading club of the county, and the year's outline of study was planned by her. Her last meeting with the church people was with the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church, which she entertained at her beautiful home near Fowler. Death came to her suddenly in New York State on the 24th of October. She had crossed the continent to minister at the bedside of a sick brother; and thus in a service typical of her whole life of blessed ministration she passed to her reward. She leaves two brothers living at Westfield, N. Y., anud two daughters, Mrs. Phillip Davis of Fowler, and Mrs. Thomas Davis of Visalia, California, and a host of friends to mourn their loss. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works do follow them."

KING'S DAUGHTERS CONVENTION.

The 12th Convention of the California Branch of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sons was held in the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, on the 30th and 31st of October. There was a very good attendance at all the services and luncheon was served to about seventy-five on both days. The Convention was honored by having with them Miss Libby, the first Vice-President of the Order and one of the original nine ladies who founded this helpful and fast growing society. During the session addresses were made by the various officers of the Society and by the Rev. William Kirk Guthrie, of the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. Dille of the Central Methodist, Miss Libby of New York, and a very helpful one by Mayor Taylor of this city.

PRACTICAL ART AT MILLS COLLEGE.

In seeking to meet the growing demand that art should ally itself more closely with the practical needs of life, the Art Department of Mills College has within the past year been giving a course in Household or Decorative Art.

For illustration of some features of this course, Miss Brooks, the teacher, took the students to the city Saturday, October 24th, where through the courtesy of Paul Elder & Co., and Vickery, Atkins & Torey, the students were shown beautiful specimens of choice books and rare pottery. Later, the class was delightfully entertained and instructed for two hours by a most comprehensive lecture by Mr. Mihran on Oriental rugs, at his store on Van Ness Avenue. Mr. Mihran explained most clearly the process of the making of the rug, the materials used, the dyeing, the designs with their wonderful symbolism, and finally the classification of rugs, illustrating his points by reference to the beautiful ones with which his store is filled.

Dr. Hillis' suggestions as to "twin pastors" are worthy careful consideration. The Boston Transcript cites the following successful effort of that kind: "For years Hugh Price Hughes and Rev. Mark Guy Pearse had parishes in widely separated sections of the city. By a regular exchange of pulpits they cut their sermon-writing in two and doubled their efficiency in pastoral work. Each Sunday each church had its two services, one conducted by Hughes, the other conducted by Pearse, the evening sermon being always a repetition of the other church's morning sermon. A further advantage: each minister had the inspiration of realizing when preparing a discourse that he was to deliver it before twice as many hearers as the usual preacher addresses. As for the laity, they got the best intellectual output of two gifted clergymen, instead of the fagged and merely second-best intellectual output of one clergyman. It was a good arrangement and splendidly successful." Such an arrangement between a strong church and a weak one would be an application of the principles and teaching of Jesus.

The director of prisons for Porto Rico states that crime on that island is confined almost entirely to the lowest stratum of society, where almost absolute illiteracy prevails "This opinion is based upon the fact that of the 1699 prisoners serving sentences in the penitentiary and seven district jails for periods ranging from six months to life terms. 1235 can neither road nor write. Our prisons rarely open their doors to persons in the middle or upper spheres of life and no member of the learned professions or mercantile class is confined in our jails. One thousand and sixty-one prisoners are common peons (laborers), and there are only four small property owners among all the inmates."

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE BIBLE AS IDEAL TRUTH.

By Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed, D.D.

(Published by request of the San Francisco Presbyterian Ministerial Association, before which body it was recently deliverl.—Editor.)

Plato said that the radiant light was the shadow of God. The highest forms of truth are similitudes—ideal images, parables, allegories, spiritual resemblances, moral dramas. Behind every symbol there shines a great truth. All truth is true, whether it be fact, or whether it be clothed in literary form and presented as ideal. Doubt has been cast upon the historic reality of some of the Old Testament characters. My object this morning is to show that it does not matter whether they are historical or not. Truth is truth. Their historicity does not affect one way or the other their value in conveying religious lessons. Around some of the Old Testament books rage the battles of the critics, while all the time there shines from these same books, between the discussions of writers conservative and writers radical, supernal and soul-stirring truth. Whether these stories of the Old Testament are true in the sense of being literal facts is not, for the purpose of religion, relevant. Are they in accord with the universe as we know it, as ruled over by a righteous God? That is the question.

William Tell stands for the heroism of the Swiss patriot. Achilles stands as the ideal Greek. They are no less valuable for thus representing great elements of character. The highest form of truth is poetry, and the Bible is largely peotry. To understand the Bible requires a spiritual imagination—the power to discern and reproduce and transmute the truth. Definition here is not easy. Call it ethical and spiritual appreciation; call it the poetic temperament; call it admiration for the ideal; call it the faculty o f vision; call it soul. It is that feeling which realizes and responds when the deep things of God call to the deep things in man. It is not the logic faculty or the argumentative faculty; but that part of us which is the wonderer, the mystic, the feeler of ineffable yearnings, and the seer of something beyond the eye, but not beyond the soul. The thing that gives Christianity its power and stability is its profound harmony with the laws of the universe and of rational mind, its appeal to the deepest spiritual experience of mankind. Its foundation is not in mere logic or in methods deductive or inductive. The rules of logic can never doctor a sick faith. Christianity is the world's great simplicity. It is a history indeed. Its stalk is rooted in the past. Beneath its lofty structure are deep and solid foundations. The gospel history is built on glorious and transcendant facts. But even in dealing with the New Testament those facts are first apprehended by the imagination. For most men Christianity is a message, a vision. It is not a syllogism. It is not a speculation. To the man in the street it is not a formal thing at all; but an immediate thing, a living impression, a luminous analogy, a bright interpretation. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," Jesus often reiterated. And even with Him for a teacher, men were puzzled to tell whether the divine voice was thunder or the tones of an angel. A man will hear and see according to the amount of soul there is in him. Spiritual truth comes into the heart like sunshine, without argument, as the most real and beautiful thing in God's universe. It is the soul's proper atmosphere. God in the secret chambers of the mind, felt as the soul's life by all good men in all ages and under all skies. So the question is not, Did Moses write the Pentateuch? Or, Was Job a historic person? and so on. But, Is the law of God found in the Pentateuch written in the physical and moral constitution of man? And, Is the Book of Job a truthful setting forth of the lesson of God's providence? In order to gain knowledge and inspiration from a biblical book, it is no more necessary to know the name of the writer than it is to know the author of the multiplication table before one can be convinced that twice two are four. The question is not with reference to the hand that wrote, or the style, or the literary form, but the eternal mind behind the words.

The Bible a Revelation through Literature.

Why is it thought incredible that God should let a drama have a place in his revelation? Christ spoke in parables. A drama is as sacred as an enigma. And a parable is sort of mental enigma, an intellectual knot to be untied. We have the psalms, and we do not object to them. An epic is only a national psalm. A love story is the Book of Ruth—one of the finest ever written. Why do we find all these things in the Bible? Because much of the Bible is ideal truth, a revelation through a people's literature, because in all these ways are expressed a people's life, their hopes and fears and struggles and aspirations. We do not rebel against Homer when he creates Achilles and Ulysses, or Virgil when he creates Eneas. Truth is no less true because Dickens gives it to us through a David Copperfield, or Scott through an Ivanhoe, or Thackeray through a Henry Esmond or Victor Hugo through a Jean Valjean, or George Eliot through an Adam Bede, or Bunyan through Christian.

Literature cannot be separated from its purpose. Some literature is intended to instruct, some to amuse and some to inspire. Biblical literature has the sublimest possible purpose—to reveal God. Type and paper can never fully enshrine or express God. But we must never separate the biblical literature from its purpose, its environment, its climate. Its root is deep in the faith and hope of a people whose specialty was religion, whose genius was the supernatural. "By divers portions and in divers manners" God spoke through them. That revelation blossomed in many ways and in many colors, but every form and hue speaks of the soil from which it sprang and the atmosphere by which it was nourished. It may not all be fact; but it is truth vital and splendid. Our task is not to doubt it; but to let it speak its authoritative word in our soul and then live it. Is "Pilgrim's Progress" any less precious because it is not literal? Christian and Greatheart are not men of flesh and blood. Doubting Castle and the Delectable Mountains stand for the lower and the higher life; but the one never imprisoned a hesitating soul and the other never shone in that light which never was on sea or land. Woe to that man who loses his soul-sight. To have no imagination is to be intellectually dead.

To illustrate, take Hamlet. Who was Hamlet? Only a name. No such man appears in history or literature before Shakespeare's day. Hamlet is no fact. But facts are only the shadows of truths, the manifestations of reality. Hamlet is the manufacture of the poet's brain. Are his sayings any the less true on that account? They are as true and real as our own souls? There never was a Hamlet. We are Hamlet. The reality is in us. Hamlet is as far above any one real man as prophetic truth and divine insight are above bare history. Whoever has been melancholy, and confused by the problems of evil, and staggered by the blightings of hope, and has had his faith distracted by looking on the world through mists that dimmed the golden lamp within his own breast, who cannot tell why evil triumphs and good goes to the wall, who is indecisive through long speculation, who has become bitter through wondering why an infinite uni-

verse does not immediately assert the majesty of moral law and smite the evil-doer on the spot—this is Hamelt. He stands for the multitude; and he is not fact, but truth, a thousand times larger than any one mere man could be.

The Bible is the message of God to our soul through human literature and human experience. It holds the vital principles of conduct, the unquenchable light of sure faith and the motive forces of life. It is not only the gift of God —it is the channel of God. It is ethically unimpeachable and spiritually alive. Yet it is God speaking through the lives and intellects of men. It did not fall from heaven ready-made like the Koran, nor was it discovered by clairvoyance like the Book of Mormon. The real Bible is not the form of it, but the truth of it. To enlarge an illustration of Mr. Beecher's, here is a harp. You want an intelligent opinion upon it. You gather a jury of competent men to pass judgment on the harp. One man comes, and he is a man of artistic temperament—he judges it by its strings. A third is an antiquary—he discusses its age and maker. At last a musician appears. He seems not to notice the harp's curved surface and graceful outline or the quality of the material. But he draws his hands over the strings, and sweet, slumbering music awakens within the instrument, which charms the ear and fills the soul with ecstasy. The harp is for music. The only test of it is the test of melody. The Bible is a divine harp, each book a string. One man examines its structure, another its source, another its date. That is legitimate, if done reverently; but woe to that criticism which is proud and vain, which would be the master and not the servant of faith, which would oust religion and itself drive the chariot of the sun. Has this harp the music of life?—that is the question. Does it find the soul? Does it awaken holy purpose? Is there in it the breath of the living Spirit, something which strengthens the failing hands and braces the faltering will and comforts the breaking heart? That is the question. Does the music prove this to be a divine harp? Is God in this book as we find him nowhere else? Does what he has commanded in law and sacrifice and ceremoney and psalm, and what he has said through Abraham and Moses and David and Samuel and all the rest, constitute a revelation? It does. Deep under the external form lies the truth. And, as Horace Bushnell said, "If we take all these old books of story, biography and prophecy and join ourselves to these old hymns of worship, we seem to be insphered among God's very thoughts—let in deep into the discerning of them. And we are lifted by the swell of a certain beatific undertone in them, which is the Eternal Mind heaving up through, in great inspirations and tides of thought that have no human measures."

The Epic of Eden.

If I have made my meaning clear, may I illustrate by reference to three biblical examples. Take the first three chapters of Genesis. The story of Creation and Eden may be truth in poetic or dramatic garb. But the reality underlying it is absolutely true today and will be true forever. The seven mighty "acts" are seven stupendous "days;" not days of twenty-four hours, nor yet of geologic eras; but "days" used in a representative and natural and literary way to measure and distribute the creative process. They have nothing whatever to do with astronomic or geologic or biologic science; but are the convenient and literary method of expressing the progress of the mighty drama. There are indeed striking resemblances between Genesis and geology. Professor John Fiske, who was perhaps the most spiritual interpreter of the facts of physical science in our time, has said that the truth came to him with all the force of a revelation, that Genesis, so far as astronomy and geology were concerned, while not to be literally interpreted, nevertheless so far as fact and process and order go, was literally true. He said Genesis gave us the creative order in an ascending scale up to man, making man the climax, and the center of the evolutionary process. Nature looks up to man and serves man and waits for man as the crowning handiwork of the creation, and with man the process ceased so far as new species are concerned, and is now employed only in his strengthening and perfection.

Such a testimony is interesting and comforting. But I believe all likenesses between Genesis and any science whatsoever are not to be over-emphasized, and that the method in Genesis is pictorial with the one great object of magnifying God as author of life and Creator of the world. The writer first shows us an empty world-house—"The earth was without form and void." Then he tenants the empty habitation, furnishes the palace with occupants, and crowns the whole process with man as monarch. The difference between the account of Genesis and the account of the evolutionist is largely as to method. The result reached is the same. With the evolutionist we stand in the morning of time by the sea, where in the dark primeval waters are little atoms of life floating like tiny bubbles in the salt spume. Then there pass by us minute cells called ascidians. Ages pass, and many mighty leaps over the gaps in the strange succession, a monkey appears; and then after infinite ages, a man. And if your evolutionist be also a theist, he puts God back of that stupendous process and sees God packing potential empires, laws, sciences, philcsophies, religions and literatures into the primary germ and then unfolding them by compelling eternal truth to emerge into present fact.

Standing with the biblical writer, you find his description more panoramic and ideal. Of all real or conceivable accounts, his story has the loftiest accent. We stand now amid the dawn of the worlds. The great curtain that veils the infinite spaces is lifted, and in the awful hush of that eternity which precedes time, we hear God say, "Let us make man in our image and after our likeness." Thus is the mighty process summed up. In either case God is Creator. That it would take one moment or a hundred million years has nothing to with the question. In literature it is legitimate to crowd the work of years into hours. Shakespeare has done this again and again. In this epic of creation the series of "days" march by one by one that each day marking each creative act may bear the one lesson—God! God speaks—and it is done. God commands—and it stands fast. There is no intention to time the magnificent task, to crowd its acts into a twenty-four hour day or to extend them to a ten-million-year day. The stupendous process is not timed at all. The picture is painted. The majestic drama moves on to its climax. Far down the future God has planted the goal, and over those unmeasured distances there sweeps God's dominating purpose. Creation is the epic of the triumph of God. While men were worshipping the spirits of the elements and the powers of nature, while they blindly bowed to stocks and stones, and filled every place on land and sea with rival and degrading divinities, while polytheism, superstition and fetishism held men enthralled and in darkness and death, the author o f Genesis cleanses away all grotesque and belittling and local gods and brings the race on its knees in homage before the living God. His aim is not historic or scientific, but religious. He is not tracing the process of evolution and trying to match his "days" to

the order of nature or the periods of zoology; but he is giving us the "charter of monotheism," he is showing us a great vision, a picture of devine accomplishment, enthroning God in his rightful place in his own universe and enfranchising and dignifying man and endowing him with all the attributes of the divine masterpiece.

Is the story of the happenings in the original Eden to be taken literaly? Was there once a garden with unscable walls and in it a tree with ability to make immortal, and another possessed of the fatal power to impart the knowledge of good and evil, and a snake holding parley with an innocent woman? Literature has four great conceptions of the spirit of evil—Luther's Devil, Milton's Lucifer, Goethe's Mephistopheles, and Burn' De'il. The garden of Eden has been located in Persia, in the South Sea Islands, in Central America, and at the North Pole. But is it necessary to look so far for the garden of Eden? Does it not represent man,s primitive innocence, before conscience troubles, and reason is overwhelmed by inclination, and fear and remorse and spritual warfare disturb the calm of life? Was it not once in your heart and in mine? Is not the story of the temption and the fall repeated in every mortal man and woman? What if this story is an allegory, a picture of universal human experience—true, alarmingly and awfully true—and in its net spritual meaning an exact description of each son and daughter of Adam; but still a parable, not to be understood literally, requiring imagination and the historic sense. The description is figurative, just as is the "white horse " and "the tree of life which bears twelve manner of ruits" in the Revelation. The garden scene is a parabolic narrative standing for a sad and universal fact. Adam and Eve are the race. The serpent is the symbol of evil the universal tempter—that old serpent the devil,"—subtle, crafty, fascinating, death-dealing, universal emblem of the powers of evil. Adam and Eve are types of humanity. In them all races, all colors, all familes of the earth are met, Moral infection has tainted the whole human brotherhood. The crisis in the garden is the representive test case of the world. Every human soul begins in a garden of choice, beautiful and wonderful as Eden. Conscience slumbers and then awakes. The period of instinct is succeeded by the authority of the law—the voice of God in the garden being the great imperative which sounds through all souls everywhere. Out of instinct-innocence the soul emerges upon a higher level of chracter as it chooses good and not ill. When the test comes, illusions vanish, discord breaks the peace of life, and through Eden the soul takes its solitary way.

Here is a boy brought up in a refined Christian home—a veritable earthly paradise,—and tenderly taught in all the ways of truth and righteousness. Love welcomed him at his birth, and love lighted his youthful pathway. His lips untainted by a vile word, no flaming passion in the heart, no evil pictures in the chambers of imagination! But one day he forgot or repudated his birthright and sinned against his parents' prayers and hopes. He plucked the fruit that turned to bitterness, and immediately conscience became a flaming sword, barring him from Eden evermore. He "fell" on that day when he lost standing in his father's sight, on that day when he tore down the altar of sacred trust in the heart of a holy mother who had pledged him to goodness. Thus the tragedy of paradise was repeated, and is repeated by every son and daughter of the race. We all hear the whispered suggestions of the subtle serpent. In the soul of every one of us sounds the solemn call, "Where art thou?" Every one of us feels that he has missed the higher purpose of his life. Though much of the primeval blessedness still clings to us, conscience feels itself "naked" and makes itself fig-leaf aprons of foolish excuse and empty pretence. God still walks in the garden, and the guilty heart, as ever seeks its refuge from his holiness amid the sheltering trees of pretended ignorance.

Only yesterday a man cheated his fellow, denied his God did evil and was selfish; and last night when the heat of passion and competition was somewhat abated and God walked in the garden of that man's soul in the cool of the day, that guilty heart tried to hide from God. Thorns and thistles spring forth in human lives still as the result of sin and the deadly night-shade. Anxiety and pain rack the spirt, and we eat our bread in the sweat of our face. The "flaming sword" that keeps the way is the holiness ofGod which is pledged to keep the path undefiled to paradise regained. The universe and the nature of things are pledged to righteousness, and the only way to the restored Eden of a righteous manhood—which is by the conquest of evil through the Cross. where God shines out before us in great mercy and sets before our rebellious hearts and blinded eyes the vision of a b tter paradise. Moral character involves, must involve the possibility of wrong. Character comes through struggle, virtue through victory. There can be no affirmative without the alternative of the negative. Goodness is possible only by the free refusel of moral evil and the free election of moral good. A being who is not free in his choice could not sin. A will constrained in its choice would be only a machine. This seems to be the meaning of Eden and the fall—it is the parable of man's universal temptation, lapse and recovery to righteousness and God, the emergence of moral responsibly. And as the first book of theBible is the epic, so is the last—the first epic of the morning of time and the freshness of creation, the last the epic of the evening of time and the beginning of eternity. Genesis chants the dawn of life and Revelation the dawn of life everlasting, "the majestic image" to use Milton's splendid phrase, "of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The Story of Jonah.

As our next example take the story of Jonah. By many this Book of Jonah is regarded as the joke among the Old Testament books. It is the object of satire, of sarcasm, of derision. And yet the Book of Jonah is one of the divinest in the Bible. The point of the story is not Jonah, or the whale, but God. I do not say that the whale story is impossible—nothing is impossible with God. But that is not the point. It does not matter whether it is literal history or not. It is fairly crowded with ideal truth. It is an interpretation of human character and experience. It is a mirror of life. Jonah is an unwilling missionary. He demands some seal and vindication of his message. Nineveh is to be destroyed. But under his denunciations it repents. How human it all is! In spite of its repentance he demands its destruction as a reward for his personal inconvenience and effort. That God should spare it makes him a petulent child. "It is better to die than live," he says. There are Jonahs all about us; men who will do something for God provided their pride and arrogance are ministered to. They think of themselves instead of their message, and can brook no apparent failure of their prejudiced and distorted will, even though Nineveh should fall by the scourge of God; little men in a great world, men counting their own disappointment and suffering of wilfulness instead of the life of a whole people. And yet God is kind to this petulent prophet and

tries to reason with him; and when he goes and throws himself down in a wilful pet, "the Lord prepared a gourd, and made it come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd." But God would not be just if he were to leave the spoiled child of a prophet to have his own way, so "God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered." The same thing is happening every day. This story was written yesterday. Every place has its Jonahs, men who want to set their will over against Nineveh instead of taking their stand in Nineveh and redeeming it; men who would destroy it as Jonah would, instead of suffering for it as Christ did for Jerusalem; men who want to separate themselves from the sins and ill-fortunes of humanity and from afar call to salvation instead of dying to save. And because things do not go just to suit them, because Nineveh still stands there on the hill, they throw themselves down in a fit of impatience, lose sight of the great calamity that might have befallen Nineveh in the little calamity which has befallen themselves, and wish they might die! And God is still good. The same love that prepared the gourd now prepares a worm to smite its root, lest men become utterly selfish and exhaust themselves in self-pity.

What if our pain, our disappointment, our sorrow is God taking away the sheltering gourd, that we may want and may choose only himself. Then if he can rouse us to an unrest in the great universal, in the world around and beyond us, he will himself care for our particular life. We shall be of some meaning and value only as we think not of ourselves or our petty wishes, but of God, and our value to God, and humanity's value to God. We become eternal, not by engrossing and enthralling our soul in a nice cocoon of selfishness, but by helping someone else to be eternal. "Whoso loveth his life shall lose it; but whoso shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." The doctrine of the Book of Jonah is the doctrine of Jesus. The gourd falls that heaven may shine clear.

This is the gospel according to Jonah. Whether this book is literal history or not, it is divine; it is the evangel of the unselfish. Some of us are looking for the rest-time. Do you not know what it is to long with tired eyes for a sight of the sheltering gourd? Sometimes there comes a whole series of trials and disappointments. I wonder if God is not trying to get us out into the open, to shake us out of our self-complacency, to arouse Jonah, content with his own little narrow and shadowy world, to something better, to make us men and make us amount to something and give our life a new direction so that instead of sulking under some gourd, the river of our life shall run in full sweep and fertility on its way to the wide sea of God's immortality. If by some happy turn of fortune's wheel you got a gourd in a night, as it were, and then the worm cut its root and withered it, then learn the lesson—the gourd withered, Nineveh spared, heaven shining above all! Great is the mercy of God to you and Nineveh. Through all is a redemptive purpose. Your sun has risen; a worm has cut the gourd; hopes, purposes, fortune, friends are all gone. What is left? Nothing but God. But God is all! "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." Gourd withered, but God is still on the throne; life ruined on the selfish side, but enriched on the Godward side. In the unfading country perhaps the Master-builder is erecting a better home—the frail gourd of earth to be a mansion in heaven. The confident song hushed here that in heaven we may catch the grand amen.

The Drama of Job.

One more illustration of what I mean by ideal truth, and I am done. Take Job. Is Job literal history? I do not know. Very likely at the foundation of the book there was a man by the name of Job, a personal, real, live man. It was not the habit of the Hebrew mind to reach up and take a character out of the air. It required a personality at the centre and core of a work like this book. But I do not contend for this. It does not matter. The truth is all that matters. Suppose Job is a drama representing man's inner life, the lament of humanity's heart when it is rent with inexplicable trouble, the assurance that life's beginning and continuing and ending is in the eternal God.

The Book of Job contradicts all the old theories concerning the origin of pain. In the Hebrew thought suffering was due to sin in the sufferer. Job boldly declares that the pains of earth have their source in heaven. Indeed, the drama opens in heaven. The universe is before the throne of God. Satan comes also as the representative of earth, and he boldly tells the Almighty that this man Job, who seems to love God so fervently, does not love God unselfishly, for himself alone, but for the rewards which are in his houses and lands and honors and prosperity. He declares that if these should fail him, Job would curse the Almighty to his face. God accepts the challenge. This man Job will refute the charge that divine love is always impressed in the bestowing of earthly rewards. He will show how men are perfected by suffering and enriched by loss. He will prove that "they also serve who only stand and wait," and suffer and bear. It is harder to bear than to do. The Old Testament saints were all active men, men of accomplishment. Job the sufferer rises above them all. Abraham migrated to find a purer faith and a diviner God. Noah was the world's first ship-builder. Enoch walked with God, and at the end of one day's walk found himself in heaven. Moses set up the pillars of an ordered commonwealth. Elijah was a fiery prophet, translated at last in a fiery chariot. David was by turns a bold sinner, a brave soldier and a sweet and saintly singer. All these were men of action. Job's task was the hardest of all—not to do, but to bear. Gradually he is stripped of everything. Wealth vanishes; home is invaded by death; dear voices are hushed; health breaks; the wife of his bosom blasphemes. Still no cry from Job, no blanching of the cheek! The anchor of his trust holds. Even death is haloed by hope: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Then human friends come with their mistaken sympathy and their false theory that Job must be a particular sinner under special divine displeasure. Job refutes all their charges. His life has been pure and full of good works. Trouble is not always a result of wickedness. Christ taught the same thing. Affliction is not a sign of sin; it is not necessarily a punishment for transgressions committed either by the sufferer himself or by his ancestors. There was the man blind from his birth. The disciples, following the ordinary Jewish idea, asked: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents?" "Jesus answered, neither hath this man sinned nor his parents." And then comes the declaration which is the whole point of the Book of Job: "But that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Thus Job rises to this high plane, casts all on God and hopes for a better day. Hear his ringing challenge, his bugle-call of hope: "I know that my Vindicator liveth, and that he shall stand at the last upon the earth—in my flesh shall I see God." No despair! Horizon of faith still clear! Love still unquenched! Stars radiant in the night-

sky. God knows the bruise, and he provides the balm!

The Book of Job is literature; to understand it requires, not a cold and barren literalism, but appreciation and imagination. It has a soul, a voice. It is a revelation. It is not simply words. It presupposes a soul, a literal grasp and tact in us. It is all through the Bible. If a drama appeals to human nature, the Bible is drama. If poetry finds something responsive in our deepest soul, the Bible is poetry. If biography has a mighty fascination for us, the Bible is biography. If metaphor, parable, symbol appeal to us, the Bible is all these. What is the interpretation of the Book of Job? It is a strange, redemptive quality of human life. The book is really a justification and prophecy of the history of Jesus Christ. It is a great testimony to the fact that life is a battle in which the best put their bodies in the front, in which God sends only His holiest into the hail of the arrows of hell. In the Book of Job is foreshaddowed that better doctrine full of a dark chivalry that he that bore the worst that men can suffer was the best that bore the form of man." You think Isaiah got the clearest ancient vision of the cross. It seems to me that Job saw the heart of Calvary more distinctly. But his flesh should rest in hope; his peace should be the calm of courage, the fortitude of trust, the tenacity of faith. For the moment a sort of Gethsemane was his; but for him, as for his great, divine Antitype, beyond the garden and the cross shone the glittering peaks of his Olivet, and above the cloud gleamed the light in his Father's house.

A marvelous book—this Bible! Its lessons how inexhaustible and surpassingly excellent! The book to use in helping face hot temptations! The book by which to solace life's great sorrows! The book which heartens men to bear life's rugged responsibilities, which braces the wavering will and guides the faltering feet! The reformer's book, the volume for the statesman, the comfort for the hospital and guide for the home, the book for men to rest on when the death dew is damp on the forehead, its promises never so precious as when read above the coffin and beside the grave in that hour when bereavement longs for the assurance of heavenly re-union and life everlasting.

THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A choice Christmas program for the Sunday-school, "Gifts for the King," has just been issued by the Sunday-school department of the Foreign Board. The theme is appropriately worked out in the scripture and in special exercises for the different departments of the school. The hymns are of unusual merit, combining choice words with bright, joyous melody; the kind that the school will sing and that is worth while. Accompanying the program is a coin card in the shape of a Christmas tree like the illustration below.

Seasonable decorations adorn it, but space is left for silver decoration by the girls and boys themselves—an offering to Foreign Missions that the glad Christmas message may be carried to those across the sea in non-Chritian lands. Everyone completely decorating with silver dimes one of these trees, or contributing a dollar, is entitled to a beautiful Recognition Certificate, printed in two colors on paper suitable for framing. The Christmas supplies are sent free to all schools contributing a Christmas offering to the Board of Foreign Missions. To others the programs are furnished at $4.00 per hundred. Schools willing and able to pay express or mail charges on their order are invited to do so, and thus lessen to the Board the large expense of distribution. Orders should be sent in at once to the Sunday-school Department of the Foreign Board, Room 812, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, to insure receipt of the supplies in good time. Many schools were disappointed last Easter because



their orders came in too late. A word to the wise is sufficient. A sample packet of the supplies may be secured by sending a two-cent stamp.

A FAMILIAR OLD-TIME POEM.

A poem long familiar doubtless to nearly all the adult readers of the Pacific Presbyterian begins with the stanza—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

The author of the poem, Mrs. Julia A. Carney, passed on into the life beyond a few days ago from her home at Galesburg, Illinois. She was born in Massachusetts in 1823. and the poem was written many years ago. The other stanzas are:

"So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
"So the little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Far in sin to stray

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above."

One of the striking changes in Turkey is that as to the freedom of the press. There are not less than forty newspapers now. The presses are overworked and the paper for printing purposes frequently gives out and the files show a variety of colors, as in the early days in California when common wrapping paper was sometimes used.

It is estimated that the railroads of this country will have to spend approximately $5,000,000,000 in improvements during the next few years to keep up with the increase of

A religious training school and Chautauqua for the colored race is to be established at Hillsboro, North Carolina. It will be modelled after the Winona Assembly and Northfield Bible School. Dr. James E. Shepard, a negro, who has for several years been actively engaged in Sunday-school work under the auspices of the International Sunday-school Committee, is the prime mover and has already secured a desirable tract of land and several promises of financial assistance. A strong, useful religious training by means of a literary course for illiterate clergymen, a special course for Sunday-school teachers, and courses designed to fit young men and women for Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work, are some of the special features, to which will be added practical experiments in settlement work and established practical industries. Dr. Shepard has associated with him in this work some of the most influential negroes of the country, and is endorsed by leading men of both races. He declares that the hope of the race lies in the salvation of the young, and that specially trained teachers must do the work if it is to be effective. In speaking of the advantages of a religious training for the negro, he said: "It awakens the sluggish, dormant energies of the individual, and turns him into channels of usefulness and service. It lessens crime, reduces idleness, stops violence, and teaches lessons of restraint. It builds up a better citizenship and checks the great waste of human material found in the chain gangs, jails and penitentiaries. Make a man practically religious, and the industrial and educational side will take care of itself. Any education that will cause the betterment of a race must be founded upon moral and religious training."

THE HOME

THE INSIDER.

"It is so good of you to put me on such a nice committee," said a new young recruit in a rather exclusive organization of women; "and I am such an outsider, too, for I don't begin to know half the members."

"My dear," said the older woman to whom she spoke, and who had met her for the first time the week before, "you are not an outsider. You are a born insider. Anyone can see that about you in five minutes."

It was quite true. The new member had only been in the town a short time, having married a young lawyer of no special prominence. But already she was at home in the church, had joined a reading class, and was heartily liked and welcomed into things by her husband's and their friends. "Mary does fit in so!" was the comment of her sister-in-law, and the fit was so perfect that in a year or two everybody forgot that Mary had lived anywhere else, and considered her in the light of a native. It was a clannish town, too—but then, Mary had gotten inside the clan and made good her place.

For being an insider is usually a case of making good Being born in the church does not make the saint, and being born in the best social rank does not make the social leader. A child may actually become an outsider in its own family —every observer remembers such cases. There are people who from youth to old age are always outsiders, everywhere—who look on at life from their place but never reach the heart of it. They even go through the great experiences of humanity and yet remain outside of the deepest realities. There are mothers who are outsiders to motherlove, and husbands and wives who are strangers to romance, and brothers and sisters who have no loyalty, and friends who are absolutely ignorant of unselfish affection. They never get inside the truth of things. That is left for the insiders—the poets, the saints and martyrs, the workers, the patriots, the true lovers—those who enter in to the fullness and the secrets of life and find it worth living. For since they heartily give themselves to life and are not always calculating the personal return, they are optimists per se.

The lack of sympathies make the outsider. The cultivation of sympathies makes the insider. Natural gifts count for much; but yet the insider must make his or her own place in the world as truly as the outsider. Someone has defined success in society as "the power of being endlessly bored." That is a true outside definition. To the outsider, the average social circle seems to contain a formidable number of tiresome people. But to the sympathetic social insider each one of these bores ceases to be a bore and becomes a human personality with at least some traits that are agreeable. The social leader likes society; it is not an insincere but a real liking. A good neighbor likes his neighbors he doesn't only pretend to. At times many people are bores and many neighbors are disagreeable; but that does not alter a permanent relation of liking. "You love a table full of books," said a woman who was a great social favorite to one who was indifferent and unpopular, "and you pick up one after another, and enjoy this or that in it. Now I feel about a roomful of people as you do about a tableful of books. I want to talk to each one, and enjoy this or that in them." Sympathy is the foundation of the insider's power of getting inside. Defective sympathies set men or women outside, and keep them so.

To be an insider you must begin young, and get interested early in people and things. The habit of being an insider then stamps itself upon one's personality. There are men to whom everything seems to come. They rise in business. They are elected to important positions. They guide the opinion of the community. But all this does not come by chance. It is the result of many interests, using the word in its etymological sense. There are women who in the neighborhood, the church, the social world, are always on the inside of everything that is going on. It is their unfailing interest in things that does it. The outsider may criticise and complain. That is the outsider's mark and function. But it is the insider who molds, makes and enjoys life.

No selfish person can be a true insider, since selfishness and sympathy are two opposite poles. No insincere person ever gets to the inside of life. The insider may have many faults, but the essential qualities of his or her success are fundamentally good—sincerity, affection, kindness, industry, self-forgetfulness, sympathy. To be at home with others, to reach out from self, to be an important part, but still a part, of a larger whole, are elementary necessities of getting inside. If we are outsiders, it is not the nature of things which is to blame. It does not shut us out; it leaves us to make and take our own place, inside or out, as we choose. A Madame Recamier will find the inner circle of any society; a Lincoln cannot be kept out of the presidential chair; a General Booth will always lead an army; and in every lesser sphere, the insider, born or made, will always get inside—where he belongs.—Priscilla Leonard.

THE CHEERFUL WIFE.

"All of you people who dole out advice to women about how to be good wives and make their husbands happy and hold men's affections are dead wrong in the tips you hand out," said a married man to me the other day. "You've got the whole proposition figured out wrong and you don't play the right quality to win."

"Very likely," I replied. "I confess with shame and contrition that I have never been a husband, or even a man, and therefore, as a matter of fact, I can only theorize about the qualities that are most desirable in a wife."

"Oh, you are not the only one that's off the track," re? sponded the man consolingly. "There are others. Now, take the theory, for instance, that the way for a woman to keep a man's affection cinched is by keeping young and beautiful. Sounds like a winner, doesn't it, but as a matter of fact, provided a man's wife is nice and tidy looking, and will pass muster in a crowd, that's all he cares about.

"Men talk a lot about worshiping beauty, but they don't marry for it, as you can readily see if you will take a glance around the matrons of your acquaintance, half of whom are ugly enough to break a look-glass if they'd take a real, good, had squint into it. And as for a woman getting fat or thin, it doesn't make a bit of difference in a husband's feelings toward her. A man's affection for his wife doesn't wobble up and down the scales.

"Then there's the theory about the woman keeping her husband fascinated by reading up on whatever topic he is interested in so that when he comes home she can turn out the same brand of conversation that he has been indulging in all day. Rot. Utter rot. Of course, its nice to have a wife who understands what you are talking about, and can see the point of your jokes, and has some sympathy with your occupation and hobbies, but that's as far as it goes.

"The working day generally gives a man all the shop talk he wants, and when he comes home he's glad to get a change and hear about how cute the baby did, and what the neighbors are going to have for dinner, and the latest particulars of the elopement of Mrs. Blank with Tom Smithers, or any other choice piece of scandal that a dear little wife has picked up at the female prayer-meeting or a pink tea.

"Then there's the hoary iron-bound theory that is taught every girl along with her catechism, that the quintessence of virtue in a woman and the whole duty of a wife is to be a good housekeeper and feed her husband. In the innocent fancy of a young girl, a husband figures as a ravening beast that can only be placated and made gentle enough for her to handle by throwing him beefsteak and mushrooms and chicken en casserole, and things of that sort.

"Now, far be it from me to discourage any bride in her struggle with the cook book. It's a noble and admirable study, and a well-kept house and a good dinner go a long way toward keeping matrimony from being a failure, but they are not the whole wroks—not by a long shot. With a good restaurant on almost every corner a man can always get plenty to eat, and if he's married to one of the women who just never can learn to keep an orderly house, all that he's got to do is to pick her up and migrate to an apartment hotel, where trained specialists have solved the physical comfort question.

"So the housekeeper problem doesn't cut the ice it is supposed to in domestic happiness, but I'll tell you what does. I'll tell you the quality in a wife that's got beauty and intelligence and cooking beat a city block. I'll tell you what is the real sine qua non in a wife—the one thing that, if a woman possesses it, makes her husband happy, and if she doesn't possess it, renders him miserable, and that is cheerfulness.

"Yes, ma'am, cheerfulness, plain, old-fashioned cheerfulness. The kind that meets a man at the front door with a smile that seems to say, 'This is a good old world, and you are the best thing in it,' and that can find fun and humor in little makeshifts and economies, and can turn the misadventures of the day—if the cat happens to fall into the cream or the cream or the cook breaks the parlor vase—into a screaming farce that will make you die of laughter as she recounts it.

"That's the quality in a woman that's all wool and a yard wide, and that doesn't wear out nor shrink in the wash of married life. It's the knowledge that he's going to get a jolly welcome that hastens a man home at night. It's knowing that when he tells his wife things have gone wrong in business, she's going to turn a bright, smiling face on him and tell him that it's all right, and that he'll pull through, and that it will all turn out for the best, that binds him to her with hooks of steel.

"You bet a man with that sort of a wife isn't moseying around hunting for an affinity. He's found her. She may not be much to look at, and she may not have a line of intellectual conversation that would make anybody sit up, and she may be a little shy on housekeeping, but she's there with the sunshiny goods that warm the cockles of his heart, and she's got him nailed tight and fast. Hey, boys?"

"That's so," responded the other men. "Half of the men who wander away from their own firesides are on a still hunt for some cheerful woman with whom to spend their evenings."—Dorothy Dix.

Young People

WHEN FRED CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT THINGS.

Fred Smith did not try to hide the fact that he disliked going to school. Indeed, he had often said to his comrades: "Gee whiz, boys, I'd rather work at day labor than go to school!"

One evening during the first week of the Fall term of school Fred was loitering along the street, going home. He had been kept in after school for having missed his geography lesson and had been obliged to learn and recite the lesson after the other pupils had been dismissed for the day. And the teacher had reprimanded him severely for his conduct, knowing his habits from the previous year.

So as Fred wandered along homeward he was in no happy mood. "It's beastly, this going to schcol," he remarked to himself. "If you miss a lesson you've got to stay in half an hour—or long enough to get it—after the regular school hours. Now, it's bad enough to stay in the schoolhouse for the required time; but to be obliged to stay—"

But Fred broke off his soliloquy, for just as he turned a corner he saw an old man with a small street telescope. He was placing it in position near to the curb to be in readiness when the early moon should appear in the sky. Fred walked up to him and asked if he'd be there after dark.

"Yes, indeed, my son," replied the old man. "I'll have this instrument directed on the moon, and for ten cents you may have a good look at our beautiful daughter—for the moon is the earth's daughter, you know."

"All right, I'll be around after supper to take a trip to the moon," laughed Fred. Then, forgetting his school troubles, he hurried home to tell his mother about the telescope and ask her for the required sum to look at the moon.

And hardly had the moon come out in the deep blue of the night sky when Fred ran to the corner where the telescope was placed, and paying the owner the fee took a good look at the moon through the magnifying instrument. How grand it was—shining like gold and its surface so plainly

visible! The range of mountains on its right hand side stood out as though they were only a few hundred miles distant from where Fred stood instead of so many, many thousands. "Oh, it's great!" cried Fred. "I'd like to go there in a balloon!"

"There is no life on the moon, lad," explained the old astronomer. "The brown spots you see about its surface are the dry sea beds. No water is there, consequently there is no atmosphere. So, were it possible for you to reach the moon, you would die there for want of breath."

"Oh!" said Fred. Then, his time being up, the owner of the telescope asked him to step aside that others might have their turn to look at the moon.

But even then Fred hung about the telescope, listening earnestly to every word that the old astronomer said. And the more he heard the more he longed to know of the moon and the other celestial bodies that floated through space.

That day after going to bed he lay thinking of what he had seen and heard. "No water, no atmosphere, no life on the moon," he reflected. Then a voice spoke to him from the depths of the darkest corner of the room: "Of course, there is life on the moon, boy," it said. "Just hustle into your clothes and come with me and I'll show you if I'm not speaking the truth."

Fred arose on his elbow, looked into the corner of the room whence the voice proceeded and to his utter amazement there stood the old astronomer who had been at the street corner with the little telescope.

"Why, sir, you are the very person who told me there was no life on the moon and no atmosphere or water either. What do you mean now by saying something directly contradictory to what you told me this evening?" exclaimed Fred.

"Ah, ha, my son," laughed the old man. "And so you just believe the first thing you hear, do you?" Well, that's like a boy who hates school. What can you ever know if you won't read and learn, eh?"

"An how do you know I hate school?" asked Fred, now sitting on the side of the bed. "I never had any conversation with you regarding school."

"That doesn't matter," grinned the old man. "In the first place, you were ignorant of the condition of the moon, and when I told you there was so and so there—or not so and so there, you believed me. Now, how do you know I was telling you the truth this evening? Maybe I am speaking the truth now—and maybe I'm not, eh?" And again the old man grinned.

Fred's face burned with shame. He was a proud boy and hated to have any one think him ignorant. And he felt not a little surprised that this old stranger should have struck upon the truth. He had never given the thought of education due consideration before. But now he knew what it meant.

"Well, my boy, I was much like you as I grew up," said the old man, breaking in on Fred's reverie. I hated school. I hated work the same way. I just wanted to roam about and have a good time. I'm old and ignorant and poor. All I have is the little telescope instrument which you looked through at the moon tonight. And it brings me a very poor livelihood. There are stormy nights when I can't get a glimpse of a star. There are the seasons when we have no moon. And even in moon time there are cloudy nights that cut off my income. So you will see how precarious my living is. Ah, I loved to hear about the heavenly bodies when I was young, but I could not apply myself to study. Had I done so I might now be professor of astronomy in a fine university, instead of tramping about the country trying to pick up a few dimes in this uncertain way. Ah, if only youth knew its possibilities, its advantages!"

This old man sighed heavily. Then he rose to depart. "I must be going, for the night is clear and we have a fine moon. I'll get a few coins to keep body and soul together."

Then he went to the window and stepped out through it upon the lawn. Fred's heart throbbed with pity for him—a sad, disappointed old man. He ran to the window to call him, to tell him he would ask his parents to assist him if he were ever in distress, but when he attempted to put his head out of the window he felt a keen blow and fell back, holding his head. Then he opened his eyes to find himself standing beside the closed door, which was on the opposite side of the room from the window.

Fred rubbed his head—which he had bumped pretty hard against the oak door—and then rubbed his eyes, returned to the side of the bed and sat down. Had he been dreaming? Most certainly he had, or had he? He would have been so positive that the old astronomer had been talking to him—there in that room—had it not been for that awful bump against the door when he thought he was at the open window. Then he went to the window to look out, for if there had been anyone in that room and he had gone through the window he could still be seen going off down the street toward the center of the town.

Fred looked and looked in vain for the tall, bent form of a man going off through the moonlight. The street was entirely deserted. Then the dream—if dream it was—held him so in its grip that he couldn't get to sleep for ever and ever so long.

"Ah, the old man said rightly," he soliloquized. "What do I know of the moon or any other heavenly body? In fact, what do I know of anything except playing and eating and sleeping, for I never get a lesson that I can slip out of. Well, I reckon it doesn't pay. Gee! I'd love to be an astronomer—a real one—not just a poor old make-believe, like the old man with the little telescope in the street. I'd love to know about the moon, the stars, the sun. And how easy it is to learn it all, too, if I'll just buckle down to school. Why, dad told me the other day that he'd send me to college as soon as I was advanced enough to go.

"Well, if I play all the term I'll never be any further advanced than I am now. And any one can tell me what they want to about the moon and stars and sun and I have no better sense than to believe them. I reckon I'd better get to work finding out things for myself. After all it's a fine thing to be a scholar. And you've go to work to get anything, too. Even grub has to be chewed. It doesn't pay to go through life like a numbskull. Mamma and dad are doing their level best for me, the teachers are doing their part, but I'm the off-member. I'll show them all something tomorrow, though. I mean to learn, and to learn a lot, too. And some day I'll be an astronomer—a great one, not a poor old tramp wandering about the country with a baby telescope."

Then Fred dropped to sleep and dreamed of the moon, the stars and the sun and that he had paid them each a visit And in the morning he was so full of the thought of astronomy, of learning in general, that he threw his arms about his mother's neck and said: "Mamma, I'm going to turn over a new leaf today. I'm going to study and learn all there is to know. I don't want to grow up a poor ignoramus, I don't. And, mamma, I'm going to become an astronomer. It'll be glorious—glorious—to spend my nights in the sky!"

And from the expression on her son's face the good mother knew he meant what he said, and she was glad. And she knew Fred well enough to feel sure that he would keep his word.

And he did.—Washington Star.

AN ALLEGORY.

Anna R. Crever.

And the King said to the Wise One: "It grieveth me much that the Lore of the Earth-Ages should be lost when the time shall come for all things to pass. Is there no way, O Wise One, that the great things that men have said and written may be taken over into Paradise?"

And the Wise One made answer: "There is but one way, O King!"

And he brought into the King's presence a strange and wonderful tapestry—its colors woven of all colors known to the eye; its threads shimmered in the sun like fine gold!

And the King said: "O Wise One, how marvellous and how beautiful!"

"Yes," said the Wise One, "by this only may the Lore of the Earth-Ages be taken into Paradise. Though all have helped to weave it, yet no one has the holding."

And the King was exceeding glad that the Wise One had found a way to carry the Lore of the Earth-Ages into Paradise. And the King said, joyfully: "O Wise One, tell me the name of this wonderful Fabric!"

And the Wise One made answer: "O King, the name of the Fabric is Character!"

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX EXVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED

THE VOICE OF PRAISE

NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE N°2

PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED

OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

Church and Sunday School Supplies

We carry a full line of supplies for all departments of Church and Sunday School Work, including BIBLES, HYMNALS, SONG BOOKS, etc. Send for our catalogue. We also have the Best Books from all publishers. Send to us for any book you want.

The New Book Store

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College and its Allied Schools

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEBB

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,

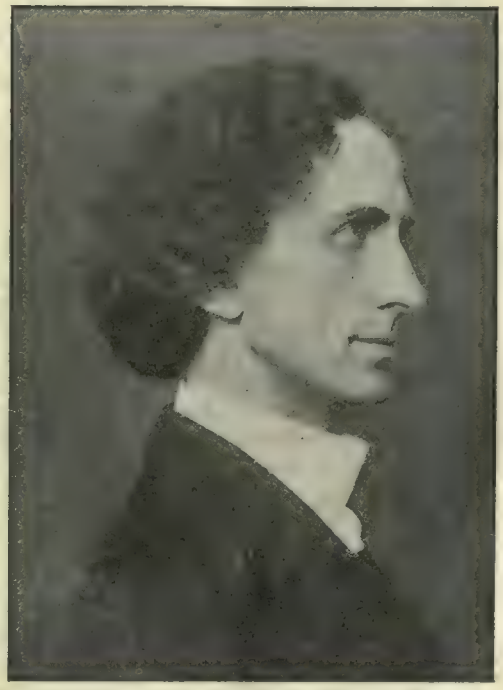
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 19, 1908. No. 47

University Library



REV. MARK A. MATTHEWS, D.D.,
Pastor Second Largest Presbyterian Church in America.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt, D.D. Rev. Dwight E. Potter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.
EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager
433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.
Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.
Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.
Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.
Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

FOUNDATIONS.

Nearly three thousand years since a wise ruler said, "If the foundations be destroyed what can the righeous do?" The people of California in general, and of San Francisco in particular, have had a very dramatic illustration of the truth so stated during the past week. The deadly bullet that crashed into the head of Francis J. Heney, while prosecuting in the name of the people of California, was fired at the very foundations of the American social system. If courts of law are to become the murderers camping ground, if prosecutors engaged to defend the lives and liberty and property of the people are to be made the assassin's target, then indeed popular government has run its course, for the foundations of democratic government have been destroyed.

"There is a spirit in man," and what the manifestations of that spirit shall be in outward act depends upon what the man is in his own nature and what the exciting causes for action are.

England produced but one great epic poem, and the same statement may be made of any other ethnic division of the race, and that for the reason that the poet is not only seer but philosopher, the spirit, and thought, and very life of the age crystalizing and unifying itself in one supreme personality, embodying all that is best and noblest and highest in the thought and feeling of his age, and giving it forth in music to the people of all ages.

Conversely is it true that the nortoriously bad man is the full embodiment of the spirit of his time. Jesse James was not a freak, but rather the dregs of reconstruction days precipitated into one man. J. Wilkes Booth did not represent the heroism and the state patriotism of the noble sons and honored sires of the sunny South, but he did crystalize in himself the foul spirit of evil generated by the hell of war. Leon Czolgosz did not represent the statesmanship of the New York Senators, but he did represent and he did fulfill the diabolical mission of the spirit of partisan strife and personal invective associated with the politics of New York City. The poor wretch that attempted to take the life of Francis J. Heney did not represent the good qualities of any man institution or corporation. He did not represent the political bureau of the Southern Pacific railroad, nor of the United Railroads, nor of any publishing company in the city, but alas! be it said, for it is the truth—be it said to their shame—he did represent the spirit of lawlessness, of law evasion, of personal invective, the spirit of bribery, technical triviality and scorn of the common people, not only condoned, but incited and fostered by these very agencies. Whether the moral law be considered as a direct revelation from Jehovah or the condensed moral wisdom of the ages, in any event, there stands the law more stable than the everlasting hills, and the city that will openly, deliberately and persistently violate its precepts, license evil, condone vice, legalize sin, debase men, and prostitute women, and all for financial gain, will now, and in time to come, as always in the past, reap what they have sown, for the "Wages of sin is death."

From the standpoint of human sympathy how inexpressably sad is it that it was Jesus, not Judas, that was crucified; the Savior, not the traitor; Heney the prosecutor, not the criminal at the bar that is shot, for whensoever the spirit of evil has precipitated itself into one foul soul, at one incarnate fiend will seek to destroy the most representative agent of truth, of law and of righteousness.

O. E. HART.

REV. WILLIAM RADER'S VIEW OF THE SAN FRANCISCO TRAGEDY.

The bullet which struck Francis J. Heney has awakened the city of San Francisco to a full realization of the moral and political crisis through which we are passing. Public opinion has changed during the last six months, and the public has been reduced to a condition of apathy which involves peril to the prosecution. Whispered opposition has passed from mouth to mouth, papers have been purchased and business men have been bribed by their interests into a sympathetic silence with the opposition. The League of Justice had counteracted this condition to an extent, but it required the shot of Haas to arouse the people to a new sense of civic responsibility.

Government in San Francisco has broken. The water mains on the day of the earthquake were not more completely broken than government in this city. In the history of American democracy there never has been a more complete illustration of failure of popular government in a municipality. We put our mayor and his arch conspirator, Abe Ruef, in jail, throw out our Board of Supervisors and put a new Board in their place, changed the head of the Police Department,—in fact, the only man who was free from graft was the present District Attorney.. When we thought the government was restored came the decision of the appellate and superior courts, which on technicalities opened the prison for both Schmitz and Ruef and created



Rev. Wm. Rader, Pastor Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco.

a distrust on the part of the people in the judiciary. Why are these men let out of jail? Ruef confessed his guilt; the court decided him innocent because of some minor flaw in the indictment. The word "mayor" was omitted in the Schmitz indictment and he was free. Then came the bribery of the jurors and further revelations of corruption in court. The Globe, the Examiner, and to some extent the Chronicle. and all the weeklies, seized the situation, and whipped into line by the powers that be, assisted in the corruption of public opinion, by misrepresentation, caricature and direct opposition. The pistol with which Haas shot Heney was loaded with the poison created by these papers. It was the culmination of an organized opposition to law and order. The cartridge which exploded in Judge Lawlor's court was simply the expression of the opposition of the "higher-ups," and the determination on the part of a certain class of people to defeat justice at all hazards.

No city in the world ever saw such a demonstration for such a reason as was witnessed last Saturday night in and around Dreamland Rink. People assembled because law had been shot, because popular government had to be rescued from its enemies. It required but a word from any speaker to have sent a mob to the county jail. Fortunately respect for law prevailed. The demonstration has cleared the air, corrected the public judgment and concentrated emphasis upon the prosecution.

I believe in this prosecution, and have from the start. I know something of its origin and something of its moral purpose. Mr. Spreckels is sacrificing a fortune, and Mr. Heney, perhaps, a life. Mr. Heney gets not a dollar for his work. He is a representative of the conscience of the city, and of the conscience of the nation. All good men should stand by him, all bad men will stand against him. This is no time for the coward, every man should stand up and be counted. We have been living in an atmosphere of anarchy.

It is no doubt but that the papers are responsible, indirectly, for this assassination. The people must take a stand in this matter and thus save the situation. Fortunately, Matthew Sullivan, Hiram Johnson and Mr. Dwyer have come to the rescue to take the place vacated temporarily—let us hope—by Mr. Heney. The people have been long-suffering, but in the last analysis the people are to blame. We ministers have been too indifferent. Had we the spirit of Savanarola and of Henry Ward Beecher, of John Knox and John Calvin, we would long since have shaken the city as by an earthquake. The minister who thinks only of the trouble he may get into is not worthy the name of minister. The business man is to blame; he thinks too much of his dollars and too little of the civic duty. We are the government. We do not represent the government only, but we are the government.

The shooting of Mr. Heney means the purification, at least for a time, of the city. Now the prosecution will go on; now Abe Ruef will go to the penitentiary. But it is clear that we have many Haases in the city. Such men must be sought out and thrown out. In the meantime it behooves all citizens to keep cool. It is not wise to speak of our distrust of the courts. The courts are the thermometers of the people's minds. We should assist the courts by making them understand that back of them is a vital public opinion. Public opinion is law.

We can best honor Mr. Heney, whether he lives or dies, by sending to the penitentiary the man who is the cause of all this trouble; a man for whom nothing good can be said, and whose punishment will be the first step toward the emancipation of the people's answer to the shot that laid Heney low.

MR. SWEENEY SAYS STAMP OUT YELLOW JOURNALISM.

In speaking to the great overflow meetings held Saturday night, Nov. 15, 1908, in Hamilton Square, and later from the front portion of Dreamland Rink, I was guided by the admonition fo Rolla V. Watt in refraining from any intemperate or incendiary remarks. It was therefore imperative that I should suppress some truths, as a safeguard against inciting riot in the name of law and order. I recognize the ju-

dicious care exercised in the preliminary caution, and was of what might be expected from a distracted public, under careful to keep within the limits of a calm, quiet exposition the sting of the attempted assassination of the people's champion, Francis J. Heney. This caution, however, could not apply to the speeches on Sunday afternoon, amidst surroundings that would not admit of the suppression of truth,—namely, the churches' mass meetings. I, therefore, felt encouraged to speak plainly, and acquain the people with a brief synopsic of the situation, as pertinent to the public weal.

We, of the Citizen's League of Justice, know too well the severe handicap that law and order did undergo, and it remained for the assassin's bullet to arouse the public mind to a sense of duty. I could easily fill a volume descriptive of the many obstacles thrown in my way, as a means to discourage me from fighting the fight of the people as I, in my elective field, know how. No man knows better than myself what law, order and discipline means to the workingman; and when I essayed to lift my voice in behalf of the "Graft Prosecution," I fully realized the immense benefits that must accrue to my associates, in common with all lawful interests, by the conviction of the scoundrels who betrayed their political trusts.

I have no personal feelying against Reuf, Calhoun, Ford, and the boodling supervisors. It was simply a matter of the application of justice to the men in question, all of whom invited anarchy by flouting the law, and confusing license with liberty. I do not recognize the right of a self-constitited "boss" to sell public institutes to the highest or most corrupt bidder, even under the most favorable natural conditions. Therefore it must follow that my passionate utterances will be aimed at the miserable miscreants who would and did sell our birthrights, while a fire following a destructive earthquake was devouring our beautiful city of homes.

I am but a plain workingman, and by virtue of environments must be limited to the plain expression of my horror of rottenness as presented by men of education and means, hence speak out in meeting as a caution, or warning, to my own that after all the ten commandments will suffice as the law's text. God is the truth. How will I be expected to announce to my people who and what are corrupt if I do not speak plainly. I have always called a spade a spade, and for over a quarter of a century fought the battles of the laborer, against oppression and political slavery. I am now fighting the battles of the public against crime, for in peaceful administration can we monopolize the earnest attention of the masses to our private interests.

The boldness of the assassin has not been analyzed, and the immensity of the criminal aggressivness is therefore minimized. We decry the venal press for poisoning the wells of information, and fail to cure the evil while it is imminent. I stop my paper if it does not follow the lines of decency, and every man can do the same. It s the circulation that buys ads. We are too prone to look for brutal humor, and as a result cheap cartoons are offered up to a breakfast worship. We must stamp out yellow journalism by refusing to patronage, as the most peaceful measure.

How long will the present indignation last? I fear it will be short-lived, therefore urge upon all patriotic citizens and women to work now, and with all your might impress the law-officers that the dilitory tactics of the past must cease, and government by and for the people must be.

J. W. Sweeney, President Labor Council.

San Francisco, Cal.

DR. WICHER TO GO TO PALESTINE.

Dr. E. A. Wicher of the San Francisco Theological Seminary has been granted permission by the presbytery to accompany an expedition for archaeological research in the Levant. This expedition is under the leadership of President Harper of Chicago. Dr. Wicher was selected from among



the scholars of America to accompany the party as Greek epigraphist. He will leave San Francisco on February sixth, accompanied by his wife. They will join President Harper in Palestine whither he has preceded them.

Few men are so well fitted as Dr. Wicher to render service to the party in that capacity to which he has been appointed. He is a thorough master of Greek both ancient and modern, a brilliant thinker in various spheres of the modern mind, a successful and well known preacher and a man withall who is keen and efficient in the administration of public and practical affairs. He is preeminently a scholar, having won numerous honors and doing work of the very highest order in the Seminary where he holds the chair of New Testament Interpretation. But his scholarly attainments and inclinations have not kept him from rendering inestimable practical service to San Francisco in her time of need. During the time of that city's recovery from th earthquake he devoted himself soul and body to her service. Because of the rare collection of talents in his nature, the city still retains him in intimate connection with her municipal life. Both city and seminary will regret his departure for Palestine on February next.

An American branch of the Anglican and Eastern Church Union has been formed. Bishop Parker of New Hampshire of the Protestant Episcopal Church and Bishop Raphael of the Greek Armenian churches are the American vice-presidents, and the Bishop of Gibraltar is the Union's president. The Bishop of Gibraltar has made it the great work of his life to bring the Anglican and the Eastern churches into closer relations. A committee of American theologians will be appointed soon by the Protestant Episcopal Church to meet similar committees from the Russian and Greek Orthodox communions to confer as to positions and see if such modifications cannot be made as to make possible inter-communion. It is said that the Russian archbishop in this country suggested this step.

CHURCH NEWS

OUR LARGEST CHURCHES.

(The Pacific Presbyterian has requested information concerning our largest churches on the coast. The first of the series of articles is given below; that of Seattle, the second largest in membership in our denomination, having 3,180 members; and the third in Sunday-school membership, i. e., 2,054. Seattle is the largest church on our Pacific Coast. Rev. Mark A. Matthews, D.D., is the beloved pastor.)

New First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Wash.

The new church building as it stands completed occupies over 20,000 square feet. The land on which the church has been built was purchased by the church authorities about three years ago, before the advance in real estate values. It has been recently appraised at $150,000. The building itself, with its furnishings, has cost over $300,000. All but a small amount of this sum has already been raised, so that but a few thousand dollars are needed to complete the entire payment for the construction of the church and its furnishings.



First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Washington.

In addition to an exceptionally complete equipment for the more usual church purposes, the new building is provided with many features providing the machinery for a most diversified church activity. A running track measuring 350 feet in circumferance, around which the athletically inclined my sprint, located on top of the church, is one of these novel features. But it is one of many, for throughout the building provision has been made, seemingly for every kind of activity in which the church of today, with its widely varying interests, may participate.

The spirit of broad religion entering into every kind of human activity seems to have governed the very foundation of the plans on which the church has been constructed. In making ample provision for the more secular activities, however, the needs of the church as a place of worship and devotion have been in no way neglected.

The auditorium in which will be held all the principal Sunday services and other large metings, has a seating capacity including the balconies which extend around three sides, of over 3,000. Entrance may be had to this, the principal room in the building, by three main entrances opening from Spring Street, from Seventh avenue and from the intersection of the two.

Even in this room, designed especially for devotional purposes, provision has been made in a most practical manner for the needs of all classes who may wish to worship here. For instance, six rows of pews with seats for about sixty persons, have been equipped with a special apparatus designed for deaf persons, by the use of which even those most deaf may be able to hear the sermon, music, and other parts of the service.

Furthermore, one of the balconies has been arranged especially for women who may be in delicate health, or with young children, and who yet wish to attend church services. For such persons there is a balcony on the north side of the auditorium to which there is a special entrance from the street, separate from other parts of the church. This balcony will accommodate 300. Adjoining it is a nursery to which may be carried obstreperous infants. Here there are couches, a lavatory, and other similar accommodations.

In the auditorium is the great pipe organ, with over 5,000 pipes, ranging in size from the monster pipes thirty-two feet in length and larger than a man's body in circumferance, to the tiny pipes smaller than a lead pencil. This instrument is the second largest on this continent, not in the number of its stops, but in the power and variety of its tone.

It has sixty-four stops and sixty-four mechanical accessories. Attached to the organ is a self-playing device by means of which a roll of music may be inserted in the proper device and the mechanism will then play through the entire selection, much in the manner of a pianola attachment on the piano. This attachment alone costs about $1,500. The

organ itself has been installed at a cost of about $30,000.

The echo organ situated at the opposite end of the church, from the main organ and console an connected by an electric cable 250 feet in length contains the softest stops and also the cathedral chimes. The organs are capable of multifarious combinations, and every grade of power from a whisper to the thunder of the tempest. More than a million and a half different combinations of tone are possible.

Throughout the church are installed 126 intercommunicating telephone connections. Sitting in the pulpit the pastor may communicate with practically every part of the church.

The heart from which will emanate the directions and energy for the work of the church is located on the fourth or top floor. Here is the pastor's study with a large library adjoining which in turn opens onto a large room which is to be used for executive purposes by the assistant pastors, stenographers and clerks. The library alone contains over 8,000 volumes.

On the same floor is the janitor's suite of five rooms completely equipped for housekeeping, with a front yard constructed on the very top of the church. In still another corner of this same floor is a room designed for a public art room. This room has abundant strong, clear light, and is admirably adapted for the showing of paintings.

Down in the basement floor of the building are the large Sunday-schol room, a kitchen equipped for the preparation and serving of meals, a gymnasium accommodating 500 persons, six shower baths and three tubs, a suite of three rooms for the Japanese-Chinese mission, where school will be held every day and night in the week for the members of these races, and other small rooms for verious purposes.

On the floors above are suites of rooms to be used as women's parlors, men's parlors, funeral services and a large number of other diversified purposes. All are planned and fitted particularly for the kinds of service for which they are expected to be used.

In various parts of the church are fourteen different lavatories, several of which are provided with bath tubs.

There are over two and a half miles of plumbing, five miles of electric wiring, and three miles of conduit for the effectual protection from fire. The church is equipped with over 500 lights of an average power of 32 candle each.



Auditorium First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Wash.

ARROYO GRANDE.—Rev. Dr. Steene of Tennessee has taken charge of the work at Arroyo Grande.

FILLMORE.—Rev. C. W. Anthony has been called to the work at this place and entered upon it with much encouragement.

LOMPOC.—Rev. C. S. Tanner has resigned the pastorate of the Lompoc church to take charge of a new mission work in San Francisco, and Rev. W. C. Scott, formerly of Fillmore, has been invited to take charge of the field made vacnt.

OAKLAND, Union Street.—Rev. Hugh J. Furneaux, Sabbath-school missionary of the San Joaquin Presbytery, interested a large audience last Sunday evening while telling of his work and experiences in the mining and lumber camps of the Sierras.

OAKLAND, First.—Rev. Mark A. Matthews, D.D., of Seattle will preach at both services next Sabbath. His morning topic will be "Calvinism the Hope of the Future." Evening subject, "The Church Needs Organizing, Not Poperizing." Last Sabbath Rev. Ellsworth Rich of Watsonville, Cal., vice moderator of the Synod of California preached to interested audiences. On Wednesday evening the subject of Mormonism was presented in a carefully prepared address by Rev. O. E. Hart, D.D., pastor of Centennial church, Oakland. The Ladies' Aid Society will give a dinner for all the church members on Friday evening at 6:30, which will be a time of reunion for all.

MOSES LAKE, WASH.—It is sometimes said that adversity drives some men to God, while others are repelled

from Him by hard times. This present year has been one of stress of circumstances to many of the homesteaders in Douglas county, Washington. Nothwithstanding the failure of the wheat crop this year on account of the drought these people have not forgotten that man doth not live by bread alone. Special evangelistic services were held at the school house by the Rev. James Thomson, pastor-evangelist, Bellingham. The school house betimes was crowded to the door and at the close of the seven days' mission a new church was organized of twenty members, twelve of whom united on profession of faith. There were also fourteen who signed as adherents. An offering was taken, which amounted to $25. When the people get the irrigation scheme now on foot completed they will be among the greatest grain and fruit producers of Western Washington. There are still a few homesteads open for entry in this promising part of our great state.

COACHILLA, CAL.—Situated in the center of Coachilla valley; is a growing town and community. It is in need of a pastor—one with staying qualities and with large expectations. There church here is the most interesting and enthusiastic of any I have ever met with in California. It has a new building almost completed, a fine C. E., whose young people can do more than read a verse of scripture. Any minister wishing a field of labor and who is willing to endure some of the liberties of a new and growing town, may write to Rev. D. L. Macquary, Riverside, Cal.

LOGAN, UTAH.—Presbyterianism is holding its own here. The mission church has a difficult task before it, but it is faithful to its trust and not failing in its endeavors. On a recent Sunday the pastor, Rev. N. E. Clemenson, welcomed seven new members to fellowship, two by letter and five on confession of faith in Christ. At an earlier date in the summer, four others confessed Christ, and there are others now that are showing interest in the new life. Thus, despite adverse surroundings, dense prejudice in the community, and priestly opposition, such as shall be saved are being added to the church.

SAN FRANCISCO, St. James.—The work of the St. James church is encouraging. Nine persons have been received into the church and several others have asked to be received at our next communion. The Y. P. S. C. E. and the Sabbath-school are both growing. A cradle roll has been organized with twenty-eight mebers and a mission study class started. The business interests of this part of the city are very dull, this in a measure has a dulling influence upon the work. The gymnasium, under the direction of the pastor's son, is doing very commendable work. Three classes are already at work and a class of ladies will soon to be adde to these. The Christian Endeavor Society and pastor of St. James church had charge of the services at Yerba Buena Island Training station the first Sabbath in November. This was a great day. The pastor's two sons assisted with their violins and Miss Juanita Elam sang a solo. After Mr. Watson's address, 15 young men made their decision for Christ. The new chaplain here deserves great credit for the work he is doing. Formerly the Sabbath was a day of much sport, but now the island is quiet; no more Sunday ball playing, but the day is well-kept and orderly.

NEWPORT, OREGON.—The Ladies' Missionary Society is making excellent progress under the new president, Mrs. H. J. Minthorn. At the meeting today nearly twenty gathered to consider the work in Korea. In the Sunday-school a new class of boys has just been organized, and a teachers' training class has been started to study "Training the Teacher," the new book published by the S. S. Times Co. of Philadelphia. Four new members were added to our church last communion, Nov. 1, including the two male teachers of our public schools and the wife of one of them. One member who recntly united with us was married last Saturday night. On Sunday she and her husband were escorted to church by the groomsman and bridesmaid. This is said to be the custom in her home land of Scotland and also in Canada; it might well be folowed in the United States. Evidence of the attractions of Newport may be found in the large number of strangers who are spending the winter here, and also in the fact that the pastor of the Episcopal church, Rev. T. O. Jones, has been returned after nearly a year's absence.

Sincerely yours,
C. T. Whittlesey.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. G. L. Tufts of the International Reform Bureau gave an address on "Sabbath Reform in California" at the mid-week meeting of the church last week.

The Board of Directors held its regular meeting on Wednesday afternoon, the 11th. The annual election of officers and committees resulted as follows: President, Rev. W. S. Holt; D.D., vice-president, Mr. Wales L. Palmer, secretary, Rev. James Curry, D.D., Executive committee, Rev. Geo. G. Eldredge, Rev. E. L. Rich, Mr. Geo. D. Gray, Mr. David Jacks, Mr. T. M. Wright; Seminary committee, Rev. William Martin, Rev. E. L. Rich, Mr. Charles A. Laton; committee on examinations, Rev. Geo. G. Eldredge, Rev. E. L. Rich, Prof. J. O. Griffin, Ph.D.; board of trustees, Messrs. Chas. H. Fish, J. W. Richards, Geo. D. Gray, Chas. A. Laton and Robert Dollar; business manager and treasurer, Chas. A. Laton.

Rev. Andrew J. Montgomery, pastor of the Third church, Portland, Ore., one of the Oregon directors, came down to attend the meeting of the Board.

Rev. E. L. Rich, '96, of Watsonville, preached at the First church, Oakland, last Sabbath.

Mr. James McMichael, who took his junior year here in the class of 1908, died a few days ago at his home in Winnebago, Ill. He suffered a serious illness a year ago, which interrupted his studies in the East. During the summer he hoped to recover strength to return to San Anselmo this season to complete his course. But the Lord had other plans for him. He was a graduate of Occidental College and a fine student.

Rev. Robert S. Eastman, '00, of Berkeley, read a paper on "The Need of Catholicity" before the Methodist Ministers' Association in San Francisco last Monday. There was a large attendance of over sixty ministers.

Rev. Charles F. Woodward, '02, has been installed pastor of the church at Danville. The congregation has completed a new manse for him.

Dr. Wicher preached for Rev. William Rader in Calvary church, San Francisco, last Sabbath evening. Mr. Rader was in the pulpit, but was so wearied from speaking several times at public meetings during the preceding 24 hours that he called Dr. Wicher to his assistance.

Only one graduate of Tuskegee Institute has ever been sent to the penitentiary. So said Booker T. Washington at the recent international student Bible conference at Columbus, Ohio. Among the uneducated Negroes and the Negroes without property are the criminals of the race.

TORREY MEETINGS IN LOS ANGELES.

With a great crowd that filled the vast auditorium, especially erected for the Torrey evangelistic services, the campaign began in Los Angeles . Prior to the meeting within the tabernacle a service was held in front of the building at which three flags were unfurled—"Old Glory" in the center of the building, "Los Angeles for Christ" on the west side, and "Old Gospel" on the east corner. This flag-unfurling service was taken part in by the G. A. R. and fife corps, the Spanish War veterans and the Y. M. C. A. Corps Cadets. The crowd that assembled blocked the street to such an



Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D.

extent as to hinder traffice. When the building was opened the crowd surged in and filled it within less than a minute. To clear the aisles it was necessary to announce an outside overflow meeting. More than a thousand attended this service, while five thousand occupied the tabernacle. With the spirit in which this work is being begun it is expected that these services will be the most successful ever held in Los Angeles. Three services will be held daily. To make room for all at the next Sunday's meetings it is announced that the afternoon service will be for women only, and the evening for men only. Dr. Torrey is assisted by Rev. W. S. Jacoby and three skillful musicians,—Dr. George L. Palmer, the musical director; William Young, soloist, and Alvin W. Roper, pianist During the first week of Dr. Torrey's work in Los Angeles his afternon messages were given mainly on the subject of prayer in various aspects, telling of the wonderful power and privilege of prayer; of what God has wrought, is working and is waiting to do through prayer; of some of the conditions of prevailing prayer and how to pray so as to get what we ask. One of the most inspiring of all his addresses on the subject was a simple, direct, face-to-face, heart-to-heart talk at the monthly meeting of the Evangelical Prayer Union in Central Prebyterian church on Friday. There were moistened eyes and tendered hearts as he spoke and the spirit moved. But the characterization given to this address of his might well apply to all of them, for there is no attempt at oratory, popularly so-called. As a man with a message from God, speaking to fellow-men who need to listen to God, in a plain, simple, straightforward way, with words that are easily understood by all, he gives his message in the power of the Spirit. Next to praying, his messages will stir up Christians to working,—and indeed these two will go hand in hand if his words are heeded. And the special work urged upon us is that of witnessing and winning,—witnessing to the saving power of Christ by both LIFE and LIP, winning the unsaved to the Saviour. The night sermons have been in part on the law and its demands. presented in a way well calculated to show how far we all come short of meeting those just demands, and thus to lead to an acceptance of Him who "bare our sins in His body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed." In order to more nearly accommodate the people there was a division on Sunday, the afternoon meeting being for women and the evening for men, but even so those who came could not all find entrance. This week another meeting is added for men at the Los Angeles theater, 12 to 12:50 each day, except Saturday, with addresses on the general subject, "Why I believe the Bible." At one of his afternoon meetings last week, Dr. Torrey mentioned two interesting items that he thought notworthy. One was that, as he was a few days before telling a story that he had told around the world, of how nearly a half century ago Edward W. Spencer had rescued many from a watery grave in the wreck of the Lady Elgin, near Chicago, it came out that Mr. Spencer himself was in the tabernacle, a gray-haired man, with a face not Altogether unlike Dr. Torrey's. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Spencer spoke at the Y. M. C. A. on "Did I do my Best?" The other incident related by Dr. Torrey was that as he came in one day he met a lady to whose bedside he had been called some twenty years before when she had been given up to die, and in answer to prayer she had ben raised up. Now, in the tabernacle in response to Dr. Torrey's question, she testified to the fact that God does hear and answer prayer.

THE SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

The above named subject was considered at the Ministers' Union last Monday morning.

Dr. Rader in presenting the theme suggested the wisdom of utilizing the serial sermon; that while the personal equasion of both the minister and man in the pew are to be considered, relative to location, employment and social conditions,—that if we are to have larger hearing we must have stronger, better sermons—that any means whereby attention of the public can be attracted to the house of God should be utilized, ever remembering that when men come they must be fed.

Oratory is not sufficient, said Dr. Rader, and gave as an illustration the name of a man, in his day one of the greatest of American pulpit orators, whose evening audiences averaged only about 70 people.

Good music, though of great value, is not sufficient, for frequently in churches having the very finest music the audiences are very small.

"Advertising" was also suggested by one of the ministers as effective if wisely used, and the writer recalls how the services of the Moody church are advertised by displayed billboard posters in the city of Chicago.

The concensus of opinion seemed to be that there is a heart-hunger among the people, a hunger for the things that feed daily needs, and that nothing but the gospel, presented in ways adopted to our present conditions can be an adequate answer to this world hunger.

The brethren of the ministry are reminded that the Ministers' Union meets every Monday at 11 a. m., closing at 12:15, at the Occidental Board rooms, 960 Sacramento street.

"KINNIKINNIK."

Friends of Park College will be intersted in the issue of the Stylus for November, from its very appropriate monogram on the outside of the cover, to the invested pages on the inside.

There are full reports from the literary and musical organizations, exchanges and individual writers, but an absence of Alumni notes, probably because graduates have not reported.

The following is in the exchange list from the Colorado College:

Life's dreams, alone, are it's realities.
The world is filled with things that seem to be;
And in your skeptic wisdom, we demand to see
All we believe in. So, we trust our eyes
And fail to reach faith's wondrous treasuries.
The barren facts that men call certainty,
The gods call chance; yet they, more wise than we,
Have in their keeping our high destinies.

—Kinnikinnik.

A WORD TO SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS AND PASTORS.

The value of a missionary offering in a congregation is determined by the number of contributors rather than by the large individual offerings. This principle prevails, also in the general work of our church. If the cultivation of the missionary spirit is an important consideration in your Sunday-school you are losing a privilege if you fail to give them an opportunity to contribute to the missionary agencies of our church.

In the front rank of the agencies claiming our Sunday-school's interests is the Sabbath School Board. More than 160 missionaries and foreign colporteurs are working to save the boys and girls of the United States.

Children's Day in June and Rally Day in the fall furnish the greater part of the money for supporting this missionary work of the Board. If your school and congregation have not observed either of these days can we not count on you to send at least a Sabbath offering in order that your church and school may share in this work for the boys and girls and partake of the consequent blessing?

Arthur Hicks, Syn. S. S. Supt.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH THANKSGIVING COLLECTION.

We hope that every Presbyterian will remember this good work on Thanksgiving day, as so many all over the state have done for so many years. Many learned at Synod more about the good that is being accomplished, hence our hope for more collections on this happy family day. Our Orphanage family is very large,—more than a hundred children. These Thanksgiving collections have come to be counted upon as one of the factors in our work.

Those who were at Synod will remember Dr. Crosby's earnest words regarding the Orphanage, in which he has been interested since its incipiency. One clergyman at Synod made a proposition which has filled Presbyterian hearts with joy. It was, that **every member of the Presbyterian church** should give 25 cents a year. What a help that would be! How many orphans would feel the benefit of 25 cents each from the thousands of members of our great church, and who would miss that amount during the whole year of 1909!

Now, we ask for the Thanksgiving collection. We know you will remember the children through your Sunday-schools at Christmas time. Send, if possible, those gifts a little earlier than they sometimes come. Let pastors and sessions not forget to give us that Thanksgiving collection, and may we ask that in all our churches prayer be offered for our Orphanage from the pulpits that day.

MRS. P. D. BROWNE.

IN MEMORIAM.

In the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Little Clow the First Church, Oakland, has lost one of its oldest members. For over forty years Mrs. Clow has been a member of this church, a record seldom equaled in this land of frequent change.

Mrs. Clow was born at Trowbridge, England, May 12th, 1827. When a child her people moved to Canada; later to Rockford, Ill., where her young womanhood and early married life were spent, finally removing in 1868 to Oakland. Three weeks after arriving in Oakland Mr. Clow died, leaving her a stranger in a strange land with four little children and an orphan nephew, who was to her as one of her own children.

Although urged by friends to return East, Mrs. Clow decided to remain in Oakland. She brought up her children, giving each a splendid education, training all in Bible truth as she herself had been taught, taking them with her to the Sabbath and mid-week services and was always ready to help in the general church work. Of late years Mrs. Clow has been an invalid, lovingly cared for by her children. Her sweet patience and beauty of character was a constant lesson to all who came in contact with her. There was never any fault-finding, or any repining, but a saintly Christian fortitude constantly revealed her strong faith. Her familiarity with the Bible was wonderful. She would repeat psalm after psalm and whole chapters of the gospels, and to her the Bible was the very word of God and her constant joy and comfort.

She passed peacefully away, without any suffering, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1, and the following Tuesday, Dr. Baker conducted the simple, comforting funeral service. Dr. Baker's theme was "Mother, Home, Heaven," and it was a tender, beautiful memorial to a beautiful charcter—a helpful service which could but inspire to nobler living the many friends present and precious and comforting to her sorrowing children.

Mrs. Clow leaves two daughters, Mrs. Ferguson and Miss Augustus Clow, a grand-daughter, Miss Bessie Clow, all of Oakland, and the nephew, Mr. Edgar D. Kenfield of Chicago, and hosts of friends, who with her children rise up and call her blessed, for "a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates."

THE BLOW WAS AGAINST THE STATE.

The bullet fired by one Haas last Friday afternoon at Francis J. Heney, Assistant District Attorney for the county of San Francisco was directed at the heart of every American citizen. Coming as it did while this public servant was on duty representing the people of the State of California in the court room of San Francisco county and State of California, the felling of Mr. Heney's body prostrate upon the floor of the court room was but the proning of every citizen of the State. It was a direct blow at law and order, the birthright of every American citizen.

The attempted assasination of Francis J. Heney, the servant of the people, is but the leveling of the guns of infamy at the life and liberties of the people of California as well as the aiming of the battering rams and infernal machines of hell against the laws and institution of the State, built for the maintaining of peace, prosperity and happiness for the people. The most dastardly act that any man can commit is the taking of the life of a public servant by treacherous violence. It is the last plunge this side of perdition. Judas has had many a follower, who not only after he had betrayed the innocent blood by his treacherous infamy has spilt it out on the ground, then gone out and "hanged himself" or blown his brains out seeking cover from the lashings of an accusing conscience.

But was Haas alone in the treacherous deed? Can it be that but one lone unknown inhabitant of the great metropolis should, impelled by a personal revenge be led on to attempt the assassination of this public servant? The history of assassins of public servants show they usually grow out of conspiracy. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley each met death at the hand of a tool wielded by the murderous hands of many. The blood of Francis J. Heney on the floors of the temples of justice cry out like the blood of Abel against not one Haas only, but that vast horde of brazen scoundrels and criminals, who in the eye of moral law are just as guilty and by whose instigation the foul deed was committeed. The series of crimes leading up to not only the attempted assassination of District Attorney Francis J. Heney, but the tragedy in the prison cell where the coward culprit took his long leap into the eternal blackness of darkness furnish food for civic reflection. Absolutely nothing has stood sacred in the eye of the arrogant and prison-fearing wealth of this city. It has trampled under foot every vestige of manhood, imperiled life and limb, even taking life itself by the reckless manner of conducting its municipal privileges.

From the day that public wrath fell on these desperate criminals dare-devil acts have characterized their movements fighting against going to the State penitentiary. The attempt to usurp the office of District Attorney of San Francisco county by that arch-criminal, Abe Reuf, was not a single but double, yea, many-faced act. Thwarted in that the machinations of the infernal regions have been wheeled into line to keep these scoundrels from the penitentiary. Kidnaping important witnesses, bribery, perjury, packing juries, corrupting public press, dynamiting of the home of the State's chief witness, imperiling life of the innocent members of his family, culminating in the attempted assassination of Mr. Francis J. Heney on last Friday afternoon is enough to make the blood boil in the veins of every true American citizen. God will overrule in righteousness the evil that has come upon us. But it is high time that every citizen of California should let every other man know just where he stands. It is an awful state of affairs that has come upon us when our state of society is so chaotic that the man who stands as our representative at the bar of justice pleading our cause as a people, defending us (by maintaining the majesty of the law) from these arch-criminal taking our very life, for his own safety he must sleep with pistols by his side and must have about him a body guard. What are we, a body of civilians, or set of savages?

Is it a thing creditable to our jurisprudence that a man backed by corrupt wealth should hold in abeyance his trial indefinitely, not even obtaining a jury till after the lapse of several weeks? Is it just to us as a whole people that our laws by their execution can quickly send a criminal to the penitentiary if he be a poor man, and that, too, for a small offense, when, forsooth, his associate in crime and classed as the "higher up" may put off the day of his sentence, paralyze the court with a mountain of technicalities, and which, though never intended, are made as loopholes through which higher ups too often escape their punishment due them, thus defeating the ends of justice? If our civilization has outgrown our laws and the complexity of our industrial and commercial life be such as to make it exceeding difficult, if not impossible, to drag to justice these offenders of the higher-up class, then it is high time we were framing such a law or laws that our government may still abide in the hands of the whole people, by the people and for the people, and not in the hands of conscienceless, greed-loving and corrupt plutocracy.—Pacific Methodist Advocate.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is said that more than sixty per cent of the Jewish families in this country are out of sympathy with the ancient church.

The American Bible Society colporters distributed Bibles in the United Staets the last year in twenty-seven different languages.

Up to the 1st of November 1,045 saloons had been voted out under the new county option law which went into effect in Ohio the 1st of September.

Through the Laymen's Missionary Movement twenty Presbyterian churches in Toronto, Canada, have increased their missionary contributions from $27,833 last year to $90,700 this year.

When will the labor unions learn that lawlessness never pays and that it hurts their cause everywhere every time it is resorted to by individuals and passes without rebuke by the unions themselves . The New York Post comments in the following manner on a recent strike in that city: "We commend to labor unionists and their supporters the story of the taxicab cab strike that ended in a compromise yesterday. It is the same old tale of wanton lawlessness and of utter disregard of the rights of the taxicab company and its patrons. Innocent persons have been treated to vitriol, bricks and pistol shots. The property of the company has been injured wherever possible, and despite considerable police protection, much of it has been destroyed. The lives of innocent diners in hotels have even been jeopardized by the strikers. The natural result has been the defeat of the strikers because of the forfeiture of public confidence which inevitably accompanies violence of this kind, and the

establishment of the 'open shop,' that is, the ousting of the union. Now, no sane man believes that this lawlessness is solely due to the city's toughs, or that it could not be controlled by the labor leaders themselves. Not one of them ever takes effective action against disorder, and most of them encourage it. The record of almost every strike in New York is the same—a deliberate violation of peace and order and insensate attempts to terrorize, to impoverish, and often to kill the employers. And labor wonders why its cause progresses no faster!"

A Boston rabbi likened Roosevelt to Elijah—even before Roosevelt said that the time might come when a Jew would be president of this republic. Speaking on "The Welfare of the Nation," Rabbi Eichler said in the course of his address: "While we are still too near him to judge him properly, we can already see the exalted place history will assign to Theodore Roosevelt. That place will be not as a peacemaker, nor as a canal builder, nor as a strenuous politician, but as the greatest moral preacher that America has produced. No subtle and fine ethical points, but the elemental, mighty and eternal truths constituted his message to the nation. He has been the great thunderer of the moral verities once proclaimed by the prophets, righteousness and justice. No preacher or teacher in America has ever brought home to our people the imperative command 'Thou shalt not steal' as Roosevelt did. I can in all reverence compare him to Elijah, the prophet of Israel, fighting almost single-handed against the false priests of Baal. Absolutely fearless, zealous and daring, Roosevelt stood up against America's demigods, the 'captains of industry,' and pointed out their moral corruption. The 'hard times' said to have resulted from this activity will be Roosevelt's greatest glory. He dared to touch our weakest spot—our love of prosperity. He taught us the lesson that a nation can live without prosperity, but must perish without righteousness." The Rabbi concluded his remarks about the President with a word as to his successor: "The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon the shoulders of a good man. May God grant him a double portion of wisdom to continue the work of his predecessor."

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

By Dr. James H. McLaren of Riverside.

(Tune—Hebron.)

As eagles upward in their flight
Arise to meet the glorious sun;
So may our souls with sweet delight
Ascend to Thee, Eternal One.

O God, whose goodness swells our store,
Whose blessings countless crown our days
Accept we humbly Thee implore,
Our heartfelt gratitude and praise.

Through ages past Thy care we own,
O Father! still with us abide;
And through the future dim unknown,
Do Thou our wandering footsteps guide.

With prayer and thanks to Thee we turn,
Great Ruler, of this wide rich land,
And in her onward march discern,
A loving Father's guiding hand.

THE HOME

KEEP SWEET.

Don't be foolish and get sour when things don't come your way—
Don't you be a pampered baby and declare, "Now, I won't play!"
Just go grinning on and bear it;
Have you heartache? Millions share it;
If you earn a crown, you'll wear it—
Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellowmen—
If you whine around they'll try to keep from meeting you again.
Don't declare the world's "agin" you,
Don't let pessimism win you,
Prove there's lots of good stuff in you—
Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view,
Set your jaw and whisper grimly, "Though they're false, yet I'll be true."
Never let your heart grow bitter;
With your ear to Hope's transmitter,
Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter,
Keep sweet.

Bless your heart, this world's a good one, and will always help a man;
Hate, misanthropy, and malice have no place in Nature's plan.
Help your brother there who's sighing,
Keep his flag of courage flying;
Help him try—'t will keep you trying—
Keep sweet.

—Baltimore American.

A DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

The Reverened Mark Sylvester paced the floor of his library. His Sunday services were over, but the evening of his busy day brought the feeling of discontent and irritation that was becoming all too familiar to him since he had accepted the "unanimous call' to St. Bernard's, Moreton.

His brows were furrowed—his eyes bent gloomily on the floor and his hands dug deep in his pockets.

"It's incomprehensible!" he muttered to himself at last.

The minister had a handsome face, with deep-set, dark eyes. The mouth and chin conveyed an earnest purpose, but as he threw out the impatient exclamation, an expression of bitterness momentarily marred it.

A slight girl, pale and indeterminate in colouring, with lips curved in a discontented droop, looked up from a book, whose leaves she was fluttering between yawns.

"What's incomprehensible, Mark?" she demanded. "Oh, I know—the empty church, you mean," she added quickly, replying to her own question.

"Who was it who said it required an exceptionally clever man to preach to an expanse of timber?" Mark went on,

with a cynical laugh. "This much at least I can vouch for—it takes a cleverer one than I am."

His sister made no attempt to comfort him.

"Hadleymere has spoilt you," she observed.

The remark did not serve to allay his irritation.

"What is the explanation of it?" he demanded almost fiercely, and as if his sister were to blame. "I take as much pains with my sermons as I ever did. God knows, I exchanged Hadleymere for this, with no thought of self-advancement—simply because I believed it was a door opened to me, I had no right to close. I am not conscious that my spiritual life is at a lower ebb than it was in Hadleymere," he added, half to himself.

Marie Sylvester stretched out a patent toe and examined it thoughtfully, before she spoke.

"It has nothing to do with any of these things," she said at last, deliberately. "It is one of those enigmas that cannot be explained. I have noticed it in other spheres besides the pulpit. A man may draw crowds in one place and be confronted by figuratively empty benches in another. And yet the man himself hasn't changed. It is simply that he has not 'caught on.' I cannot quite express what I mean. It sounds a ridiculous thing to say—but it seems to me that popularity is, to some extent at least, a local thing."

An accentuated furrow on the minister's brow appeared to point to his having derived small comfort from his sister's explanations. He took several turns up and down the room in silence.

"Olive won't like it!" he observed at last.

"She'll get accustomed to it," returned his companion, with the philosophy with which a sister, ousted from her brother's house, contemplates possible unpleasantness in store for the interloping wife.

"She won't like it!" he reiterated. "She has seen me the minister of a crowded congregation—a center, in a small way. She isn't in the least prepared for the meagre attendance here. I don't know how to break it to her."

"Don't break it all!" advised the counsellor. "Let her find out for herself. Her love isn't worth much if it will be influenced by the numbers of your congregation."

Mark dropped the subject, feeling unreasonably annoyed with his sister. But the nightmare of his sparsely-filled church and how it would affect his young wife continued to weigh upon his spirits—to an absurd degree, as he told himself in his more rational moments.

He knew that his hearers in Moreton were a spiritually-minded set, but even this consideration, from which he might have derived consolation, was swamped in the feeling that Olive would consider him a failure.

He took his sister's advice about not breaking the unpalatable fact to her, not that the counsel specially appealed to him, but simply because no other course suggested itself for him to follow. But throughout the subsequent wedding preparations and the attendant bustle, the thing hung like a brooding cloud on his soul. He even took it into his head that Olive, when she came to know the real state of the case, might accuse him of inducing her to marry him under false pretences!

The first Sunday after the minister brought home his young wife was a glorious one in July. But Mark was oddly absent at breakfast. Something prevented him giving undivided attention to the girlish figure in the white dress behind the coffee-pot. Olive noticed it, but ascribed it to preoccupied thoughts of his Sunday services. Meantime the minister was asking himself whether his young wife would look upon him with less partial eyes, when she should discover that he was no longer a wide-spread influence—brilliantly shining light—but the humblest, most modest luminaries.

"Have you got the heads by heart?" Olive asked him with a smile.

"Heads have gone out of fashion," he returned, smiling back at her absently.

"There is a fashion in preaching as in other things, I suppose," she mused aloud. "Are you the fashion here, as you were in Hadleymere, Mark?"

The minister winced. The words had struck home. At the moment, the first toll of the church-bells floated out on the still summer air, and, secretly relieved, he abruptly dropped the conversation.

Anxiously surveying his audience from the pulpit, the Reverend Mark knew instinctively that the unusually large attendance was due to the presence of his bride and to curiosity. At early dinner, Olive asked innocently:

"Have the people left Moreton for their holidays? Somehow I did not think they would have gone so early;" and he aswered feebly:

"Why, no! They don't leave till August."

"What was the reason of the poor attendance, then?" she persisted; and he lacked the courage to tell her it was better than usual.

But at evenig service numbers had dwindled to their normal. The pews downstairs were sparsely filled. The gallery showed depressing gaps. Yet, strange to say, the minister, unaccountably uplifted, surpassed himself. He preached a stirring and spiritual discourse, although all the time doubly conscious of the state of affairs—seeing them not through his own merely, but also, as he believed, through Olive's eyes. What would she feel? Inevitably she would be astonished, disappointed, chagrined.

As the service drew to a close, afraid of what he might see on the face of his young wife, he did not trust himself a glance in the direction of the minister's pew. He gave out the final hymn, and his voice was a shade unsteady at the benediction.

Olive was waiting for him at the close, and they walked home, but almost in silence. Supper, too, was a silent meal. A heavy depression hung on Mark like a pall, as his mind insisted on reading into his wife's, his own sensations.

When supper was over he could stand it no longer. He stopped pacing the floor abruptly, and came to where she sat.

"You see, Olive," he said, with almost a touch of defiance in his tone, "it is as I said. I am not the fashion in Moreton. You were astonished at the smallness of the morning's congregation. It was larger than usual. I am not the popular preacher here I was in Hadleymere. I don't pretend to be able to explain the why or the wherefore. I may have deteriorated—and I may not."

The young wife raised blue, questioning eyes to his. He had retreated to the hearthrug. She was puzzled, even a little startled. Then gradually they filled with a dawning comprehension. She crossed to the hearthrug and stood by him, laying one hand caressingly on his coat-sleeve. There was silence between them. Then she spoke.

"Popularity has always seemed a fickle thing to me, Mark—not safe to trust to."

Inwardly astonished at her words, the minister defended himself against the implied reproof. "A man wants to succeed in whatever he puts his hand to. In the care of souls

as in other spheres, ambition is—is permissible—even laudable, to my thinking. There is such a thing as 'a divine discontent.'"

"I know—I know," she agreed quickly, and her hands stretched up and clasped themselves about his arm. "But is success—real, true, lasting success—to be measured by—by crowds?"

The question staggered him. The girl he had married was showing herself in an unexpected light.

"I thought you would mind," he said at last, the words wrung from him, as it were, in his astonishment.

"I—mind?" she echoed, surprised in her turn. "Why should I? And what is there to mind? I was proud of you tonight—as proud of you as I have ever been in Hadleymere, when the pews were packed and chairs in the aisles. Mark, you seemed to me to have grown—spiritually. I do not count crowds as a criterion."

He continued to stare down at her in his surprise. What strange new light was this young wife of his shedding on things!—revolutionizing his ideas—laying bare to the day a host of unsuspected motives—showing him his inmost self in its unlovely nakedness! He was conscious of a slowly-dawning sensation of shame.

Olive fingered the lapel of his coat in some confusion, as if shy of expressing further sentiments.

"When she spoke it was evidently with an effort.

"It has sometimes struck me, Mark," she said slowly, "we are too much for wide fields and big results. It may be the vanity in us—I do not know. But it seems to me that should only 'the corner to shine in' be granted us, we need not feel it too narrow a sphere! Oh, Mark, if you can influence a few souls deeply—for their spiritual good—it is more worth—a thousands times more worth while, than drawing crowds!"

She stopped, her eyes sparkling, her lips tremulous. Strangely moved, the minister drew her closer. His pulses thrilled. A great rush of relief came at her words. Of a sudden, the haunting sense of failure—at least of the smallness of numbers that had seemed to spell failure—fell away from him. An oppression seemed to lift from off his soul.

But was it possible that his had been a mere sordid, worldly ambition, after all? Was it possible that self had so blocked his clearer outlook on things—so blinded his vision—that what he had cloaked beneath the name of a "divine discontent" was nothing more than a very human vanity?—F. Robertson in British Weekly.

"THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING."

Rev. W. W. Riley.

It seems almighty easy,
And nice and bright and breezy,
To occupy a pew,
And hear a brilliant preacher,
A good religious teacher,
Just tell you what to do.

His platitudes will pelt you,
His eloquence will melt you,
You drop a silent tear;
You seek full absolution,
And make new resolutions,
To guide you through the year.

But when you meet the rabble
In the streets, again you dabble
In the muddy pool of sin.
You forget your brilliant preacher
And your good religious teacher,
And the devils slyly grin.

Woodland, Cal.

Young People

YOUR NICHE.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill,
And it waits to-day
Along life's way
For the boy with a frank "I will."
So, lad, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche in the world for you, my girl,
A corner for you to fill;
For a girl that is kind,
With a pure, sweet mind,
A place that is waiting still.
So, lass, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you both in the world, my dears,
A corner for you to fill
And a work to do
Which no one but you
In God's great plan can fulfill.
So, dears,, be true;
The world wants you,
And your place is waiting still.

THE TWO COLLEGE BOYS.

Two boys left home with just enough money to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed the graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the man of millions.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out he remarked to his waiting companion. "You can go in and 'leave your address.'"

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college graduate went to sorting scrap-iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked: "How is the new man getting on."

"Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well that I put him over the gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harnesses and carriages.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

"Where is mother? I want her," said an impatient young voice at the study door.

The minister turned around from his writing, and saw a red-faced, tousled boy standing there with his hand still on the door-knob.

"Your mother has gone to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Clark. What did you want with her, my son?"

Casting a glance at the lad, and noting his ruffled aspect, Mr. Graham continued:

"You seem to be in trouble, young man. Surely not fighting, I trust. Come in, and let me fill mother's place for once."

He beckoned the boy to a low couch near the fire, and wheeled his chair around to face it.

Harry walked over slowly, and seated himself; then, in response to his father's "now," burst out vehemently:

"It's that hateful Dan Simmons. He played a dirty, low trick on me this afternoon just because I took away a frog that he was tormenting at noon recess, and flung it over the wall into the creek. I knew he was mad, but he didn't say anything then, so I never had any suspicion of what he was going to do. You see, Miss Hallowell is dreadful nervous and 'steriky, so she can't bear to look at frogs, or bugs, or mice, or—anything. Well, when she called me up to explain a diagram in physical geography, what should jump into her lap but a big green frog! He landed plump on her hands. Gracious! Didn't she scream! Then she went off into some kind of a fit, and the principal and other teachers had to come in and look after her. Pretty fine rumpus, I can tell you."

Harry paused a moment for breath.

"I fail to see where your trouble could be, so far," remarked his father.

The boy's eyes flashed as he resumed his story.

"Why, it was this way. When Mr. Dexter began to investigate, more than a dozen scholars declared that the frog jumped out of my pocket. They were boys and girls whose word was good. It didn't do a mite of good for me to declare that I did not know a thing about it, not at all, for Dan got up and said that I took a frog away from him before school that looked just like that one. That settled it, and tomorrow my punishment will be measured out according to the amount of injury to Miss Hallowell's nerves."

"Then," more slowly, "after school Simmons began to jeer and hoot at me, and I told him just what I thought of him. He flew at me, and I had—really had"—deprecatingly—"to defend myself. I fancy that he is satisfied that I can, for the last I saw of him he was sitting in a mud-puddle spitting out the sand that he scooped up when he fell," chuckled Harry.

Mr. Graham's mustache twiched in a queer way, but he only said:

"It would be a good idea to call at Miss Hallowell's home presently, apologize for the fright you unintentionally caused, and explain matters as you have to me. If your record before has been clean, I do not think they will deal hardly with you."

"I'll pay him back for it though," uttered Harry, wrathfully. An angry light glittered in his eyes, and he cleanched his brown fists. "If he thinks he can walk over me in this way, he'll find out his mistake very soon, for I'll be even with him before long.'

"Softly, my boy," cautioned the minister. "Take time to think. What do you propose to do for the sake of revenge?"

"Oh, I'll plan some way before morning," said Harry.

"Are you going to emulate him, and play a low trick on him to make it even?" queried the father. "Because by so doing you will have to lower yourself to the level of his standard of conduct. Just hand me that old leather-bound book on my table, and read what it says just there."

Harry read aloud: "Certainly in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; for it is a prince's part to pardon. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wound green, which otherwise would heal and do well."

"Humph, according to that, I should pardon Simmons for what he did to me."

"And that would be too hard, eh, Harry?" asked Mr. Graham.

"The fellows will think I'm a softy if I pass it over," was the dubious answer. "But I'll try it, and see how Bacon's ideas work when applied to grammar school rows.

"A dignified silence may frighten him more than any other thing," commented the minister.

"There's a better book and a better rule for such cases Can't you 'heap coals of fire on his head'?" came a gentle suggestion as Harry was leaving the room.

Harry shook his head doubtfully.

"Most too rough on a fellow, that would be." Then hesitatingly, as he caught the wistful look in his father's face. "Besides, there's nothing of the kind to do—unless I get him the place on our ball team that he wants so bad. But we want only decent fellows on it."

"Perhaps that would make him over into one," his father said.

The next morning Harry reported: "I told Dan last night I'd fix it all right about the ball team. Never said a word about the frog; but when I got to school he'd told Dexter about it. You were right, after all, father."—Zion's Herald.

THANKSGIVING.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

—Joseph Addison.

THE UNWRITTEN LETTER.

I did mean to write the letter,
But delayed me for a better,
For a more convenient day,—
Deemed it but a brief delay.

Thus the message kind and true
Chanced to be long over due.
"I was busy here and there;"
Selfish thought and selfish care;

Forgot the narrow bounds of life,
Forgot each path with Death is rife,
Till one day these words were said,
"Do you know your friend is dead?"

Oh vain regret! Oh shocked surprise!
No letters pass beyond the skies,
But from the skies, so blue and clear,
A solemn voice I seemed to hear:—

"Where is thy brother? Where thy friend?"
Vain answer this the heart must lend:
"Busy thy servant here and yon,
And when I looked the man was gone."

Forget not then the word of cheer
And smile, to give the friend that's near,
Or the letter that ought to go
To the distant one who needs it so;—
Forget not in the sordid strife,
The higher, finer things of life.

—Charles A. Banister.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX EXVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED

THE VOICE OF PRAISE

NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2

PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED

OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

Church and Sunday School Supplies

We carry a full line of supplies for all departments of Church and Sunday School Work, including BIBLES, HYMNALS, SONG BOOKS, etc. Send for our catalogue. We also have the Best Books from all publishers. Send to us for any book you want.

The New Book Store

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

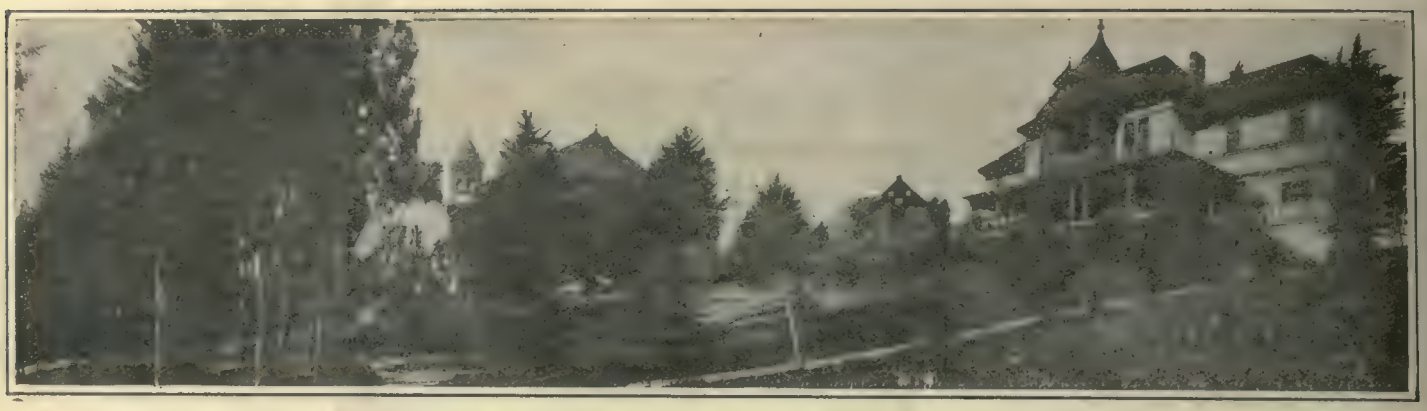
PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 26, 1908. No. 48

University Library



The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt. D.D. Rev. Dwight E. Potter.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.
EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager
433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.
Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.
Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.
Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.
Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

FUNERAL OF REV. MR. POTTER.

The funeral service will be be held at the Union Street Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Monday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 p. m.

FIRST CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO, VOTES $50.00 TO PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN.

The action of the First Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, in voting fifty dollars to the Pacific Presbyterian to be used in establishing the paper in the congregation is a wise act, as well as a generous one. The thanks of the managers of the Pacific Presbyterian are extended to the pastor, Rev. Hugh Kirk Guthrie and his session, not only for their timely contribution, but also for the spirit that prompted them to do this. They have shown their wisdom by this act, as it will be proof of the attitude of the church toward the paper, and will do much to bring it to the favorable attention of their members, who should take it to be fully informed of the great work the Presbyterian church is doing on the Coast.

There will be a lack of united enthusiastic effort by all our church members and churches, in the work of taking for Christ the Pacific Coast, until our church members are sufficiently aroused to their great opportnuity and privilege by some powerful agency that shall weld them together into a solid working body, alive to their interests and confident of their strength and power. This can only be done by a Presbyterian paper that is read and supported by Presbyterians. The people will not read or support a paper that is not backed financially and morally by the church as an organization. The act of this church body means more than the spoken word from the pulpit—more than the urging of the paper's solicitor, for the act of voting money to the paper proves beyond question that the church that does this is in earnest, and also solicitous about the prosperity of the Pacific Presbyterian.

Which church will follow this example and send in enough money to place the Pacific Presbyterian in every family for three months and then make a canvass of these families to secure their subscriptions for the ensuing year? The church at Vallejo and the First church, Berkeley, have taken action similar to the First church, San Francisco, and we are expecting others to soon go on this roll of honor.

RESCUE AND ROMANCE OF CHINESE SLAVE GIRLS.

Mrs. Mabel Craft Deering Prepares Stories for a Book to Be Published by The Pacific Presbyterian.

The Pacific Presbyterian is to publish a Book! Now what do you think of that!

Perhaps we would be speaking more correctly if we said booklet, but as about the only difference between a book and a booklet is the number of pages, and some books do not have more pages than this one, we are not far from the truth when we say we are going to publish a book.

Please note that we do not say we are going to write this book—not that the editorial force could not write a book, because each of the editors could, and may do so later.

The book we are going to tell you about is our first book—the **first** book the Pacific Presbyterian is to print. This book is to be written by Mrs. Mabel Craft Deering, the clever story writer of San Francisco. It will contain two true stories of two Chinese slave girls who were rescued and lived for a time in the Presbyterian Mission Home at 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

One of the stories is pathetic in its portrayal of the slave life of a little frail unfortunate girl, but it ends happily in the Mission. The other begins with a thrilling rescue and ends with a happy marriage in China, after a charming romance.

The make-up of the book is unique and very attractive, being made after the style of a Chinese book with double pages and bound at the end. The cover will be Mandarin yellow with a great dragon and the name of the book in Chinese and English printed in three colors—the inside pages will be in two colors; decorations of Chinese figures and scenes ornamenting the wide end margins and extending over the edges to the next page.

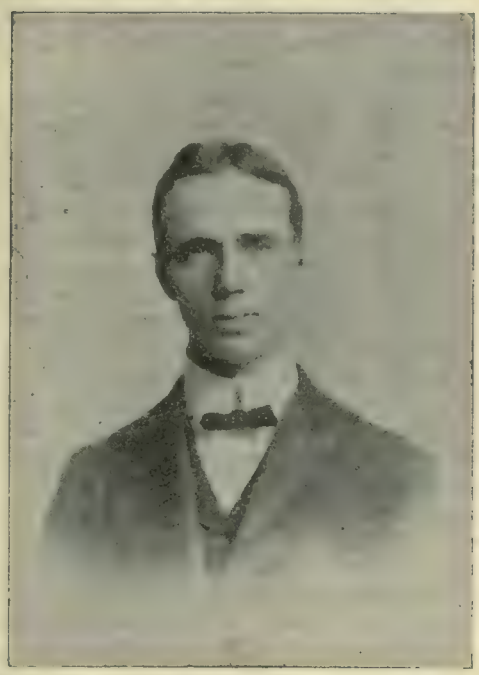
Dr. Arnold Genthe is to contribute some photographs of old Chinatown before the fire, and pictures of smiling Oriental maidens now in the Home will also be used. These photos will be inserted, as the rough Chinese paper will not take half tone pictures.

The book will supply a long felt want for something Chinesey for a gift book. It will portray Chinese life and customs and the valuable work carried on by our Presbyterian Home.

The book, which is 6½ x 9½ and has 32 pages, will be ready for delivery December 10th. Address the Pacific Presbyterian.

DEATH OF DWIGHT E. POTTER.

The information has just reached this office that the soft-footed messenger whose name comports such serious results has crossed the threshold, and that our beloved brother, Dwight E. Potter, has passed from earth to his eternal home. Our hearts grieve not as those who have no hope, but with sincere sympathy for the afflicted wife and "the little olive branch," and with loving remembrance of



Rev. Dwight E. Potter.

the life work and consecrated services of this messenger of Jehovah.

The Pacific Presbyterian, in speaking its word of love, of condolence and of high esteem, but voices the sentiments of all his brethren in the ministry, as well as of the members of the Union Street church, the members of the Occidental and Foreign Board of Missions, and the hosts of warm-hearted, loyal Christian men and women who have been inspired, encouraged and strengthened by the spiritual unction, the zeal, the enthusiasm and the prayerful consecration of the now sainted brother-missionary—in spirit, in word and in works abundant.

Though not permitted to realize his heart's desire to enter upon the foreign field, nevertheless, his strenuous, well-planned and efficient services for world-wide evangelism have been greatly honored of God and signally blessed to our churches, our Sunday-schools, our homes and in our personal experiences.

The earnest prayers offered during the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Occidental Board, the representatives of the Pacific Presbyterian and ministers of Oakland and San Francisco, did not avail to save the life of Brother Potter to the church and the cause of foreign missions, but the meeting and the prayers were expressions of the earnest, devoted missionary services of Brother Potter and of the love for him on the part of missionaries, ministers and all other earnest Christian workers. "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

O. E. HART.

DWIGHT ELWOOD POTTER.

Obituary.

H. H. Gribben.

In the passing of Dwight Elwood Potter—pastor, Christian leader and friend—the world has lost one of its Great-Hearts and the Church one of its eminent apostles of faith. Like Enoch of old, he lived and walked with God, and he was not, for God took him. His end was peace; there were no clouds when the sun went down. Faith builded him a bridge, and he crossed over, in response to the last call from the Great Head of the Church, to the larger service whose tenure is eternal.

Dwight Elwood Potter was born in Michigan, on the 3rd of November, 1869. In the environment of a Christian home and in close intimacy with the great out-of-doors that comes with life on a farm, he grew to manhood with faith well grounded and a broad outlook on life that were to be important elements in the success of his later ministry. He obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Kansas University, and Master of Arts from Princeton where he pursued his theological course.

Returning from an extended tour abroad, in 1898 he entered upon the work of the active ministry in Union Street Presbyterian church of Oakland. This was his first and only pastorate, and for nine years he preached and lived Christ among his people, beloved of all, a tender friend in trouble and sorrow, a man of clear thought and quiet faith. He represented the gentler, rather than the sterner elements of the Gospel, preaching the simple story of Christ as Paul preached it in Syria and Macedonia, without embellishment or studied rhetoric. He never got above the ordinary man—the plain man of the mart and shop—and he holds a unique place in the regard and esteem of the railroad men in West Oakland, many of whom owe the first upward impulse, that has meant cleaner lives and happier homes, to his personal contact and earnest preaching in the yards. He was an evangelistic preacher. The business of his church was soul winning. It is given to few pastors to find and hold such place in the hearts of the people, not only among church members, but among the unchurched as well. As a preacher, he was simple and direct. The great themes of the Gospel charmed him, and on them he loved to dwell. The great world-wide need of a Saviour was borne in upon his spirit with tremendous power while he was pastor of Union Street Church, and his consecrated enthusiasm engendered the broad missionary spirit and practical missionary interest that placed Union Street Church in the forefront among the missionary churches of the country. He had the faith that removed mountains, and the certitude of that faith became contagious, inspiring not only his own, but other churches, with enthusiasm for world-wide missions. He widened the scope and work of his church until, through substitutes sent out and supported, his parish reached unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Fnally, he became convinced that God had a place for him in the foreign field. After prayer and counsel with his people, he offered himself for service to the Foreign Board, but his strength was not thought equal to the rigors and privations of pioneer mission fields, and the door was shut.

In the fall of 1905, he married Miss Dorothea Edwards Lewis, daughter of Rev. Henry A. Lewis of New York; and the following year, the Board requested him to undertake the foreign work at home by becoming Western District Secretary. Believing the voice of God had spoken, and recognizing his eminent fitness for the larger field, his people gave him to the wider work with loving hearts and earnest prayers for God's bountiful blessing . His earnest Christian chacacter and service left an indelible impression on West Oakland, and edeared him to the entire community, and he yet liveth and will continue to live "in minds made better."

He entered up his work as Western district secretary of the Foreign Board in June of 1907, with headquarters in the Albany Block, Oakland. His field covered the vast territory west of the Rocky mountains. In this work, his ability as an organizer and promoter found full play, and he conceived the Missionary Institutes and School of Methods as the most effective means of education in all branches of missionary activity. He opened his new work with a series of Institutes, beginning at Pueblo, Colo,. in September. Later, in November and December, he held successful Institutes through the interior cities of California. In February and March of 1908, similar conventions were conducted throughout the State of Oregon, stimulating the Church to larger gifts and greater consecration to world-wide missions. He took an active interest in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, under the leadership of J. Campbell White, and had planned extensive advance work in Los Angeles, Spokane, Portland and other large cities of the West in connection with the Laymen's movement. It was while on his way to Los Angeles in June, to personally coduct the great campaign there, that he was stricken with the illness which finally proved fatal. For a time he rallied and was about his work, and to the end his hand was at the helm in personal direction of the great movements under way. He passed into the Great Beyond in the calm and quiet of an abiding faith, on the afternoon of Tuesday, November 24th. His wife and a young son survive him.

We pause to unite our tribute of praise with the many who mourn today for this modern "beloved disciple" to record our appreciation of his worth; our admiration of him as a great leader of men; our love for him as friend and brother. Like the Master, his great heart embraced all mankind. His parish was the world. His burning desire was that the Kingdom might come to every dark corner of the earth.

As one who knew him well, I can say I never met a sweeter spirited man than he. He was one of the peacemakers of the earth. I never knew a man who walked closer to God. His character was a development of his fellowship with Christ. As friend and companion, he was always optimistic, always helpful. I am thankful to have been permitted to stand beside him when the battle was on. Stricken in mid-career, he has laid his armor down at the call of the Great Commander, and has left a legacy of faith and love and belief in the power of prayer that makes his life, now crowned, to us a precious heritage and inspiration.

Sometimes, in the shadow of life's great mysteries, we feign would say, with Mrs. Browning:

"We look up for God, but tears have made us blind." But in the thought of our beloved brother, we rather look up through our tears to God, and in the faith he taught us are constrained to say: "It is the Lord. Let Him do as seemeth to Him good."

AN APPRECIATION.

Dwight E. Potter crossed my path thirteen years ago. We were both wheelmen in England. A good Providence so disposed my course and hindered his, that we met, and traveled together for more than two months. He was a student of Princeton Theological Seminary, I of Yale Divinity School. We had much in common in taste and purpose, ours was a true affinity. He had most to give, and through the years from then till now I have drawn inspiration and ideas from his rich and original personality. We had an opportunity to see each other and further our friendship during our studies, and, after I followed him to California, my boyhood home, our revived friendship became one of my richest delights.

We have been together in camp four summers. I do but record the universal testimony of our camp comrades in declaring there was never a camp-fellow who more enriched the party,—frolicsome to a degree, full of clever banter with never a sting, thoughtful of the pleasure of others, sympathetic, and always contributing readily to a serious hour just the most appropriate query, or experience, or conviction, or prayer, always with clearness and with fervor. What he now sees as he looks out from the gates of heaven, I know not, but he is already practiced in beholding the wonders and beauties of God's handiwork. If blue gentians grow up there I know the flower he will first pluck and the dear two of whom he will first think, even as he did this year when our first walk in the high Sierras discovered the delicate flower.

I must bear witness to Mr. Potter's jealous regard for his quiet hour. If the day's jaunt must begin very early, then he would steal away when the goal had been reached to have his communion, and many is the time he has said to me: "I had a sweet time, 'Jimmie,' up the hill this morning." Then would he share some new thought or deepened feeling, and an easy conversation would follow the direction indicated . He has been to me the best demonstration of the devout life and its worth to a man of great action. This same informing reality of his spiritual life made many men who thought they had no use for religion fine welcome use for Dwight Potter.

Perhaps I was never more struck with the divine spirit in a man than when Mr. Potter phoned me about ten weeks ago his plans to go immediately to the hospital. "I've got an errand over there that they haven't booked me for," said he. "They are kind and skillful people over there, but they're not all Christ's, and I want them to be! You see I was there this spring and I know them. Pray for me daily that I may be helped to lead some to Him. That's what I'm going for." Again when I saw him in the hospital he confided to me: "It was a surprise to me to have to come over here again, but I've been mighty glad that the Lord wasn't surprised! He knew all about it and it's all right."

I am bereft, for I have no one to take Dwight Potter's place in my life, but I am glad that the sources of his best he showed us.

MILES B. FISHER.

Berkeley, Nov. 25, 1908.

When it was announced recently to the 1560 prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus, that thirty-two counties in that state had voted out the saloon they cheered enthusiastically. Of these prisoners 1350 were intemperate before they went to the penitentiary.

POETRY OF CONSOLATION.

Rev. Dwight E. Potter.

(This was written for the Pacific Presbyterian within the last two weeks.)

Next in sweetness to the sentiments in the word of God are the sweet outpourings of troubled hearts that have found comfort and express their feelings in poems that spring out of personal experience. In a dark hour, during Seminary days, a friend slipped a copy of the following poem under my door. As a pastor, I had the poem printed and found it very valuable for distribution, either by letter, or when calling upon those in distress. The title is "Amen;" the author unknown:

"I cannot say,
Beneath the pressure of life's care today,
I joy in thee;
But I can say,
That I had rather walk in this rugged way,
If Him it please.

"I cannot speak in happy tones,
The tear drops on my cheek,
Show I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with patience meek,
Until made glad.

"I cannot see why God
Should ever permit such things to be,
Since He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly through the mystery,
His hand above.

"I cannot feel that all is well,
When darkening clouds conceal the shining sun;
But when I know,
God lives and loves,
And say, since this is so,
'Thy will be done.'

"I do not look upon the present,
Now in nature's book,
To read my fate;
But I do look,
For blessings promised in God's holy book,
And I can wait."

Recently a friend in Los Angeles sent the following from Miss Havegal, which is certainly one of the most quieting expressions of rational trust that has ever been written. These lines bring that quietness and confidence which is ever the Christian's strength:

Then hush, oh hush, the Father knoweth that thou knowest not,
The reed and the thorn and the shadow linked with the fairest lot.
Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou canst not bear.

Hush, oh hush, the Father portioneth what He will,
To all His beloved children, and shall they not be still?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the best?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest?

Hush, oh hush, the Father whose ways are true and just,
Knoweth and careth and loveth, and He waits for thy perfect trust.
The cup He is slowly filling will soon be filled to the brim
And infinite compensations forever be found in Him.

Some years ago a member of the Union Street Church was very sick and died after a long illness. The family found comfort in a poem called "God's Plans," the lines of which run as follows:

"Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how God's plans were right,
And how, what seemed reproof, was love most true.

"And we shall see, e'en while we pine and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me—
How, when we called He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And, e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

"And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and sink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out the portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

"And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is the the sweetest gift God sends His friend;
And sometimes the sable pall of death,
Conceals the fairets boon His love can send.
If we could push aside the gates of life,
And look within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

"But not today. Then rest content, poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And when, at last, we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest—
When we shall clearly see and understand—
I'm sure that we shall say that God knew best."

I noticed in the Home Missionary Prayer Calendar, which has many gems during the days of last October, four lines that appealed to me very strongly:

"Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee;
Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—
Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee,

Simply believing the truth of His word."

In a deeply spiritual paper issued by Rev. J. A. Fraser, a very exalted expression of triumphant faith was recently printed. I am not familiar with the name of the author. The poem is called, "I Will Not Doubt":

"I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home, with broken masts and sails,
I will believe the hand that never fails,
From seeming evil, worketh good for me;
And though I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
I trust in Thee.

"I will not doubt, though all my prayer return
Unanswered from the still, white realm above,
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused the things for which I yearn,
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

"I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain
And troubles swarm like about the hive
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,
I shall yet see through my severest losses
The greater gain.
"I will not doubt. Well anchored in this faith
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale.
So strong its courage will not quail
To breast the might, unknown sea of death.
Oh, may I cry though body parts with spirit,
'I do not doubt,' so listening worlds may hear it
With my last breath."

There are beautiful stars which we can never see during the glare of the sunlight and the word of God is full of precious truths that shine clearly only when the darkness has shut out the glare of our busy daily lives. Many of these truths are restated in such poetry as the above

---

CHURCH NEWS

A MISSIONARY CHURCH.

[On the cover page we present four missionaries who have gone out from one church, Fremont Park, Sacramento. A splendid showing.]

The Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Fremont Park Church, Sacramento, held its annual praise service Nov. 13. At 6:45 about one hundred guests sat down to partake of a banquet prepared by the ladies of the church. At the close a very interesting program was rendered. Letters were read from our missionaries who have gone out from this church to work in mission fields. Miss Dora Fish, who is in New Mexico, Miss Edna Bruner, who is in Siam, and Miss Mable Triplett in Egypt. Mr. Leland Tracy of Porto Rico was, together with his mother and sister, for many years a member of this church, but at the time of beginning his missionary work a member of First church, Berkeley.

Mrs. Howard sang a solo, Mrs. M. M. Harding gave a talk on Alaska, Mrs. W. C. Sherman read a paper, telling of the conditions in our large cities, and Mrs. David McCullagh spoke on "Echoes from Synod." The following poem written by Rev. W. C. Sherman was sung to tune of Missionary Hymn:

"OUR MISSIONARIES."

When Seer's enraptured vision
God's glory had beheld,
He saw also a darkness
That must yet be dispelled;
He heard a voice appealing,
"Whom, then, whom shall I send?"
And cheerfully responded:
"Take me, Thy cause extend."

The need is still apparent,
The voice still asketh, "Who?"
And from our ranks His chosen
Have gladly said, "I'll go."
All hail these Gospel heroes!
May God their labors crown,
And may we still be pardoned
For calling them, "Our own."

In homeland, loved but needy,
As is our Father's wish,
New Mexico's benighted
Are fostered by Miss Fish.
"The Isles shall wait upon Me,"
Our Sovereign Master taught;
And Porto Rico welcomed
What Leland Tracy brought.

In Siam's dreary darkness,
Beyond the restless seas,
Our own Miss Ednah Bruner
Takes Christ to Siamese.
In Egypt's densest blackness,
Where hearts grim error veils,
Our dear Miss Triplett teaches
Of Him whose blood prevails.

COACHELLA.—Rev. C. S. Rushing has gone to this field with the expectation of taking charge of church work there.

COLTON.—The Sunday-school has grown so large that a new room 20x30 has just been completed to accommodate the pupils.

SAN BERNARDINO.—The subscriptions thus far received toward a new church building warrant the expectation of the beginning of work upon it by Jan. 1st next.

FILLMORE.—Rev. W. S. Pryse, D.D., preached at Fillmore, Sunday, Nov. 22, in the absence of the new pastor, who is absent taking to himself a companion. They will return to Fillmore by Dec. 1st.

RICHMOND, San Francisco. The dedication of the Richmond church will be held on Sunday, Dec. 6th, at 3 p. m. Rev. J. S. Thomas, D.D., will preach the sermon and other pastors will assist in the service. Rev. C. S. Turner, formerly of Lompoc, Cal., is to be the new pastor of this new church and will begin his work on the day of dedication, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

SAN FRANCISCO.– A new mission field is to be opened on Sunday, Dec. 13th. It is located in the Hillcrest Tract and preaching and Sunday-school work will be carried on regularly. Ground has been broken and work begins on the new Glenside church. The students of San Anselmo Theological Seminary are doing a great work in San Francisco by working and preaching under the direction of the Home Mission committee of that city. Rev. G. A. Blair, the pastor-at-large of San Francisco, has moved from Clement street to 1448 12th Ave., Sunset District.

CLEARWATER-HYNES.—The circulation of a paper, asking for contributions to build an additional room or rooms to the church, tell something of the growth of this school. By the first of the new year they hope to largely increase the seating capacity of the building. The regular quarterly sacramental service will be held December 6th. Since the last service twelve have been addd to the church. The newly organized choir is doing good work, adding much to the value of the services. Rev. I. B. Self is the pastor of this flourishing church.

LOS GATOS.—The pulpit of this church has been vacant since the first of last March when Rev. F. L. Fraser left for his new field in Blue Earth, Minn. We have been highly favored by the ministries of such men as J. G. Blue and Wm. E. Dodge of Pasadena. A hearty and unanimous call was lately extended to Rev. Henry H. Wintler of Oakland. The call was placed in his hands and accepted at a meeting of the San Jose Presbytery on Nov. 9th. His installation took place on Nov. 17th, when Rev. G. J. Long of San Jose Second Church gave the sermon, H. H. McQuilkin of San Jose First Church gave the charge to the pastor, Frank Hart of Santa Clara charged the people, and C. P. Spinning the Moderator of our session, presided. On the 20th a largely attended reception was given to our pastor and his young bride. Mr. Wintler has been preaching for us about two months and has completely won the love and confidence of the people. We feel we have every reason to expect large results from the united efforts of pastor and people with Christ for the redemption of humanity. Plans are being made for the improvement and beautifying of the church property, including the purchasing of a much needed pipe organ.

BLUE LAKE.—Last Sunday at this church two persons were received into membership by baptism—one a full blood Indian girl, the other a half breed woman, who have been regular attendants at worship for some time. A younger Indian girl was baptized also. Our popularlion here is much mixed. This is the first time we have received a full blood. The Indians are rather shy and the white people have been slow to welcome them into full fellowship. The world is growing broader. This is the centre for lumber-camp work. The missionary in charge of this church during the past summer has visited nine camps with literature, and in some held preaching service. Forty camp visits were made during the season, tracts, Scripture portions and church literature amounting to nearly three hundred pounds were given to the men. The results of this work are not visible to the naked eye. The seed sown here brings fruit elsewhere. Heaven only can reveal how much of the good seed sown has fallen on fertile soil. The great difficulty here is to raise the funds necessary to meet expenses. Woodsmen usually spend their money elsewhere than church.

RED BLUFF, Cal.—At the recent quarterly communion nine were added to the roll of the church, five by letter and four upon confession. Among the first were the principal of the high school and his wife, and a notable feature of those received upon confession was that two of our Sunday-school girls and their mothers were taken into fellowship at the same time. The attendance at Sunday-school has been sadly broken into this autumn owing to the prevalence of an epidemic of measles which has demoralized the attendance of the public schools as well. The Endeavor meetings are better attended than heretofore. A recent social evening did much towards this. Many of our former young people have gone away to school. The present president expects to go to the state university at New Year. Interest in mission work continues. We hope to hold our place in this presbytery this year . An offering of over fifty dollars was recently taken for home missions. Prominent members of the church have agreed to contribute to the minor boards, each person taking one board, leaving the offerings of the congregation as a whole for the two boards. Pastor Sharpe continues to do excellent work as Probation Officer. Over three hundred cases have been brought before him during the past year. This past week has been most trying for him. On the evening of the tenth, G. K. Willard, a prominent merchant of this city, his wife, a grown daughter, and a visiting friend were hurled from an automobile by a train and killed. The accident was the most appalling that has overtaken our community for many years, if ever. The funeral of the four was conducted by Mr. Sharpe under most trying conditions. A daughter, aged about fourteen, was seriously hurt at the same time and as yet does not know what has taken place. A son, Harry, a promising young business man and his wife mourn the loss made doubly sad because less than a week before the senior partner of the firm, J. S. Bush, and the father of Mrs. Harry Willard, were both laid in their last resting places. During the winter months the pastor will devote the morning services to a series of doctrinal sermons and the evenings to timely topics.

San Francisco Calvary.—On Sunday afternoon, at 3 p. m. the auditorium of Calvary church was almost filled to overflowing by the women of San Francisco, who gathered there to hold a mass meeting in the interest of civic purity. Incidentally there were a few men. The platform was well filled with illustrious speakers of both sexes. Among those who spoke were Mrs. Baldwin, president of the California Club; Mrs. Orr, of the same organization; Miss Mirmian Michaelson, the well-known authoress, and her sister, Mrs. Cheney, of Berkeley; Rev. Bradford Leavitt, Walter McArthur and many others. All spoke concisely and to the point, and all seemed to be unanimous in this thought that crime should be known as crime, and the criminals should be brought speedily to justice. All women were urged to help in any way possible and do whatever they were called upon to do. The third in the series of popular sermons by Rev. Wm. Rader, "The Flag in the Sun," was given last Sunday evening. Thursday at 11 a. m. will be held the annual Thanksgiving service. The First Church will unite in observing this day. The choir of the First Church will furnish the music. Dr. Guthrie will preside, and Rev. Wm. Rader will deliver the sermon. The offering will go to the Presbyterian Orphanage. The Bearean Society will have a "Ladies' Night" at the next meeting, which will be held on the last Monday evening of the month. The pastor will

deliver his lecture on "Uncle Sam and American Ideals." Please bear the date and occasion in mind. On the first Sunday of December the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed and new members received.

Oakland.—The First Church was highly favored last Sabbath by the presence and services of Rev. Mark A. Matthews, D.D., of Seattle. A large audience greeted him at both services. His positive stand for Calvinism and civic righteousness met with a hearty response from the congregation. If the voice of the congregation had been heard in a call to him to be pastor of the church that call would have been loud enough to be heard in Seattle. Beginning with the prayer meeting service Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed will serve the church as supply for two months. The dinner given by the Ladies' Aid Society was a great success, bringing together a large company for a social time.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Our Alumni Fellow, Rev. George M. Day, is having a busy time in Germany. He is now settled in Halle for his winter semester. Before doing so he visited some of the prominent cities and historic places of the empire, especially those which are associated with the name of Luther. He has also been very fortunate in meeting some of eminent theological scholars in various places. He spent some days in Marburg, where he had among other advantages, excellent opportunities for language study. Of his plans he writes: "After six or seven weeks at Halle, I hope to be ready for some excitement and recreation in Berlin, where I shall probably spend part of the Christmas holidays, also staying long enough after the term opens to hear Berlin's big men, one of whom alas has recently died, Pfleiderer. Returning to Halle I shall probably work through till the middle of April, when we have a big mission conference here at Halle. Mr. Mott expects to be present. About the first of May I turn my face toward Russia and the Far East."

The new Forbes church of Portland, Ore., was dedicated on Sabbath, the 15th; $2,500 was raised at the service and the church was dedicated without debt. The old edifice was destroyed by fire in December of last year. The new building is a handsome one, much larger and better equipped for modern church work than the old. The pastor, Rev. H. H. Pratt, '99, is doing a fine work.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the San Anselmo church held their annual praise meeting on Wednesday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Dr. Moore had charge of the service.

The Young People's Society held a very interesting social gathering last Friday evening, which was largely attended.

Rev. A. B. Meldrum, D.D., '84, pastor of the Old Stone church of Cleveland, O., recently visited the Central church of St. Paul, Minn., of which he was pastor some years ago. He was greeted by a crowded house. A reception was held in his honor the following evening.

OREGON.

PIEDMONT, Portland.—Rev. N. S. Reeves has resigned the pastorate and at his special request it takes effect at once.

WESTMINSTER, Portland.—Pastor Marcotte goes about with a smile that can't come off, for he says the pipe organ fund is so far on that the organ is a sure thing now.

SELLWOOD, Portland.—On Dec. 23rd, 1885, Rev. E. Trumbull Lee, pastor of Calvary church, Portland, the only Presbyterian church in Oregon that never sat on the Home Board, Rev. R. H. Laughlan, a Home Missionary, and Rev. W. S. Holt, a Foreign Missionary, went to Sellwood, an obscure suburb of Portland, under appointment of the Presbytery of Oregon, to organize a Presbyterian church if the way be clear. They met the people interested, in the Methodist church, a little old building, freely offered for the occasion. After the sermon those who wished to unite in forming a Presbyterian church met the committee. There were 32 of them. They had been gathered by the faithful work of Revs. Laughlan and Lee, who had cared for Sellwood outside of their regular duties in the city. The way was clear and the First Presbyterian church of Sellwood was set to work under the fostering care of Home Missions. After some time a lot was secured and a comfortable church building erected. Then came a series of changes of all sorts. Sellwood did not grow. It had only steamboat communication with Portland; few people moved in and in 1903 when Rev. D. A. Thompson came from Princeton Seminary to take the work there were but 44 members and the church was dependent on the Board for $700 to help pay the preacher, who was a Home Missionary of the right sort. He and his wife went to work with a will. In the meantime the street cars had reached Sellwood and the suburb became a part of Portland. The church began to grow and last April it said good-bye to the Board of Home Missions to the great astonishment of most of us. A fine manse has been erected and the church has come to have 184 members with 200 in sight. The Sabbath-school is now so large that when it closes before 11 a. m. it has to be sent home to admit the older people. What a pity that the young children from whom the church must come must be sent home so the elder part of the community can get in. But so it is. No wonder the officers are planning for enlargement. The church has taken advance ground also for its benevolent work. The officers have unanimously adopted the budget plan. Last Sabbath they put it in operation. One result is that instead of the $31 given on the haphazard plan of last year, last Sabbath morning they raised $172 before they stopped. It was announced that the Budget plan is now the plan for all time to come, and it is a wise move.

PORTLAND, Forbes.—The Forbes Church was organized as the First Presbyterian Church of Albina, in the year 1884, on May 4th, with 28 members. It was the result of the work of Rev. William O. Forbes, who came to Oregon from Princeton Seminary to be a Home Missionary. Its first home was in what was called Lower Albina, on some lots donated by the late Hon. H. W. Corbett, and in a building paid for, almost entirely, by the late William S. Ladd, both of whom were warm friends of every missionary movement on the Coast. Outgrowing the little building and needing a change of location, the church moved to Upper Albina and enlarged its house of worship. The city grew and became an integral part of Portland. The church shared in this growth and became self-supporting. Then came troublous times and it fell back for a time on the Board. There were several changes of pastorate until finally Rev. Harry H. Pratt was called to serve the church. Under his ministry there was forward movement again. A fine new building was erected and dedicated. It cost about $10,000. About the middle of last December the edifice

was destroyed by fire, almost before the final payments had been made. Immediately steps were taken to rebuild. There was some insurance and this was paid in. The Board renewed its former gift which had been covered by insurance according to the wise rules of the Board of Church Erection. The people who had barely concluded paying off their pledges for the burned building, went to work with energy and determination, well led by their pastor who is never cast down. They raised more than $4000 among themselves. Friends in Portland helped them to about $800, and the work went on. The new church was dedicated on Sabbath, Nov. 5th. It is a modern building, larger and more commodious than the last, with special rooms for the boys, the girls, the women, and fine Sabbath-school accommodations. The windows are especially beautiful. Three of them are gifts. One is a memorial window, presented by Rev. W. O. Forbes, the first pastor, in memory of Mrs. Forbes and their elder daughter, Edith. One is the gift of the Bible class and another the gift of the children. They are beautiful windows. The pews are of golden oak, the church wisely thinking that pews which will last and look well at the same time are best. The lighting is with both gas and electricity, and the heating with hot-air furnaces. There is a carpet covering the entire floor of the auditorium and chapel. There is room for a pipe organ and it is more than a possibility. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Henry Marcotte of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. The statement by the building committee showed that the property is worth $12,000 and that $2,500 was needed to clear it before the dedication. A call was made for this amount and in a few moments $2,500 was laid on the table. Then the congregation repeated the solemn words of dedication, after which Rev. J. R. Wilson offered a prayer of consecration. This church deserves commendation for the way in which it has done its work. It has proved that the perseverance of the saints is no myth, but it is a practical doctrine for today. A future of great usefulness awaits the Forbes church.

BILLINGS, MONTANA.—The pastor, Rev. B. Z. McCullough, has been preaching a series of sermons covering his trip to Palestine, from which he recently returned. At the last communion service eighteen members were received. Two babes were baptized at the service with water the pastor brought from Palestine.

THE CHURCH SHOULD ORGANIZE.

Rev. Mark A. Matthews Shows Need of Protestants Acting Unitedly.

[In an able discourse in the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Cal., Rev. Mark A. Matthews, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle, Wash., set forth the need of a great country-wide organization that should include all Protestant, Trinitarian Evangelical churches. The subject is one of such great importance that we trust it may be given careful consideration and future discussion.]

Dr. Matthews divided the weapons of the church necessary for successful battle against the forces of spiritual corruption into three factors—faith, belief and organization.

Under the head of "faith" he declared that the enlargement of the church vision and its possibility of a great work depended on its faith.

"The church's belief," he said, "must be well defined. There is one great belief which the Trinitarian churches of the world must unite upon, and that is the belief in the deity of Jesus Christ. You cannot separate His divinity and His humanity.

Scores Unitarians.

"These wishy-washy, narrow-minded, insignificant, ignorant men going about the country attempting to make us believe that Christ was a man should get down out of the pulpits. Christ doesn't want you preaching about Him. You are blasphemous. Get down out of your pulpits.

"The men of this belief are telling us that Christ is a good example. He is not an example. He did not come on this earth to be an example. He was unnaturally born without a father and is the Son of God."

Mr. Matthews stepped from Unitarianism to Roman Catholicism, and said that the Protestant Trinitarians did not want a man between them and their God. They wished to be as close to Him as possible and that their prayers and suplications should go direct to Him.

"Did you know that at the laying of every government corner stone in Washington, D. C., a Catholic priest officiates. I do not believe that the Catholics should be entirely denied the privilege of this, but I do believe that the Protestants should have their share of this officiating."

Rev. Mr. Matthews claimed that the third necessary power for the successful battle against the forces of evil and corruption was "organization" of the Protestant, Trinitarian, Evangelical churches.

Need Organization.

"There are 33,000,000 communicants in the Protestant Trinitarian churches in the United States," he said, "more than one-third of the population of the country. This thirty-three million should have more influence. There should not be a civic question of general importance come up but what such an organization should settle it.

"In this organization there should be electors chosen to form an electoral college and a president elected. The electoral college should be the executive committee and pass upon all questions which might arise. Then we would have a mouthpiece and the country would turn to our electoral college for a decision on matters of vital importance.

Would Abolish Race Track.

"Do you think that a hell-hole such as this in Emeryville could exist had such an organization been in use? The race track in my State of Washington has run its last race. If the legislature of the State of California has any backbone that place there will go also. Nearly every criminal in the United Staets is here at your doors ready and willing to ruin your boy, and send them to the penitentiary and kill the moral of your girls.

"And the divorce question is the blackest page of American history. Do you realize we have granted 1,500,000 divorces in the United States. Do you realize what this means. It means that 1,500,000 homes have been ruined, 3,000,000 people have been separated and over the heads of 1,000,000 little children has been placed the blight and shame of the divorce of their parents.

Divorce Laws Bad.

"Here in California you grant divorce for the merest possible reason. A woman grows tired of her husband and invites him to quit. A man leaves his wife until she asks a separation owing to his desertion. Matrimony has lost its sacredness. A father is ready and willing to marry his daughter off to a man with a dollar-mark at the end of his nose. He takes more pains in trading for a horse. This must stop, and such a church organization would stop it.

"Do you believe that such a condition of affairs as ex-

ists in San Francisco could be possible with such an organization?"

To Close Saloons.

On the saloon question he said:

"In twenty-five years from tonight every saloon in the United States will be closed. A great prohibition wave will sweep this country within that time. The saloon is wrong. There are more places where liquor is sold in the city of New York than in all the thirteen Southern States combined. It must stop and it will.

"The bungling decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission has taken the flag from the Pacific coast. The tramp steamers of Germany, England and France will enter our harbors and carry the trade back and forth and the great transcontinental railroads will not run freight cars to this coast for the small amount of home productions which we have. This will occur unless Congress reverses this decision.

"You are asleep! asleep! and you have been for years. It is not a question of cities. What hurts San Francisco hurts Seattle, and what hurts Seattle hurts San Francisco. We are all one great community on the Pacific coast and we should stand together."

THANKSGIVING.

Give thanks! Look over yonder where
On far-off Plymouth Rock—
Our loved, brave children's bending low,
Of good old sturdy stock;
Who battled long—successfully,
'Till now, from out the fray,
In gratitude and holy joy,
Their first Thanksgiving Day.

List to their thanks for liberty!
That God-given hope within
Which stirred their souls to mighty deeds,
'Till victory did win!
Then came their blessings in disguise;
Brave pilgrims far did stray,
Returning gladly, with a shout,
"'Tis our Thanksgiving Day!"

* * * * * * * * * *

Give thanks! the kindly wind and rain
From Heaven's high dome came down,
To warm and bless our weary land.
When lo! a golden crown
Of richest blessings greet our sight,
We did not cease to pray,
For bountiful His mercies are
This new Thanksgiving Day!

Give largely oh! ye favored one
From out your golden store,
To cheer and comfort needy homes.
Come! open wide the door
To greet the sunlight from the skies;
'Twill cheer thee on thy way,
As with God's sunlight in thy heart,
Make glad Thanksgiving Day.

Give something from thine humble store
Our loving Savior came
To bless a cup of water cold,
When given in His name.
Though there is but a scant supply,
Canst thou not see the way
By which some one will gladly bless
Thee, this Thanksgiving Day?

Give to the widow, lend a hand
To help the orphan, too!
Their comfort and suport, afar
Beyond the skies of blue!
So beautiful this little stream,
Low, wending on its way
Sweet lessons for us each to learn
On this Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving! homelike, soothing cheer,
Its sympathetic love,
Reach every heart with peaceful joy
Sweet essence from above!
Encircling each in extacy,
As streamlets on the way
Make glad and brighten all in touch.
Hail! Hail! Thanksgiving Day!

—Mrs. Edwin Sutherland.

Berkeley, Cal.

THE WOMAN'S OCCIDENTAL BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

920 Sacramento St., San Francisco.
Mrs E. V. Robbins.

"There are now only six of us" said Mrs. Denniston, our treasurer, when she told us by letter that the two New York Boards had consolidated, leaving six instead of seven Women's Boards of the Presbyterian Church.

That remark, "only six of us" expressed a kind of family relation, a sisterhood extending over the United States, with one work in view, one object, and one method. We feel very much at home when it is our good fortune to meet either of the Boards officially or otherwise; and our courage is stimulated when we count up the combined gifts of this family, this sisterhood, and learn that almost a half million of dollars in the aggregate, is annually contributed. We do not boast of this, for when we consider how many of the gifts are small, and that only a small proportion of the women of the churches are really members of our auxiliaries, where the money giving is mostly done, and where the leading object is to talk together about the real kingdom for which we are working.

We of the six Boards work very harmoniously together, for when difficult questions arise, a "central committee," composed of one member from each board, meets together, if possible at General Assembly, and it is fortunate if that place of meeting is centrally located, that our delegates can divide distances. Our secretaries of the Board of Foreign Missions attend the General Assembly, and can be consulted, and thus a consensus of opinion is sure to be the result. These secretaries have recently called for a conference held in New York with the Women's Boards, to discuss the important topic, "Special Objects." Fortunately Mrs. Kelley was in New York and represented the Occidental Board. Had the meeting been held a few days earlier, there would have been two representatives from the Occidental Board present. Railroad tickets are irrevocable.

Hoorma of Salmas, Persia.

Because of ominous silence, we feared that our dear Hoorma had passed away. Mrs. Mansfield of Napa sent us

word through Mrs. Condit that she died in July, 1907.

Hoorma and her brother Simon, like many intelligent people from Asia, had a passion for travel, and to see a peaceful, happy, Christian country. Simon was an itinerant preacher in Persia and Hoorma, a pupil of Fidelia Fiske, was a strong character and eminently fitted to work among the women of her own land. Her father, an educated man, stood well in the church, and his family were well trained. They were Nestorians when our missionaries first found them.

When Hoorma and Simon first came to the mission home, unacquainted with our language, and with no money, our first thought was, what shall we do with them, as we were absorbed with the rescue of Chinese girls.

We handed her our record book, asking for her name. She wrote it in six languages, viz., ancient and modern Syriac, Armenian, Turkish, Russian and German, and added a reference to Hebrews 13:2: "Forget not to show love unto strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Elders Roberts and Carmany of Calvary church came opportunely and promised to take care of Simon if we would care for Hoorma; they provided warm clothing for him and placed him in a hospital, as he had taken cold and seemed to be in a rapid decline with consumption. He never left the hospital except to be taken to his last resting place in Odd Fellows' Cemetery. Mr. David Hewes of Oakland furnished the money for a curbing around the lone grave, and also a marble slab with name inscribed, "Simon Sarjais of Solmos, Persia," and a text carved in Syriac. His death was unexpected at the time. Mr. Roberts sent the writer of this word that his funeral would be held at the undertaker's at one o'clock; that left just ten minutes to reach there. Only a German pastor and the two elders were present. Hoorma sat by the casket, and as we entered the room she gave vent to most uncontrollable weeping. Her suffering was the more poignant because she had brought him away from his work, and possibly without the consent of her mother. The adventure had proved disastrous to him.

Hoorma remained in the Home as Miss Culbertson's assistant for nine years, and proved to be invaluable. She was familiar with Asiatic character and could govern the Chinese girls as no one else could. Her dark, piercing eyes carried power in her glance, and she was ready to act as nurse to Miss Culbertson when she returned exhausted from a rescue case, or from climbing hills to visit those already gone out from the Home. Street cars or telephones were not among the luxuries in those days.

We were unwilling for Hoorma to return to Persia, but her desire to make peace with her mother made her plan irrevocable. Societies contributed through Rev. and Mrs. Taber of Alameda an ample sum for her journey. Her mother died and was buried a few days before Hoorma reached home. After this disappointment she had an intense desire to return to us. The expense would be too great, and the influence would not be wholesome among her fellow Christians in Persia. Hoorma's devotion to the one woman (the writer of this) who went with her to the burial of her brother was touching. The word mother, applied in Persia as a term of respect and expressions of intense love were lavished upon this mother as long as Hoorma lived, and her disappointment was great if frequent letters were not received from her. She has come into the full fruition now, of her devoted Christian work, and it is a relief to feel that her life among the hostile Kurds is ended, and heaven will be doubly sweet to her weary, anxious heart. Her heart went out to her brother's grave in a "strange land," and occasionally flowers plucked from it and sent to her would give her joy. Will that grave be preserved? It is in Odd Fellows' Cemetery, straight beyond the Crematory, and close to the fence. Will not her friends—for she had many—visit that grave and protect it?

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CHINESE DAY SCHOOL.

The Chinese day schools under the care of the Occidental Board will hold their Christmas entertainment during Christmas week.

Over two hundred children, including the Chinese children in these schools and those visited by the "House to House" Bible Reader in San Francisco and Oakland are to be remembered with a small gift. These gifts open the way to many heathen homes and make the children very happy. Some of the older scholars have expressed a wish for an English Bible.

Donations of various things for boys and girls will be gladly received and can be sent by mail by the third week in December to Mrs. E. Y. Garrette,
2503 Central Ave., Alameda.

Commenting on San Francisco's far-famed graft prosecutor, the Boston Transcript remarks: "Mr. Heney in a peculiar degree has always aroused the enthusiasm of those who came in contact with him . By a group of enthusiastic young reformers of the Roosevelt school, in Washington and in the West, Mr. Heney's work has been viewed with almost idolatrous admiration. They have looked upon him as a coming man, and the recent suggestion of his name for the Cabinet, while obviously premature, has not been out of keeping with the estimate which they have generally made of him. Few limits have been set to the expectations entertained of this rising young prosecutor of the West. The experience through which he is now passing is likely to bring vividly before the nation the larger story of his work, and to make him more than ever, in the event of his recovery, now happily probable, a coming man."

THE HOME

A BETTER WAY.

The Story of An Acquired Affection.

Mrs. Gilbert was one of those people who are sure they love the Lord and that the Lord loves them. She enjoyed in general a high degree of peace and satisfaction in relation to her spiritual affairs. Concerning her earthly affairs, she was not today quite so comfortable. She could not imagine why she needed the discipline that had just now been given her at the very moment when glancing out of the window she had been thanking heaven for the blue sky and beautiful day.

The discipline was in the shape of her young stepmother, who was ill in bed upstairs. She had never seen the minx, as she phrased it, in her thoughts, till she was brought inside her doors on a stretcher. The little creature had beguiled her father into marrying her, a mere girl, when he was quite old enough to know better, being every day of fifty years, and Mrs. Gilbert had spoken her mind so freely

about the affair that of course she could not go near them afterwards. And then her father had lost his money—without any doubt, in Mrs. Gilbert's opinion, owing to this young woman's extravagance. She must have married him for it—served her right, then! And he had died suddenly, without making any sign to her. And the little widow—it was perfectly ridiculous, calling that girl her father's widow—was left with literally nothing. Mrs. Gilbert was herself very comfortably provided for by the late Mr. Gilbert; but she had not enough to take care of another person, except under her own roof.

The minister had come to her this very day and had told her the circumstances, and had asked her what she was going to do about it.

She was going to do nothing about it. Why should she?

"Mrs. Gilbert!" said the minister.

"Mr. Morton, I don't know what you mean!"

"I don't at all feel that she is my father's wife!" and the color dyed her face as she stooped to pick up the articles her energetic movement had scattered in upsetting her work-basket.

"The Lord does," said the minister. "The church does. The communinty does. You might as well. Perhaps you don't perceive that when you speak in that way you cast an aspersion on your father, Mrs. Gilbert."

"My father was a deluded old man."

"An old man at fifty! That is a novel idea. I didn't know you were so modern. Your father was in his very prime, hale and handsome and uncomonly interesting."

"Well, I'm glad you think so, of course."

"And now his wife, your young stepmother—"

"My stepmother! And half my age!"

"But the fact remains. And she is suffering. You are the nearest person in the world to her."

"And it is my duty to take her home, you mean? I won't do it!"

"There is no one else."

Mrs. Gilbert gazed out of the open window, as if her thought would pierce beyond the blue. "I don't believe that can be required of me," she said.

The minister looked round on the rather sumptuous room, with its shining mahogany, its portraits, its tall vases of flowers, its silver candlesticks, its mirrows whose bevelled edges repeated all at strange angles. But he said nothing.

"Mr. Morton," she exclaimed then, "she wouldn't want to come here!"

"I daresay not. I don't even know that she wouldn't prefer the almshouse."

"I must say you are vastly complimentary!"

"But as she is at present in a delirious condition, she would know nothing about it, and she can't be asked."

"Oh, Mr. Morton, it does seem hard!"

"I suppose it is hard—all round. But an easy sacrifice is no sacrifice. I have heard you say you want to do something for the Lord. It is not often one can—except in the general way of fighting on his side. Here's your chance."

"I don't know."

"Sometimes the thorns are knee-deep in the path of duty," persisted the gentle minister.

"And you really think this is my duty?" she asked wistfully. "To give up my privacy, my fireside—all that makes home pleasant—to a person, too, whom I have reason to dislike, and also, perhaps, has reason to dislike me?"

"I think you will have to decide that for yourself. But while you are deciding, you might ask yourself what is a home for?"

Mrs. Gilbert sat down with a gesture of despair when the minister had shut the garden gate. It was a sunshiny day of June; the air blew in fresh with the fragrance of the roses that climbed over the gate and over the porch; the elms were bending and bowing in the soft west wind; the sunshine made the green of the grass vivid. But there was neither sunshine nor rose-scent for her; the sky she had thought so blue had clouded over, the world she had thought so beautiful was dull and gray. She had loved her home, her garden, her house, her seclusion, her peace. And now, must it all be destroyed? For there could be no peace with a person in the house whom you detested; and once in, of course she would never go out. There was nowhere for her to go. Must she then take her in and make the best of it? Oh, there wasn't any best to it! It was all worst! The tears started to her eyes—and Mrs. Gilbert's eyes were large and gray, with long black lashes, and tears made them very brilliant. But there, that was too childish! She dashed them away, and took up some work, and tried to thread one of the twenty needles she seemed to see between her thumb and finger, winking hard to be rid of the troublesome moisture. And, as she did so, she caught sight of the leaf of the calendar that she had torn off a half hour ago, yesterday's text upon it, "No chastening for the moment seemeth joyous."

For the moment. Then perhaps it might make one joyous in the end. She wiped her eyes and glanced at the calendar hanging just beside her work-table. And as the sunbeam swam round and lay upon it, there started out in letters of light the words of today's text, "Lo I come to do thy will, O God!"

It seemed suddenly to her as if a voice from the unknown, the beloved, the believed in, had spoken to her. As if a hand had been laid upon her arm. She half turned as if she might see a vision. Was this bitter thing indeed the will of God?

The minister had bade her ask herself the purpose of a home. She saw what he meant. Home was a sanctuary, a place of refuge. And to refuse sactuary to another, to refuse refuge! Yet it stood to reason that one could not take in all the world. One was not asked to take in all the world, however—only those that had some sort of claim, or some dire need. And Scripture itself had enjoined hospitality. But it was bitter—this woman who had been the cause of her estrangement from her father, to whom she had never spoken, whom indeed she had scarcely seen! Could it be really the will of God that she should take her in?

She knelt down by her sewing-chair, and bowed her head and tried to be humble; and she prayed for strength and for knowledge. As she knelt, the sunbeam still moving touched her shoulder and laid its warmth there; it felt like a warm hand ready to lead her. And then presently she forgot that, she forgot herself, she seemed to rise and rest upon some higher plane, and she felt an inexpressible sense of divine nearness. She found and read the Twenty-third Psalm when she rose, and unconsciously lingered over the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou are with me." This had been the valley of the shadow to her. But with that presence beside her? Why, with that, what could anything signify!

She put on her things and went out, a smile rippling over her face as she went; and making it lovely. And that noon the little stepmother was lying between the lavendered sheets of Mrs. Gilbert's best bed, and a nurse was in attendance, to be helped and relieved by Mrs. Gilbert herself.

In all the fever and delirium, Mrs. Gilbert could not but see what a dainty little thing this stranger was. Her father's wife—it was impossible to believe it—this child! How gentle, even in her wanderings; she was—the little lady! Mrs. Gilbert found herself thinking that she didn't half wonder at her father; any man would have felt the charm of the little person.

One night, when the tired nurse slept, Mrs. Gilbert held the watch in the room. It was the crisis of the fever. The patient was sleeping also, so deeply, so quietly, she barely seemed to breathe. If she waked, sinking, and with long slow gasps, it would soon all be over. But if she waked conscious— O Lord," sighed Mrs. Gilbert in her heart, "I have been a wicked woman! But thou hast driven rancor and bitterness out of my heart, oh, do not take away my peace! Spare her, give her back to life, make her happy again, and let me atone!" For the whispered wanderings had spoken only of cheerless sorrow.

All through the long night Mrs. Gilbert sat silent, almost breathless. Where now was all that spiritual satisfaction that had once been hers? She was aware only of a superstitious fancy that if this girl recovered she might take it as a sign that she herself had been forgiven for her hardness. "O Heavenly Father," she silently prayed again and again, "let me feel that all undeserving as I am, thou dost care for me."

The stars wheeled their hollow shell overhead, and paled and went out in the pearly dawn where one great planet retreated into brightness, as if it shone on the casque of some half-reaveled and mighty spirit of good; and the gray grew to rose, and the roses to gold, and the sun hung in the east, and a cool wind of dewy morning blew, and a long, level beam stole into the room and lay upon the pillow. The great, blue eyes in the white, still face opened, wondering, half-frightened eyes.

"It is all right," whispered Mrs. Gilbert, bending over her, herself in shadow. "You are in your own home—where you are always going to be. You will be well presently. Now just take this, and be off to dreams again."

Love always comes, an unbidden angel for the one in weakness or illness, the child, the invalid, to whom we give care and bring relief. It was some days after that critical night that as Mrs. Gilbert, giving her patient some drink, passed her arm under the pillow and lifted the head now all sunned over with short, bright curls, that a hand crept up timidly and weakly and touched her face, and she heard a sigh, "'Oh, I wanted to die! and I feel as though I had, and were with angels now!" And Mrs. Gilbert stooped and kissed her—kissed the stepmother!

Several weeks had dragged their slow length along, and the little patient, now entirely well, but still tired and languid, lay in her white wrapper on the wicker lounge inside the porch, taking the air and sunshine of the perfect Indian summer day. The leaves swept about in drifts of gold, the sky melted away in purple hazes, the air was laden with piny breath of balsams. It seemed good to her then just to be alive.

Mrs. Gilbert was sitting beside her. The minister had been there, having brought them a great stem of white lilies. "You put a black and ugly bulb into the ground, a little before this time of year," he said, "and this great miracle of white and odorous beauty is what comes of it. I don't know if a sin has in it the seed of anything good; but I know if we bury it deep enough, we sometimes find in its place loveliness and happiness and peace. 'Like the good deeds that "blossom in the dust." ' "

"Oh, we do!" cried Mrs. Gilbert, when he had gone. And she bent and kissed a color into the cheek of the dainty creature beside her. "Do you believe," she said, "that you have really forgiven me? I know, I know, that if both the Lord and you forgive me, I never can forgive myself! To think I could be so cruel to my father and to you!"

Tears welled into the blue eyes till they looked like forget-me-nots filled with morning dews. "He loved you all the same," said the little stepmother. "And it is you who must forgive me—because I came between you. But I didn't mean to—and oh, I—I loved him so!"

"I never would have believed," said Mrs. Gilbert, bringing the wrap more closely about her charge, "that a sin and a rebellion could be so turned into a blessing and a delight! The dear Lord knew all the time! He gave you to me through much tribulation. And now I am going to keep you here always and thank him for you every day!" And if then they had a good time crying together, it is because words are feeble to express gladness and love, and tears are eloquent.—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Young People

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is bread like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Why are tears like potatoes? Because they spring from the eyes.

What reptile is always welcome in a school room? A good adder.

In what month do men talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest month.

What is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are week (weak) days.

Why is a miss not as good as a mile? Because a miss has only two feet and a mile has 5,280.

What is the word of three syllables which contains the whole twenty-six letters? Alphabet.

What is the difference between a bankrupt and a feather-bed? One is hard up and the other is soft down.

Under what conditions might handkerchiefs be used in building a wall? If they became brick (be cambric).

Why is a room full of married people like an empty room? Because there is not a single person in it.

How can you divide fourteen apples between nine boys if four of them are very small? by making them into sauce.

TWO THORNS.

It hurt. Every minute it seemed to hurt worse,—worser,, Elizabeth said. She kept uncrumpling her palm and looking at it, and touching it to make sure it hurt very much—and groaning softly under the breath. There was nobody in the world Elizabeth pitied so much as Elizabeth, for probably there wasn't any other little girl with a cruel thorn in her hand.

Madamoiselle looked sorry, but Elizabeth would not look at Madamoiselle. You don't look at folks who keep you a whole hour away from your play to learn your spelling all over again, or that say: "What, what!" at you when you say your three table. Folks like that you—'spise.

"Governesses are dreadful folks," sighed Elizabeth. "I wish my mother'd let me go to school instead of having me governed." But she could not wish anything very long, except that, except that the thorn would come out of her hand. It certainly did ache worser than ever—there now, didn't it! Hadn't she pinched it to see, and didn't it?

"Elizabeth"—the voice was quite gentle but firm. Elizabeth did not turn round. Her little white forehead above the tan-line was wrinkled with real pain.

"There is still the spelling"—

As if she could learn her spelling with a thorn in her hand. But she opened the book again and whispered "A-che-e—a-ch-e" over and over to herself.

Why! Why! That was what she was doing now, this minute—a-ch-e-ing! Elizabeth laughed softly, in spite of herself. After that the word was easy enough to spell. Elizabeth was eight; but as long as she lived, even when she was eighty, she would know how to spell a-ch-e.

Some one was talking to Mademoiselle at the door.

"No," Mademoiselle was sighing, Elizabeth lost there, then, "She is my little—what you call?—thorn in the flesh."

Elizabeth sat up straighter. The speller slid to the floor.

"She means me," she thought. "She's got one in her flesh, too, and it's—me!"

It was rather a startling idea. It had never been clear like that before—what her naughtiness was like to Mademoiselle. How much it must hurt if it was like a thorn in her hand! It must burn and sting and ache-ach-e. How much it must a-ch-e!

Elizabeth found herself beginning to be sorry for Mademoiselle on account of that thorn. If some one would take it out? Nobody in the world could take it out except Elizabeth. And Elizabeth—she turned suddenly and ran to Mademoiselle.

"I'll take it out!" laughed Elizabeth, softly. "I've got one in my hand, too, an' I know how it hurts. I never s-posed before that thorns and—and bad little girls hurt just alike. I can spell a-ch-e now, an' my tables. Don't you think it will come out of your flesh then?"

Mademoiselle understood. With a little cry she caught Elizabeth up and kissed her. Then as gently os she could she uncrumpled the little aching hand and drew out Elizabeth's thorn. They were both laughing when it was over, so Mademoiselle's thorn must have come out, too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Zion's Herald.

A FORGIVING PARTY.

"All them 'at's mad at me an' ready to furgive come to the appel tree at 5. Allan."

It was chalked on a board in big letters, so that Philip could easily spell it out. And Philip was mad at Allan, because Allan had hit his dog with a stone, so that the dog was limping all day. To be sure, Allan said he had not seen the dog, but then Allan was always doing things and saying he didn't mean to.

Nancy Oaks came along just then, and read it carefully. "I ain't a-goin'," she burst out. "He broke my Ruby Pearl so 'at she'll never go to sleep again. He run over her with his express wagon, he did! I won't go to his old party."

Patsy heard her, and laughed. "Well, you'll see me there," he said. "An' I'll squirt with his hose all I want to. You see if I don't!"

Meanwhile, Allan had various troubles of his own. All this had come about by his learning the text, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." His mother explained it to him. "There's a whole lot that's mad at me," he said sorrowfully to his mother.

"See if you cannot find a way to make up with them," his mother replied. And Allan had gone to the barn to look at the colt's, when the idea of a make-up party came to him. "If mother'd let me have some cookies an' popcorn, I could get 'em together before the sun goes down, and then mebby I'd get furguv."

So the next thing was to ask mamma, and she said there were plenty of cookies for a party, and Jane should get the table for him under the apple tree. But now, when it was three in the afternoon, Allan's heart misgave him. He was afraid nobody would come. "About all I play with are mad and it'd be lonesome if nobody came," he thought.

Jane set the table under the apple tree. There were cookies and honey and ginger bread, and popcorn, and pink lemonade, but Allan could not feel as if this was a picnic; it was a very subdued little boy who awaited Patsy as he came forward with a cheery "Hello there!" He was followed by the twins, Bee and Boo, who lived in the large house around the other side of the hill. They were mad because Allan wouldn't let them ride in his automobile. But the automobile was on hand now and they raced down the hill, after one longing look at the honey quivering in the sunlight. And so one after another they all came, until there wasn't one who had not forgiven him when the sun went down.—Ex.

China is making a brave fight against the opium habit. All the civilized world is watching the struggle. There is good reason to believe that China will succeed. Not long ago we saw the statement that there were fully 20,000 people addicted to the opium habit in California. Mr. E. W. Thwing, a correspondent of the reform bureau, says: "California, after a year of crusade on the part of its State Board of Pharmacy, today regards with unqualified horror and alarm the fearful spread of opium smoking among the whites, and especially in high social circles. Women who are prominent in the best society, matrons whose family names are synonymous with the hardy virtues which made the State the golden crown of the nation's western empire; young girls, delicate and sweet as the perfumed flowers they wear at their bosoms when presented in their innocence to the world at their debut—all these, and thousands more in every class of California society, and young men at the threshold of usefulness, have fallen victims to the enslaving habit of the poisonous drug."

The Emperor and Empress Dowager are dead. Their departures occurred almost simultaneously. Kuang Hsi was the nephew of the former emperor of China. The Empress Dowager on any account has been a wonderful woman. The Emperor was born in 1872 and was proclaimed Emperor in 1875, but did not exercise the functions of government until 1887. His policy was in the nature of a sweeping reform.

LITTLE PAUL'S THANKSGIVING

They tossed him and they squeezed him;
And they kissed him, one and all.
They said: "You blessed, blessed boy!"
And "Darling little Paul!"

But they didn't give him turkey,
Nor any pumpkin pie,
And when the nuts and grapes went round
They slyly passed him by.

He didn't seem to mind it,
For in the sweetest way
He sat and sucked his little thumb
His first Thanksgiving Day.
—Emma C. Dowd, in Sunbeam.

GOD'S LAMPS.

What are the stars, mamma,
The little stars so bright;
Are they tiny lamps that God hangs out
Up in the sky each night?

Does he send a little angel round
To light up overhead,
So that the baby birds, mamma,
Can see to go to bed.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pigpen watching its new occupant.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED
THE VOICE OF PRAISE
NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2
PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED
OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST. NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Church and Sunday School Supplies

We carry a full line of supplies for all departments of Church and Sunday School Work, including BIBLES, HYMNALS, SONG BOOKS, etc. Send for our catalogue. We also have the Best Books from all publishers. Send to us for any book you want.

The New Book Store

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

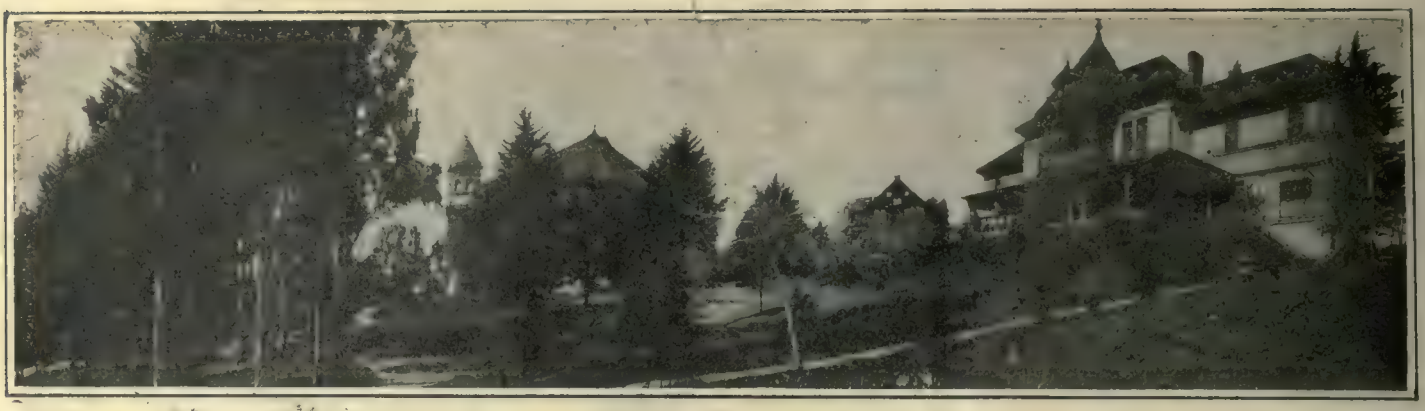
PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, DECEM 3ER 3, 1908. o. 49

University Library



Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D.

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt, D.D.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.
EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager
433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.
Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.
Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.
Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.
Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

THE DRAGON STORIES.

We have decided to call the story book we are to issue The Dragon Stories, as they are tales of the rescues and romances of Chinese girls.

The matter is nearly all in hand and the books will be out in about a week.

Already orders are coming in, as it is seen that it will be a unique gift book for Christmas. The book is beautifully embossed and printed, and the limited copies to be issued will not last long, as the price is but 50c.

THE NEW DEVICE.

The Board of Home Missions has issued a set of ten placards, calling attention to salient features in the work. Among these is the following: "AMERICA, a wide-spreading FIELD of Missionary Endeavor, a Potent FORCE of Missionary Conquest." This placard ought to be in every church and Sabbath-school room in the United States. The great words in the poster have been used for a new device.

AMERICA, A FIELD, A FORCE.

The device shows the whole world, with the United States in its wondrous position at the center. A blazing sun shoots its beams across the world from that center. It is not liberty enlightening the world, but it is the United States beaming upon the world with its gracious influence. At one end of the device is a flag bearing the cross, at the other the starry banner. Note that the extent of the beams shows the extent of the spread of the gospel. Darkness exists only where those beams do not reach. Therefore that gracious influence which proceeds from the United States is the gospel. The device is printed by the Board of Home Missions in colors, which makes it much more striking. Stickers have been prepared for the use of any one who wishes them. A small supply is to be found at the office of the Field Secretary, 415 Worcester Block, Portland, at $1 per 1,000 or 15 cents per 100. Larger quantities may be secured from the Literature Department in New York.

The Board also has postal cards bearing the same device, and will provide letter heads if any one wishes them, or will send the device, in plate form, so that it may be used for stationery. It is a fine way to keep before us the power of the home land, and also the great field which it offers for missionary activity. The brighter the home land is, the longer the beams it sheds across the world. The spiritual development of "the field" means the development of the spiritual "force" which the United States, or America exerts. Home missions are the foundation for foreign missions. The success of the home work means the success of the world work.

We are to work this "field" for the sake of the "force" which it will exert.

W. S. HOLT.

PRESBYTERIAN BROTHERHOOD.

The serious illness of Mrs. Ira Landrith, wife of the general secretary of the Brotherhood, continues with some improvement; but it is evident that her recovery must be painfully slow and that, at best, the future condition of her health will be precarious. It is, therefore, impossible, at least for the present, for Dr. Landrith to be far or long away from her, and hence he is unable to accept invitations or fill appointments involving his absence from Nashville.

In view of these conditions Dr. Landrith proposed in the interest of the Brotherhood work that he be relieved entirely from his responsibilities as general secretary. The council unanimously declined to consider this request, but recognizing the paramount claims of his home and family relieved him from all duties in the field, limiting his service to such as can be rendered in his office at Nashville, and substituting for the salary which he insisted upon relinquishing a small allowance to cover the cost of clerical assistance and office expenses.

Under this arrangement Dr. Landrith will continue to edit the Presbyterian Brotherhood and to co-operate with Associate Secretary Rosevear in planning for and promoting the Brotherhood in general, and the arrangements for the Pittsburg convention, February 23-25, 1900, in particular, besides conducting a wide correspondence in behalf of Brotherhood extension. His interest in the Brotherhood and his faith in its permanent value and success are as strong as ever, and he regrets deeply, as do the members of the council, the providential circumstances which have made this readjustment necessary. All friends of the Brotherhood, as well as the general secretary and his family, will hope and pray most earnestly for Mrs. Landrith's speedy restoration to health.

Meanwhile, Dr. Landrith will continue his work as regent of Belmont College, to which he will devote the greater part of his time, his address remaining at 1800 East Belmont Circle, Nashville, Tennessee.

Charles S. Holt, President.

DR. CONDIT'S NEW BOOK.

"The Force of Missions in a New China" is the title of a beautiful brochure recently issued by Rev. Ira M. Condit, D.D., the well-known Presbyterian missionary to the Chinese in California. The dainty volume is illustrated with pen sketches, most of them furnished by the author. The text is clear and forceful and is so skilfully condensed that the reader is surprised at the vast amount of genuine information its pages convey.

The Foreword, which comprises some eight pages, is a bit of boiled down Chinese history that startles one by its scope. For example: "Every third person in the world is a Chinese." We begin to realize the vastness of this nation when loking at the "procession" as it passes by, single file, a company of men, women and children that would encircle the earth at the equator ten times.

Rev. Condit, as a missionary to China in early life, and later head of the mission's work for Chinese in California is well qualified to speak upon special features of Chinese life, both as it was and as it now is in the movement of its great awakening. Who that reads the signs of the times will dispute the significent statement of the author: "Sink out of view all purely religious teaching and still it is not too much to say that the missionary stands at the forefront as the one who has done the most for the higher civilization and onward, upward march of the Chinese people." The educational and medical are the chief factors in the real uplift of China, and it is through these that the great force of missions in a new China is pulsating today. Another attractive feature of this booklet is that it is a free-will offering to missions and so crowns the grand lifework of one of God's noblemen. Requests have come for copies of it and hundreds of letters full of praise and appreciation have in a small measure rewarded Dr. Condit's labor of love and self-sacrifice. A second edition quickly followed the first, which is also nearly exhausted. Address Rev. I. M. Condit, D.D., 1300 Alice St., Oakland, for copies.

A NEW HONOR FOR MRS. R. B. GODDARD.

At the interdenominational Home Missions meetings, held this summer at Northfield, a national committee composed of representative women from all the Protestant churches was appointed. The Presbyterian church has seven members, and Mrs. R. B. Goddard, the preseident of the California Synodical society, is among those chosen. The other Presbyterian members are Mrs. F. S. Bennett, Mrs. E. A. Broole, New York; Mrs. M. V. Richards, Washington; Mrs. F. A. McCrea, Indiana; and Mrs. Paul Raymond, Colorado.

The committee is to push the consideration of Home Mission topics, the study of Home Mission books and the place for Home Mission speakers at the summer mission schools springing up all over the country. Mrs. Goddard, as a member of the committee of the Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions, has for two years been doing the work she is now called upon to represent on a national interdenominational committee.

OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE CIVIC LEAGUE.

The Occidental College Civic League held its first regular meeting at the morning chapel session of the college recently. The speaker of the meeting was Arthur S. Phelps, who was warmly welcomed by the sutdent body in whose hearts he has won a warm place. He chose as his subject, "The New Patriotism."

At the meeting were circulated the membership pledges and a roster of the members taken. Almost the entire student body were enrolled.

The session was conducted in regular parliamentary form, with Arthur G. Paul, the president, in the chair. He prefaced the meeting with a short speech, in which he told of the work for the organization in the future and the plans of the executive committee for its success.

The meeting was a success, and there is little doubt that the other colleges of Southern California—Whittier, Pomona and the University Southern California will form such organizations, and that ultimately an inter-collegiate governing body may be chosen.

The next meeting of the league will take place at the first Friday session in December.

Arthur G. Paul, 1909, the new president of the league, has already made a record for himself in debate and oratory at the institution. He was a member of the inter-collegiate debating teams of 1904 and 1906, and has served as president of the Y. M. C. A. of the college, and in his academy days was the organizer and first president of the Southern California Inter-scholastic Oratorical Association.

SUNDAY REST LAW FOR CALIFORNIA.

The state committe which was formed to inaugurate a movement to secure the passage of a Sunday rest law for California committed the work into the hands of Dr. G. L. Tufts, the representative of the International Reform Bureau on the Pacific Coast. He has conducted meetings in all of the leading cities in the northern part of the state and is now turning his attention to the southern counties. It will be impossible for him to succeed in his undertaking without the loyal support of pastors and churches in helping to carry out the plans which he is pursuing with the approval of the committee. It is therefore greatly to be desired that the pastors in the southern part of the state open their pulpits for the presentation of the cause and give to it their moral support as heartily as they have done in the north.

In behalf of the committee,

E. D. McCreary, Chairman.

Berkeley, Cal., Nov. 24, 1908.

DR. TORREY'S ADDRESS BEFORE LOS ANGELES MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

Dr. Torrey gave a forceful address before the Los Angeles Union Ministerial Association Monday. His opening thought was the one voiced at the Y. M. C. A. building the night of his reception,—that it is important to have sinners converted, more important to have church members get right, most important to have ministers get right; for as ministers are, so are the churches, and if both are right sinners will be converted. The greatest honor that can be placed on a man is to receive a call from God into the ministry of the gospel. It is an awful thing to have received that call, then to have made a failure in the ministry. As a scripture basis he took 2 Tim. 4:5, "Make full proof of the ministry," or "fulfill the ministry,"—bring all fulness into the ministry. Four things: (1) We need a definite, full conception of what God's purpose of the ministry is. Lev. 19:10, "To seek and to save that which was lost." Definite seeking and saving definite people. That man's ministry is a failure who fails to do this. (2) Acts 20:28 and 1 Peter 5:2, "Feed the church." Give food not poison. Care is needed, for one may give poison and not know it. Don't give sawdust for food. Avoid sensational, trashy subjects and matter. Think things through on your knees in the white light of God's Word before giving them out. (3)

Eph. 4:11, 12. Train the membership for effective service. In a very interesting account of his own experience in four pastorates he showed how people could be trained to be personal soul-winners and to give their time to such direct Christian work instead of wasting it in the rounds of so-called church work, with social functions, festivals, etc. (4) Give yourselves to prayer and the ministry of the Word. Our business as ministers is praying and preaching the word. Probably not one minister in ten thousand prays enough. It has been estimated, that on the average, Christians spend three minutes a day in secret prayer, and ministers five minutes. How many do you? We cannot preach the word if we do not know it, and cannot know it if we do not study it. **Study the Word.** Study it practically, so as to know how to sit down by a soul with open Bible and show him the way of salvation. (5) We must be holy men. (a) Must put away every known sin. (b) Must put out of our lives every doubtful thing. "Whatever is not faith is sin. (c) Must put out of our lives everything that will injure our influence on anybody. What of wine, beer, tobacco,—other things? (d) There must be absolute surrender to God. This is the heart of the whole matter. To stop short of this is to stop short of power. Who will today cross the line of full surrender?

MORNING JOYS.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. The eternal years of God are hers."

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

"It was the corruption of man that leveled the murderous weapon, but Divine Providence directed the bullet."

The above quotations from poets and prosecutor each contains a wise philosophy, phrased for us by the Psalmist, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

No human ken can fathom the origin or reason of sin and the sure resultant sorrow, but over it all is written the divine assurance of final victory for truth and a present control over all the forces of life, both good and evil.

Truth is often crushed to earth, iniquity doth prevail, sin does run riot and ever we are saying,

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."

Yet be assured, oh man, that

"That scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

For a hundred years the night of chattel slavery settled over the American nation, and "Careless seemed the Great Avenger" while slavery entrenched itself more and more in the laws of the land, but the glad emancipation morning came, and henceforth through all our history there can be no more night of chattel slavery.

The long, long ages long night of dense dark heathenism was upon the world, while from countless millions goes up to heaven the mute appeal, "How long, O Lord, how long." When, in "The fulness of time the Sun of Righteousness arose, and choosing twelve gospel stars of light he sent them into all the world of darkness, and listen now to the glad hosannahs of these on whom hath shone the Light of Life.

During the year past great thunder storms have swept over the mountains and the prairies, but these storms have filled but a fraction of the days of the year. During the same period sorrow and griefs and bereavements have come into your life, but it is a wise philosophy that says, "Think of your mercies, children, think of your mercies."

Gratitude is an expansive grace and one of the very best results that this Thanksgiving season can bring to any of us is to make it the occasion of our securing a firmer grip on God. More definite experience of His over-ruling Providence. If your night has been long and dreary and now you have come into the fellowship of Christ's spirit, into loving companionship with Him, if the "peace" that He gives has found a place in your heart, then your own experience of personal salvation bring you a joy in the Lord the world can neither give nor take away.

In your full hearts of grateful praise, I doubt not that these words of F. D. Sherman will find an expressive echo:

"For morning and the hopes of day;
For hours to work and hours to play;
For courage and contentment here;
For trust to strengthen, joy to cheer,
We praise Thee Lord."

"For evening and the duties done;
For every strife of conscience won;
For hours to dream and hours to rest;
For all Thy love made manifest,
We bless Thee Lord."

"For home and those who love us there;
For friends and kindred everywhere;
For life and for the life to be,
Eternal fellowship with Thee,
We thank Thee Lord."

Remembering God's gracious work in saving from sin our own beloved beloved land and lands across the seas, may I submit also the following lines, supplemented:

For millions saved from heathen night;
For strength to strive and skill to fight;
For women raised from life's low plane;
For children saved from lives of shame,
We praise Thee Lord.

For men who join the marching band;
For ransomed ones from everyland;
For all the way of God's convoy;
For morning light and marching joy,
We thank Thee Lord. O. E. H.

The Christmas Century contains the first chapters of the new novel by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and the new story by the author of "The Biography of a Grizzly." Mrs. Rice's story, "Mr. Opp," opens with a delightful mingling of quaintness, humor and pathos and with promise of proving the best work yet written by this popular author. Mr. Sexton's "Domino Reynard of Goldur Town" is the study of a noble silver fox—with a purpose "to show the Man-world how the Fox-world lives, and above all to advertise and emphasize the beautiful monogamy of the better-class Fox."

CHURCH NEWS

WASHINGTON.

ODESSA.—This church, under the ministration of Rev. J. Gilmore Smith, is prospering greatly. A debt of $3,900 was cleared away on Sunday, October 25. Dr. Ghormley gave a promise of $1,000, and the rest was raised at the morning and evening services, led by Dr. Wilson. Aside from this, a new parsonage has recently been built, consisting of seven rooms and bath, and a gas plant for both church and parsonage. All this has been done by a church of but thirty members.

SPOKANE.—Lidgerwood—Eight members were received into this church at the last communion, and more are to be received at the next. The Endeavor Society, for the second year, carried off the banner from all the societies in the city. This banner is for the best percentage of attendance. This is good work for the youngest church in the city. Rev. Atherton N. Smith is pastor.

WILBUR.—Rev. David Brown has taken charge of this field, which leaves only one unsupplied field in our presbytery. Rev. W. T. Russel is at work in the Columbia River valley.

SPOKANE, Centenary.—Rev. Conrad Blohm has accepted the call to this church, and has begun work with enthusiasm. A mission station is being established in the western part of the city, and a foreign station—Nanking, China—is receiving attention.

MONETA.—Rev. F. D. Seward feels encouraged by developments, in spite of the removal of many families connected with the church. Recently the debt on the manse has been paid, three-fourths of the apportionment for Home Missions has been paid, and **another three-fourths** will be forthcoming. The church has given $2.50 per member for foreign missions and will give more, and a number of new members have been received.

OREGON.

PORTLAND, WESTMINSTER.—The new pipe organ has arrived and will be in place for Sabbath, the 29th inst. It is an Estey organ and has cost $1,400.

PORTLAND, FIRST.—Last Sabbath, the 22nd inst., the First church of Portland made its annual offering for Home Missions, on the self-support and self-control plan, which the Presbytery of Portland has adopted. The result of the offering is about $3,500. In this is a special for some needed work hitherto unprovided for by the Presbytery.

PORTLAND, VERNON.—We have fallen heir to a pipe organ with a history. First it was a gift to the Portland First church from the late Hon. H. W. Corbett and Mrs. Corbett. It served the First church until the new edifice was completed. Then it was used in the chapel for some time. Then it was given to the Westminster to use until they could afford to buy their own. That has been done and now we are to have the use same use. It is a Home Mission argan and has done excellent service.

ALBANY COLLEGE.—Friday, Nov. 20th, was a great day for the college. It was set apart by the citizens of Albany for a day to try to raise $10,000 for the endowment fund. The Commercial Club lent its aid, and carrying out plans made by President Crooks, went on the streets as a soliciting committee for the college. It was a great canvass and was put through with celerity. At night the committees gathered in the club rooms and reported that $10,300 had been pledged. Then there was a jollification meeting in the court house to tell how it was done and rejoice over the doing. This means a great deal for the college. For it will be followed soon by an attempt to raise $15,000 more in the Synod with the hope that the college board will secure a similar amount from Eastern friends of Christian education, for Albany college not only stands for higher education, but for higher Christian education, which means more. We are told there will be a meeting of friends of the college in Portland during the present week to consider how best to cry for the $15,000 needed in Oregon.

NEWBERG.—On Sabbath, Nov. 22nd, we had the pleasure of dedicating our new church building. We have needed the building for a long time, but only recently did we see the way clear to build. It is due to the persistence of Pastor Blair that we have succeeded in our undertaking. He is an indefatigable worker and never says fail. The church stood with him and now we have one of the best buildings outside of Portland. The cost was $5,500, including lot and furniture. We had the splendid aid of the Board of hurch Erection or we could not have carried out our plans. The building has a fine auditorium, an excellent Sabbath-school room, basement, pastor's study, etc. It is lighted with electric lamps and heated with a furnace. The windows are frosted. The whole Sabbath was given to the services connected with the dedication. In the morning Rev. G. W. Arms of the Portland Vernon church preached the sermon. At 2:30 p. m. the dedication sermon proper was preached by Rev. H. N. Mount of Eugene, and in the evening we had a Home Mission address. Money was raised at all three services to assist in completing the payment for the church. Our town is growing. It is a fine place for homes. We have no saloons and want none. The Friends have a college and the location of the town, but 25 miles from Portland, makes it convenient for those who wish to live here and do business in Portland. The country is well adapted to fruit and much of the land is used for that purpose. We are near the Willamette river and have the advantage of steamboats of steamboats as well as of cars. Of course the climate is fine.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Westminster church has sold its property on Fourth West street and is nowholding services in the Odd Fellows' Hall, near the center of the city. An increasing interest in the services is manifested. The church has a lot in a better location and will probably begin work on a new building in the spring. Rev. C. C. McIntire is the efficient pastor.

Dr. Paden of First Church has made about four hundred calls during the past two months, and is still alive. A young men's Brotherhood is doing good work under the leadership of Mr. Thomas Weir, one of the city's most prominent citizens.

The pastorate at Third Church, Rev. Herbert E. Hays, has been preaching to young people Sunday evenings on such practical subjects as Company, Amusements, Ambition, etc. His morning sermons have been evangelistic, centering in the word "Come." Two very successful enter-

goes out to his bereaved family. On November 29, 1858, in Argyle, N. Y., Mr. J. S. Oliver and Miss Harriet Newell Barkley were joined in marriage. In celebration of the 50th anniversary a goodly company of friends gathered at the Ebell Club house to offer congratulations and good wishes. For many years both have been active, efficient members of our church. Whether the name, Harriet Newell, had anything to do with it or not, Mrs. Oliver has been specially active in missionary work, serving as the secretary of the Synodical Societies of both Iowa and South Dakota, in connection with the Board of the Northwest. Mr. Oliver was for many years a valuable official in the railway service, acting as general manager for the C. & N. W. railway, gaining the title "General," by which his friends call him. But as an officer in the church he has rendered more valuable service, an elder many years. He was one of the leaders in the founding and strengthening of Huron College, South Dakota, and among the letters read at the celebration was one from President and Mrs. French, Dr. H. K. Walker spoke words of appreciation of their worth as members of Immanuel church, Rev. Mr. Van der Las of Monrovia, who was their pastor in Huron, added his tribute, and Dr. S. E. Wishard offered a prayer that closed the little informal program in an evening of rare enjoyment. At the children's meeting last Friday in the Tabernacle, after a plain sermon by Dr. Torrey, somewhat more than 300 children signified their intention of being Christians. Trained workers talked to them singly or in small groups, pointing out the way of salvation so that the expressions were made intelligently. It was a most beautiful and inspiring service. At midnight on Saturday, after marching through many blocks in the most needy quarter of the city, gathering up people as they went, a large band of Christian workers came to the Tabernacle for a service in which decisions for Christ were made by men who had been way down in sin. Seeking and saving the lost is the work to which Dr. Torrey and his associates are dilgently addressing themselves.

CROWS LANDING.—The church at Crows Landing has been enjoying a pleasant and agreeable ministry under the pastorate of Rev. Ira E. Surface, D.D. The congregations have been good and the interest fine. A Christian Endeavor Society was organized for the young pepole in which most of them take an active interest. The finances of the church are all up to date and we are glad to say that the two years' ministry of Dr. Surface has left its effect in the hearts of some who have become Christians, and others who are deepened spiritually.

SAN MARTIN.—The San Martin church, under pastoral care of Rev. James B. Vance, is making steady and substantial progress. The Sabbath-school shows unusual development, the attendance having nearly doubled in the past year. Plans are being considered for a Sunday-school room to meet the needs of the work. On Sunday, November 22nd, a Sunday School Institute was held in this church, the churches of Gilroy and Morgan Hill uniting with the San Martin church. About 70 persons were present at each of the three sessions held. Among those participating in the program were Rev. Mr. Davidson of Gilroy, Rev. J. B. Vance and Miss Olive Norman of San Martin and Rev. Arthur Hicks, Synodical Sabbath-school superintendent. Discussions on "Adult Classes," "Missions in the Sunday School" and "Primary Teaching" occupied much of the time. Similar Institutes will be held in various parts of the Synod where several schools can be grouped.

VALONA.—The Valona Presbyterian Church housed an apreciative audience in response to the printed invitations sent out a few days previous by the Board of Trustees. The cards requested "your presence' and conveyed an inkling of a pleasant evening, but the expectations of those assembled were more than met by the delightful manner in which they were entertained. Trustee Thos. Ross gave as the reason for the reunion and gathering the fact that extensive improvements had recently been made to the church, a kitchen with necessary equipment, something worth rejoicing over. Capt. Day, a well-known Salvation Army worker of Oakland, accompanied by three young men who furnished several instrumental numbers, was present. Mr. Day gave a short sketch of the Army work in Oakland and at San Quentin, his remarks proving very entertaining, as the speaker is a jolly good fellow, bubbling over with mirth. In fact, his jovial disposition has caused him to be known as "Happy Bill." Miss Arrick of San Francisco rendered two vocal solos in a highly commendable way. At the close of the program all adjourned to the reading room to partake of refreshments and also to inspect the new kitchen. After refreshments those present again assembled in the auditorium where Rev. G. H. Whiteman, pastor of the church, made a few brief remarks regarding the Presbyterian synod which he attended at Pasadena recently.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The November Monday Evening Conference was held last week. The most of the students and Faculty were present at the dinner. The guests of the evening were Rev. Ernest Bradley, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, San Rafael, and Rev. Lynn T. White, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Both gave very interesting and practical addresses on the subject of the evening, namely, "Work Among Boys." Both have had considerable experience with the Knights of King Arthur and other features of boys' work. It was considered one of the most helpful conferences held in a long time. Dr. Landon presided. The seminary was fortunate in securing the attendance of Mr. Bradley at this t ime, as he is just completing his work in San Rafael preparatory to becoming associate rector with Dr. Clampett in Trinity Church, San Francisco.

Prof. Paterson will be one of the instructors at the Pacific Grove Students' Conference this season.

The executive committee of the Woman's Synodical Society met with Mrs. Dr. Moore on Tuesday of last week and took lunch there. There were about twenty-five present.

San Anselmo now has its own weekly paper, which is friendly to the churches and helpful in advertising church news.

Mrs. Woodward, wife of Rev. Charles F. Woodward, '02, of Danville, has recently undergone a capital operation. She is in the Fabiola hospital in Oakland and is now doing well.

Rev. William H. Bleakney, Ph.D., '99, is principal of Pendleton Academy, Pendleton, Oregon. The attendance is larger this year than before and more of the students are Christians. There was a revival in the school last spring and quite a number of the older boys confessed Christ.

EMPIRE COLONY.

This prosperous settlement situated in the center of the great San Joaquin valley, is five miles from the S. P. station of the thriving and prosperous town of Kerman, and fifteen miles from Fresno.

tainments have been given recently, one by the children's Mission Band, the other by the Girls' Club. The East Side union Thanksgiving service came to this church this year. The second building of Westminster College, near this church, is being pushed to completion.

Here and there over the city and state Mormons are showing more interest in our teachings and services, and a few are coming to open confession; but the great mass of the people are still held in abject thraldom, religiously, commercially and politically by the Mormon priesthood.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The churches will all be thrown open on Sunday, December 13, to representatives of the Anti-Saloon League, who will occupy the pulpits. Rev. A. C. Bane is to be the superintendent of the San Francisco district and will begin his work at that time.

CALVARY, San Francisco.—Rev. William Rader, the pastor, gave his lecture on "Uncle Sam and American Ideals" Monday evening at the request of the Berean Society. A special preparatory service was held on Wednesday and Friday evenings in view of the communion service next Sabbath. The union Thankskiving service, in which the First Church united responded most liberally to the offering for the San Anselmo Orphanage, giving over $100.

HOWARD, San Francisco.—The communion service will be held on next Sabbath, at which time new members will be received. It has been decided to hold a series of special services during the the week following, at which a number of prominent speakers will appear. The Ladies' Guild have ararnged for an important event on Dec. 3rd and 4th, which it is expected will be largely attended. The attendance at the Sabbath evening services is increasing under the able preaching of the pastor, Rev. John S. Thomas.

SAN FRANCISCO, First.—The temporary chapel which we built immediately after the late disaster has now been moved on our own lot on Washington street, between Polk street and Van Ness avenue, and the added improvements are now complete. The trustees of this church have decided to commence subscriptions for the fund toward our permanent church building at once, and committees are now being formed for the immediate canvass of our members and friends. Our pastor, the Rev. William Kirk Guthrie, is now giving a most interesting, instructive and uplifting course of lectures on Sabbath evenings on "The Religious Development of the State." The Emergency Chapter of the Westminster Guild gave their annual luncheon last Saturday. There were about forty present, and after a very delightful luncheon and conversation we listened to a very excellent musical program. These luncheons are particularly enjoyable, as it enables many who are not able to attend regularly to get together at least once a year. The missionary section of the Society held their Thanksgiving service on Wednesday, which was very well attended. After a pleasant luncheon hour the praise service was led by Mrs. Goddard, and many of the ladies testified as to their many causes for thankfulness, and then the envelopes were opened with the special offerings in which were found a goodly sum for the mission interests.

FRESNO, FIRST.—The First Church is prospering under the able leadership of its pastor, Rev. Thomas Boyd, D. D., and is planning for a number of interesting events in the near future, among these being a social on Tuesday evening given by the ladies of the church, on which occasion the gifts for the Christmas boxes for the San Anselmo Orphanage and Chinese Mission in San Francisco will be rceceived. On Friday the ladies will have an "all day sewing," at which time they will fit up the things ready for packing. The Bible class recently organized in the Sunday-school for the young married people gives promise of being "worth while." It is the hope of those enrolled that the informal discussions of the Sunday-school lessons and the social greetings and meetings may prove helpful in everyday living. The Men's League held a very profitable meeting on last Monday evening. At the supper which was given by the Whatsoever Circle there were thirty-four men present. After the supper an executive session was held. Treasurer reported all bills paid and a balance in treasury of nearly $35. A fifteen minute talk by Judge H. F. Briggs was listened to with much interest. The League took up the matter of securing the funds for remodeling the basement into rooms suitable for Sunday-school purposes. It was estimated that the improvement would cost from $500 to $600, and $325 was pledged in about three minutes. Since the meeting other pledges have brought the amnunt up to nearly $500. It is very necessary that this work should be done right away and the League is taking hold of the matter with the idea of seeing that no time is wasted in doing the work. The League will hold another meeting on Monday night, Dec. 14th. Supper will be served to the members at 6:30. After the supper there will be an address in the auditorium of the church by Owen B. Hotle, a business man of Oakland. His subject is "The Making of a City." Mr. Hotle is a forceful speaker and a man of affairs. A general invitation is hereby extended to hear Mr. Hotle. The address will commence at eight o'clock.

LOS ANGELES.—The work of Dr. R. A. Torrey is well received and blessed. Interest has been sustained from the beginning. Responses increase as the meetings progress. One hesitates to report on numbers, but it is thought that there have been some 600 conversions and definite expressions up to the close of last Sunday in the Tabernacle meetings and in some meetings in the churches where some of Dr. Torrey's helpers have been. This would include, for example, about 75 at First Congregational Sunday-school, as many or more at Immanuel Presbyterian Sunday-school and 30 at Alhambra Presbyterian Sunday-school. The preaching is simple, direct, clear, searching and practical. One who begins and continues the Christian life as Dr. Torrey directs will not go far wrong. At the last Sunday afternoon meeting for women and the night meeting for men the subject was "The Awfulness of Sin," and it was handled without gloves and with good results. Calvary church received eight members last Sunday. Covina received the same number, following a series of union evangelistic meetings. Pastors Prewitt and Stevens are rejoicing in these seals set to their ministry. The Ladies' Society of Santa Ana church recently made a thank offering of $200 for home and foreign mission work—cash given direct. Rev. F. A. Wilber, Ph.D., a member of the Presbytery of Columbus, was called to his reward November 22, 1908, in his eighty-fifth year. For some years he has made his home with his son, Rev. H. P. Wilber, D.D., who served a long time as pastor at Santa Monica, and where he still lives. Dr. Wilber, early in his ministry, served the church at Elgin, Ohio, for thirteen years, and after that devoted himself to educational and literary work. He has been in more or less infirm health since his residence in California, and so not as widely known as some; but greatly loved by those who had the privilege of fellowship with him. Our warm sympathy

April, 1908, prior to the meting of Presbytery, the Sabbath-school missionary, assisted by Rev. Allan MacKay, organized Empire Presbyterian Sabbath-school. Mr. MacKay stood by the school for three months and established it on the foundation of Westminster Press Literature. A loyal and enthusiastic band of ladies in due time prepared way for the Children's Day and Raly Day exercises. Collections were forwarded to Board of Sabbath School work. Informal Christian Endeavor meetings have been held since early in September. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22, the first Thanksgiving service was held in Empire Colony school house. Exercises opened with reading psalm one hundred, singing of Doxology and invocation by Rev. W. Scott Whittier, D.D. Hymn, "O day of rest and gladness," was sung by choir and congregation, and a high-grade and original Thanksgiving address was given by Dr. Whitier. The Sabbath-school missionary then called for Thanksgiving testimonies. All of the Sabbath-school workers and others gave heart-touching and uplifting testimonies to the power and blessed influence of the Thanksgiving Christian home. "We praise thee O God for the Son of thy love" was sung from the heart, and the influence of God's Holy Spirit was manifest throughout this service. "Let us come before him with thanksgiving and enter into his courts with praise," was the theme on the tongue of each child of God. Empire Colony Christian Endeavor Society was organized with active and associate members and officers. Personal, quiet words were spoken to young men and women by Dr. Whittier and five members secured for the young society. Before the Doxology was sung, Rev. Hugh Furneaux made an appeal for a Thanksgiving offering, to be sent to the Presbyterian Orphanage at San Anselmo. He had read Mrs. Brown's request in the Pacific Presbyterian. There was a hearty response. He told a short story of two girls and a boy he took off the streets of a coast range town and sent to this orphanage. The mother was in the insane asylum and the father incapable. Several years after he met a lady connected with the orphanage who told him the girls and boy had been saved body and soul. "Blessings and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might, be unto God forever and ever." Nomad.

Kerman, Cal., Nov. 20, 1908.

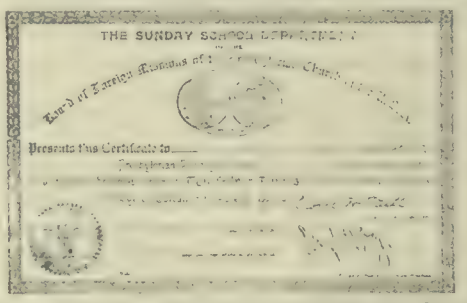
UNIQUE AT HOME.

Mrs. I. M. Condit, wife of Ira M. Condit, superintendent of the Chinese work in Oakland, Cal., has sent out cards announcing an At Home from Nov. 26 to Dec. 19, to receive donations for the Christmas tree for the Chinese children. The gifts will be distributed at the entertainment at the Chinese Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Dr. Ambrose W. Vernon, the Yale Divinity School professor whose paper on "The Message of the Modern Minister," at the National Council last year in Cleveland, met with marked disapproval because of its extreme liberal position, has been called to the Harvard Church, Brookline, Massachusetts. Dr. Vernon is a Princeton graduate, of the class of 1891, and of Union Theological Seminary class of 1894. He took post-graduate studies in the German universities of Berlin, Halle and Gottingen, and in 1896 entered on his first pastorate at Hiawatha, Kansas. In 1899 he went to the Congregational Church at East Orange, New Jersey; in 1904 to the Dartmouth College Church, and in 1907 to the professorship of practical theology in Yale. The church to which he has been called in Boston is one of the churches which early this year sought the Rev. C. R. Brown of Oakland.

HOW ABOUT YOUR CHRISTMAS PROGRAM?

"Gifts for the King" is the title of the attractive Christmas program issued by the Sunday-school department of the Foreign Board. It is high-class in every particular, and with the supplemnt providing special exercises and recitations for the different departments, presents a service of unusual merit. The music is bright and stirring. Accompanying the program are unique Christmas tree coin cards to be decorated with silver dimes for foreign missions. Every member of a Presbyterian Sunday-school completely decorating a coin card with ten silver dimes, the offering going to foreign missions under our Board, is entitled to a beautiful Recognition Certificate like the illustration below. It is printed in two colors on paper suitable for framing.



Programs, supplements and coin cards are furnished free of charge to all schools contributing a Christmas offering to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. To others programs are furnished at $4 per hundred. To avoid disappointment orders should be sent without delay to he Sunday-school secretary of the Foreign Board, Room 812, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, as the supply is limited. Send a two-cent stamp for sample packet.

WHAT THE SUNDAY REST LAW WILL NOT PROHIBIT.

G. L. Tufts, Pacific Coast Superintendent International Reform Bureau.

The Sunday rest bill, which has been drafted by the Reform Bureau of California, to be introduced in the next session of the legislature, aims to avoid all extreme measures. It is founded upon the law of Idaho, which was passed by the last General Assembly by a majority of nearly three-fourths of both houses, and which is meeting with the approval of nine out of ten of the people, especially of the business men. The idea underlying the bill is that of securing a weekly rest day for every man, in harmony with the requirements of the law of human nature, rather than an effort to force something upon the citizens of the state contrary to their desires. No man wants to work all the time. Yet thousands are required to do so to hold their trade or to keep their position. The aim will be to reduce Sunday work as much as practicable and in keeping with the legitimate demands of modern life.

We submit the following propositions as sound in principle, in accord with the natural rights of mankind and promotive of good government:

A Sunday rest law should reduce "works of necessity" to the minimum and provide for the closing of all unnecessary lines of business and labor, except works of mercy and charity. A Sunday shave shaves the rights of barbers, and dealers in luxuries desire the luxury of Sunday rest.

Those who serve the public in doing necessary work on Sunday are entitled to a day of rest at some other time during the week. And, conversely, those who regularly observe another day of the week as their rest day should be permitted to engage in works of necessity or private labor on Sunday. This would remove the objections of

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

those who set apart Saturday as their day of rest and worship, yet without any reference to religious matters. This is in no sense a religious statute. Yet it will promote public morals, the chief object of government.

A Sunday rest law should be general in its application and not discriminate unjustly. If it prohibits grocers from selling cigars and candy it should make no exception in favor of others in competing lines of trade. A "square deal" to every man. If it protects the merchant in his right to rest without his competitor running, so it should protect the tobacconist, the bartender and saloonist who also desire a day off duty. Any who are determined to work on seven days for six days' profits in order to gratify their never-ending greed, must be made to yield to the law of public welfare.

A law that is enacted to make Sunday a public rest day for all classes should eliminate those public amusements that are run for money-making and commercial purposes. A holiday Sunday becomes a work-a-day Sunday for multitudes, as demonstrated by the history of many nations. In the light of Europe, Hallam calls it "The holiday of Despotism." Sunday sports are the link that will chain the laboring classes to the tread-mill of unceasing toil. If public amusements are allowed to be sold, those dealing in the necessaries of life will make the same demand, and soon all lines of trade and labor will be operating. The holiday Sunday in Germany led to the opening of 57 per cent of the factories, and 77 per cent of the trades and transportation. For this reason the labor classes of England have always opposed Sunday amusements. Actors and actresses and all who are engaged in furnishing amusements for the public are entitled to and they are demanding a weekly rest day. Rest and let rest upon this day, is the only unselfish rule. Recreation and sports by those demanding them can be secured in hundreds of ways without robbing others of their Sunday rights. But the strenuous Western life does not need excitement as much as quiet rest. A Saturday half-holiday would provide for League ball games and other commercial amusements, as in England and Canada.

The Sunday rest law as now drafted would not prohibit any of the following list:

Hotels, restaurants, livery stables, garages, regular trains, delivery of baggage, electric lines, boats, stages, telegraph and telephone offices, electric plants and all industrial processes which could not stop without loss or injury, such as beet-sugar plants and pumping of mines; the sale of medicines, sick-room supplies, milk, daily papers and non-intoxicating refreshments, such as ice cream and soda water; social games of baseball, golf, lawn-tennis, or any non-commercial game; hunting, fishing, boat-riding, parks, free concerts and all sport and amusements to which an admission fee is not charged.

It may appear to some of the friends of the movement that these concessions are too liberal. But while a law is an educator, and as such should be in advance of the standard of living found among the street crowds, yet it is not wise to make it so ideal that its enforcement will not be sustained by public sentiment. When once tested we believe the law as drafted will meet with general approval and be well observed, as the similar statute is in Idaho.

Two scholarships of $750 each have been established in Oahu College, Honolulu, by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bowen for the benefit of Hawaiian students preparing for Oberlin College.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Catholic Club of Harvard has a membership of more than 450.

California strawberries were in Boston and New York markets for Thanksgiving.

The movement for the union of Baptists and Free Baptists is meeting with large and increasing favor.

The Albert Shaw lectures on diplomatic history at Johns Hopkins University are to be given this year by Professor E. D. Adams of Stanford.

Twenty-eight per cent, or 4,136 of the 14,806 living graduates of Yale University live in the three cities of Chicago, New York and New Haven.

Western College for Women, at Oxford, Ohio, has its first man president in the person of the Rev. Dr. John Grant Newman. Three women served for fifty-four years.

What is called "Greater Boston" has 420 churches. The Congregational have 40,000 members; the Baptist 37,000; the Episcopalian 27,935; the Methodist 22,946; the Presbyterian 3,476.

Speaking recently in Boston concerning city playgrounds, Jacob Riis remarked that in the State of Washington there is more enthusiasm over play-grounds than in any other state except Massachusetts.

The University of Missouri has a Negro janitor who has completed fifty years of service. Beloit College has a janitor who is seventy-five years old and who has been with the college nearly a half century.

Two missionaries are employed by the New York Bible Society to supply the Bible in their own language to all immigrants. In the city and harbor of New York 87,393 volumes were distributed the last year.

During the early part of the 19th century about one-third of the graduates of Yale chose the legal profession and about thirty per cent choose it now. At that time about thirty-three per cent entered the ministry; now about three per cent enter.

Jacob Riis is of opinion that an "institutional school" could be made the great saving power in the future of our civilization. The institutional church, he states, has not made much progress because people are afraid of the theological and religious atmosphere.

One-half of the 1,881 students in attendance at Oberlin College last year were residents of Ohio. Oberlin now has endowment, buildings and equipment worth $3,326,000. The Finney Memorial Chapel, erected last year, cost $130,000; the Carnegie library $155,000.

A bronze tablet, recently unveiled in the library of Mt Holyoke College, contains the name of 176 women graduates who went out to religious and educational work in foreign lands between 1837 and 1887. At the end of another fifty years another tablet will be erected.

Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago says that he is much nearer in thought to a Unitarian or a Universalist than to an orthodox Jew. "Let us be done with the fiction that there is one united Jewish religion today," he says further. "The Cath-

olic and the Unitarian are not as far apart as our Judaism and that of the Russian ghetto."

The Anti-Saloon League and Prohibition Party will not pull together any longer. They haven't pulled well while trying the "together." The Anti-Saloon League believes in downing the saloon in every possible way. The Prohibition Party wants to do it one way, by the development of a national party. The end along that way seems to The Pacific a long distance in the future.

Industrial and technical education will not be neglected in this country in the future as it has been in the past. More and more the cry is for men who can do things. It is said that ninety-eight per cent of the foremen and overseers in manufacturing plants in the state of New York were educated in Europe.

Two fifty-thousand dollar cottages equipped with eight solariums for the work of phototherapy have been built on the grounds of the Illinois hospital for the insane. The solariums are equipped in ruby, violet, amber and opal. Despondent patients are enlivened when placed in the room having the ruby equipment and furnishings and violent patients soothed when in the blue room. Opal is antiseptic and aids the consumptive.

Secretary Strauss of the department of Commerce and Labor in his annual report to Congress will suggest a comprehensive plan for aiding the unemployed. The secretary says that his plan is an elaboration of the bureau of distribution in the immigration service. This bureau deals only with immigrants, and by collecting information regarding industrial conditions throughout the country seeks to inform the new arrivals in what part of the country they would be most likely to secure employment. By elaborating the idea and establishing a bureau of registration for laborers to which employers could have access when they desired, Mr. Strauss believes the labor conditions throughout the country could be equalized and a more favorable distribution brought about.

The Rev. Anna H. Shaw says that the election of Judge Lindsey of Denver was "a woman's triumph." Writing of her experiences in Denver on election day, she says: "Not one man did I see intoxicated. All saloons closed front and back. We started out in an automobile at 8:30 a. m., and went continually until the polls closed at 7 p. m Not one man did we see electioneering or pulling or pushing, much less a woman. Order was perfect; men and women fell in line everywhere without display or disorder. The first thing that impressed me and remained with me all day was the utter absence of sex consciousness. There were no smiles or glances or anything denoting the presence of men and women. They were citizens intent on performing their duty to state and nation. The per cent o f women voting increased as one went from the slums to Capitol Hill. In one place on Capitol Hill the per cent of women registering and voting was 55, and it ranged from that to 37 per cent in the residential and industrial parts of the city. More t han half the polling places were in the sitting-rooms or parlors of houses. They were all in houses, not one in a saloon."

Among the wealth of Christmas pictures, verse, stories and sketches in the Christmas Century, one article stands out as of notable significance and interest, Andrew Carnegie's discussion of the tariff, with record of his personal relation to past schedules. Mr. Carnegie speaks on this vital issue with interest and authority, giving his reasons for his position, that a "tariff for protection," the issue forty years ago, should give place to a "tariff for revenue."

MORNING AND EVENING JOY.

Psalms 65:8.

"The outgoings of the morning obey God's sovereign will,
And can, along their radiant course the world with gladness fill.
Rejoicing as they onward go with ever-glowing light,
Men welcome them with joyful hearts—with rapture and delight.
These "wings of morning" swiftly fly, with healing in their beams,—
God's messengers of love to rouse men from their pleasant dreams,
And gird them for the busy life all earnest, living men,
After a night of quietness, with joy will greet again.

"The outgoings of the evening" God maketh to rejoice,
And swell the anthem of His praise with glad, exultant voice.
The curtains of the night are drawn, and many eyelids close,
While darkness woos the restless ones to quiet, sweet repose.
The closing of the busy day, the evening's holy calm
Are to the toilers needing rest a soothing, healing balm.

God giveth His beloved sleep; and to His loved ones light;
And we will praise Him for the day, adore Him for the night.

—J. S. McD.

TRUST.

"Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

How simple that sounds! What peace such trust would bring. We struggle on, bending beneath the load, until we almost faint, when hark! out of the darkness and gloom, we hear a sweet voice saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We heed the voice, lay our burden at His feet, and go on rejoicing, wondering why we carried our burden so long. A little child who was with his mother at a neighbers, when there was a sudden thunder shower, at the first clap, dropped his playthings, ran to her, jumped into her lap, hiding his face on her bosom, exclaiming, "There!" with a great sigh of relief; all fear had fled, for he felt safe in his mother's arms.

"Perfect love casteth out fear." We may rest

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
Free from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there."

Do you remember when that loved one lay in your home, wrapped in the slumber from which your voice could not awake him; how very trivial and small seemed

thought if God would only spare your dear ones you would never murmur again? But alas, we are all frail creatures and the good resolutions of the morn are broken in the eve.

Even more in prosperity than in adversity are we prone to forget to trust in God and become puffed up with pride and independence, like the little girl who, when asked to say her morning prayer refused, saying, "Last night it was dark and I was afraid and asked God to take care of me, but now it is light, I can take care of myself." "When a man thinketh he standeth, let him take heed lest he fall." You ask, "What is the use of trouble? Why does God permit so much trouble among His children?" Life is a school, our Heavenly Father a wise and loving teacher who knows better than we ourselves. Just the discipline each child needs to fit him for the work he intends him to do. "Can the blind lead the blind?" or one without knowledge teach others? Does a man go to the ball room to learn to heal the sick? We cannot be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. "We must tread the path the Master trod," and that was not strewn with flowers. Those who have never known a pain cannot sympathize with those who suffer. Those who have known nothing of poverty, cannot aid the poor as well as one who can say, "I have been in your place and know just what you need." If we had never sinned we would have no charity for the sinner, but say, "Lord, I thank Thee, I am not as this man." Those who have never parted with a loved one cannot feel the anguish, and though they may "Weep with them that weep," they cannot comfort, as those who speak from experience. You say you had such noble aspirations in your youth, dreams of the great work you would do in the world and for the Master; and as the years passed by, you struggled so hard to realize some of them, only to see one fond hope after another perish, your life turned into an entirely different channel from that you had planned and worked for; your work uncongenial and often far beyond your strength, you thought of those lines from the poet,

"Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been."

Then you would pray for help, to overcome those rebellious thoughts and strength to perform the every-day duties, lying so clearly close at hand, to forget self in ministering to others. But the old longings would return and it seemed as though your spirit would break the chains that bound it, fly away and be at rest. Did you never think that in the every-day tasks, the important little things, and the training of the children, which God had intrusted to your care, that you might be accomplishing more for the Master than you could ever have done in any other way. A mother's work in training a soul for eternity; what work could be more beautiful, more noble or enduring? Your influence will be felt, your work go on through the child, long after your tongue lies silent in the grave, and when your memory has faded from all others, still be bright in the heart of your child. Oh! mother, wake up and see what a great responsibility and what a glorious opportunity you have for work, that will make the world better for your having lived in it.

How different our lives would be if we would only trust and obey Him implicitly as the soldiers do their commander. In the charge of the Light Brigade, the soldiers obeyed, even though they knew the order was a mistake.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

We have a commander who never makes a mistake, who offers us life eternal, if we but trust and obey. Why should we not live every moment, every hour, every day, closer to His side, doing the little things cheerfully, trusting God for the result.

"Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

—Bertha L. Russell.

November 7th, 1908.

THE HOME

THE SCHOOL CHILD UP TO DATE.

Make haste to school, my little child,
Or else you will be late;
Your books are all aseptic now,
And here's your sterile slate.
Your pencil has been boiled an hour—
'Tis germless now, I hope;
And don't forget to wash your desk
With this carbolic soap.
And lest about the schoolroom floor
Some unseen microbes lurk,
Just sprinkle formaline around
Before you set to work.
You'd better put, for safety's sake,
Bichloride in the ink;
And water that has not been boiled
You must not dare to drink.
Of course, when recess comes around,
Some food you'll want to munch;
So in this disinfected box
Is predigested lunch.
And since 'tis said that in a kiss
Bacteria may dwell,
I may not give you, as I'd like,
A mother's fond farewell.

—Life.

THE DECLINE OF COURTESY.

By Walker Lewis.

"I thank you for your courtesy if you didn't buy," said a traveling salesman to a gentleman whose house he was leaving. "Little is shown me. The time was when the South was noted for hospitality, but there isn't much now."

It would not be fair to attribute this indictment to censoriousness of spirit. Far from it. The salesman was sensitive, and the discovery he had made was both a surprise and a pain to him. The fact, if a fact, ought to pain and surprise the country. Is there really a decline of courtesy among our people? Have we lost, or are we losing, or are we in danger of losing, this fine art and Christian excellence?

Some things look that way. A few trips over our street railways will disclose enough to justify the use of an interrogation point. Let there be a rush for seats, and how often does forethought in trousers display activity in rush-

ing front end, or rear end, into the coach and dropping instantly into a seat and deep abstraction, so deep as not to see the overhanging faces of weary working girls, as they cling to the straps to maintain their footing. When a woamn has to stand in a car, there is no courtesy in the trousers that occupy seats in it. So deeply was this sentiment wrought into the old Southern civilization that Chancellor Landon C. Garland, high up in years and eminence, would never sit while a girl in his coach was unseated. Few nobler things in the many noble incidents of Robt. Edward Lee's career, were more significant of the gentleman he couldn't help from being, than when, without a fight, he surrendered his seat in a railroad coach to a poor and poorly-dressed woman that came into the crowded car. That surrender was one of his greatest victories. It was a successful defense of his State's attitude to woman. There was in the act as much of manliness as he displayed in the field of war.

The records of the telephone service would not overthrow the salesman's indictment. Just look at that man snatch up the receiver of his 'phone as a starving man will seize a loaf of bread, and begin to stamp and grow red in face, and snort out his complaint, if thirty seconds' waiting has not got an answer from Central. If he is not just from Church and a sermon on the Judgment, or from Camp-meeting with a full supply of grace, "the wrong number" tempts him to swear at Central for "the execrable service." Does he not consider that he is being served by a lady in her office? Perhaps like Podsnap, he can't imagine the existence of a lady in the working girl. The faithful working girl, to see such a pompous humbug, must look with strained eye, far beneath her tired feet and station. Perhaps it's a woman that takes up the receiver, and for the least delay or some easy mistake, fires a broadside of complaint out of her acid mouth into that little office and the receivers that are fastened to the operator's weary, aching head. Speak kindly to the telephone girl! A little patience in tardy service, an appreciative word for service promptly done, a call with gentleness as its inflection—is not this the more excellent way? The working world is dying for withheld courtesy. Why isn't the faithful employee in overalls, the skilled workman whose trained ears and eyes are proving the wheels that may crush under your train, quite reliable—why is not he worthy of all travelers' recognition? It is the man who should be honored when he is a man. Any man who receives honor, if faithful to himself, is not a usurper in what he gets. That's his birthright.

Whether my visitor was just or not in his indictment, one thing is clearly manifest—most persons are entitled to greater courtesy than they receive.

Few instances of the Christian courtesy of the late Alexander H. Stephens, are more charming or more creditable to his greatness, than one of the exhibitions of his soul during his short service as Governor. A committee of prominent Georgians had called at his office to see him on special business. He was giving them a patient and interested hearing, when an old lady, in faded calico and well worn sunbonnet, was announced. He had her admitted. It was a day of bitter cold, and she was poorly protected. At once a chair was ordered for her near the grate, and the fires were re-enforced. She had come to sell some eggs and butter, and her little basket was on her arm . The Governor turned from the Committee to his latest caller. He purchased all her little store, and told her he would buy all she might afterward bring. When she arose to depart. he saw the chill in her shivering form, and stopped her going. "Not yet," he kindly said. "Pile on the coal." Inquiring into her family, he found them known to him; and, with exquisite tact and kindness, called back reminiscences to detain her till the thaw had come and then, had her sent out with the most courteous treatment. "All for effect." Say it not! What need had he for the arts of the demagogue? Had not the people honored him with all the gifts he wanted, or they had in their power to bestow? No, it was the heart, the soul of the man. And that plain, but virtuous country woman deserved the consideration this Christian gentleman and Governor accorded her. How beautiful! Were I a painter worthy of that subject that scene should live on canvas. Were I a sculptor, Georgia stone should immortalize it.

The roots of genuine courtesy are in the Gospel. It looks out upon the masses in their means or their meanness, and sees in every unit of the multitudes that come and go, enough of worth in fact, or in possibility of creation to justify Peter's terse but tremendous exhortation—"Honor all men!" The world, before the love of Christ appeared as the measure of human greatness, held men in mind as game or servants. In Him they come to just honor.

SACRIFICING HOME TO BUSINESS.

There is always danger of castigating an innocent party when one becomes a social critic. The pupils of one of the headmasters of Eton have recorded of him that he found a row of boys standing in his study one moring, and without a moment's hesitation began to thrash them with his cane. They were too terrified to remonstrate until he had gone half-way down the line, when one of them plucked up courage enough to falter out: "Please, sir, we're not up for punishment; we're the confirmation class."

Most of the men upon whom the blows I am about to administer will fall may prove to be "domestic models," but I must strike out with the hope of hitting a guilty one among the innocent now and then.

There is a vicious circle in the reasoning of the modern business man. "I want to make a happy home," he says, "and so must conduct a successful business; but to do this I must give myself to it body and soul."

By sacrificing himself to his business he renders himself incapable of making a home. And he does it in this way: The best energies of his heart and mind are absorbed to such a degree in the conduct of some great commercial enterprise that he has nothing to contribute to domestic life when he comes home at night, like a squeezed orange.

The energies of a man are not like those of a river. The water that turns the wheel of a factory is exactly as able to turn that of a grist-mill a quarter of a mile further down the stream; but the man who has poured out the last drop of his strength on the wheel of his business simply goes home empty to his family.

Among the most pitiful spectacles in this world I put that of the haggard, exhausted man of affairs sitting helpless and useless in the circle about the fireside. If he is not so nervous and fretful as to forbid all merriment, he is so used up that he can not enjoy it. If he realizes his condition, he decorates his face with a smile, but it is at best no better than a petrification. His mind is not on the scene or the subject; his thoughts are down at the shop or store, he scarcely hears the children when they speak.

Later in the evening his wife may try to engage his attention upon some problem of the domestic life. Billy has

not been behaving well at school, or Mary is begging to take music lessons, or Bridget has "given notice,' or most likely gone off without saying "good-bye." She does her best, poor woman, but even while she is talking she knows by the look of his eyes that his mind is wandering.

"You aren't listening to a word I say! You don't care any more about your home than if it were a boarding-house," she snaps.

"I guess if you had all my big burdens on your mind you'd find it as hard as I do to listen to tittle-tattle," he replies.

"Who asks you to burden yourself in this way? I'm sure I don't."

"Talk is cheap. You want an establishment, and it takes money to keep it up. You ought to know that a man can't earn money without the concentration of all his strength on business."

"For my part I would rather have less money and more husband."

"Nonesense."

"It's little enough you know about a woman's heart. What I long for beyond all earthly things is your love and sympathy. I need you to help me discipline the children. I want you to be interested in my household cares. I long to hear your old gay laugh. I hate the store! I hate business! I'm sick and tired of money and position. I want my lover back. I want to feel that he hears me when I speak. Can't you understand?"

"Eh! What! Excuse me, but I wasn't listening. I just happened to think of an order for one hundred dozen suits of underwear that I'll bet a twenty-dollar bill that stupid shipping-clerk has forgotten."

Pitiful, isn't it? What are we going to do about it? It's getting worse all the time. There is so much truth in what the man says about the exactions of business that we cannot help pitying him. To succeed—or even not to fail—a man must keep strained up like a fiddle-string. His competitors are after him with a knife and tomahawk day and night. If they would only be reasonable, he could. But they won't. The whole pack are as mad as March hares. There seems to be no "middle way" today. A man must either "get rich," or "go broke," and that in a hurry. He must either march at the head of the procession, or get out of the ranks entirely.

Nevertheless, the dilemma remains. This man must give more time to his home or he won't have any. What he has now isn't a home. It's only a house. If he has to sacrifice one thing or the other he had better sacrifice the business to the home than the home to the business. And if he says, "How can you have a home without a business?" the answer is, "A simpler home with a less exacting business."

More love, more peace, more of the bliss of the fireside is what this age needs—not more fine clothes, bob-tailed horses, and long-tailed gowns.

Doesn't it sometimes seem as though we had lost our minds? One time a kindly old clergyman stopped by the side of a laboring man who was turning at a windlass bare-haded beneath a blazing sun. "Hey, man," said he, "working without your hat is bad for your brains."

"Faith, your riverence," he replied, "if it's any brains I had, I wouldn't be working at this windlass at all!"

Sometimes when I catch myself and other dunces like me tearing along at breakneck speed, eager, impetuous, absorbed, struggling for pleasure or prizes which turn to ashes in our grasp, and sacrificing the joys of home to attain them, I think we have as few brains as the Irishman. For I know, as well as I know my A B C's, that undue absorption in business means the almost inevitable destruction of home—Charles Frederic Gose, in "Husband, Wife, and Home."

Young People

A TAG-END BOY.

Don't be "smart" because another fellow older has that "way;"
Don't cheat, boys, because you see another do it while at play;
Don't say "Yes" because a classmate hadn't courage to say "No;"
Don't do wrong because a comrade (better cast him off at once),
Says unless you do his bidding either you're a fool or dunce!
Be courageous, manly, noble; don't let laughter you annoy—
Do the right though others taunt you—do not be a tag end boy!
—A. Caldwell.

THE MAN'S BOOT.

In a dark wood, where wild beasts lived, there once lay a man's boot. How it came there I cannot say, for no man had been there; at least, the wild beasts had not seen one in all their lives. But there the boot was; and, when the beasts saw it, they all came round to find out what it was. Such a thing was quite new to them; but they were not much at a loss, for all that.

"Well, there is no doubt as to what it is, I say," said the bear.

"Oh, of course not," said the wolf and the goat and all the beasts and birds in one breath.

"Of course," said the bear, "it is the rind of some kind of fruit off a tree,—the fruit of the cork, I should say. This is cork, it is plain to see," and he showed the sole of the boot.

"Oh, just hear him, just hear him!" cried all the beasts and birds.

"It's not that at all," said the wolf, with a glance of scorn at the bear. "Of course, it is some kind of nest. Look! Here is the hole for the bird to go in at, and here is the deep part for the eggs and young ones to be safe. No doubt at all, of course not!"

"Oh, oh!" cried the bear and the goat and all the birds and beasts, "just hear what he says. It is not that at all."

"I should think not," said the goat. "It is quite a plain case. Look at this long root!" and he showed the string at the side of the boot. "It is the root of a plant, of course."

"Not a bit of it!" cried the wolf and the bear,—"not a bit of it! A root! How can you say so? It is not that, we can all see."

"If I might speak," said an old owl, who sat in a tree near, "I think I can tell you what it is. I have been in a land where there are more of such things than you could count. It is a man's boot."

"A what?" cried all the beasts and birds. "What is a man? and what is a boot?"

"A man," said the owl, "is a thing with two legs, that can walk and eat and talk, like us; but he can do much more than we can."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried they all.

"That can't be true," said the beasts. "How can a thing with two legs do more than we can, who have four? It is false, of course."

"Of course it is, if they have no wings," said the birds.

"Well," went on the owl, "they have no wings, and yet it is true. And they can make things like this; and they call them boots, and put them on their feet."

"Oh, oh!" cried all the beasts and birds at once. "How can you? For shame! Fie on you! That is not true, of course. It cannot be."

"A likely story!" said the bear.

"Can do more than we can!" said the wolf.

"Wear things on their feet!" cried they all. "On the face of it, your story is not true. We know that such things are not worn on the feet. How could they be?"

"Of course, they could not," said the bear. "It is false."

"It must be false," cried all the birds and beasts. "You must leave the wood," they said to the owl. "What you saw cannot be true. You are not fit to live with us. You have said what you know is false. It must be, of course."

And they chased the poor old owl out of the wood, and would not let him come back.

"It is true for all that," said the owl.

And so it was.—The Nursery.

QUEER ANSWERS.

Here are some teachers' questions and pupils' answers taken from examination papers in a Maryland school:

What was the chief event in Solomon's reign? He died.

What do you call the last teeth which come to man? False teeth.

What caused the death of Cleopatra? It was because she bit a wasp.

What causes perspiration? The culinary glands.

What is the function of the gastric juice? To digest the stomach.

Define adolater. A very idle person.

Define ignition. The art of not noticing.

Define interloper. One who runs away to get married.

Define ominous. (1) Power to be all-present. (2) Power to eat everything.

Define flinch, and use it in a sentence? Flinch, to shirk. Flannel flinches when it is washt.

What is a chronic disease? Something the matter with your crone.

Name six animals of the Arctic Zone. Three polar bears and three seals.

What is the chief industry of Austria. Gathering ostrich feathers.—Washington Herald.

AMUSING ADVERTISEMENTS.

A London periodical recently offered a prize for the best collection of unintentionally amusing advertisements. Here is a part of one list:

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Wanted, experienced nurse for bottled baby."

"Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle."

Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York, willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday."

"For sale, a piana-forte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, wishes to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin."

"A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted, an organist, and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Lost, near Higate archway, an umbrella belonging to gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

"Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons."

"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head-piece as good as new."

PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT REFUSES LIQUOR.

The press reports that President-elect Taft at a recent banquet turned his glasses upside down and refused to drink any liquors. In doing so he showed a personal strength which guarantees a good administration. Aside from the Liquor Dealers Association and an undesirable citizen here and there, the 85,000,000 people of the United States are delighted with the idea of having a perfectly sober President. The affairs of the world are so sensitive, so delicately hinged that the President at all times should be in his highest and best mood. The recent reskless utterances of one of the European rulers give us a most convincing example. The man who drinks liquor at any time is never the man he should be. A judge who drinks liquor cannot be relied upon. He cannot rely upon himself. In fact we hope the time is not far in the future when all those who have the responsibility of government in any degree will feel the need of giving themselves at their highest best to the service of the people. The scientific study of the effects of alcohol upon the mind, upon the whole nervous system has been decidedly favorable to total abstinence. It looks like President Taft enters upon his responsibilities with a profound sense of their meaning. Christian people should keep up the good work of education. Hating iniquity is as pious as saying soft prayers for peace and good will. Christian people must remember that it is a part of their solemn duty to fight wrong. We should not expect too much from President Taft in this important matter. His ground has been and probably is now that legislation must follow and not precede public opinion. Everything points to the conclusion that he is sincerely convinced of the correctness of his ground. Fundamentally we do not agree with that idea but it gives temperance people the chance to work upon public sentiment. In a sense it puts the burden of proof upon innocent people. It is no time to quarrel over theories. If Mr. Taft turns down his glasses he is an immense improvement over what he would have been had he not turned them down. By this single act showing a moral perspective, a self control, a regard for deep inward qualification for office, he has impressed not only the American but the peoples of the earth. Mr. Taft will ascend the throne of power more a man for this noble stand. No man can deliberately drink intoxicating beverages openly, publicly, without lowering the standard of his manhood.

Name-plates on the handle seldom assist in the recovery of even borrowed, to say nothing of lost, umbrellas. But there is a way by which you may so mark your umbrellas that the finders and borrowers thereof will be reminded of your name and address every time they stealthily sally forth with your umbrella over their heads. Make a paste of cornstarch with water; brush over the inner surface of the umbrella where you wish to have your initials, or your name in full, either with or without your street address. When this paste is dry, paint your name on the cornstarch, using pure white lead. Let the paint dry thoroughly; rub a stiffish brush over the whitened surface until the cornstarch is removed.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

All papers and magazines at lowest club rates.

I make a specialty of Presbyterian and other religious papers.

Club rates on other papers or magazines with Pacific Presbyterian.

Will meet or beat any offer of any reliable agent.

Patronize Presbyterian People.

E. P. BAKER,
4951 Pasadena Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Sample Club.

Pacific Presbyterian, $2.00; C. E. World, $1.50; both for $3.00.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

JUST ISSUED

THE VOICE OF PRAISE

NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLDS GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE N°2

PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED

OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST., PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

Church and Sunday School Supplies

We carry a full line of supplies for all departments of Church and Sunday School Work, including BIBLES, HYMNALS, SONG BOOKS, etc. Send for our catalogue. We also have the Best Books from all publishers. Send to us for any book you want.

The New Book Store

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied Schools

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

FOLKS COMING TO CALIFORNIA?

HOME-SEEKERS RATES.

In effect daily from Eastern points during September and October, 1908.

Some Rates—

Sioux City	$31.95
Council Bluffs	30.00
Omaha	30.00
St. Joseph	30.00
Kansas City	30.00
Leavenworth	30.00
Denver	30.00
Houston	30.00
St. Louis	35.50
New Orleans	35.50
Peoria	36.75
Pittsburg	47.00
Memphis	36.70
Bloomington	36.75
St. Paul	36.75
Minneapolis	36.75
Chicago	38.00
New York	55.00

Many more from other points on application. Long time limits on tickets and choice of routes. Write to Dept. Ad. 948 Flood Building for literature and details about California and the personally conducted parties coming from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, CAL., DEC. 10, 1908. No. 50

University Library



Copyrighted 1908 by Arnold Genthe, S. F.
Illustration from "THE DRAGON STORIES."

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt. D.D.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.

Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.

Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.

Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.

Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

JUSTICE.

One of our secular papers has given a cartoon repres nting Justice sitting at the head of a table, while men and women stand about the festive board raising high their glasses in honor of the sitting figure personifying Justice.

The truth sought to be enforced is one of the most needed of all the lessons that could be learned by our people. The sense of Justice, specially of the Justice of God toward men has well nigh passed from men's minds.

The Cross of Jesus Christ is the surest, the best, the mightiest power in all the world to draw men to purity, to holiness, to heaven, to God. All heroic elements of character meet at the cross. All assurances of salvation are grounded at the foot of the cross. All incentives for good hang suspended from the cross. All of God's hatred for sin is poured out on the cross of Calvary. All the love of God's heart bleeds upon the cross.

But so long Christ has been presented as a tender and compassionate Saviour. So long the love of God has been considered as a feeling, a tearful weeping over lost souls, a benevolent expression of pity for erring mortals, that the awful justice of God has been minimized, neglected, passed over, forgotten.

From the extreme of Puritan austerity American life has swung to the license of free love. It was God, not Puritans, that sent preachers of righteousness to denounce sin, and proclaim the justice of the Almighty, to make known the truth that if men repent not, i. e., forsake their wicked ways, He would come forth to judgment, that retribution upon persistent evil workers is as certain as mercy upon repenting sinners.

This absence of a real sense of the justice of God, has produced an utter disregard as to justice, as between men and the state. Evasion, double dealing, graft, defalcation, lying, stealing, divorce, drunkenness, arson and murders, as well as gigantic conspiracies found among the rich and learned, or the poor and ignorant, to do any and all of these sins against God and crimes against men, have become commonplace, for the reason that men have lost reverence for law, when law no longer spells justice but rather a travesty on justice, and a scheme for the protection of shrewd criminals.

Men have lost reverence for the church, the Bible and the God of Justice, for there is no longer in American life a conviction of His Justice.

"Because wrath against evil doers is not speedily executed"—therefore the hearts of men are confirmed in all evil practices, men forgetting that if the mills of God grind slow, they grind exceeding fine.

True, the doctrine of hell fire is not to be proclaimed to terrify the wicked, men are not to be driven by such methods into the kingdom of peace, nevertheless the warnings of both the New and the Old Covenants, of both Christ and the prophets are to inspire the conviction in men's hearts that the God before whom we live and must stand in judgment, is not a sentimentalist, is not a dreamy lovelorn woman bringing flowers to the cell of an unknown criminal, but rather , though, He is "The Father of mercies and the God of all grace." He is also a just God; now as surely as ever, "visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him."

That now as certainly as at any period in past time, it is first Sinai and then Calvary; first justice then pardon; first holiness then peace.

Brethren of the ministry and eldership, since you believe your God is a just God, more, far more than is now being done, proclaim the truth, in word and in act, that "God is just before He is the justifier of him that believeth."

O. E. HART.

CHANGE OF LOCATION.

The American Bible Society has moved its headquarters for its Pacific Agency from 831 Golden Gate Ave., to rooms 216-217 Pacific Building, Cor. 4th and Markets Sts., San Francisco.

The Agency is now most centrally located in the heart of the down-town shopping district, and though on the second floor their new situation will be found most convenient to all who desire to procure Bibles either for themselves or for their congregations.

One marriage out of every twelve in the United States terminates in a divorce. For the twenty-year period between 1887 and 1907 Illinois led in the number of divorces, 82,209. Ohio stood next, with 63,000. Texas was third, with 62,655. Indiana stood fourth. In 1897 the divorce rate per 100,000 was 29; in 1905 it was 82. The statistics show that divorce is two and one-half times as common now as it was forty years ago.

THE DRAGON STORIES.

龍小說

If permitted to judge by present indications, "The Dragon Stories" are already famous and the publication of the book a success. Some are seizing upon the book as the most attractive Oriental gift book for the holidays, while others, who are interested in the Presbyterian Mission Home in San Francisco, are delighted that these thrilling accounts of the rescue of Chinese girls by Miss Donaldina Cameron have been put into such attractive form. The stories are told in the interesting manner of the modern short story, but the rescuer and protector of these slave girls and the Presbyterian Home in which they live and are cared for come in for commendatory notice. The make-up of the book is enough to sell it, without any other attraction. The cover design, a fierce dragon, is richly embossed in three colors on mandarin-yellow stock. The inside pages are printed, Chinese fashion, on double-paged, imported Chinese paper, with wide margins, profusely decorated with Oriental drawings. Three of Dr. Genthe's characteristic photographs of San Francisco's Chinatown before the fire, which are inserted, add to its artistic value, as do three other photos of Chinese girls now in the Home. The whole "get-up" of the book is Oriental and entirely out of the ordinary. A unique Chinese letter, in a Chinese envelope, is being used for advertisement.

The call for the book, even before its publication, shows how eager everyone is to secure copies, and the present indications point to a demand for a larger number than those off the press. To those desiring to mail these books as holiday gifts, an embossed envelope—with duplicate of cover design thereon—will be supplied. Those wishing the envelopes should mention them with their orders. The book will be on sale at the large book stores in the principal cities, but orders will be promptly filled from the office of this publication, and we request friends to order direct where possible. The only mistake made in connection with the publication of this book is in the price, which should have been 75 cents, owing to the insertion of photographs and cost of imported paper and elaborate decorations throughout, but as the book has been advertised for 50 cents the present edition will be disposed of at that price.

The profits will be divided with the Presbyterian Mission Home of San Francisco. Send orders to Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, Cal.



Copyrighted 1908 by Arnold Genthe, S. F.
Illustration from "THE DRAGON STORIES."

THE FUTURE LEADERSHIP OF THE CHURCH.

A book bearing the above title has just been written by Mr. J. R. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, and published by the Student Department of the Y. M. C. A. Those who heard the author's course of lectures in Berkeley last spring will at once recognize in these pages a large part of what was then delivered.

No man living is better qualified to write on the subject of the securing of able men for the Christian ministry than Mr. Mott. Every source of information has been drawn upon by himself and those working under him in the world-wide movement of which he is the head; and the facts and statements found here are the product of an exhaustive investigation, extending over a period of six years. The treatment of the themes is accurate, thorough, well-proportioned and convincing; the suggestions are practical and sane; the conclusions are logical and momentous. The book is one to which all who are deeply interested in the welfare of the Church and the progress of Christianity should expose their minds and consciences. For the constant recruiting of the ranks of the ministry with men

qualified to meet the deep religious needs of the race is a perennial, world-wide, and paramount necessity.

The work consists of five chapters. The first one states the problem in a few pages. In the second chapter the urgency of the problem is pressed home; in the third the obstacles are fairly and sympathetically set forth; chapter four presents the favoring influences, and the book closes with an admiring and satisfying discussion of the actual and possible propaganda.

In his list of reasons why more young men of ability are not entering the ministry, Mr. Mott deliberately and emphatically puts as first of all in the order of influence the lack of proper effort to lead such into this work. The way to get the men is to go to them and go for them. The most efficient human factor in influencing young men to enter the ministry has been, according to the author, the Christian home. And as regards the various denominations, what is woefully lacking and imperatively needed is a comprehensive plan, efficiently operated, into which all subsidiary efforts may be fitted.

To increase the circulation of this book, which supplants no other on the subject because there is no other worth mentioning, will help the Church of to-day a long way towards adequately providing for the needs of the Church of to-morrow. CHAS. G. PATERSON.

CHURCH NEWS

PORTLAND, Westminster.—The members of this church are rejoicing over a fine new pipe organ recently installed, and will celebrate the event with an organ recital on Friday evening, Dec. 11.

TROPICO.—Dr. McConnell is having the assistance of Rev. S. L. Todd in special evangelistic services. Mr. Todd gives the gospel with power in both sermon and song; is indeed himself a writer of both hymns and music.

POMONA.—Sunday evening our people had the pleasure of hearing the strong, inspiring address on "A Man's Job," by Judge C. O. Wilbur of the Superior Court, Los Angeles county..

KERMAN and EMPIRE COLONY.—Rev. Arthur Hicks preached last Sabbath at these two places. Rev. Hugh K. Furneaux, Sabbath School missionary, is doing fine work here, and there is much reason for encouragement, as the Sunday-schools are well attended and many people are moving into this prosperous farming region.

PASADENA.—First church received twenty-one new members on Dec. 6. Pastor McLeod is expected home about the first of January. Last Friday over one hundred men sat down to the supper of the men's club, and after supper heard an address by Prof. Wilson on "Recent Discoveries in Rome." A Christmas shop conducted by ladies of eleven churches of Pasadena realized a profit of $2,200.

SAN FRANCISCO, First.—On Friday evening we had a meeting of the men of the church. The ladies served a very delicious supper, and there were about fifty-six men of the congregation there. They discussed the advisability. and comparative needs of a Men's Organization, and decided to form a Chapter of the Presbyterian Brotherhood. A committee of six was appointed to confer with the pastor in drawing up a Constitution and By-Laws. On Sunday evening we had the regular monthly Praise Service by our choir.

FORT BRAGG.—The Presbyterian church at this place is one of the Home Mission churches. The services are growing in interest and numbers. The prayer meetings average twenty-five in attendance. The Sunday-school is doing good work. "The Boys' Presbyterian Sunshine Club" is a drawing card to the Sunday School. This club meets with the pastor once a week. It has its grips, passwords and initiatory ceremony. Its dues are sunshine deeds. Some of these boys will come into the church at the next communion.

SAN FRANCISCO, Trinity.—The 40th anniversary of this splendid church will be celebrated with fitting services, beginning next Sabbath. At the morning service Dr. John Hemphill, D.D., pastor emeritus of the Calvary Presbyterian church of San Francisco, will preach, taking for his topic "Presbyterianism in San Francisco Forty Years Ago." At the evening service the pastor, Rev. E. H. Strong, D.D., will recount the history of the church. On the following Tuesday evening there will be a reunion and banquet, at which the charter members of the church will be the guests of honor.

OAKLAND, First.—A congregational meeting has been called for Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, to consider the advisability of calling some minister to the pastorate. No definite decision as to the best man to call has been arrived at, but a committee appointed from the various organizations of the church has been looking up a number of men and will make a report at the meeting. Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed, D.D., who is supplying the church at present, is pleasing the people very much with his able and helpful sermons. He has made a host of friends already in the church. The choir, which is the best church choir on the coast, has in preparation for Sunday evening, Dec. 20, Dudley Buck's Oratorio, "The Coming of the King." The wife of Elder Wales L. Palmer was buried from the family residence, East Oakland, on Monday of this week.

SAN FRANCISCO, Lebanon.—The ladies of this church feel highly gratified over the results of their Bazaar and Fair held in the church parlors Nov. 19 and 20. To those in charge of the eight booths much credit is due for the success of the enterprise. An admission fee of ten cents was charged both evenings. On Thursday evening, stereopticon views of Yosemite Valley and "San Francisco After the Earthquake" were shown, and on Friday evening the program consisted of piano and vocal solos, recitations, and a farce. The Millars Orchestra was also present and delighted all who heard him. On Friday afternoon a special program was arranged for the children's pleasure. The booths were all prettily decorated, but the Children's Booth, trimmed in red, was voted the prettiest, and the prize, a handpainted plate was given to this booth. They, however, presented the plate to the minister's wife, in token of their love and their appreciation of the work she had done to make the Bazaar the financial as well as artistic success which it was.

LOS ANGELES.—The Church of the Redeemer, Rev. J. D. Habbick, pastor, received eight new members on confession Dec. 6. Mr. W. S. Jacoby, leader of personal workers in the Torrey meetings, visited the Sunday-school of First

church on Sunday morning and about fifty signified acceptance of Christ, twenty-five boys coming forward first. Dr. Palmer, who has been leading the chorus in the Torrey meetings, spoke at the Sunday School of Boyle Heights church, and seventy-five took a stand for Christ. At the evening service there were several more. Immanuel church celebrated the eleventh anniversary of Dr. Walker's pastorate. The observance in the way of public meetings was not so much as some years, owing to the recent special meeting in observance of the 20th anniversary of the church organization. The closing days of the mission conduted by Dr. Torrey were the best of all. The tabernacle could not hold those who wanted to come. The gospel has been preached in purity and power. The Holy Spirit has been honored, and has set the seal of His approval upon the work. Some 1,600 have professed acceptance of Christ; and many Christians have taken new and higher stand in Christian life, experience and service. David R. Boyd, Ph.D., sixteen years president of Oklahoma University, spoke at the Ministers' Meeting and at the Woman's Executive Committee meeting on Monday. He is now associated with the school work department of our Board of Home Missions.

PORTLAND, First.—Rev. William Hiram Foulkes, D.D., the beloved pastor of this church, who is just recovering from an attack by the grip has been ordered by his physicians to take a two months' rest from pastoral duties, and for the present is in Los Angeles. The church has taken its annual home missionary offering, which amounted to $3,323.33. One of the members of the church offered to give, in addition to his regular contribution, $250 of $500 needed by the Portland presbytery to put a missionary in the southern half of Tillamook county, Oregon, provided the other $250 could be raised. This has been done, so that Portland now has its $500, and is seeking a suitable man to undertake the work in this widely scattered dairying region. Portland presbytery is now self-supporting. Prior to last year the presbytery received $6,000 from the Home Mission Board and contributed $1,500. Last year they raised the $6,000, and took into their own hands the control of the home mission work. The amount necessary was apportioned among the churches and raised, First church's apportionment being $2,500 and $3,000 raised.

EUREKA, First.—The resignation of Rev. Edward P. Shier of the iFrst Presbyterian church, to take effect the first of the year will be acted upon by the congregation Dec. 2nd, 1908. Mr. Shier has been in ill health for some time, and acting under a physician's orders will take a year of complete rest from the pastorate. Mr. Shier's resignation has been received with real sorrow. During the nine years he has been in charge here the whole tendency of the work has been for a higher spiritual life for the church. He believes in pulpit and pew working together for a clean administration of muicipal affairs and has been prominently identified with the County Anti-Saloon League, serving two years as its president. The Eureka church was $900 in debt when Mr. Shier came. This was cleared off the first year. Since then repairs amounting to more than $4000; the purchase of a cottage next the church to be used for a manse, costing $1,150, and the payment of all running expenses from year to year has been due to his excellent financial ability. Three years ago suppers, bazaars, and all plans for raising money outside of voluntary giving were done away with, with the result, that not only is the church out of debt but carries a small balance from month to month. Every branch of the church is working in harmony, with a growing Sunday School. The weekly prayer meeting is well attended. The Ladies' Aid looks after the strangers and the social life of the church. The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society is the second largest in Benicia Presbytery and by their efforts the church is supporting a native missionary in India. There is a Y. P. S. C. E. and a Junior society, Senior and Junior Boys' Club with a finely equipped reading room and a gymnasium.

ALAMEDA, First.—Rev. H. W. Gilchrist, D.D., who represents the Synod of Washington in the San Francisco Theological Seminary, and who has so successfully conducted the summer assemblies of the Mount Hermon Association, delivered a stirring address on Sunday, Dec. 5th, from Deut. 6:6-9, the text having reference to the symbolical binding upon the children's head and hands of the Levitical law. Taking for his theme "The Re-discovered Bible in the Twentieth Century," the speaker, after disclosing the defects of child environment as evidenced by some investigations he had undertaken with reference to the school, the walks of industry, the street, the church and the home, as well as in Jewish and Catholic communities, went on to strikingly and eloquently demonstrate the new renaissance of the open Bible in the present time. The Jews' devotion was all for himself, and the Catholic, while he would preserve, would not construct. It therefore fell to the lot of the Protestant church to carry the open Bible into the homes, and by institutional methods in the church to rise from the former dead level of teaching which took no account of the youth in our midst, and reach out and to gather in the coming generation who should know and love their Bible. The Ladies' Aid Society has just conducted one of their invariably successful enterprises in the form of a Christmas Bazaar, thus adding nearly two hundred dollars to the fund of over twelve hundred dollars they raise annually toward the debt and their work of benevolence. This church is unique in having in it as active workers the families of all the ministers who have served it since it was established. The first pastor, Rev. F. L. Nash, conducts the Adult Bible Class, which was re-organized along the line of the New Movement, having its own officers, and conducting its own enterprises, although enrolled as a part of the Sabbath School. As an unorganized appendage to the school it seldom numbered more than six, but under the stimulus of definite aim and purpose it has expanded into a membership of forty-two, with thirty-five in regular attendance. A Bible reader is supported in China and other assistance afforded those in need. The Christian Endeavor Society has taken on new life, and there seems to have been an awakening to better things in every direction.

PRESBYTERY OF SANTA BARBARA.

The Presbytery of Santa Barbara met in special session at Lompoc, Cal., Dec. 4, and dissolved the pastoral relation existing between Rev. C. D. Tanner and the Lompoc church and granted the brother a letter of dismission to the Presbytery of San Francisco.

Rev. Tanner came to Lompoc Sept., 1906. Since then he has received 40 into the church, organized a Brotherhood which now numbers 60 members. At its last meeting they gave him a purse containing $40 in gold. The

Sabbath School, the Home Department and the Cradle Roll are in good condition.

The Missionary Society and the Ladies' Aid are doing good work, the credit for which largely belongs to Mrs. Tanner.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 3rd, a large number of the church people of Lompoc met in the church and broke the alabaster box of generous and fragrant words of love and appreciation over the heads of the pastor, his wife and daughter Georgia.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Prof. Chandler Foster Kent, Ph.D., Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University, addressed the faculty and students at the usual Wednesday conference last week. It was an interesting and inspiring address on the general subject of Religious Education. He believes there is need of a teaching ministry. Dr. Kent arrived from the East the preceding evening, having come to the Coast to deliver several courses of lectures under the auspices of the Sunday School Commission of the Episcopal Diocese of California.

The congregation in Sausalito have let a contract for a new church building to cost $7000, exclusive of furnishings. This expense has been provided for and there is a prospect of their opening with a new pipe organ. There is quite an attendance of soldiers from Fort Baker, especially at the evening services.

There is a deep religious interest in the church, and there are frequently inquirers in the after-meetings. Mr. E. L. Jones of the Middle Class of the Seminary has been in charge for the last year and a half. Prof. Paterson gave the church a fine start after it was taken over in a feeble condition from the Congregationalists.

Mr. Wales L. Palmer, vice-president of the Board of Directors, and an old and tried friend of the Seminary, has experienced a great sorrow the past week, having buried his wife on Monday. The funeral services were held in their home in East Oakland.

Prof.. Paterson preached last Sabbath morning for Rev. A. R. Willis, '06, pastor of St. Paul's church, San Francisco.

Olivet church, San Francisco, of which Rev. William E. Parker, Jr., '05, is pastor, was dedicated Sabbath afternoon.

Rev. H. S. Templeton, '00, was installed as pastor of the First church of Vancouver, Wash, Oct. 14th; Dr. Foulkes preached the sermon.

OCCIDENTAL BOARD.

920 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

A large number of friends assembled to express sorrow over the death of Rev. Dwight E. Potter. Mrs. Pinney presided. After a few heartfelt words, she called upon Mrs. Kelley, Mrs. Denniston and Miss Partridge, officers of the Board, also upon Dr. Holt and Dr. Foulkes of Portland, Oregon, who were close personal friends of the deceased. All paid a tribute to his gentleness, his Christian character, his spirituality and his great usefulness. The thought came to our mind, does God take his saints first, when we feel that they cannot be spared from the church? Perhaps we who are left need the opportunity to grow and develop spiritually, just as he developed. Dr. McAfee closed with prayer. Great astonishment and regret were felt when it was discovered that the name of Dr. L. A. McAfee had accidentally been omitted from the annual report as member of our Advisory Board. This was rectified at once.

The Board formally passed resolutions, when the news was received of the death of Dr. F. F. Ellinwood. On page 271, Woman's Work, we find copy of an extended minute passed by the Philadelphia Board, which was endorsed by the New York Board. We endorse the entire minute, as a full and sincere expression of the Occidental Board.

Mrs. Robbins and Mrs. Kelly had just returned from a visit to New York, and were tendered a reception at the afternoon session. Mrs. Kelly reported having received gifts of $2,000, thus reducing the debt on building fund to $3,000.

NOTES.

During my absence in Syracuse and New York, I attended services in ten or more churches. Madison Square church, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor, is perhaps the most notable. It is constructed after the model of the first Christian church ever built. At first I thought it to be a large banking house, with its tall columns of polished granite. The entire woodwork of the interior is drab in color, giving a somewhat sombre effect. Dr. Parkhurst's Bible expositions are fine; he does not forget to call things by their names. Before the election he chose for his text: "Thy righteousness is like a great mountain." He talked about the righteousness of good government, and said that several thousand women teachers in New York sought to influence the children in the public schools against good government.

We were worshippers at Rutgers church one Sabbath, —Dr. Makenzie, pastor. Mrs. Makenzie saw us sitting within hearing distance of the speaker, and she kindly sent a man down the aisle to offer an ediphone. Churches are mostly provided now with helps for dull ears—I had previously tried them with no success. Names of missionaries supported by that church were named in the list in the church bulletin. The same is done in Madison Square church. We congratulate Mrs. Makenzie on planning so wisely to the education of her daughter Jean, who is now in charge of the French Congo Mission at Libreville, Africa. She has a thorough knowledge of the French language. Another daughter is taking the same course of study in te same way. We were told that Dr. Makenzie is very popular in New York. He will fill an important position here in our Theological Seminary, and will be welcomed by the whole church. R.

MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Far up in the Santa Cruz mountains, California, more than four hundred acres of forest and glade, of brooks and springs, have been set apart for Christian gatherings and fittingly named Mount Hermon.

Three years ago—the first year in the history of Mount Hermon—a few ladies of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches were asked by Rev. H. W. Gilchrist, director of the Mount Hermon Summer Assembly, to present the subject of Mission in its broadest sense, in that program, with the result that a Mission Study Course was presented each morning, using the text book,

Gloria Christi, in the late afternoon informal gatherings under the redwoods near Zayante Inn, were addressed upon all lines of mission work by such speakers as Mrs. I. M. Alden (Pansy), Miss Harriet Corey, now Mrs. Hummel of Africa, Miss Ray Mills, now mission teacher in Korea, but who spoke at that time of mission work of the Y. W. C. A., Mrs. Alexander, who spoke of the mission interests of Y. P. S. C. E., and Miss Lucy Robinson, who gave a brief sketch of the Student Volunteer Movement. Mrs. Westenbergh told most eloquently of the splendid work of the Good Will Mission in the slums of San Francisco, but space forbids the mention of all; suffice to say that splendid talent was not lacking even though this was merely the seed-sowing time.

The second year, Missions Week, by request of Mount Hermon Association, was planned upon a still broader scale and was conducted by three denominations, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist Episcopal. A program, consisting of Mission Study Classes, an hour of prayer and an hour of discussion of methods filled the mornings. A round table, conducted by Miss Beatrice French, Miss Sadie Gilmore, Miss Partridge, Miss Robinson, Miss Parsons and other young ladies occupied the afternoon after four o'clock. Inspiring missionary addresses composed the evening program, and some of the missionaries who spoke were Mr. and Mrs. Cable of Korea. Mr. Hummel of Africa, Rev. and Mrs. Price of the Islands of the South Seas. Professor Alden of Stanford Universty, was also one of the speakers who thrilled the big audiences that filled the auditorium tent those evenings. The intense interest of all who attended the meetings of that week suggested to the leaders the possibility of a **permanent** organization—A **"Northfield" or "Winona"** Summer School of Missions for California! Why not! Rev. Hugh W. Gilchrist, Superintendent of Mount Hermon Association, was consulted and most heartily approved the plan, to organize an interdenominational school of missions and promised the organization a place in the calendar of Mount Hermon events in future years. A committee was then appointed to plan for the co-operation of other denominations in the enterprise. The word federate was substituted for the long word interdenominational, and the name chosen was the Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions of the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. H. B. Penney, president of the Occidental Board, was made chairman of the committee, Miss Richards, president of the Congregational Woman's Board of the Pacific, vice-chairman, Mrs. Geo. B. Smyth, president of M. E. Woman's Board of Missions, recording secretary, Mrs. E. R. Wagner, corresponding secretary. Other members of the committee were: Mrs. R. B. Goddard, president of California Synodical Society, Miss Julia Fraser, field secretary of Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and Mrs. Van Kirk, secretary of Woman's Board of Christian Missions.

The first regular session of the Mount Hermon Federate Summer School of Missions after permanent organization, opened on Monday evening, July 27, at the Zayante Inn, Mount Hermon, with a brief itroductory address by Rev. Hugh Gilchrist, D.D., which was followed by an address on Missions in the Philippine Islands by Rev. Geo. Miller, late of the islands. The closing hour of the evening was given to registration and social intercourse.

A prayer service beginning at 8:30 o'clock each morning of the week gave the keynote to he full hours of each day. At 9 o'clock, promptly, a Bible study course in the Book of Acts, was conducted by Mrs. I. M. Alden (Pansy). This was followed by a course in mission study from the textbook, "The Nearer and the Farther East," led by Mrs. E. Y. Van Meter, one who stands at the very head in mission study class work. The third hour of the morning was given each day to short addresses by missionaries, which was perhaps the most sacred hour of all, for it brought us so close to the heart of the work for which Christ gave his life. The discussions of methods of work were not overlooked, and many were the helpful and valuable aids given from this half hour to carry back to our work. Three hours, from 12 o'clock to 3, was given to rest and recreation. Then a large and attentive class gathered to join in the study of the Home Mission Study textbook, "The Call of the Waters," led by Mrs. Eliza Yocum, a teacher in San Jose high school, who generously gave of her vacation, this one week to lead in the study of missions in our country.

A round table was conducted by Miss Gilmore for the young people at 4 o'clock each afternoon. One special session of the round table was given the children and was led by Miss Julia Fraser.

Evening addresses were by Dr. Loba, the American Board of Missions, Dr. and Mrs. Dye, missionaries from the equator in Africa, Rev. James Hays, Nez Perce Indian; Mrs. Kelley, secretary of the National Board of the Christian Church; Miss Work, teacher Piute Indians, also Miss Shaver, Miss Meeker and Miss Corwin, missionaries to Indians; Dr. and Mrs. Keisler, of India; Mr. and Mrs. Wellbon of Korea, Miss Snodgrass of China, and Mrs. Pascoe of the Island of Tahiti.

The sweet worship of song was not forgotten in this missionary week, and was often led by Prof. Towner of the Moody Institute. By request of Mr. and Mrs. Wellbon of Korea, Prof. Towner sang the sweet familiar "glory song," and soon its tender melody will be sung by thousands of that new Christian nation, Korea, for these missionaries are now translating it into that language.

The next session of the Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions will open with a camp-fire on Saturday evening, July 24, 1909, and continue for one week. It is not too early to plan for this meeting now. Come and make our summer school a part of your vacation—work which is rest.

Laura Y. Pinney.

THE COUNCIL OF 100.

Whitworth College Plans for Greater Things.

"FORWARD and Larger" is the slogan of Whitworth this year, and the enthusiasm is catching fire. The board of trustees started the stir. On October 19, the board put into form the growing conviction of the friends and alumni and constituency of Whitworth that here, in Tacoma, with the already large plant of Whitworth and its stable student body, is the place for the largest Christian college in the Pacific Northwest. The location is ideal and the environment superb.

The eight years of steady growth—from 20 students to 230 in 1908, 479 in all departments; from 6 to 21 professors and teachers, six large buildings, three up to date, thoroughly equipped laboratories, loyal, enthusiastic alumni, supporting friends, constitutes the argument that the time has come for larger things. The program has been inaugurated. The scheme comprehends an advisory council.

consisting of 100 laymen, picked from every important point in the Northwest. Here is the action:

"Resolved that an advisory council be, and the same is hereby, created, to consist of at least one hundred prominent Christian laymen residing in the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and California." The purpose of this council of prominent men will be to assist the board to effect large results and to concentrate the educational force of this country in the general interest, financial and otherwise, of our Christian church college. It is logical to expect educational efficiency and a "Princeton of the Northwest" through the culmination of this movement.

As an outgrowth of the establishement of a Bible chair, beginning with this coming summer, there will be conducted on the beautiful campus of Whitworth, a summer Bible school, with Christian conferences, Sunday-school congresses and Christian association training classes. The large, commodious dormitories and buildings will be used for that purpose. The spot certainly is ideal where Christian students and workers can combine study and vacation recreation. Whitworth is a superb summer resort. It is also planned to conduct a Teachers' Normal.

THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

David Foster Watkins.

The most recent authors on missions show us that little has been done to evangelize the native races of South America. The oldest Protestant mission was planted on the eastern side of the continent, and has been nurtured by godly men, but the result of its labor is as but a drop in the bucket compared with the needs of the people, and the ocean of opportunities.

Solitary individuals have gone into a number of the republics with the view of work among the natives, but most of them have had small resources of their own, and others have been but meagerly supported by their friends.

While little has been done for these, so-called, wild tribes, even less has been done for those Indians under Latin rule and the influence of Roman Catholicism. These are the partially civilized Indians, such as the Kechuas of Peru and the Aimaras of Bolivia. Indeed, the Kechua are more degraded in every way than the wild tribes. They are more immoral, more filthy, poorer, more superstitious, and have less ambition. And besides, they have lost all confidence in the priests and the authorities, and in Spanish-speaking people in general. Indians in the rubber districts of the Amazon have come under the influence of the friars who have enriched themselves at their expense. They have taught the Indians to trust in Neustra Senors Protectoraas as the supreme good, but they have taught them little about God, neither have they improved their condition. As a result, therefore, the wild tribes escape into the interior on the approach of the missionary friars.

The great missionary friar, Salas, was sent some six years ago by the Peruvian government and the Archbishop of Lima to find the shortest road to the great Ucayali valley and to decide on the best way to evangelize the natives of the land explored. On his return he recommended that friars be sent among the poor, cannibal Chunchos, and if they refused to give up their vile customs and accept the teaching of the missionaries that they be shot.

Many Protestant Christians living in these republics have neglected these poor Indians as i fthey had no claim to the glad tidings intended for all. The Welsh colonists



Design copyrighted, 1908, by the

One of the three color plates used for the embossed cover design.

A MOST UNIQUE AND ATTRACTIVE BOOK.

TWO TRUE STORIES OF CHINESE GIRLS IN SHORT-STORY FORM.

THE BOWL OF POWFAH.

THE HUNDREDTH MAIDEN.

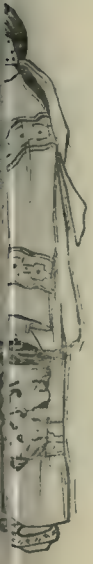
ORIENTAL DESIGN THROUGHTOUT. PRINTED Chinese fashion on double paged imported Chinese paper, with wide margins profusely illustrated with attractive Oriental drawings.

THREE OF DR. ARNOLD GENTHE'S characteristic photographs of San Francisco's old Chinatown are inserted,

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Presbyterian Publishing Company.



with three by R. E. Wales of Chinese girls now in the San Francisco Presbyterian Mission Home.

OF MISSIONARY VALUE, as the stories center around girls rescued by the Presbyterian Mission.

THE BOOK is the size of the above cut and comes in an envelope on which a duplicate of the cover design is embossed.

FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT it is very appropriate with its bright Oriental colorings. It will delight all, especially the Eastern friends.

PRICE, PREPAID, FIFTY CENTS, when ordered direct from the publishers,

THE PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

who went to Patagonia two generations ago to save their language, which they have so far successfully done, have gained the respect and confidence of the Patagonian Indians, because they have always been just and kind in their dealings with them. As a result not a Welshman has met death at the hands of these Indians, while other nationalities have suffered much. While it is true that these Welsh have, at much sacrifice, saved their heaven-born language, it is also true that they have done nothing to save the poor Indian. The Spaniard treated the Indian as a beast of burden long after the Pope had declared him a human being. The conduct of the white races toward these people suggests the question as to which is the savage.

Protestantism has done but little to give the gospel of Jesus Christ to the native races of South America, and the church we call nominally Christian has but sent them to lower depths of degradation than they were in before.

What, therefore, can be done to fortify these people against the coming of the whites; for the latter will be pouring into that marvelously rich country by the tens of thousands within a few years? They must be taught the religion of Jesus Christ. But they can neither read nor write, for they have no written language. Evidently the first thing must be to teach them to read and write. It is the purpose of this paper to set forth how this may be easily, quickly and inexpensively done, and mostly by the Indians themselves. It will be a simple matter to teach them the gospel after they know how to read and write. Another difficulty is that they do not all speak one language, but have almost as many languages and dialects as there are tribes. Some missionaries favor teaching them some language, as the Spanish or English from the start, but Brazil requires that Portuguese be taught, and other republics require Spanish. None, however, would object to their being taught their native language, provided the official language was not entirely neglected.

To teach the Indians another language, for immediate needs, is out of the question. But if we can teach them to read and write their own language in a short time, the first obstacle to bringing the gospel to them will have been overcome. That this can be done with not more than two weeks' study is clear to my mind, from the following experiment:

About a year ago, on my third trip to Peru, I went inland from the little port of Mollendo, some seven days' journey, carrying my Blickensderfer with English and Spanish type-wheels, for the purpose of teaching the Indians to read and write their own language within two weeks. I had perfect confidence in my ultimate success, though I did not mention my purpose to my dearest friends, lest I fail; for in that case I preferred to carry the burden of my defeat alone. I had been on the banks of the Rio Toro before and had been much pleased with the people and the country. The Indians spoke Kechua only, and were not able to distinguish one letter of the alphabet from the other. After distributing some handkerchiefs among the older people and some trinkets among the children I was served with roasted corn and boiled potatoes, which were thoroughly enjoyed, for I had tasted no food for thirty-six hours. For, with good reason, I had refused to sleep in a "jacal" that had been kindly offered me. By noon of the following day I had built me a shelter with branches under the shade of a large tree, had fixed my typewriter on props and was writing in the presence of more than an hundred Indians. Many were the remarks they were making, but whether to the point or not I could not tell, for I could not understand a word of their lan-

guage. One of the aged women spoke to me in broken Spanish, but as my business made it necessary that I should know no language known to them, I made no reply. I heard a man say, "pirac," and I wrote the word on a piece of paper and read it over several times, and it seemed to please them. There was a woman of apparently thirty-five years standing by with her child, which was caressing her most affectionately, and the mother said to it, "cuyan hua naque," and these words I also wrote and read several times. An old man present corrected the sound I tried to represent with the letter "Q," for which I smiled my thanks in abundance. I learned that the sound I tried to represent by the letter "Q" cannot be properly represented by any letter in the English or Spanish alphabet. The children were talking loudly, I supposed, about what was going on, and one little boy about seven years old did his best to recite after me every word I wrote and read to the people. One of the men, probably thinking he was too impertinent, took him by the ear and said, 'ama rimichucha ninim." I at once wrote the word and soon was able to pronounce it correctly, when I found that it was three words and not one, as I had at first written it. After writing the words again on a slip of paper and pronouncing them, I gave the slip to the little fellow who had been punished, and then the man who had taken him by the ear pushed him forwards, motioning that I should give him some more words to be pronounced, which I gladly did. Others o f my congregation gave me words which I wrote and read; and soon all were clamoring for written words.

I immediately realized that such a hubbub would interfere with my plan; so, to divert their attention, I took up ten pebbles and counted them in English, loud enough for all to hear. My little fellow already mentioned pronounced every word after me, and to show my appreciation I gave him a piece of twine out of my saddle-bags, which pleased him highly. I then counted five on the ends of my fingers, and motioned to my boy, Piscoto, to tell me what "one" was in his language, but here he failed me, which seemed to disappoint him very much. But the old man of whom I spoke said, "huc," and after that all was easy. He then counted my pebbles to ten—"huc, iscay, quisma, tahua, pchca, sokta, kanchis, pusak, iscan, chunca." From these words I took all the different sounds and added the sounds of f, ll, and nas, as in Spanish, which I had also heard. This gave me the sounds represented by the following letters and combinations: a, e, i, o, u, y, ch, k, ll, m, ny, p, q, r, s, and t. I noticed that c, k, p, m s, t and q were sounded at times as if they were doubled, at least it was evident that my English and Spanish wheels could not give characters that would represent all the sounds of the Kechua language.

However, the Spanish letters are sufficient to represent all the sounds in some of the native languages, and when a language is to be taught which has sounds that cannot be represented by these letters other signs may be used. And, this may be the best way to proceed, since it would aid the people in case they ever tried to learn one of the European languages. All the native languages will not contain more than six such sounds, and in no one language will they all be found.

Having isolated these sounds I determined to make a type-wheel which would have signs on it that would represent these sounds. I took a piece of soft wood and made a wheel, then cut a strip of leather from the top of one of my high boots and fastened it to the wheel with gum, pins and thread. This I thinned down, leaving raised signs to represent the sounds.

Having arranged my wheel with euphonious signs I again wrote hundreds of words for the people, such as the names of birds, and animals, things both within and outside the jacals. Little Pisco was able, after studying the signs one day, to put the sounds together and read the words slowly. It did not take any of the boys more than three days to learn to read. The next thing was to teach the boys to write on the machine. Pisco was able at once to strike the right key, on which, of course I had put the new signs, and he wrote correctly, word after word his mother and others gave him; he wrote all the numbers up to ten, and of his own accord the word "mapa," which he used when he spoke to an intruder, and I believe it means "tbe careful."

Never before were the Rio Toro people so rejoiced over the doings of their children as on that June day a little over a year ago. I also was happy, because it had been demonstrated that the Indians could be taught to read and write their own language, and that by one who knew nothing about it, in a few days.

I gave the boys the free use of my machine while I was resting for a few days, preparatory to my trip back to the coast and a visit to the cannibal, Cachivo Indians of Ecuador, in whom I had been interested for several years. One evening, on retiring, I noticed about a dozen Bolivian Indians entering the village, heavily ladened with sacks of salt from the deposits near by. On awaking the following morning the first thing I noticed was the click of the typewriter, but being indisposed I paid little attention to it. On the second day, being somewhat better of the coast fever with which I was suffering, I got about and I found one of the Bolivians had stopped and Pisco was attempting to teach him his native language, the Aimara. I found this Indian working away at the typewriter with the help of Pisco, and this suggested to me the thought that my theory was of much wider application than I had at first thought; that even an Indian, ignorant of the language of another, could teach him to read and write his native tongue.

Then I seemed to hear, as in a dream, the click of the machine among all the Indian tribes on the South American continent. I seemed to see Christian friends in Chili Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and in the Central American republics, learning in a few days the new system of teaching and going forth to teach it among the Indians. Then I seemed to see the more intelligent Indians, having learned, going forth with zeal to teach their fellows. Yes, I was truly happy when Pisco made it clear to me that the Indians could thus easily teach each other to read and write.

The day came when I must leave the poor Indians, and when I packed my type-writer the world had come to an end for some of them, to judge from the weeping and groans of the poor creatures.

The last general assembly of the Presbyterian Church expressed the judgment that every minister should receive at least $1,000 in salary and a manse. Now the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York fixes the minimum salary for an unmarried clergyman at $1,200, and for a married one that amount and a house in which to live.

President Butler of Columbia University pleads for $100,000,000 in order that Columbia may be made the institution which it ought to be.

THANKSGIVING.

For the great land in which we live,
And all the blessings it doth give,

The glorious State in which we dwell,
Its field and forest, hill and dell,

For the good town where we abide,
Queening it on this western tide,

For Summer sun and Winter rain,
And garners filled with fruit and grain,

For sheltering homes with comfort blest,
Where tired and weary we can rest,

For wholesome food of every name,
And appetites to enjoy the same,

For health of body, mind and brain,
To grapple with life's daily strain,

For peace abroad and peace at home,
And loyal hearts if war should come,

For the times in which our lives are cast,
And all the experiences of the past,

For all our present happiness,
And all our hopes of future bliss,—

Almighty Lord of earth and heaven,
To Thee our thanks and praise are given.

—S. Booth.

A SIMPLE SERMON.

There's only one method of meetin' life's test;
Jes' keep on a-strivin' an' hope fur the best.
Don't give up the game an' retire in dismay
'Cause hammers are thrown when you'd like a bouquet.
This world would be tiresome, we'd all get blues
If all the folks in it held just the same views;
So finish your work; show the best of your skill.
Some people won't like it, but other folks will.

If you're leadin' an army, or buildin' a fence,
Do the most that you kin with your own common sense.
One small word of praise in this journey of tears
Outweighs in the balance 'gainst cartloads of sneers.
The plants that we're passin' as commonplace weeds
Oft prove to be jes' what some sufferer needs.
So keep on a-goin'; don't stay standin' still.
Some people won't like you; but other folks will.

—Washington Star.

The Home

Owing to a belated telegram, she arrived unexpectedly and found that her hostess was out for the afternoon. The children, however, who had formed her acquaintance on a previous visit, warmly welcomed her, and, child-like, could talk only of the subject uppermost in their minds, "our new house."

Meantime, each clamored to be the first one to point the house out to her, so that it resulted in the guest urging all three to accompany her, and if ever a person heard "house" talked she did, for it was a medley of, "I am just wild to live in it!" "I can hardly wait for spring to come!" "It's a dandy house, I tell you!"

The listener could better appreciate their enthusiasm, however, when all as one cried, "There it is!" and the palatial house and beautiful grounds were in evidence that the children's heads had not been turned without reason, for looking forward to the occupancy of such a home has turned many an older head.

As her youthful informants talked with such assurance, the guest did not hesitate to congratulate her hostess, later, on having so beautiful a home in prospect.

"O, you children can talk of nothing else," was the evasive reply, as the mother glanced lovingly toward them, "but you must remember that the place is not in reality ours as yet, and that 'there is many a slip between the cup and the lip,' and that something may happen to prevent our buying it."

"What could possibly happen, mamma?" said Jack, looking as wise as boys of fourteen are inclined to do. "Why, it's dead sure! for papa as much as said so before he went away."

Of course it is!" chimed in Bertha, two years his junior. "Why, it would just break my heart if we had to live in this little house another year!"

"And mine, too," added Madge, with a whimper, "after I've got that lovely room picked out for mine."

"Why, children, I am ashamed to have our friend see how eager you are to leave the comfortable home where you were born," said the mother in a chiding tone. "It is probable, however, that your hopes will be realized; but I want you always to bear in mind that you live in a world of uncertainty."

A day or two later the husband and father arrived at home, and, albeit the fact that Judge Blank is by reputation a lawyer before whom criminals quail, he is a sunbeam in his home, and frolics with his children at times to that extent that they have little fear of him.

The observant guest soon noticed, however, that "Daddy" was reverenced as well as loved. She observed, too, that she was in a home where children occupied the second place; that is, they were in subjection to their parents to a charming degree, as will be evidenced by what follows.

The after-dinner frolic, on the evening of the host's ar-



Illustration from "THE DRAGON STORIES."

mens of moss, curious stones and other objects attractive to the eye." The commodore was not pleased to have his education continue in this direction, so he undertook to remain at home and guide him in his work. However, the boy was such an ardent lover of nature that he stole away at every opportunity and gathered more specimens. He began also to draw the French birds, and soon completed 200 specimens.

Despairing of making a soldier of him, his father soon sent him to America, where he was to superintend the Pennsylvania property. The Perkiomen valley offered a delightful opportunity to the young man to continue his rambles and his nature studies. It was not long till he made up his mind to prepare a great work on American ornithology which should give, in addition to life-size drawings of the birds, an account of their habits, with full descriptions. It was an ambitious dream, and its realization cost him untold toil and effort. But the plan was not lost sight of till he published a work which Cuvier pronounced "the most gigantic biblical enterprise ever undertaken by a single individual."

An unpleasant experience with a young Frenchman sent out by the commodore to develop the lead mines on the Perkimon, led young Audubon to return to France. While there he roamed everywhere in the neighborhood of his home, shooting, fishing and collecting. He also continued his careful drawing of natural history specimens, and stuffed and prepared many birds and animals. In one year 200 drawings of European birds had been completed.

After a time he enlisted in the navy, but remained only a short time, when he sailed once more for America. The vessel on which he took passage was boarded by an English privateer, whose men impressed a number of the sailors and robbed the passengers. Audubon, however, managed to conceal his money.

When he landed he went at once to his place in the Perkimen valley, where he soon fitted up his bachelor quarters. In his own room "the walls were festooned with all sorts of birds' eggs carefully blown out and strung on a thread. The chimney-piece was covered with stuffed squirrels, raccoons and opposums, and the shelves were likewise crowded with specimens, among which were fishes, frogs, snakes, lizards and other reptiles."

In 1808 he was married to a neighbor's daughter, and with a companion named Rosier, moved to Louisville. They went to Pittsburg overland, and then down the Ohio on a flat-bottomed boat called an ark, the voyage requiring twelve days. For a time he made a living by trading, but spent hours of each week roaming over the country after birds and animals. Then the journey was continued down the Ohio and up the Mississippi nearly as far as St. Louis. It was an adventurous trip. Sometimes the companions were in Indian camps, sharing savage fare. Once Audubon nearly lost his life when in a log cabin his handsome gold watch tempted the owners; he escaped only by his own cunning.

In 1812, after his return to Kentucky, he was riding in the forest when he felt the tremors of the great earthquake which wrought such havoc in the Mississippi valley that it is still spoken of by the descendants of those who lived there, while changes made in the configuration of the land are pointed out to visitors. He escaped without injury and went to Hendersonville. There he lost all his money in business. Later, when his father died, he lost his inheritance in various ways, and was thrown entirely on his own resources. He supported his family by drawing portraits, and later, by acting as curator of a museum in Cincinnati.

After another season of wandering in the wilds of Kentucky—where he found many new species of birds, added to his collection of drawings, and met Daniel Boone—he went to New Orleans, and later to Nashville, where he continued his investigations of bird life. He was often compelled to live from hand to mouth, but was so generous that he was ever ready to share his last penny with anyone in need. On one occasion a man who was without shoes appealed to him for help. Audubon had no money, but he went to a shop, showed his drawings, and offered to paint the portrait of the owner and his wife in return for shoes for himself and his companion. The offer was accepted, and the shoemaker was left in possession of the work of a man who a few years later was able to command large prices for his drawings.

At this period Audubon attracted attention wherever he went by his long, flowing hair and loose yellow nankeen dress. He plainly bore the marks of genius, and there were some who appreciated him at his true worth. Among these was Mrs. Perrie, who lived at Bayou Sara. By her he was engaged to each drawing at her home. Half his time was to be free for wandering in the woods, so he accepted the position in order that he might secure funds to send to his wife, who was still in Kentucky.

In 1821 he sent for his wife and family, but soon after was so hampered for lack of ready money that he was for two months unable to buy a blank book in which to keep his journal. Mrs. Audubon took a situation as governess in order to help provide for the family. Friends and acquaintances thought her husband a madman to continue his quest of the birds when his family was in such straitened circumstances. But Mrs. Audubon believed in him, and urged him to go to Europe and study painting in oils that he might be better equipped for the preparation of his bird plates. She secured a good situation as teacher at Bayou Sara, and was soon enjoying an income of $3,000 a year, all of which she was ready to put at her husband's disposal.

By this time so many plates had been completed that Audubon determined to go to Philadelphia and New York to seek encouragement in publishing the work. A number of prominent men, including the artist Peale, praised his drawings, while Prince Napoleon urged him to publish them.

Before returning home he determined to satisfy his desire to see Niagara, reaching the village at the Falls with purse nearly empty. "I strolled through the village to find some bread and milk," he said, "and ate a good dinner for twelve cents. Went to bed at night thinking of Franklin eating his roll on the streets of Philadelphia; of Goldsmith, traveling by the help of his musical powers, and of other great men who had worked their way through hardship and difficulty to fame; and fell asleep, hoping by persevering industry to make a man of myself among my countrymen." At length the wanderer returned to Bayou Sara "with rent and wasted clothes and uncut hair, and looking like the Wandering Jew." There, for a season, he turned dancing master to supply his needs.

With the savings of this last venture and his wife's funds he went to England, where he was well received. Plans were made to publish the bird plates, with descriptive matter, at $1,000 per set. As the expense of the venture would be $100,000 in all, he had to have 100 advance subscribers before he could proceed with his work. These subscribers he sought and found himself. Sometimes he was disappointed, but usually he was successful. On one occasion the simple-minded lover of nature warned himself of the necessity of care lest the attention he received should spoil him: "I am feted, feasted, made honorary member of societies, making money by my exhibitions and my paintings," he wrote. "It is Mr. Audubon here, and Mr. Audu-

rival, wound up with Jack's taking a seat near his father, while Bertha and Madge seated themselves on the arms of his Morris chair, all evidently intent on one subject, for Bertha, with an impulsive kiss, and a meaning look at the others, said, coaxingly:

"Now, let's talk house, papa!"

Meantime, the mother, who had had time to be enlightened as to the state of affairs prior to dinner, gave her husband a smile of encouragement, and then the Judge, throwing an encircling arm about his expectant daughters, said:

"Yes, dearie, that is just what I want to talk about; for I will sleep better if what I have to say is off my mind." Then, turning to his guest, he said:

"With your leave, we will proceed at once to settle this matter.

"Now, children, what will you say when father tells you that it seems advisable for us to remain right where we are for a year longer, at least?"

This was asked so smilingly that Madge gave the questioner a hug, saying:

"You are just fooling, papa."

"I never was more in earnest in my life!" was the reply in so serious a tone as to call forth such cries as:

"O, papa, it would break my heart if we had to stay in this old house another year!"

"Yes, I think it would be just horrid!"

"Well, how does brother feel about it?" asked the father, looking as if he wished the ordeal over.

"Oh, about the same as the girls, I guess. Though, of course, I wouldn't be a cry-baby if it had to be."

"That goes without saying, son," said Judge Blank, with a smile of approval, "and I am sure that I will have three brave children after they have listened to what father has to say."

Then, in a way which evidently appealed to all concerned, Judge Blank told how he, too, had come to look upon the beautiful house as theirs beyond a question. Then he tactfully told his eager listeners, as well, of the recent panic, and of the many who were even homeless because of it, which somewhat prepared the children to accept the situation more bravely.

He also told of personal losses through others, as well as a bank failure (though it was noticeable that it was "our" throughout the telling), and how "because of what is beyond our control, it would be wise to remain just where we are for the present, at least."

When the wise father concluded the foregoing he paused, and then, as no one ventured a remark, he added: "And now children, you know just how the matter stands, and I rely on you to help your parents to bear what to them is a disappointment, as well as to you."

The observant guest had listened in wonderment to what she had heard, momentarily expecting an outburst from one or all of the impulsive children, who had been so loud in their praises of the house they considered was to be theirs, beyond a question, but she listened in vain.

The childish faces showed the keenest disappointment, however, but when the father proceeded to tell of "our losses" it was noticeable that the girls, who had remained sitting on the arms of the chair, leaned toward him more lovingly, as if to reassure him that they would not fail him, in spite of their disappointment.

She remarked, too, that they quietly slipped away to a remote corner of the drawing-room, when their father had finished, and conversed in low tones, accompanied by an occasional sigh. And, too, that the son made an attempt to read, for a time, and then threw aside his book, and with a "Good-night, all," and a whispered word to his father, which brought a smile to the face of the latter, abruptly left the room.

After a little the girls bade the guest good-night, in a pleasant tone, however; and then kissed the mother, who, drawing them to her, said: "Mother's brave little women!" Then they turned to their father, and with lips which would quiver in spite of efforts to hide their feelings, tenderly kissed the one who had innocently caused their disappointment, who, in turn, whispered such words of approval that they left the room actually smiling.

When host, hostess, and guest were left alone the former expressed his regret that personal matters had marred their first evening together, which called forth from the latter the following remark:

"I count myself most fortunate, Judge Blank, in having the evidence that my theory is not as absurd as some of my friends have seemed to regard it, when I have argued that parents who withhold from their children a knowledge of adverse conditions are doing an injustice to all concerned."

"Most assuredly they are!" was the emphatic rejoinedr. "Though wife and I might have been as blind as most parents, who argue that children should be care-free, had not my profession taught me the fallacy of this parental custom.

"I am well aware, however, that my course tonight would strike many as needless, especially as we are not in so tight a place as to render giving up the talked-of home an absolute necessity; but it seems best, and, besides, I deem it the best discipline for the children to early learn self-denial, as well as self-control. It makes them stronger men and women."

Then after a thoughtful silence, Judge Blank clinched the matter by adding, as he looked lovingly toward his wife:

"Anyhow, our children will never have reason to say of us, as many have to me, when blamed for lavish expenditures which wrecked their home: "It might have been prevented had our parents enlightened us, in season, as to their inability to gratify our every wish.' "

Young People

THE STORY OF AUDUBON, LOVER OF BIRDS.

In a little village in France, nearly 200 years ago, lived a poor fisherman named Audubon, in whose family were nineteen daughters and two sons. One of the sons when 12 years old was given by his father a shirt, a dress of warm clothing, his blessing and a cane, and was sent out to seek his fortune. He went to sea and spent five years as a sailor. He became owner of a boat; then of a merchant fleet. In Santo Domingo, where he invested in land, he grew wealthy; then returned to France, where he was given command of a small naval vessel, with the title of commodore.

In his old age he visited America, where he bought land on the Perkiomen creek, near Philadelphia, and in Louisiana. On the Louisiana plantation, on May 4, 1780, John James Audubon was born. After a few years he was taken to France, where his father wished to educate him for the army or navy. But the instructors chosen by his father did not appeal to him, except David, the artist, who trained him in drawing. He had more pleasure in his holidays when "with a haversack of provisions he made frequent excursions into the country, and usually returned loaded with objects of natural history, birds' nests, birds' eggs, speci-

bon there, and I only hope that Mr. Audubon will not be made a conceited fool at last."

When the prospectus of the great work was issued, some of his friends were astonished at his temerity. "Probably no other undertaking of Audubon's life illustrates the indomitable character of the man more than this prospectus," Mrs. Audubon wrote in the biography of her husband. "He was in a strange country, with no friends but those he had made within a few months, and not ready money enough to bring out the first number proposed, and yet he entered confidently into the undertaking, with no pledge of help, but on the other hand discouragements on all sides."

While arrangements were being made for the publication, Audubon supported himself by giving exhibitions, and by doing work in pencil and oils for his customers. "Once he had only one sovereign left in his pocket, and did not know of a single individual to whom he could apply to borrow another, when he was on the verge of failure in the very beginning of his undertaking. He extricated himself from his difficulties by rising at four o'clock in the morning, working hard all day, and disposing of his works at a price which a common laborer would have thought little more than sufficient remuneration for his work." In the four years required to bring out the first volume, fifty of his subscribers, representing the sum of $50,000, abandoned him. He was forced to supply their places by going out in search of others ready to take his work.

After a time he returned to America for a visit with his family. In Louisiana he continued the work of investigating the habits of birds. One who knew him gave a description of the methods used in learning about one little bird. It is worth repeating, for it shows the secret o f his success—his readiness to endure any hardship to attain his ends.

He became interested in a bird not as large as the wren, of such peculiar gray plumage that it harmonized with the bark of the trees, and so could scarcely be seen. One night he came home greatly excited, saying he had found a pair that were evidently preparing to make a nest. The next morning he went into the woods, taking with him a telescopic-microscope. This scientific instrument he erected under the tree that gave shelter to the literally invisible inhabitants he was searching for, and making a pillow of some moss, he lay upon his back, and looking through the telescope day after day, noted the progress of the little birds. After three weeks of such patient labor he felt that he had been amply rewarded for the toil and sacrifice by the results he had obtained. It was while engaged in these quiet speculations that he witnessed so many things the records of which have prompted superficial thinkers to conclude that he drew upon his imagination and not upon facts for many of the wonderful adventures he relates.

Such faithful preparation had its reward. When his work was issued, Cuvier called it "the most magnificent monument that art ever raised to ornithology."

Other works were prepared as a result of explorations in Florida and the West. At last, in 1839, he retired to his country place on the Hudson, where he spent his last years. There he died in 1851, one of the world's most famous naturalists.—John T. Faris in The Interior.

THE CENTURY.

For forty years a leader among American magazines. There are others, but there are none "just as good." It is a force in the community—you see it in the homes of people who really know what is best. There is an uplift in it—an optimistic, cheerful view of life—nothing of the muckraker. And the best writers and best artists are glad to be represented in it. Send for prospectus and special subscription offers. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

Bradley Gilman, a classmate of President Roosevelt at Harvard, has written a story of adventure in Egypt called "A Son of the Desert," which will be published serially in St. Nicholas in 1909. A young American lad is a leading character; and the narrative has, among other incidents of stirring interest, an account of a terrific sandstorm, and a capture by brigands who are outwitted by an explosion by dynamite, and a subterranean escape.

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE ENTERS SAN FRANCISCO.

December 13, next Sunday, has been set apart as a day for opening a crusade in San Francisco. Dr. E. S. Chapman, state superintendent, and his field workers will open fire on the enemy from fourteen pulpits in San Francisco. Among the speakers are Rev. I. B. Bristol, Rev. D. M. Gaudier, Miss Glenn Wills, Rev. T. H. Lawson, professor W. H. Burke and Dr. A. C. Bane. The churches of all the Protestant denominations are committed to this campaign. No one can say where this campaign will end. Up to this time the Anti-Saloon League has made practically no effort to attack the saloon in its stronghold. There is not a city of any considerable size in the United States so completely under the domination of the saloon as is San Francisco. Here they hold not only the balance of power, but they control the majority of the voters. It is nearly impossible to elect any man to an important office in this great city who will not sign the saloon's code. It is almost impossible to secure a grand jury or a petit jury that is not packed by the saloon. It is a vast system reaching not only the evil, degenerated contingency of the city, but facing down the entire citizenship. Everybody has to take the San Francisco saloon into the account. No one in all these years since 1849 has dared to dispute its right of way. It dominates not only the politics of the city, but in a remarkable degree the politics of the state. It is probably true that the State Legislature is seriously menaced by the San Francisco saloons. It is by all odds the greatest block of power in the state. They are Democrats or Republicans, according to the weather vane. For some time the anti-saloon forces will find hard conditions. There is no adequate coherency among the moral forces. The saloons are organized, coherent, articulate, effective. They know all the leading citizens in San Francisco by name. They know their attitude on the liquor problem. The saloon is only the concrete organization of the wholesale liquor dealers' association. We think it not improbable that 80 per cent of all the saloons in San Francisco are owned, equipped and thoroughly financed by the wholesale liquor dealers. The saloonkeeper is an impersonal, conscienceless hireling. A few days ago we saw an anxious sister standing in front of a San Francisco saloon and talking with the saloonkeeper. "You sold liquor to my brother," she went on to say. "You have taken all his wages," she tearfully cried, "and now we have nothing to live on." We stopped to hear the saloonkeeper's reply. "Madame, it is my business to sell liquor to my customers," he said. "I will take your brother's money if he drinks at my bar; that is my business. If you have nothing to live on that is none of my affair." She went away sobbing, "You have my brother's wages; you have robbed us!" The saloonkeeper put his head out of the door of the saloon and in vigorous tone said: "I have not robbed you. I have simply tended to my business." That is the attitude of the saloon. It is heartless. It will mercilessly crush any poor life. The liquor dealers in silk hat and kid gloves and automobile drives this vast army of saloonkeepers. The saloon in San Francisco is thoroughly entrenched.—California Christian Advocate.

JUST ISSUED
THE VOICE OF PRAISE
NUMBER 2
THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER
THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED
THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD
THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2
PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED
OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.
HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST., NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

All papers and magazines at lowest club rates.

I make a specialty of Presbyterian and other religious papers.

Club rates on other papers or magazines with Pacific Presbyterian.

Will meet or beat any offer of any reliable agent.

Patronize Presbyterian People.

E. P. BAKER,
4951 Pasadena Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Sample Club.

Pacific Presbyterian, $2.00; C. E. World, $1.50; both for $3.00.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and BIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

Name-plates on the handle seldom assist in the recovery of even borrowed, to say nothing of lost, umbrellas. But here is a way by which you may so mark your umbrellas that the finders and borrowers thereof will be reminded of your name and address every time they stealthily sally forth with your umbrella over their heads. Make a paste of cornstarch with water; brush over the inner surface of the umbrella where you wish to have your initials, or your name in full, either with or without your street address. When this paste is dry, paint your name on the cornstarch, using pure white lead. Let the paint dry thoroughly; rub a stiffish brush over the whitened surface until the cornstarch is removed.

Church and Sunday School Supplies

We carry a full line of supplies for all departments of Church and Sunday School Work, including BIBLES, HYMNALS, SONG BOOKS, etc. Send for our catalogue. We also have the Best Books from all publishers. Send to us for any book you want.

The New Book Store

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY
Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College and its Allied School

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

THE LAST MAN.

A thousand years of peace have passed away;
Millenium harvest time must end today.
With longing heart and pleading outstretched hands,
Upon the brink of time, the Last Man stands.
Composite product—and the perfect flower—
Of all the centuries until this hour.
But little lower than the angels, he;
True image of his God—from passions free—
His noble form unhampered by disease;
Fit temple of his soul; his mind at ease,
Attuned to harmonies of earth and sky;
Nor fear nor death can hover nigh.
Translated he shall be, on seraph wing!
Archangels welcome him to home and king!

The universe resounds with trumpet blast!
All that has been fades into endless past.
Supernal glory gleams on yonder shore—
The curtain falls! for "Time shall be no more!"

—Warren E. Comstock.

HIS OLD FATHER SATISFIED.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while 24 unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor, while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped 25 people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—Selected.

THE WORD.

Today whatever may annoy,
The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy;
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of winged things upon their flight;
The joy of noonday, and the tried
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor, and of mirth;
The joy of air and sea and earth—
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts upon our way.
Whate'er there be of Sorrow,
I'll put off till To-morrow,
And when To-morrow comes; why, then,
'Twill be To-day and Joy again.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO.

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

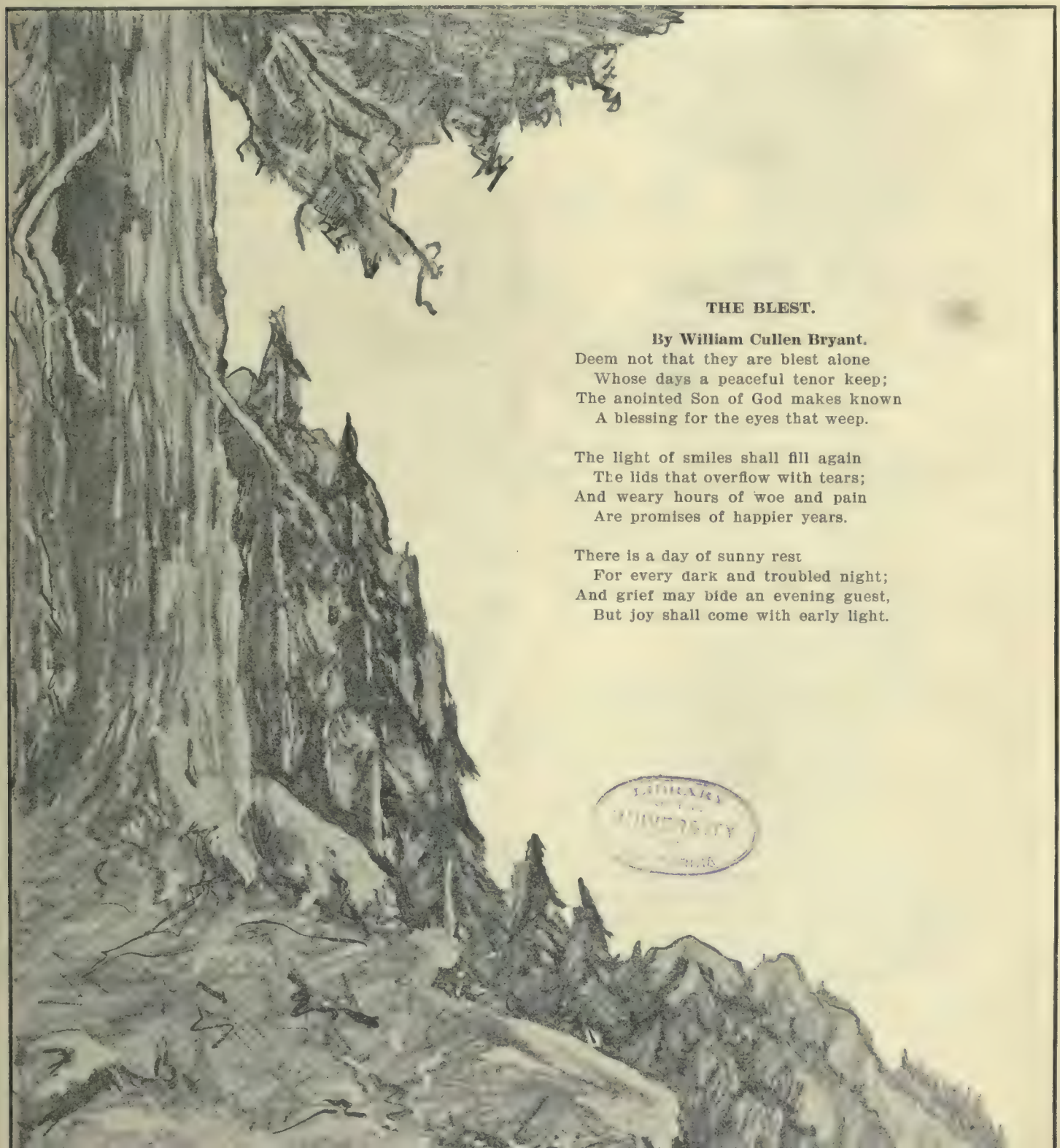
Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in eautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, DECEMBER 17, 1908. No. 51

University Library



THE BLEST.

By William Cullen Bryant.

Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt. D.D.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.
EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager
433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.
Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.
Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.
Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.
Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

EDITORIAL.

The following from the editorial pages of the Cumberland Presbyterian is peculiarly apropos to the conditions in our state:

Red Tape Versus Justice.

If there is any one thing which badly needs overhauling in this country it is our judicial system. Doubtless there are many things about it which might be greatly improved, but the one thing which strikes a layman with tremendous force is the frequent defeat of justice because of some trifling technicality. It looks as if the supreme end in view were not to administer justice but to go through the trial in a most scrupulously exact way. For a man to let a fellow drown or a criminal escape while he devoted his time to an attempt to tie his necktie in some particular manner would lead to the conclusion that such a man had no conception at all of the relative importance of things in this world; but it must be confessed that justice is defeated or delayed over and over again because of some little thing of no more practical value than the adjustment of a necktie. It was recently reported that a New York Appellate Court set aside the jury findings in an insanity case because members of the jury received fees of only fifty cents instead of seventy-five cents, which the law prescribes. What a farce! If we do not want to go down in history as a race of idiots, something ought to be done to make such miscarriages of justice impossible.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Evangelical Alliance has once more presented a series of topics and invited Christians of all denominations to join the circle of prayer.

Doubtless individual tastes will indicate divergence from the set topics; however, the chief benefit derivable from the week of prayer is, subjunctively considered, that it is united prayer. The whole Christian world offering **Confession-Thanksgiving-Petition.** Perhaps it will comport more with the original intent of this week of prayer if special emphasis be placed upon world evangelism, and the deepening of a sense of personal devotion and responsibility in obedience to our Lord's command to "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

Oakland presbytery commends its churches to unite with other denominations during this season of special prayer.

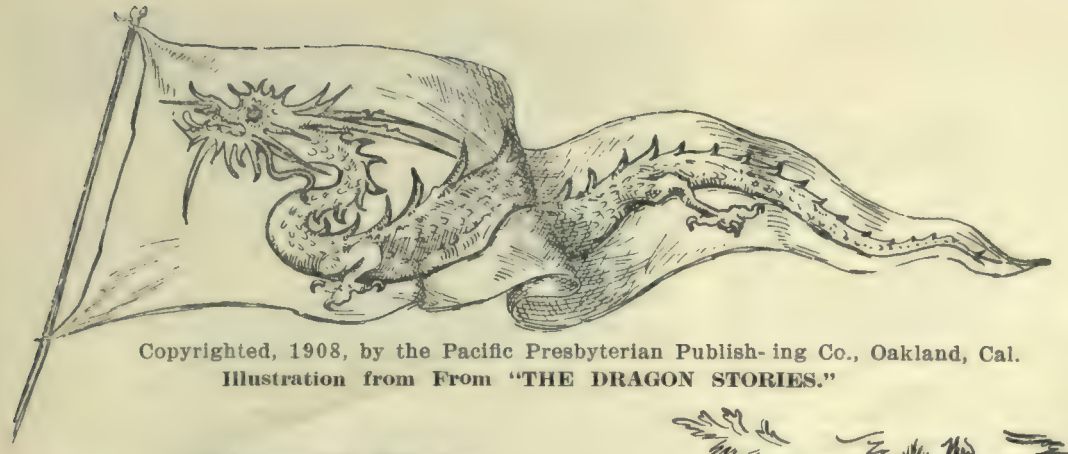
Surely if all Christians would begin every day, every work and every year with earnest petition for self and intercession for all men, both the hearts and minds of God's people would be in better condition for love and service.

The topics suggested for the week of prayer are: Monday, January 4, "The Bible the Word of God," with special prayer for its wider circulation; Tuesday, "God's Faithfulnes, Man's Responsibility," with prayer for the realization of our duty to be faithful and for the spirit of true repentance; Wednesday, "Missions: Home and Foreign," with prayer for the development of the missionary spirit and for individual consecration; Thursday, "Intemperance and Gambling," with prayer for the overthrow of these evils; Friday, "The Family and School," with prayer for both of these institutions; Saturday, "The Signs of the Times," with prayer for a more passionate devotion to Christ and the great Christian doctrines. It is suggested that the sermon to be preached on January 3 be on "The Law of the Harvest," and that the topic for January to be "Christ, the Giver of Life."

The Budget plan, with definite amounts indicated for each church, now being presented to our churches through the executive commission, is not ideal, is not perfect; however, it is a decided advance on the lack of precise methods so long in vogue. The budget is not an assessment, is not a law from which there is no escape; however, the budget represents a reasonably well outlined apportionment which, if faithfully met by the churches will enable the Boards to liquidate the expenses incurred by the appropriations made for current work. The indebtedness of the Home and Foreign Boards is not provided for, in these apportionments.

In the Oakland presbytery the chairmen of the several standing committees on the Boards are charged with the responsibility of securing, if possible, from each church the amount apportioned by the presbytery to that church.

The Commission of Oakland presbytery is endeavoring to work out for presentation to the churches the most feasable plan possible of securing from the membership of all our congregations an offering for world evangelism, and any suggestions likely to prove helpful to this end are invited, either through the Pacific Presbyterian or directly to the undersigned. O. E. HART.



Copyrighted, 1908, by the Pacific Presbyterian Publish- ing Co., Oakland, Cal.

Illustration from From "THE DRAGON STORIES."

THE DRAGON STORIES.

The eager demand for "The Dragon Stories" and the pleasure with which they are received proves that the Pacific Presbyterian has made a reputation for itself by publishing them.

If the only good they did was to advertise the paper it would pay, as the book is so attractive that it speaks well for the paper.

Scarcely a person who has seen them has been content to take one, so a large number have been sold to a few people who have used them for Christmas gifts. All the talk about their fitness as a Christmas gift may lead some who have not seen them to think they are just a novelty for Christmas, but such is not the fact, for their Oriental make-up and the character of the stories make them as valuable one time as another. They will be sold and put on the table with the best books for friends and visitors to look for years to come.

The embossed envelope in which they are enclosed, which is a duplicate of the cover design, adds to the value of the book and makes an attractive cover, in which they can be mailed if desired. Orders sent to the office will be promptly filled. Address the Pacific Presbyterian, 433 1st National Bank Building, Oakland, Cal.

TO MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

If you would have your own Christmas a merry one, make it merry for others.

How about the newspaper men. Do you remember them with a remittance at Christmas, if it falls due in December or is long past due? If not, try it and see if it don't make you happy. We are sure a few paid-up subscriptions this month will help us to look and feel happy.

Try a subscription gift to the Pacific Presbyterian in the form of a subscription.

SYNOD'S EXECUTIVE COMMISSION.

This year for the first time the Synod of California has an Executive Commission, a body which can represent the Synod "ad interim." Emergencies may arise which require action hitherto impossible, without the great expense of calling a special session of Synod. Just now a critical stage has been reached in regard to litigation, where some parties, formerly members of the late Cumberland Presbyterian Church, are trying to deprive the Presbyterians of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of church property, turned over by the late Cumberland organization. The case will shortly be before the Supreme Court upon appeal, and Synod needs to act with alacrity if it is to retain this property.



Illustration from From "THE DRAGON STORIES."

Copyrighted, 1908, by the Pacific Presbyterian Publishing Co., Oakland, Cal.

How absurd this movement is, may be seen in the case of a church in a California town, worth about $4,000, where two men only opposed the union, and they now claim ownership of the property. There is now a chance to secure expert counsel from the East, to defend Synod's rights, who have won the same sort of case in Georgia and Illinois. The chairman of the Commission which consists of nine members is the Moderator of Synod ex-officia, Rev. Theo. F. Burnham of Vallejo, and the nine members are: Ministers—Revs. H. K. Sanborn, H. T. Dobbins, S. L. Macquarrie, H. H. McCreery and W. S. Young; Elders—John K. Law and A. Waldie; H. K. Van Winkle and F. H. Babb.

The Commission will meet (D. V.) on Monday, Dec. 21, at one thirty o'clock p. m. at 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE PRESBYTERY OF OAKLAND OF THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND DWIGHT E. POTTER.

Thomas Carlyle has said that when the Almighty would incarnate an idea in the heart of humanity, He forges it in the fiery crucible of some throbbing, burning heart, and thus He sends it forth to melt and to move all humanity. The recent death of Dwight E. Potter is a notable illustration of the above thought. In very early life his earnest, guileless soul came in contact with the Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, and caught the fire. Enthusiastically he placed himself in his Lord's hands, if it should be His will, to carry the gospel of the Son of God to a great, lost heathen world. Just as he was about ready to take up that line of work a serious sickness stayed him and he was constrained to abide at home. But the fire in his heart was never quenched. What a man sees, it has been well said, he can never unsee. Mr. Potter, in his first and only pastorate, in the Union St. Church, Oakland, made a notable record for Foreign Missions. But his influence for Foreign Missions not only moved Union St., but all the churches of Presbytery and many churches of Synod, and outward past all denominational lines. As Mr. Potter was about to be married, he and his prospective wife offered themselves to the Foreign Board, but again there was physical disappointment on the ground of physical disability. So God, by an apparently stern providence said to Mr. Potter, "You shall be a foreign missionary, but at home."

Mr. Potter was then called by the Foreign Board to the important position of Western secretary of the Board. In that position in a short but brief career, God called him up higher to such work as we know not of.

His decease has deeply touched our hearts and left a gap in the ranks of our workmen difficult to be filled. We offer to the widow our heartfelt sympathy.

(Signed) FRANKLIN RHODA,
J. N. BOYD.

A NEW BOOK.

Sheldon Jackson, with the sub-title, Pathfinder and Prosepctor of the Missionary Vanguard in the Rocky Mountains and Alaska, by Dr. Robert Laird Stewart, is issued by Fleming H. Revell Co.

This is the life story of one of the most remarkable men of any age or country. Dr. Jackson is celebrated for distinguished service not only to the church, but to the nation. He has the instincts of a general in seizing and holding strategic points for the church and the country.

As Synodical missionary of the immense Rocky Mountain states and territories and also of Alaska, later general agent of the education in Alaska, he had a field of such magnitude, such diversity of need as to amaze one simply to contemplate it! Later he originated and executed his plan of introducing demestic reindeer into Alaska, thus doing a work of inestimable value.

Dr. Jackson traveled as no other man ever did. To quote from his book: "On each of his twenty-six journeys to Alaska he traveled from 17,000 to 20,000; five times he went to Fort Barrow, the northernmost settlement on the Western continent. In one year he traveled 37,634 miles, crossing the Arctic circle in the summer on the Western continent and in the winter following the same circle, and going far beyond it on the Eastern continent. The aggregate sum of all his journeyings in the interests of his work during the past half century is but little short of one million miles! * * * In early days he traveled from point to point on horseback or on foot. In later years he journeyed as he had opportunity by rail or stage coach, by buckboard and army ambulance, by lumber wagon and mule team and ox cart, by broncho and construction train, or on water routes by steamship and dugout, by launch and canoe, revenue cutter, war vessel, schooner or cattleship."

He is a scientist and on all these trips gathered specimens of rare minerals, native pottery, many curios. Most of these are in the Sheldon Jackson Museum at Sitka.

At one time or another this remarkable man has held mebership in forty or more religious, philanthropic, historical or scientific societies. He has also a number of books and has been editor of several papers.

This book of nearly five hundred pages and many illustrations should be read carefully by all patriotic Presbyterians. It should be in every C. E. and S. S. library and also in all public libraries. It is invaluable for reference and is also most stimulating reading. J. F.

"Though all men shall be offended of Thee, yet will I never be offended." Matt. 26: 33.

When in Gethsemane's secluded shade,
The Man of Sorrows knelt alone, and prayed,
I would near Him, a faithful watch have kept;
And scorned, like His disciples, to have slept!

And when the cruel band, by traitor led,
Into that Presence came, with boisterous tread,
I would have battled with them to the death;
And love for Him proclaimed, with latest breath!

Could I, like Peter, have denied my Lord,
When friendless and alone, without one word
Of love or pity, from th' assembled throng,
He stood and suffered such contempt and wrong?

When on the cross, He bore the shame and sin
Or fallen men, his soul for heaven to win,
Would I have joined the crowd, to scoff and jeer?
Not so, nor yet would I have fled, thro' fear!

Peace, boastful man! On Calvary's cursed tree,
The Saviour's blood was shed no less for thee!
Thou oft hast wearied of Him, oft denied.
The name of Him who for thy sins hath died!

Then take this lesson to thy erring heart:
Who would be His must from all self depart;
And to thy memory these words recall:
"Let him that * * * standeth, take heed, lest he fall!"

H. L. KING.

AN EVANGELIST APPRECIATED.

Rev. Arthur Hicks, the silver-tongued orator from Oakland captivated the large audience assembled to hear him in his Sunday night sermon. It was a masterly effort nd pleased those who heard it. Dr. Hicks has consented to spend two Sundays, December 20 and 27, in Kerman and the Empire Colony and ten days in January conducting evangelistic services in the Empire colony. Dr. Hicks is a pleasing speaker and gave the audience much encouragement in both a spiritual and temporal way.—From the Kerman News.

CHURCH NEWS

LONG BEACH.—At the monthly reception this month eight new members were received.

OAKLAND, First.—A call to Rev. A. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, was unanimously voted by the congregation at the meeting Wednesday evening. Dr. Matthews name was the only one considered at the meeting, and while the church has no intimination from him that he will acecpt, they hope he will see the great opportunity Oakland offers and decide to heed the call.

SOUTH PASADENA.—The Christian Endeavor Society takes charge one evening a week at the Pasadena Christian Endeavor Mission on South Fair Oaks Ave. The superintendent of the Mission is Mr. Lewis, a business man, greatly honored of God in leading men to Christ. He is also in charge of the shop work for the Bible Institute of Los Angeles. Pastor Fisher is encouraged by the steady growth of the work.



First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, the Largest Protestant Church in America. Its Pastor, Dr. Matthews, Has Been Called to the First Church, Oakland, Cal.

BLUE LAKE.—The first Sunday in December was a delight to our church and Sunday-school. Dr. Carline Merwin spoke in the morning, showing some wearing apparel of China. The whole Sunday School of fifty-seven remained and were in perfect order throughout two hours. There were all told one hundred present and gave a good collection. This was the first time in many years that any of our people saw a missionary, and a medical missionary was quite a curiosity to all. The evening service was a memorial to the honor of our beloved brother, Dwight E. Potter, also well attended and made a secred closing of a profitable day.

WM. BAESLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Lebanon.—The members of the Christian Endeavor Society spent a most pleasant evening, Dec. 11, in the parlors of the church. The "affair" was in the nature of a reception tendered to the following officers of the Society, who have been elected to hold office for the ensuing six months: President, Geo. Prary; vice-president, Mrs. Ira M. Genthe; recording secretary, A. F. Browne; corresponding secretary, Ed Norman; treasurer, Chas. Prary; The decorations were in keeping with the season of the year—red and green. After an enjoyable program had been listened to and a number of games played, refreshmnts were served at little individual tables, decorated in holly and greens. The Society is in a flourishing condition and should be a very substantial help to the church during the coming year.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calvary.—Next Sabbath will see the celebration of Christmas in all departments of the church. The pastor, Rev. Wm. Rader, will preach appropriate sermons morning and evening. The choir will give special music. At the regular hour, 9:30 a. m., the Sunday School will present a special program. And on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22, they will hold their Christmas Festival in the Social Hall. All adults not connected with the school will be charged 25 cents admission to help defray the expenses of the entertainment. The Sewing Section of the Women Workers will hold an apron and fancy work sale at the residence of Mrs. Hermon, 1915 Green street, Friday afternoon and evening, Dec. 18th; the new members of the church will be given a reception at this time. Last Sabbath the Anti-Saloon League Superintendent, Dr. Bane, presented the work of the League and took an offering for the work.

LOS ANGELES.—Westminster church is moving on nicely under the pastorate of Rev. R. W. Holman, who is securing recognition well deserved as an interesting and forceful preacher. On invitation at the close of last Sab-

bath-school on last Sunday, five girls and two boys came

forward, signifying their purpose to dedicate themselves to the Lord. Our Ministers' Association has appointed a committee, with Dr. A. W. McConnell of Tropico as chairman, to arrange for opportunities for Mr. Holman to speak before our churches, presenting the bright side of the so-called race problem. On Sabbath evening soon Rev. C. H. Kershaw and Mr. Holman will exchange pulpits. At the Ministers' Meeting last Monday Rev. T. T. Creswell of Pomona gave a very interesting and suggestive paper on "Possibilities in Co-operative Evangelistic Movements." It was largely a report of such a movement in Pomona last winter. Such movements can often be of very great value. In very much the same line of thought the Council of the Church Federation recommended that soon after the New Year the churches take up special evangelistic work. Of about 1600 cards signed, 335 indicated preference for the Presbyterian church.

NAPA.—At the communion service held on Sunday, Dec. 6th, five united with the church; four by letter and one on profession. The stereopticon views of the various mission fields, which are given the last Sabbath of each month under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society, are very instructive as well as intertaining, and the attendance at these meetings is very good. The Ladies' Aid Society gave their Annual Fair on Friday afternoon and evening, Dec. 11th, and netted a neat sum towards the new carpet for the church.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The San Francisco Call has made arrangements with Dr. Wicher to furnish a series of illustrated articles during his trip next spring and summer in Palestine and the Trans-Jordan region.

At a meeting of the San Francisco Presbytery held ten days ago Rev. H. N. Bevier, '93, was elected a commissioner to the next General Assembly, and Rev. Frederick A. Doane, '92, was elected an alternate.

Rev. W. S Holt, D.D., field secretary for Home Missions and the president of our board of directors, gave a stirring address on "The Development of Home Missions" in Assembly Hall last Friday afternoon.

The Oakland Presbytery observed a day of prayer in the Golden Gate church last Tuesday. Rev. Edward Eccleston, '96, has charge of this church.

There are encouraging reports of progress along all lines of work in St. John's church, San Francisco, under the new pastorate of Rev. Alexander Eakin, '91.

The last copy of The Interior has a fine picture of Rev. H. H. Pratt, '99, and his new church edifice in Portland, recntly dedicated.

Rev. H. Jacobs, '01, has accepted the call to the Blackbird church in Meek, Neb. This church is in the same Presbytery in which he has been laboring for some time.

Dr. Moore preached at Davis a week ago last Sabbath, Prof. Paterson last Sabbath, and Dr. Landon is announced for next Sabbath. Mr. J. K. Stage, who has supplied the church for nearly a year, has been on a four months' vacation in order that he may devote his entire time to his seminary studies and complete his course. The congregations are large and the work in excellent condition.

The December Monday evening conference was held this week. Nearly the entire body of students and all the professors were at the dinner. Dr. Wicher presided. Dr. Day read extended extracts from our Alumni Fellow, Mr. George M. Day, describing his travels in Germany, his meeting many distinguished professors in the various universities and his courses of study in Halle, where he is now at work.

Rev. William K. Guthrie, '96, of San Francisco, is to address the Men's Club of San Rafael at their December meeting.

Rev. John N. McLean, '93, of Clarinda, Iowa, is still prosecuting with vigor the work he has been doing so well for some years. His energetic Brotherhood is known all over Southwestern Iowa.

WORK OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH PEOPLE IN THE KERMAN DISTRICT.

A New Church Edifice of Elegance Will Be Built at Kerman Immediately.

[This article by Rev. H. K. Furneaux, printed in the Kerman News, shows he is awake to newspaper advertising. The report shows a splendid work in this new city. Editor.]

"Too good to be true." "We don't doubt your word, but we question your experience and judgment," said one and another of the wise men of San Joaquin Presbytery, when Rev. Furneaux reported economic conditions and the bright outlook for pioneer church work in the town of Kerman and Empire and Vineland colonies.

It was a sunshiny Sunday afternoon in November when J. C. Paine of Fowler, with his white steamer and crew representing the Home Mission committee of the above Presbytery dropped anchor at Kerman Inn. One preacher Rev. Hugh McNinch, and four elders were on board. Elders Wylie M. Giffen, M. Petitt and L. C. Darling are "old timers" in San Joaquin valley, and influential men in business circles. Therefore, they are compentent to speak with the confidence born of experience in planting vineyards, orchards, alfalfa and building up homes and towns.

At the regular Sunday evening service in Kerman hall Dr. McNinch informed the congregation that the First Presbyterian Church of Kerman, organized last June by authority of the San Joaquin Presbytery, was duly enrolled at the fall meeting in Fresno October 19, and had behind it all the help the Presbyterian church in the United States could render through its Board of Home Missions and Board of Church Erection. The elders gave short talks and endorsed all that had been said by Dr. McNinch. Elder L. C. Darling and Wylie Giffen referred to the time when the Presbyterian church at Fowler did not have as bright a prospect as the Kermon church. Fowler church numbers 300 enrolled members and the Sunday-school about 340, this being one of the fine churches in Fowler. The members of this delegation were more than surprised at the $25,000 Pettus building, the calfalfa mill and other civic improvements. The rapid growth of the colonies and the number of homes springing up at various points on the 20,000 acres of the Kerman tract astonished the distinguished visitors who, one and all, declared that "the half had not been told."

"We have driven down a church stake," said one speaker, "that is here to stay, not to be pulled up, and we thank the Fresno Irrigated Farms Co. and General Manager T. F. Saunders for sympathy, encouragement and timely help in our labors for the moral, spiritual and material development of Kerman and adjacent points."—Nomad.

The Moody Church in Chicago now has a membership of 909. Last year 255 members were received, 182 uniting on profession. During the year 927 persons made the start in the Christian life in that church.

THE CONDITIONS OF MOSLEM WOMEN IN PERSIA.

By Mary Jewett.

[The first of two articles written for the Pacific Presbyterian by Miss Mary Jewett, the first missionary to Persia.]

In order to better understand the condition of Moslem women in Persia it is necessary to take a glance at the religion of Mohammedanism. The God of Mohammed stands alone, unknown, unknowable, unapproachable. So thoroughly do Mohammedans believe this doctrine that they reject the divinity of Christ, calling Him a good prophet, along with Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah and all the 124,000 prophets, of whom the last and greatest is Mohammed. Their "Holy Book" is the Koran. It is supposed to be made up of the sayings, teachings and revelations of Mohammed. They were not put in book form until after his death, when some of his followers gathered together what they remembered of his sayings and made them into a book. Their creed—"God is great; God is God. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet"—is cried from the roofs of the mosques three times a day—at early dawn, at noon and at evening twilight. Then and twice besides, making five times a day, every good Moslem is supposed to perform his ablutions and say his prayers. The ablutions are performed in a prescribed manner, and they make much of ceremonial cleanliness. The prayers are vain repetitions from the Koran, which the Persians do not understand, because it is in Arabic, and Arabic is too holy a language to be translated. Of the true nature of prayer they know nothing.

One month in the year is a month of mourning for their worshiped heroes. One month is a month of fasting, when no Moslem, under penalty of death, is allowed to taste a morsel of food or drink a drop of water from early dawn to evening twilight. They eat and drink in the night, and have the best meals of the year during this time. It is easy for the rich, who sleep in the day, but for the poor, who must work to earn a bare pittance, it is very difficult. All are supposed to keep this fast; but many do not, and eat secretly. Drinking wine and other intoxicants, although forbidden by the Koran, is generally indulged in. There is much gambling. Greed of gain, a desire for luxurious living, has taken possession. Almsgiving is done to be seen of men, and lay up merit in heaven. Every year large companies go on long, hard pilgrimages to their holy cities—Mecca, Kerbela and Meched. These pilgrimages are supposed to atone for sin, but in fact the pilgrims—both men and women—become tenfold more the children of hell than before.

Four wives are legal to a Moslem, and as many concubines as he finds convenient. Divorce is common and for trivial causes. Lazy, selfish, sensual, fatalistic, the Moslem passes his life in the indulgence of sin, hoping by works of merit to strike a balance and gain a place in heaven, where he may continue to exist in blissful indolence, surrounded by black-eyed huris.

There was a time when Persia was one of the mighty nations of earth. But Persia has fallen. With the fall of the land came the degredation of woman. The hordes of Mohammed overran the country, and by the edge of the sword the inhabitants were compelled to embrace Mohammedanism. Now her women are uneducated and slaves to their husbands. Their desire is unto their husbands, who rule over them with a rod of iron. The Moslem looks upon his wife as an animal—a chattel, a machine, a piece of property to be kept or divorced at his pleasure.

Oh woman, woman, hard is thy lot! See her in the harem of the rich Moslem. Passing the outside entrance, which is guarded by soldiers, escorted through a long, dark, narrow passage to the inner court, heavy curtains are lifted, and the visitor is met by eunuchs or women of inferior rank, and by them conducted into the presence of the lady. She reclines on elegant cushions, attended by her maids, herself bejeweled, painted and dressed in gorgeous silks and velvets with gold and silver embroidery, surrounded by all sorts of pretty and costly things, and passing her time in gossip and idleness. So she fritters her life away, doing a little needle and fancy work, eating, drinking, smoking, counting the beads in her rosary, repeating the meaningless prayers. Perhaps she reads a little, but that is in the Koran, as meaningless to her as the prayers. Occasionally, enveloped in overalls, mantle and veil, attended by a train of men servants and maid servants, she goes to the bath to spend a day, or to visit a friend or neighbor, just as secluded, and with a life as aimless as her own. What thought has she of training her children for a life of usefulness, or the glory of God! What pure and exalted motives has she in the ordering of her own life, what mental training, what preparation for eternity? None whatever. Oh my sister! my poor, blind sister! My heart aches for thee!

There is a great contrast in social standing between the lady of rank and the village woman. We find her barefooted, but with face and head covered, rude, noisy, dirty, quarrelsome, degraded. Pitiable indeed is her condition. The women of the middle class have much more freedom than those of the higher class. They may visit more often, may go to the bazaars and walk the streets unattended. In this class too there is less polygamy, because the men of this class cannot afford to support more than one wife. There is also among them a certain degree of intelligence, self-respect and independence.

Moslem women expect to be beaten by husband and mother-in-law. Is she not their property, their slave? She knows no other way and has no redress. She may revile and curse and hate, but she still continues to drag on her miserable existence. She may fret because she cannot have some toy she wants; or she may be wearing out her life in jealousy and hatred of her husband's other wives, spending her energies in inventing means of making their lives wretched. If perchance she is the only wife, she is in constant dread of the time when another may be taken. Knowing that at any time her lord may divorce her, she secretly gathers together all the jewelry and valuable things she can get possession of, to take with her when she is sent away. Having children of her own, whom she loves with all the natural passion of a mother, it often happens that, in some secret way, she manages to destroy the life of the children of the other wives, in order that her own children may be heirs of all her husband's property. While there is rejoicing over the birth of a boy, there are expressions of sympathy and resignation to the will of God if the baby is a girl. The ordinary greeting to the mother from her friends when a boy is born is "May God bless him;" for the baby girl;"May God forgive you." This is not without reason, for the future of the little girl is a dark one. It is not necessary for her to learn to read unless it be enough of the Koran to be able to repeat the prayers, but she must be an adept in all the proprieties and assumed modesty. When she is but a child she must be married. If there can be found for her a suitable husband, well and good,

if not she must take what she can get. As a rule she has nothing to say as to whom she shall be given. From twelve to sixteen is the most acceptable time for giving her in marriage. From twenty to twenty-five, should she be so unfortunate as not to have been given in marriage, it is considered a calamity, and with shamefacedness she stands while it is announced that she is still unmarried, only a "girl." Harriet Martineau wrote of Moslem women as "the most studiously corrupted women she ever saw."

What a wonderful break in the monotony of the Persian lady's life, what a refreshing treat from the outside world is the visit of the missionary lady to the harem! Like little children they are full of curiosity and ask many questions. They want to know about our world and all our life in it, our habits, our dress, our home land and our friends and relatives. How could we leave home and loved ones so far away? Did we come to learn a new language, to learn their religion or something of them? Or were we laying up for ourselves merit in Heaven? What an opportunity for us to tell them of the love of Christ constraining, and that we came to tell them of Him, how He loves them so much that He left His glorious home above to suffer and die for them. As we tell of Jesus often they will exclaim, "Oh yes, we love Jesus, too. He was a very good man and a prophet." "Yes indeed," we reply, "He was a good man and a prophet, but He was more than a prophet. He was and is our Savior." Then they say, "He is your Savior, and Mohammed is ours." Then we tell them over and over the story of Jesus and His love, is life on earth, His works and words, His death and resurrection, and how He is now the risen Lord and our and their Savior and Intercessor. Sometimes they will be politely indifferent, sometimes refuse to listen, and make many interruptions; sometimes they will argue and oppose, and accuse us of blasphemy, if we call Christ the Son of God. Sometimes they will exclaim, "What sweet words; tell us more!" We tell the story simply, as to a little child, again and again. We may speak plainly to them of their sins. They acknowledge that they are great sinners, often crying out, "What shall we do? We don't know any better; we are beasts." Or, with a shrug of the shoulder they say, "God is merciful," and go on in the same way.

The home life of the missionary strongly impresses Moslem women, as they see the courtesy and love shown by the husband to his one wife and the security and happiness of the wife and mother, with no fear of being divorced, and loved and honored by her children, and they exclaim, "Your prophet was good to you, but our prophet gave us a hard life." Simply with Bible in hand, doors have been opened everywhere, among high and low, rich and poor, and we have been called "The people of the Book."

It is by the "foolishness of preaching" that God is pleased to "save them that believe." We go among the women of Persia, knowing nothing but Christ and Him crucified. Our Captain rules over all, and in His own good time and way He will bring it to pass that Moslem women in Persia will rise to that position of honor and purity and freedom which is only attainable by the Gospel truth and the power of God.

At the meeting of Oakland Presbytery, Monday, a unanimous call to the pastorate of Emmanuel Presbyterian church was presented to Prof. H. C. Biddle of the University of California. The call was issued at a meeting of the congregation held Oct. 27th.

THE DRAGON STORIES

A MOST UNIQUE AND ATTRACTIVE BOOK.

TWO TRUE STORIES OF CHINESE GIRLS IN SHORT-STORY FORM.

THE BOWL OF POWFAH.

THE HUNDREDTH MAIDEN.

ORIENTAL DESIGN THROUGHTOUT. PRINTED Chinese fashion on double paged imported Chinese paper, with wide margins profusely illustrated with attractive Oriental drawings.

THREE OF DR. ARNOLD GENTHE'S characteristic photographs of San Francisco's old Chinatown are inserted, with three by R. E. Wales of Chinese girls now in the San Francisco Presbyterian Mission Home.

OF MISSIONARY VALUE, as the stories center around girls rescued by the Presbyterian Mission.

THE BOOK is the size of the above cut and comes in an envelope on which a duplicate of the cover design is embossed.

FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT it is very appropriate with its bright Oriental colorings. It will delight all, especially the Eastern friends.

PRICE, PREPAID, FIFTY CENTS, when ordered direct from the publishers,

THE PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN,
433 First National Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

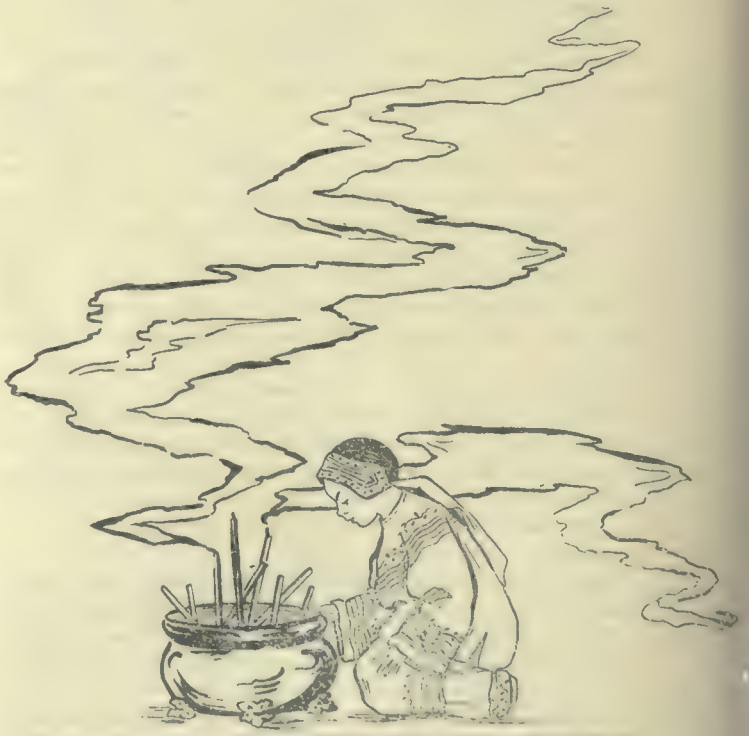


Illustration from From "THE DRAGON STORIES."
Copyrighted, 1908, by the Pacific Presbyterian Publishing Co., Oakland, Cal.

HOLIDAY BOOKS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

We have a large overstock of Books, Wall Rolls, Mottoes, etc., etc., which will be furnished to Sunday-schools, Missions and Benevolent Institutions at wholesale prices. Call or send orders and stock will be delivered free of charge, subject to approval of committees. Address 2030½ Broadway, Oakland. Phone, Oakland 8421

H. B. SWAFFORD,
Agent American Tract Society.

THE BIBLE IN SYRIA.

Rev. H. E. Hoskins of Beirut, says: "Since 1865, edition after edition of the Bible, translated into the Syrian language, has been prepared in more than fifty forms, and the wheels of the printing machines have never ceased during the half century to reel off sheets of the Winged Word, in winter and in summer, in peace and in war, in times of pestilence and in sorrow, until the record stands: **More than nine and a quarter million pages of God's Word sent out in more than one and a quarter millions of bound volumes.**

The Syrian Protestant College has for more than fifty years furnished teachers to every mission agency in the Levant, the country of the Nile, and all Northern Africa.

JOHN F. ROBERTS.

Elder John F. Roberts, of the Sunnyside, Utah, church, died at St. Mark's Hospital, Salt Lake City, on Monday, Dec. 7, from injuries received in the Sunnyside coal mine about a month ago. Mr. Roberts will be sorely missed by the church, by the mining company, and by the whole town, for all knew and loved him. And saddest of all, he leaves a little family in far-off England to mourn his loss. His deathbed was an inspiration to all who witnessed it. He lived and died as a true Christian.

The Oklahoma conference of the Methodist Church, South, recently declared: "We believe the present relations of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church are not pleasing to the great Head of the church. A divided Methodism in the United States of America, though formerly unavoidable, is, under our present circumstances, a reproach in the sight of the whole Christian world. Such a divided state involves and must always involve antagonistic waste and consequent loss of power.." Accordingly the conference declared for "one Methodism in America," favoring "such a union as will bind the several Methodist churches of this country in to one body, agreeing in all the essentials of Methodist doctrine, polity and practice, and yet such a union as will preserve local autonomy of the several sections of a vast and growing country, and such a union as will respect racial lines—that is, such a union as will allow sections and races to develop along their own peculiar lines, so far as effects the externals of civic and social life." Old John Jasper, the far-famed negro preacher was certain that "the sun do move." We are certain that the world moves—that the things in the world move. This is one only of the many indications that this country will not much longer be cursed by two Methodisms. Cursed is a pretty severe word to use in this connection. But nothing other at all adequate to express the damage to the cause of Christ by such divisions as this in Methodism at this time in the history of our country comes to mind at this moment.

The Home

What is right living? Just to do your best
When worst seems easier. To bear the ills
Of daily life with patient cheerfulness,
Nor waste dear time recounting them.

To talk
Of hopeful things, when doubt is in the air.
To count your blessings often, giving thanks,
And to accept your sorrows silently,
Nor question **why** you suffer.

To accept
The whole life as one perfected plan,
And welcome each event as part of it.
To work, and **love** your work, to trust, to pray
For larger usefulness and clearer sight.
This is right living, pleasing in God's eyes,
Though you be heathen, heretic, or Jew.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

By David Lyall.

Elspeth Tennant got out of a train at Broad-street Station about three o'clock on a November afternoon and made her way down the stairs to the throng of the streets. She paused before committing herself finally to what seemed an inextricable confusion of vehicles and human beings, and casually wondered how any of the latter ever came out of it alive. Her destination was Cannon-street, and with the slow care of a home-keeping person, unaccustomed to the traffic, she made her way there in due course. She was an insignificant figure, shabbily dressed, but her worn face had great sweetness, her once fine eyes a pathetic note of appeal. She did not need to ask direction, as she had frequently passed the large block of warehouses near the great Cannon-street Hotel, and knew the doorway even before the large brass plate with the names, Metcalf, Dimsdale, Lovitt & Co., arrested her attention. She entered the door, and, following the direction of a pointing finger, ascended to the first floor, wher she was confronted with a closed door bearing the usual legend **Office.** Pushing that open, she found herself in a small, narrow space, with a counter barring the way, the rest of the place shut off by screens of obscured glass. A youth with a pen behind his ear appeared, and inquired her business and her name.

"I want to see Mr. Metcalf, if you please."

"He ain't here, ma'am."

"When will he be here, tomorrow?"

"No, he's gone to Guildford till Monday."

"Can I see Mr. Dimsdale or Mr. Lovitt, then?"

"Mr. Lovitt's in, but he's engaged."

"Can I wait until he is disengaged?"

The youth looked doubtful.

"He don't often see ladies; in fact, they don't come. unless insurance ladies, and we knows them."

"I'll wait a few moments, if you please, until the gentleman goes, then you can take my name," said Elspeth. and sank on the hard form against the wall, prepared for a dreary half-hour, perhaps, with a possible disappointment

at the end of it. But she was agreeably disappointed. Presently the youth looked over the counter at her again.

"He's gone, ma'am, out by the other door. I can take your name, if you like, to Mr. Lovitt. There's nobody with him now."

Elspeth opened her small green bag and took out a square card with her name lithographed on it in small, neat type. She had bought them at the beginning of her married life for the purpose of paying calls with, but neighbors at Forest Gate had not been very friendly, and she had only used a very few. She had hunted them out of a seldom-opened drawer for use that day. She waited with a curious sickness of heart, and even when the lad returned, in a moment or so, and said Mr. Lovitt would see her, she was scarcely cheered. She had never seen Mr. Lovitt, who was the youngest partner in the firm from which her husband had just been discharged, but she had heard him spoken of as a hard man, whom it was impossible to get the better of. It was from his hands Tennant had recived his dismissal three days before. She stepped in front of the youth through the open door, and the warm air enveloped her kindly; but the room seemed to swim before her eyes, and it was a full moment before her vision cleared and she could command her voice. Then she was aware of an alert figure standing before the fireplace, of a keen, clean-shaven face, and a pair of remarkably piercing eyes.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Tennant; take a chair."

"Thank you; it is very good of you to see me. It was Mr. Metcalf I asked for."

"So I heard. Well, I suppose you have come about Tennant's dismissal. I need hardly remind you how long we have borne with him."

"I know that," she answered dully. "It has been hanging over us for years."

"So long as that! How long is it since you knew him to be unsteady, since he began to take drink?"

"He has always taken it, sir. I knew it when we married. He signed the pledge then, and he kept it for a good many years, in fact, until he came here. Then there was a man who got a great influence over him."

"You are talking of Duncombe, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"I don't know much, if anything, of the private affairs of the staff," said Lovitt. "You asked to see Mr. Metcalf today, but it was really I who dismissed your husband."

"Yes, sir, I understand that. I asked for Mr. Metcalf, thinking that, perhaps, as he is a Scotchman, he might take a little more interst in us. You have no other fault to find with my husband, I suppose?"

"Only the slackness which is inevitable in an unsteady man. He had many warnings, and knew quite well that this would come."

"The outlook is very black for us, Mr. Lovitt. A man discharged without a character at forty-six has not much chance."

"I should say myself that he had none," replied Lovitt, without hesitation. "May I ask what family you have?"

"We have had eight and six are alive."

"Eight, and you are a young woman, yet!"

"Not very young; I was forty-two last week. We have had a good deal of trouble with our family; we have two invalids."

"Two! that is a great misfortune. What is the matter?"

"The eldest son has spine complaint; he has not been off a sofa for seven years. He writes a little and sometimes makes a pound or two."

"That is a very heavy burden, Mrs. Tennant."

"In one way, yes, but we should not be able to live without Arthur; he is the very center of our home life. Everyone loves him."

"He is very upset about this, then?"

"I have not told him, and my husband has not been home since he came to tell me on Tuesday night that he had got his discharge. He went down to his sister at Rye Park for a day or two."

"You have not saved anything, I suppose?"

"Nothing whatever; all the surplus has gone in doctors' bills; we have had a great many of these to pay. I did not come here to whine, sir, but to ask something from Mr. Metcalf."

"What was that?"

"If he would help me to start a little business. I used to be a very clever dressmaker, and my delicate daughter would help me. In course of time we might be able to do well, if the rent were guaranteed."

"But that would not help Tennant."

"No, sir, but he will try, of course, to get something else to do."

"You don't blame him very much, I notice. I suppose that otherwise he has been a very good husband to you?"

"The very best, and the children adore him," said Elspeth Tennant as she rose to her feet. Her eyes were welling, and it was her nature to hide her care. No one, least of all the man speaking to her now, would ever know what it had cost her to come to the city that day.

"I am very glad I have seen you, Mrs. Tennant, and I will mention the matter to Mr. Metcalf when he returns to business on Monday. Meanwhile, would you have any objection if I came to pay a call at your house on Sunday afternoon?"

"We should be very pleased to see you, sir," she replied, quite sincerely.

Lovitt bade her good afternoon, and after she was gone pondered on the story he had heard. Eight children and Tennant had never had more than two hundred a year! He was an only son himself, and the heir to three separate fortunes, besides being a sharer in one of the most lucrative businesses in the city. Things were unequally divided. He had been very severe on Tennant, determined to keep up a high standard of conduct in Cannon-street, but he had not considered all the circumstances. Poor beggar! I don't blame him if he sought oblivion now and again from the cares of the family. Eight, by Jove, and two invalids! I like that woman, she's got grit!"

On Sunday morning Elspeth Tennant went to church, and the preacher, a man from the North, chose as his text the words, "I call to remembrance my song in the night."

She returned home comforted, and at the mid-day meal the children wondered at her sunshiny face. About three o'clock Lovitt came quietly up the narrow path of the trim little garden and knocked at the door, which was opened to him by Janet, the third child, a sweet-faced girl about sixteen, with large, serious eyes, and fair hair hanging down her back.

"Mr. Lovitt?" she said, smiling a little, and immediately showed him into the family sitting-room, where mother sat, with Arthur, the rest of the children having gone out for a walk.

Mrs. Tennant welcomed him kindly, and even with a sort of quiet dignity. He was struck by the fact that in her own house she was a pretty woman, though her face was

faded and careworn. The boy Arthur received him joyfully, and the two were soon talking as if they had been acquainted for years. Lovitt had charming manners, and something in the little household appealed to him, and interested the softer side which is hidden even in the hard man's heart. Mrs. Tennant asked whether he would take a cup of tea; he accepted, and they had a very friendly meal together. Then he said, suddenly, he must go, as he had an engagement in the West End at six o'clock.

As he turned away from the gate, down the street, where the lamps had been lighted, he saw a figure coming up which he had no difficulty in recognizing as Tennant. He strode on to meet him, and waited under one of the gas-lamps till he came up. He saw that he was perfectly sober.

"Good evening, Tennant."

"Good evening, sir. I didn't expect to meet you here."

"Nor I you, Tennant. Walk a little way with me towards the station, will you? I have been at your house."

"You have—but how, and why?"

"Don't enquire too closely. Suffice to say I've been there. I've had a delightful hour among them. Tennant, you are a worse fool even than I took you for."

"Yes, sir."

"I can't understand how you dared, with a wife and a home like that, to play fast and loose with your slender chances. That boy of yours! How haven't you been able to keep straight, for him, if for no thing else? He has a face like an angel."

"Have they told him—you didn't, sir? We planned, Elspeth and me, to keep it from him as long as we could," cried Tennant, and drew his hand across his brow, while his voice vibrated with real anguish. Lovitt's heart smote him. What had he done to help or encourage this weaker brother? He had simply taken his pound of flesh, and when the weight was short, fired him out.

"He doesn't know, and if you like, Tennant, he need never know. You can come back tomorrow."

"Come back, sir! Oh, you can't mean it!"

"I do, and we'll fight this thing together, you and I, for the lad's sake. I'll help you, if you like."

Tennant could not speak. He wondered, indeed, whether his imagination were not playing him some trick

"There's my hand on it. We'll talk further tomorrow. You're not in a fit state to discuss it now. Go home to that brave, fine wife of yours, and those bonnie bairns, and buck up, won't you?"

Lovitt strode on, and after a moment's dazed reflection Tennant turned back towards his home. Elspeth heard his key in the lock, and was at the door to welcome him, no reproach on her face.

"Did you meet anybody?"

"Yes—Lovitt. I'm to go back tomorrow. It's to you I owe this, Elspeth, with all the rest."

She did not say anything, but her eyes shone..

"You'll—you'll justify his goodness, Bob?"

"And yours," said Tennant under his breath. "So help me, God."—British Weekly.

ANNUAL MEETING NOTICE.

The California Oriental Mission, a corporation, will hold its annual meeting in the lecture room of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Monday, December 21st, 1908, at 2:30 p. m. By order of the directors.

W. C. Pond, Secretary.

Young People

IF I WERE YOU.

If I little girl could be,
  Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
  What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while.
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
  You soon would see,
That every one would turn to say,
" 'Tis good to meet that child today."
  Yes, yes, my bird; that's what I'd do
  If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
  Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
  Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old.
  'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
  It would be so. —Independent.

POOR LITTLE DAISY.

"How many days are there before Christmas, Mamie?" asked Mrs. Warren.

Her sister counted on her fingers and replied: "Eight."

"Only eight!" cried Mrs. Warren. "Dear, dear. And besides getting presents ready we must make that shopping trip to Philadelphia, and buy things for the new house. How inconvenient to move at this time of the year! But, as we are obliged to do so, there is no use to make a fuss about it."

Little Marguerite, usually called "Daisy," looked up from her play. She was a pretty child with large brown eyes, and although she almost never cried or whined, still she managed to have her own way in most things. Young as she was, she had found out that by an appealing look of those beautiful eyes she could get her mother and aunt to let her do whatever she wanted, even when they knew it was not always best to do so.

"Oh, are we going to Philadelphia?" she cried. "Goody! What shall I wear?" for hearing people speak of her pretty face had made her vain, and she thought much of her clothes.

"Why, you're not going," said her mother.

Daisy got up and went to her mother's side. "Not going?" she asked. "You told me I should go the very next time you and Aunt Mamie went."

"But, my dear, it is winter, and too cold for little girls."

"I can wear my furs."

"Aunt Mamie and I have so many errands to do you would get tired of waiting for us," continued mamma.

"I can rest on those nice little stools that turn round,

while you look at things in the stores," persisted the child.

"I don't think it will be best for you to go, darling," said mama, trying to be very firm.

"But you told me, mamma," insisted Daisy; "didn't she, Aunt Mamie?"

Under the gaze of those appealing brown eyes Aunt Mamie, who was also intending to be firm, wavered.

"Yes, sister, you certainly did tell her so," she said.

The imploring gaze was turned to her mother. "There, mamma and I do so want to see my grandmother. Poor litle Daisy!"

This last phrase was one which the child used as a last resort whenever she wanted to work on people's feelings During an attack of measles she grew so accustomed to being spoken of and to as "poor little Daisy," that when she was well she began to call herself so.

At first, when she was so small, it sounded very cunning, and every one laughed at her, but now she was getting to be six years old—old enough to use it to get her own way.

Her mother could not often resist it, and this time, when she heard it spoken in such a soft, entreating tone, she said, notwithstanding her determination to be firm "Well, you may go, but we shall have to start very early, and you must not make a fuss about getting up."

Thus it was settled, although papa said, when he was told, that they were very foolish to take the child, the weather was so cold and she was sure to get tired.

"The poor darling wants to go so much," said mamma

"Of course she does," returned papa, "and you and Aunt Mamie let her do just what she wants to do. What do you think she will be when she gets to be ten years old? She will be a perfect little tyrant, I can tell you that. Yes, I know she's a pretty child, and has a sweet, loving nature, but I'm thinking of the time when she gets to be a woman, and has to mingle with other people. She can't always have her own way then, and things will be pretty disagreeable for her if you don't teach her to give up a little while she is young."

"I know that all you say is true," agreed mamma, "and next time I will be very firm."

The weather was bitter cold the morning of the trip, but Daisy made no fuss when she was awakened so early that the gas had to be lighted to see to dress.

She helped all she could in putting on her clothes, and after breakfast had been hastily eaten got her coat from the closet.

"Here's my coat, Aunt Mamie," she said; "will you please hold it for me?"

Aunt Mamie looked at the beautiful white garment in surprise.

"You're surely not going to wear your best coat?" she said.

"Of course I am," said Daisy.

"Oh, no," said her mother, turning from the glass where she was putting on her hat. "You must wear your red one."

"That's so old," objected Daisy.

"It is warmer than the white one," said mamma; "besides, it is more suitable to wear in the cars."

"But, mamma," returned the child, "the white one is so much prettier, and I should think you would want me to look nice when I go to see my grandmother."

By this time she had gotten herself into the white coat, put on a close fitting white hood trimmed with lace and fur, and with her white tippet and muff made such a pretty picture that her mother could not resist longer, and said, as Daisy knew she would: "Well, now that you have it on I suppose you'll have to wear it."

It was very early when they reached Philadelphia, and very cold. They went first to a decorator's to choose some wall paper, and Daisy found waiting very tiresome. The only amusement she could find was at a table in one corner of the store where a young lady was making Christmas articles out of crepe paper. Among them was a fanciful white fan which the child at once determined to have for her own.

She held it up to attract her mother's attention, and asked: "Won't you buy this fan for me, mamma?"

Her mother turned from the strips of wall paper which the clerk was displaying before her.

"A fan," she said, what do you want with a fan this weather?"

"I want it. It's pretty."

"I don't think you had better have it. Don't tease. I'm busy."

"But, mamma, you promised you would buy me something for my very own, and poor little Daisy does so want this."

After a little more begging the child got the fan, as she knew she would, and, refusing to have it wrapped, walked triumphantly out of the store and along Chestnut street, waving it to and fro as if oppressed by heat.

Many turned to look at her, not only because they were astonished to see a fan used on such a cold day, but also for the reason that she made such a pretty picture, with her white clothes, dark eyes and soft curls peeping from under her hood.

After going into many stores Daisy found shopping very tiresome work, most of the revolving stools upon which she expected to rest being occupied by ladies, and soon she began to ask:

"Aren't you almost through, mamma? When are we going to grandmother's? I'm hungry." Her fan had ceased to please her, and would have been left behind several times if her aunt had not reminded her to take it.

At last, to her great relief and also that of her mother and aunt, who many times regretted that they had taken her, the last article on the long list had been bought, and they turned their weary steps toward grandmother's.

How glad they were to reach the shelter of the dear old lady's home! How loving was her welcome, how warm the good fire after having been out so long in the cold! How she kissed her "dear little Daisy," took off the child's overshoes and coat with tender hands, and placed her near the heater in a little chair that had been papa's in his boyhood.

After they had eaten a nice lunch and got thoroughly warm, the two ladies opened their bundles to show their purchases to grandmother.

"All the large parcels have been sent home on the cars," said mamma, "but these little ones we will take ourselves. How do you like these handkerchiefs? They are the best; here are collars and stockings and napkins; here's a counterpiece; isn't it pretty? And here are two towels I bought for you. I hope you will like them."

Daisy had been eagerly watching the opening of the bundles, and when grandmother had expressed her thanks for the towels, asked:

"Is that all, mamma?"

"Yes; I think so, dear."

The child put on her most appealing look and said in an injured tone:

"All those things for you and Aunt Mamie and grandma, and nothing for poor little Daisy."

"Why, I bought you all sorts of things and sent them home," said her mother. "A new dress, raincoat, umbrella—don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, those. But I haven't any little thing to take home with me."

"Where is your pretty white fan?" asked Aunt Mamie.

"A fan! This cold day!" cried Daisy, scornfully, forgetting how she had teased for the toy, which now, all crumpled and soiled, was thrown aside. "I want something I can carry home."

"Well, well dear, it is too bad. We must try to start early and buy something on the way to the station," said mamma.

Now grandmother was a wise old woman, who had brought up a large family of children, ad knew all about the ways of little folks. She was not pleased to see how Daisy was allowed to have her own way in all things, fearing it would make her unhappy and disagreeable to others—in after years. So, not liking to find fault with the child's mother, she made a little plan of her own.

"Are you going to have a tree at Christmas, Daisy?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandmother," answered the child. "Am I, mamma?"

"No, dear, I do not believe I can arrange one," said mamma with regret. "I shall be so very busy with other things this year."

"But I want one," began Daisy.

Mamma must have been very tired with shopping for she spoke very decidedly: "I can not let you have one, I have said once. And don't say 'poor little Daisy' to me; you have said it often enough today. You must break yourself of the habit."

"But mamma——"

"How would you like to have a tree here?" asked grandma, interrupting before Daisy could say any more.

"We could not spare her from home," said mamma.

"I do not mean to have you spare her," said grandmother. "How will it do for you all to come over here that day, bring your presents and have a tree. In the evening you and John and Mamie can go home and leave Daisy to make me a visit while you are moving into the new house."

"Oh, mamma, do say yes!" begged Daisy. "I should so love to stay with my grandmother and have a tree."

So it was decided, but "poor little Daisy" did not know that grandmother had made up her mind that during the visit she would try by patient firmness to teach her dearly loved grandchild that she could not always have her own way.

Let us hope that she succeeded, for we all know how disagreeable such a child is to live with, even though she may be pretty to look upon and affectionate in disposition. —Lulu C. Tulloch, in The Christian-Evangelist.

AMBITION.

Jeanette Blackwood.

Aspire if thou wilt, fix thine eye on the hills,
But take heed lest thou miss on thy way
The sweet modest flowers that grow at thy feet,
Fair blossoms that brighten each wearisome day.
The mountains allure thy young tireless feet,
But their summits are cheerless and grey,
If thou carry not with thee to lighten the gloom
The beautiful flowers that grow by the way.
Thy life is a mountain-path rugged and steep,
And the duties that fall to thy share,
The cup of cold water, the words low and sweet
That fall from thy lips on a heart bowed with care,
Are the sweet wayside flowers, of odor divine,
That grow by thy pathway, oft gathered in tears,
To be bound in a chaplet thy brow to entwine,
For the summit of honored and beautiful years.

THE SILENT SKIES.

The silent skies are full of speech
For who hath ears to hear,
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of Faith, and Love, and Fear.

But once the sky the silence broke,
And song o'erflowed the earth;
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took,
In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
The gates through which He came;
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill
Are vocal with His name.
Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring,
To the great song which greets the King,
Who comes when Christ is born?

—Phillips Brooks.

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF CHINA.

The San Francisco Chronicle, commenting on the new agreement with Japan, says: "The United States will not go to war to prevent even the dismemberment of the Chinese empire." On this queer proposition the theory of the Chronicle is according to early tradition. This country, all countries, should hesitate a long time before going to war. The United States, however, has for three-quarters of a century, defended the Monroe doctrine. The Chronicle knows that the United States has been ready all these years to go to war with any country in Europe which dared to exploit the republics(?) in South America. China is nearer and far more vitally connected with the United States than any one or than all the states of South America. We are not an enthusiast on the Monroe doctrine. It is a fine piece of negative legislation and has served a good purpose in its way. The dismemberment of China, the exploitation by European powers of China would be the greatest political crime in the history of the world. The Chronicle must also be reminded that Spain was called to account by the United States for putting her heel upon the neck of Cuba. We would not like to be put in the attitude of approving war at any time, but we can think of no greater cause for war than a proposition looking to the dismemberment of China. What has Belgium done in Africa? We might extend the question and include Germany, France and other European powers. We do not need to go to Africa. What about the German possessions in China? What of the condition of

the French provinces in China? We want no wars of any kind, but the dismemberment of China would be the overwhelming of civilization. If that should come to pass the United States would be with all the rest of the world involved in a war for a hundred years. The agreement of the United States with Japan is simply a bond of friendship. It will hold just as well as a hard and fast treaty. There is no need for the press on this coast to minimize the weight nor the strength of this new agreement.

The position of the Chronicle on the Japanese problems has been peculiar. It would like to be friendly to the Japanese on condition that they will not assume too much importance. It contends that although the "Understanding reached by our own and the Japanese governments has been reduced to a precise form, as demanded by diplomatic usage, it is not in the nature of a treaty, has no legal force and is merely an expression of opinion of the present governments of the two countries." The large and luminous fact is that the miserable and groveling agitation on this coast has made it necessary for these governments to define their friendship in terms that could not be misunderstood. The San Francisco Chronicle led in a bitter and unreasonable fight against the Japanese on this coast. Under all the circumstances we are not surprised that the Chronicle finds itself facing one way and actually going another. While telling us that this Japanese treaty "has no legal force and is merely an expression of opinion," it goes on to say that while "the agreement that in case the integrity of China should be threatened by a third power the two governments 'would consult' as to the course useful to be taken, is a diplomatic formula which is universally understood as looking to joint physical action in case the suggested contingency should arise;" and after winding around in a diplomatic maze, it concludes that "Great nations do not, after such formal notice, 'consult' together for determining the policy most useful to be pursued without the expectation that such policy, when determined, shall be effectively entered upon—whatever it may be." On the whole the agreement has "no legal force." The United States is apparently smoking a pipe with Japan, but right well does the Chronicle know that in effect the United States and Japan have united their strength to preserve the integrity of China, a thing of the highest importance to the peace of the world.—California Christian Advocate.

UNDER THE STARS.

Under the stars, one holy night,
A little babe was born;
Over his head a star shone bright,
And listened till the morn.
The wise men came from far away,
And shepherds ran to where he lay
Upon his lowly bed of hay,
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars, one blessed night,
The Christ-child came on earth,
And through the darkness broke the light
Of morning at his birth;
And sweet hosannas filled the air,
And guardian angels watched him where
The virgin mother dwelt in prayer,
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars this happy night
We wait for Him once more,
And seem to see the wondrous sight
The shepherds saw of yore.

O, Baby born in Bethlehem,
Come to us as you came to them,
And crown us with love's diadem.

—Anna S. Driscol.

STRIKING AT THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

The National Liquor League recently met in Washington, D. C. They would have had a good time, but for that "thorn in their side" known as the Anti-Saloon League. The Liquor League got pretty well excited and hurled the following catapultic resolutions at the Anti Saloon League: "Resolved, That the industry has been **over-legislated**, over abused and over taxed in the furtherance of a creed or cult that is basically un-American and at absolute variance with every principle of liberty, civic righteousness, economics, common sense and common justice."

It was also resolved that "The Anti-Saloon League is a menace to good government, the quietude of communities and vested property rights, and exists for no other purpose than to provide occupation and revenue for the members of a close corporation by the processes of perpetual agitation; and that local option is but another name for prohibition and is equally confiscatory in its assaults upon property rights." These resolutions show pretty clearly that the Anti-Saloon League is a full match for the Liquor League. "Agitation is precisely what the liquor men do not like, do not want. They would like to be let alone, no doubt. They will not be let alone in this world. We cannot speak positively for the next. The saloons must be driven out of the country.

MY BETHLEHEM.

By Dr. James McLaren.

Shepherds humble, meek and lowly,
Was it thine to hear and see,
Heaven's chorus bright and holy?
Would that I had been with thee.

O that I had been a shepherd
On those lonely plains that night;
To have heard the angel chorus,
And beheld that wondrous sight.

To have heard the blessed tidings
As o'er hills and plains they rang,
Peace on earth, good will to mortals,
Which the holy angels sang.

And have journeyed with the wise men
To manger from afar,
Where the infant Christ was cradled,
Let by Bethlehem's sweet star.

To have brought my gold and treasure
Frankincense and myrrh, like they,
There with love in boundless measure,
At his infant feet to lay.

Would O holy virgin mother!
I had been the favored one
To have given thee other shelter,
Than a gloomy roofless kahn.

Then thy place of holy travail
Had not been a cattle shed,
Nor a manger crude and lowly
Been thy blessed infant's bed.

Yet, I in illumined vision
Do those shining hosts behold,
And I hear, in holier accents
Now, that story sweet of old.

And a star that's brighter, stranger,
Guides me yet with wisest men
To the spirit's inner manger,
Where the Christ is born again.

JUST ISSUED
THE VOICE OF PRAISE
NUMBER 2
THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER
THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED
THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD
THE VOICE OF PRAISE N°2
PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED
OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.
HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST. NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

Church and Sunday School Supplies

We carry a full line of supplies for all departments of Church and Sunday School Work, including BIBLES, HYMNALS, SONG BOOKS, etc. Send for our catalogue. We also have the Best Books from all publishers. Send to us for any book you want.

The New Book Store

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY
Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

All papers and magazines at lowest club rates.

I make a specialty of Presbyterian and other religious papers.

Club rates on other papers or magazines with Pacific Presbyterian.

Will meet or beat any offer of any reliable agent.

Patronize Presbyterian People.

E. P. BAKER,
4951 Pasadena Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Sample Club.

Pacific Presbyterian, $2.00; C. E. World, $1.50; both for $3.00.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

Would Washington have been acknowledged "first in the hearts of his countrymen" if he had been uniformly disagreeable and discourteous? Would Franklin have been chosen as ambassador to the court of France had he imitated the bears and savages of his native land? Would Abraham Lincoln have risen to the height he occupied, and won such a hold on the hearts of the American people, had he been less tender-hearted and kind, less careful and considerate of the feelings of others? What oil is to machinery, politeness is to every-day life.— J. P. in Christian Conservator.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College — A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities — and its Allied School

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the dawn of the holy Sabbath
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
Worshiping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
Dear little heads in the pew.

Face earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

Clear in the hymns resounding
To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices,
Eager to praise the Lord.
And to me the rising anthem
Has a meaning deep and true—
The thought and the music blended,
For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my shepherd,"
Or. "Suffer the babes to come."
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home,
A place of their own with his people.
He cares for me and for you;
But close in his arms he gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly,
On the Sabbath morn, to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipipng there with me;
For I know that the gracious Savior,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.
—Margaret Sangster.

Friendship is to be valued for what is in it, not for what can be gotten out convenient to have around, they are not friends, they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of a rainbow for its bag of gold. A true friend is always useful in the highest sense; but we should beware of thinking of our friends as brother-members of a mutual benefit association, with its periodical demands and threats of suspension for non-payment of dues.—Henry Clay Trumbull.

GRANDPA'S BIBLE.

Little Mary wanted to learn her Sunday lesson. It was Saturday afternoon, and the time was passing; but she had been busy with her doll's dress and the lesson was yet unlearned. At length her elder sister took a Bible from the bureau and said: "Come, Mary, I will help you to learn your lesson, and you can go back to your play.'

Mary came to her sister's side ready to begin her lesson, when she suddenly began: "Sister, let us study it out of grandpa's Bible.'

"But what difference can it make?"

"Why, grandpa's Bible is so much more interesting than yours; he reads it so much more."

There are a good many young persons who would do well to get a look at grandpa's Bible. Possibly if they would look at it carefully, they would find something in it they have never found in their own; and if they would pray as the Psalmist, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law," they would find a blessing in the Word of God such as careless readers never discover.—iLttle Christian.

Small Grace viewed the new baby with open scorn and indignation. "Why, mamma, you surely won't keep it? You know you always exchange damaged goods, and this one has no teeth, no hair, and its skin doesn't fit it at all!'

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in cautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, DECEMBER 21, 1908. No. 52

University Library



WHAT THO' THE YEARS BE PASSING SWIFTLY BY.

What tho' the years be passing swiftly by—
At each day, with the setting of the sun,
Some record of some deed of kindness done
Some task accomplished, or some vict'ry won:
What tho' the years be passing swiftly by!

What tho' the sunny noon of life be past,
And in our path the evening shades appear,
If thro' the gath'ring gloom, hope's star shines clear,
And faith, with tranquil eye, views heaven more near;
What tho' the sunny noon of life be past!

What tho' the footsteps falter, sight grow dim,
If in the heart the peace of God abide!
Who keepeth ever close to Jesus' side,
Hath naught to fear, no ill can e'er betide;
What tho' the footsteps falter, sight grow dim!

"Lo, I am with you alway," saith the Lord.
Saviour divine, may this assurance be
Our chart and compass, o'er life's stormy sea,
And joy, thro' ages of eternity!
"Lo, I am with you alway," saith the Lord!

H. L. KING.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt, D.D.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.

EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager

433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.

Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.

Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.

Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.

Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

THE DRAGON STORIES APPRECIATED.

Every day brings many testimonies from eminent people as to the uniqueness and artistic value of "The Dragon Stories."

The fact that they have been used by the best people as the choicest Christmas gift obtainable proves their worth. One attorney of San Francisco bought fifteen, which he sent East as Christmas gifts.

The following letter from the general manager of the San Francisco Call voices what is expressed by every one who has seen them:

San Francisco, Dec. 21, 1908.

The Pacific Presbyterian, Oakland, Cal.

Dear Sirs:—

Our book review editor received from you a week or so ago, a little paper covered volume of Chinese stories which was in its way quite unique and interesting.

We would like very much to get three or four copies of same if you can spare them, and it will be much appreciated.

Yours truly,

CHAS. W. HORNICK,

General Manager.

If any of our friends wonder why there has been no response to their letters and checks for the past two weeks, they would cease to express surprise if they could have looked into the office and seen the force working sixteen hours a day trying to fill orders for "The Dragon Stories." We are thankful that we have been able to get them out fast enough and no orders have been left unfilled.

The demand for the Christmas trade is over, but the books not being a novelty only or a Christmas book in any of its make-up or stories, will continue to be in demand as long as the supply lasts.

Everyone interested in this great work going on among the Chinese, which is supported by the Occidental Board, or those wishing to see the dark and light side of Oriental life contrasted or those who like a good story, should read "The Dragon Stories."

For the accommodation of those not able to visit the office of publication the books are on sale in San Francisco at Paul Elders, Robertson's, The Emporium, Hotel St. Francis and Fairmont. In Los Angeles at 4951 Pasadena Fresno of South, Fenteem & Trantwein. In Portland. In Fresno of South, Fenteen & Trantwein. In Portland, Ore., New York City, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis at the headquarters of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The price is fifty cents postpaid. Order by mail from the the Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, Cal.

OUR NEXT BOOK.

The great success of THE DRAGON STORIES prompts us to go froward with our plans plans laid some time ago to print a book somewhat after the style of "The Dragon Stories," telling some of the stories of the Indians of our coast.

The Pacific Presbyterian is most fortunate in having on its editorial staff Miss Julia Fraser, one who is eminently fitted to write about the Indians, as her work and interest has brought her in close touch with their history and life.

Miss Fraser is not only fitted by knowledge, but by ability, as her reputation as a short story writer testifies.

The book will be out before Easter. As novel and pleasing effects will be united in the make-up of this book as those that stamp "The Dragon Stories" unique.

A SPECIAL DAY OF PRAYER FOR THE CHURCHES ABOUT THE BAY.

There was observed on Tuesday, Dec. 15, at the Golden Gate Presbyterian Church, by the Presbytery of Oakland, a "Day of Prayer," which brought to all who attended it a rich blessing and a great spiritual uplift. The Presbytery was invited by the pastor of the Union St. Church to observe a **"A Day of Prayer" at Union St. Church on Monday, Dec. 28.**

The invitation was accepted as was also one given to the San Francisco brethren. While the ministers and elders are especially urged to come, all men or women who can come will be welcome. A warm luncheon will be served in the church at the noon hour, for which a fee will be charged. This is done so that the churches which open their doors for such meetings will not find it burdensome. It is to be hoped that many of the churches will open their doors for such meetings, as they bring a great blessing to the local church where they are held. May this day be remembered in our prayers for a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon us as we meet in prayer and conference on Dec. 28th. The following program has been arranged

and some one will have charge of each hour, opening the subject with a ten-minute address, being followed by prayer, song or testimony, as the Holy Spirit moves. But we suggest that the testimonies and prayers be brief and to the point, thus permitting a larger number to take part during each hour. J. N. B.

Dec. 28—Monday—1908.

A Day of Waiting Upon God. Oakland and San Francisco Presbyteries. Ho Everyone that Thirsteth. Union Street Church, Oakland.

Program.

10 to 10:45—Fishers of Men. Mark 1:17; Luke 5:10, 11.

10:45 to 11:30—Enriched in Everything in Christ. 1 Cor. 1:4-5; Col. 2:9, 10.

11:30 to 12:15—Knowing the Things in Christ. Col. 2:3; 1 Cor. 2:9-12; John 16:14, 15.

12:15 to 1:15—Warm Luncheon.

1:15 to 2:15—Speaking the Things of Christ. 1 Cor. 2:13; Luke 24:48, 49.

2:15 to 3:15—Go Forward. Ex. 14:15; Matt. 28:19,20.

3:15 to 4—Waiting on God in Prayer. Is. 40:31.

How to get to Union St. Church. Take 8th or 12th St. cars to Union; the church is between 8th and 10th, on Union St.

At the Pier—Take Oakland train; get off at Adeline station; go one block west and two north.

THE PRESBYTERY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In Evangelistic Conference at Westminster Presbyterian Church, Corner Page and Webster Sts., Jan. 4, 1909.

Morning Session, 9:00 to 12 m.—The Rev. E. K. Strong. presiding.

9 to 9:20—Devotional, the Rev. C. G. Watson.

9:20 to 9:40—The Mission of the Church, the Rev. J. S. Thomas.

9:40 to 10—Discussion led by the Rev. J. W. Fisher, D.D.

10 to 10:10—Devotional. The Rev. F. A. Doane.

10:10 to 10:30—The Message of the Preacher. The Rev. H. H. Bell, D.D.

10:30 to 10:50—Discussion led by the Rev. Prof. E. A. Wicher, D.D.

10:50 to 11—Devotional. The Rev. C. S. Tanner.

11 to 11:20—The Need of Revival. The Rev. Wm. Rader, D.D.

11:20 to 11:40—Discussion led by the Rev. H. N. Bevier.

11:40 to 12—Devotional. Mr. H. E. Bostwick.

Lunch, 25 cents, served by the ladies of Westminster church.

Afternoon Session, 1:30 to 4:15 p. m.—The Rev. Prof. W. H. Landon, presiding.

1:30 to 1:45 p. m.—Devotional, the Rev. A. R. Willis.

1:45 to 2:05 p. m.——Pastoral Evangelism, the Rev. W. K. Guthrie.

2:05 to 2:25 p. m.—Discussion led by the Rev. Alex Eakin.

2:25 to 2:35—Devotional, Mr. A. S. Johnson.

2:35 to 2:55—Evangelism Through the Sunday School, the Rev. Professor T. V. Moore, D.D.

2:55 to 3:15—Discussion, led by the Rev. H. W. Gilchrist, D.D.

3:15 to 3:25—Devotional, the Rev. J. M. McElhinney.

3:25 to 3:45—Personal Evangelism, the Rev. D. A. Mobley, D.D.

3:45 to 4:05—Discussion, led by the Rev. G. A. Blair.

4:05 to 4:15—Report and Devotional, The Evangelistic Committee.

STUDENTS' CONFERENCE AT PACIFIC GROVE.

From present indications the conference will have an attendance exceeding that of the past few years. A large number of men from each institution in the State have signified their intention to be present and it is hoped that many more will take the conference into account in laying their vacation plans.

Some valuable additions will be noted in the list of speakers and leaders. President Baer will not be able to remain for the entire session and Mr. George Irving will preside. Mr. Irving was for some years International Student Secretary for Canada. President Guth of the University of the Pacific has been secured to lead the Normal class for Bible Class leaders. A full list of all leaders and speakers is here given:

Dr. Wm. Horace Day, Los Angeles; Dr. F. W. Clampett, San Francisco; Mr. E. C. Carter, New York; Prof. Chas. G. Paterson, San Anselmo; Mr. A. L. Adams, Oakland; Dr. John Willis Baer, Los Angeles; Mr. E. C. Mercer, New York; Mr. George Irving, Claremont; Mr. J. E. Sprunger, Los Angeles; Pres. A. A. Macurda, California College; Rev. Hugh A. Moran, Hankow, China; Mr. Leroy B. Smith, San Luis Obispo; Mr. H. J. McCoy, San Francisco; Pres. Wm. W. Guth, University of the Pacific; Rev. Wm. C. Pond, Redwood City; Mr. D. W. Weist, Stanford University; Mr. W. H. Reedy, University of California; Prof. T. C. Knoles, Los Angeles.

The railroads have granted a rate of one and one-third fare on the receipt certificate plan. A further concession of one fare for the round trip has been granted to the Southern California delegates, providing sixty go to the conference together. Return limit fifteen days from date of sale.

The necessary expenses of the trip are low, considering the advantages enjoyed. A program fee of $5.00 is charged each delegate to meet the expenses of the conference. Board for the nine days is $8.00. Add to these amounts the railroad fare and the total expense is found.

Pointers.

1. Send program fee not later than December 23, to Harry F. Henderson, P. O. Box 25, Los Angeles.
2. Be present at the opening address Monday evening, December 28.
3. Have mail sent in care of Student Conference, Pacific Grove, California.
4. Ask the local Association officers for further information or write to Gale Seaman, 659 Bixel Street, Los Angeles, or Harry F. Henderson, P. O. Box 25, Los Angeles.

JOHN R. MOTT,
E. C. CARTER,
GALE SEAMAN.
Executive Committee.

For California State Committee,
HARRY F. HENDERSON,
Student Secretary.

GRADUATE DEVOTED TO MISSION WORK.

Hugh A. Moran of Palo Alto Ordained by Presbytery for Chinese Service.

PALO ALTO, Dec. 13.—Hugh A. Moran, Stanford and Oxford graduate, was ordained as a missionary of the Presbyterian church this morning preparatory to his departure for China, where he will enter upon his life-work. At the regular meeting of the presbytery of San Jose, held last October, Moran was examined as a candidate for the ministry, the ordination being set for this date.

The local church was crowded wih friends of the popular young man and members of the clergy. Rev. James Falconer of Hollister, moderator of the presbytery, presided at the service, the sermon being delivered by Rev. J. W. Dinsmore, D.D., of San Jose. The prayer of ordination was offered by Rev. Walter Hays, pastor of the local church, of which Moran is a member, while the members of the presbytery laid their hands on the candidate and set him apart for his sacred office.

Dr. G. R. Alden delivered the charge and Rev. D. Charles Gardiner, chaplain of the Stanford University chapel, gave greetings to the candidate in behalf of that institution. Rev. Alexander Beattie and Rev. W. W. Kilpatrick assisted in the ceremonies.

Moran graduated from Stanford in 1905 and is the youngest son of Mrs. Jennie Moran of this city. While in college he was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity, a member of the track team and prominent in Y. M. C. A. affairs. At Oxford he ranked high among the American students and gained additional laurels as an athlete.

Moran's work in China will be among the upper classes and he will sail in February as a representative of the college branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, with headquarters at Hankow, where he will work among the students.

CHURCH NEWS

RIVERSIDE.—Arlington church had the pleasure of having their old-time pastor, Dr. H. B. Gage, who is always given a welcome among his many friends. Downey spared their pastor, Dr. Gage, to go to Riverside last Sabbath, and his pulpit was filled most acceptably by our beloved veteran, Dr. Wishard.

HIGHLAND PARK.—At a recent meeting of the Brotherhood an address was given by Elder W. E. McVay of Immanuel Church, vice-president of the German-American Savings Bank, on "Investment, Income, Inventory." It was a straightforward business-like talk, based on the parable of the talents. The Brotherhood has undertaken to furnish the pastor's study in the church. This is a new room, provided in the recent enlargement of the building.

VALONA.—The Ladies' Aid of this church gave a Bazaar on Dec. 11th, in the lecture room of the church. The building was tastefully decorated and the booths for the sale of fancy articles, candy, coffee, etc., were prettily arranged, and under the supervision of the ladies did an active business. The proceeds of the effort amounted to something over $80. Several improvements are being calculated upon, all tending to the better equipment and carrying on of the work in this chruch. The Rev. G. H. Whiteman, who has been pastor for the past three years [illegible] of the commissioners to the next General Assembly.

[illegible]. The Ladies' Aid of this place gave a supper and bazaar on Friday evening, Dec. 11th, in Johnson's [illegible]. The supper was well attended and goods sold readily. The proceeds realized from the effort, amounting [illegible], was deposited in the bank as the beginning of a building fund for a place of worship. At the last meeting of Presbytery a petition from this place was presented asking for the organization of a Presbyterian church, there being no church of any kind in this place. While the Protestant English-speaking people are few, yet a church is needed for the large number of children and young people who are growing up all around in the community. This field is cared for by Rev. G. H. Whiteman in connection with his work at Valona.

LOS ANGELES.—Central church has been holding special evangelistic meetings and is to have more. Last Sunday twenty new members were received. One of these was Mrs. H. M. Gilchrist, who has been under appointment of our Board among the Indians at Tucson, N. M. She now goes to Madera county to take charge of work among the Mono Indians, by appointments of the Indian Department of the U. S. Government. Mr. S. C. Gilman, formerly missionary among the Sioux Indians and later with our Mission Press in Beirut, Syria, went recently from membership in Central church to work with miners and railroad men in Ely, Nevada, where he is having good success.

Immanuel church received 44 members by letter and 30 on confession last Sunday. The only special service that contributed to this ingathering was a decision service in the Sunday-school, with help of Mr. W. S. Jacoby, Dr. Torrey's helper. At this communion service more than 900 communicants partook of the Lord's Supper. Next Sunday the special Christmas services will be held in the church. Tuesday evening of this week is the time for the Sunday-school Christmas exercises in Immanuel and some other churches. Tuesday of this week the Primary Department of the Sunday-school will give their annual Christmas entertainment, when they will have as guests of honor 100 or so children from the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum.

First church has received 19 new members since the last communion service. Next Sunday is the time for communion and public reception.

At the ministers' meeting Monday, Dr. F. P. Berry of Olivet church gave a sermon on John 9:4, that was much appreciated. There are good things every Monday under the direction of the program committee, of which Dr. Wishard is chairman. At the Bible Institute rooms last Thursday was held a preliminary meeting, called by Dr. J. A. Gordon, to consider the formation of a personal workers' board, enrolling those who will pledge themselves to personal soul-winning work.

TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Celebrated its fortieth anniversary on the 13th and 15 of this month. Rev. John Hemphill, D.D., on Sunday morning, the 13th, preached a discourse on Presbyterianism in San Francisco forty years ago. In the evening the pastor, Rev. Edward K. Strong presented a review of the church's life since its beginning. Trinity church is a child of Calvary church of this city, and Dr. Hemphill, who assumed the pastorate of Calvary church about a year after the organization of Trinity church was therefore well qualified to speak of its

beginning. Mr. John J. Nicholson, with other members of Calvary, established a Sunday-school in an old store on the corner of Folsom and 22nd streets, in the summer of 1863. In 1867 Rev. James H. Marr came to this city under commission of the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian church, old school, and was engaged by the session of Calvary church to care for this Sunday-school with a view to the organization of a church. This organization was effected in Decembed, 1868, with a membership of 17. It took the name of the Howard Street Presbyterian church and began its work in a building already built on Howard street near 21st. Its first pastor, Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, D.D., was installed in September, 1870. He was followed by Rev. A. K. Strong, D.D., the father of the present pastor, in the spring of 1876. Rev. A. S. Fiske succeeded in 1878; Rev. George L. Spining, D.D., in 1885; Rev. J. Cumming Smith in 1888; Rev. A. N. Carson, D.D., in 1897; Rev. J. H. Kerr, D.D., in 1900 and the present pastor in 1902.

From the small beginning of 17 members and 125 in the Sunday-school the church grew until before the fire it had a membership of upwards of 400 and a Sunday-school enrollment of nearly 500. Today its membership numbers 316 and its Sunday-school registers 467 members.

In 1892 the church moved into its present handsome building on the corner of 23rd and Capp Sts., and changed its name to that of Trinity Presbyterian church. During its life of 40 years it has had 1,321 accessions to its membership—551 on confession of faith and 770 by letter of dismission and recommendation. It has contributed for all purposes the sum of $265,000, which includes of course the money contributed for its present church building, which cost with the lot about $60,000. It has given to the cause of benevolence $29,000. These figures give but a small idea of the work of Trinity church. The influence in this city and upon the missionary fields cannot be set forth in statistics. Almost every church in the city and about the bay, as well as many elsewhere number among their most efficient members some who have been trained in habits of Christian usefulness in this church.

On Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., a company of more than 200 met in the church parlors of Trinity church at a banquet given by the ladies of the church. The hospitality of the ladies of Trinity church is well known and at this time they were true to their reputation. At the tables sat three of the charter members of the church, Mrs. Housely, Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Norman. Many of the older members were present whose homes are in other parts of the city or in the cities around the bay. The pastor of the church presided and read letters from three former pastors, the only ones now living, Rev. Drs. Fiske, Spining and Kerr. Letters were also read from Rev. Dr. Coyle of Denver, and Rev. Dr. H. C. Minton of Trenton, N. J. Brief words of greeting were given by Mr. Geo. B. McDougall of Calvary church, Rev. J. S. Thomas of Howard Presbyterian church of this city, Rev. L. A. McAfee, D.D., of Berkeley, and Rev. W. H. Landon, D.D., of the Theological Seminary of San Francisco. Rev. J. S. McDonald, D.D., gave some recollections of Rev. James H. Marr. Mr. W. A. S. Nicholson of this city and the first librarian of the mission Sunday-school, told of the forming of that school. Mrs. Day and Mrs. Bullock spoke of the work among the children in the church. Mr. Herbert Dalton and Mr. F. F. Bostwick told of the efforts among the boys, and Mrs. F. F. Bostwick and Mrs. Stevens spoke of the work of the ladies; Mrs. Hall of former pastors; Mr. Frank Dalton of the trustees and Mr. H. E. Bostwick of the elders of the early days and Mrs. E. G. Denniston of the Sunday-school work. Mrs. Mills and Mr. Samuel Booth entertained with their singing and the latter with an original poem. The evening and the anniversary closed with the singing of a stanza of "Blest be the Tie that Binds" and the benediction, while all went to their homes with delightful memories of the church's life and best wishes for its future.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Wicher has published a tract entitled "Keep Thyself Pure." It is for general distribution in our large cities where it ought to do much good. It is printed in colors and is attractive in form. It can be obtained at The New Book Store or of Dr. Wicher.

The regular work of the first semester closed on Friday last.

The San Francisco Baptist Memorial Union held a "retreat" in our Seminary building last Monday and Tuesday. Rooms were provided for them and the Students' Club furnished them with meals. All the leading pastors from the cities about the Bay and the professors of their theological seminary were in attendance. They had an interesting programme. We were glad to welcome to our Seminary mound such a goodly company.

Rev. Gilbert Voorhees, '05, has succeeded in raising the debt which has incumbered his church in Early, Iowa, and has thus cleared the way for more efficient work.

Rev. George H. Roach, '00, has been compelled on account of his health to take a rest from his arduous work in and about Bandon, Oregon. He and his family are residing temporarily at 1118 East Morrison St., Portland, Oregon.

THE NEW RELIGION.

"Have you heard of the new religion?" asked a lovely young woman, a member of the Presbyterian church. A new religion! Yes, I was told at a meeting of women a few evenings since that the second coming of Christ had already taken place. "When and where?" "In Persia," and she gave me the privilege of reading a mass of typewritten literature which had been loaned to her for her enlightenment. I read and re-read about the strange belief, and after that read the life of "Effendi," as he is now the reputed "Christ" and a prisoner under the Turkish government at Akka, Palestine, a town a little north of Mt. Carmel. E. G. Browne, M.A., M.K.A.S. Fellow of Pembroke College, Professor of Arabic, etc., wrote the introduction to the book. He says: "The most remarkable triumph of the Behai religion, is the remarkable success achieved in recent years by its missionaries in the United States of America, where as I understand, the number of believers may be counted by thousands, not confined to one state, or city, but represented in all the most important towns." Mr. Browne further says: "Once again in the world's history has the East vindicated her claim to teach religion to the West, and to hold in the spiritual world that prominence which the Western nations hold in the material." And again, "I have often heard wonder expressed by Christian ministers at the extraordinary success of Behai missionaries, as contrasted with the almost complete failure of their own!" What has Christianity done during past centuries, and what is it doing in this age? Let us tell these "new" believers the whole story.

The first Bab (Bab means Gate), a sort of John the Baptist, rose about 1844-48. He was put to death by the Mohammedan Turks, as also were many of his followers. His successor, Behoi Nilah (the "Blessed Perfection"), was appointed in 1892 and with his family was tortured and imprisoned for years. Upon approaching death his son, Abbos Effendi, was chosen by him as his successor. Many of our American women, some of whom were Presbyterians, have espoused this faith, and as we are told, acknowledge to Effendi personally their willingness to worship him as the Christ, the Son of God. Money is contributed liberally by Western "believers" to propagate the Babest religion, in Asia and in America.

A writer for a Fellowship magazine, Mr. Edwin W. Woodcock, says that "the last great manifestation, Bahai U'llah, is fuller than any which has preceded it; the long night of spiritual darkness ended when the universal spirit cg God was again manifest in the fleshly form of Bahai U'llah, and that through his revelations, or further unfolding of the mind of God, the entire world will now more rapidly attain to spiritual manhood." Mr. Woodcock talks about "useless and worn-out laws of Christian dispensation, only the fundamental laws of God remaining. This action is now in the process of fulfillment." He talks about "newly revealed truths now being elucidated by the perfectly developed soul, Effendi, God's designated center of the new dispensation covenant. Only fragments of their truths have as yet reached the Western civilization, owing to the lack of translation into the English language, but they are now coming with ever increasing frequency."

We are told that the "believers," of whom there are many, hold summer schools, quite after the manner of Northfield. That scholarly men speak of Effendi as "our Lord." His own sister calls him "our Lord," and speaks of the father, Behai U'llah, as "The Blessed Perfection." We can only think of the contrast between our Savior, Jesus Christ, who was the visible manifestation of the invisible God—His birth proclaimed by an angel choir, and twice the unmistakable God proiclaimed him as His Son—and this poor little Moslem ascetic, who doubtless is beginning to see the light through the teachings of our missionaries. Alas, for the weak thinkers of America!

MRS. E. V. ROBBINS.

The Michigan Christian Advocate remarks: "Some religious papers are endowed; the managers of others wish theirs were endowed. We would rather have 500 intelligent, 'live,' tactful, determined pastor agents than five hundred thousand dollars of endowment." The Advocate evidently has some pretty active representatives among Michigan pastors, for it has a circulation of more than 17,000, largely in Michigan. Not only in Michigan, but all over the country the Methodist Church is making its church papers serve the interests of the Kingdom as no other denomination is doing. The Methodists have the right plan Certain territory is assigned to a paper and the pastors are expected to press the claims of that paper in that territory above the claims of others outside of that territory. By so doing strong, able papers have been built up all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Sunday before the election Dr. Gunsaulus condemned in his pulpit in Chicago the bigotry of the attempt to defeat Judge Taft because of his Unitarianism.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Rosemary Dobbins.

A few leagues south of Jerusalem, on a gray ridge of the Judean hills, approached by a rocky road winding among olive orchards and vineyards, lies the little town of Bethlehem.

Long and peaceful has been the history of this sacred place. Red-handed war, and the lust of conquest have oft wrought destruction in the near-by Jerusalem, and many times have leveled her walls to the ground, but never—even during the irresistible march of the Roman armies or the overwhelming enthusiasm of the invading Crusaders—has Bethlehem been overthrown or her homes destroyed.

Fertile fields and green pastures surround this hillside village—Bethlehem, the House of Bread—and make it a lovesome spot in the midst of the stern, barren hills of Judea; and on the summit of the ridge, a crown of glory to the clustering homes, today still stands Christendom's most ancient church, the Church of the Nativity.

Three thousand or more years ago, Ruth the Moabitess gleaned the barley in these fields of Bethlehem, and won the heart of the lord of the village, and only less remotely did her great-grandson David guard his sheep through the chill nights and pipe to them by day in these same meadows, taught, through the long nights, by the stars and the running brooks, the great secrets of the soul that God wished him to reveal to man.

But time has sped by since David sang and reigned in Israel, and now, at the time of our story, the mighty Roman has enthralled the world. For generations has the tramp of Roman soldiery sounded through Europe, Asia and Africa. Battle and siege and triumphal procession have everywhere followed their advance, and everywhere subjugated kingdoms have bent to the Roman yoke, and submitted to the iron sway. But when Augustus Caesar became Emperor at Rome an unwonted hush and peace settled upon the hitherto distracted nations. The Roman legions were idle at last. Even from distant China came echoes that one who styled himself Prince of Peace had just ascended their imperial throne. As intense conviction was thrilling the entire East that soon a powerful monarch who would gain dominion over all nations would arise in Judea, and a guilty and weary world was dimly expecting the advent of its Deliverer.

Hard by Bethlehem was the palace fortress of King Herod, usurper of Israel and ruler of the province of Judea by the grace of Rome. This palace was built upon a hill and encircled by the magnificent houses of his favorite nobles, but within, the pleasures and vices of the despot had taken on the darkest hues of crime. There the wicked king trembled over the whispers and rumors of a new king coming to govern Israel.

His fury was unbounded when he pondered the mysterious quest of those strangers to whom he had just given audience in his palace at Jerusalem. Kings and Magi were they from the far East and they had boldly asked of him—Herod—"Where is he that is born King of the Jews? We have seen his star in the East and are come to worship him." Had not the priests when questioned as to this babble about a Deliverer and King read from their ancient prophecies: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel"? And why had not the strangers returned to him as he had straitly charged them? It was intolerable. Never could he even look toward Bethlehem

without thought of the hated mysterious rival.

Shortly before this visit of the Magi and their retinue to Jerusalem, a decree had been promulgated from Rome that had thrown all Palestine in to ferment. A census is demanded of the province of Judea. Distasteful as it is it cannot be disobeyed, but true to the traditions of their tribal relations, the Jews elect to be enrolled in their ancestral homes, and travel is heavy on the highways in consequence.

In obedience to this decree, Joseph, and his youthful wife Mary, set forth from their home in Nazareth. They are of the house of David and must needs cover the eighty miles that lie between their northern home and Bethlehem.

Late one wintry afternoon they were slowly making their way up the steep approaches to the town. The road was gay with travelers, some coming back after many years' absence, and others eager to see for the first time the town so linked with their tribal glory. The camel drivers hurried their patient carriers forward, the donkey-boys shouted to their donkeys and pedestrians jostled each other in their desire to reach the top of the hill and secure a resting place in the khan before nightfall.

But Mary and Joseph could not hasten. The maiden-wife's steps were slow and her strength well nigh spent ere the khan was reached, and then they were too late—. "there was no room in the inn." Only the cave remained in which the camels and asses were sheltered, and into that lowly retreat the wearied Mary was carried, and 'there brought forth her first born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger! '

"And there were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

"And the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the thing which the Lord had made known unto them, and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them: Fear not! for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God' and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will.

And the shepherds hastened to Bethlehem to see this thing which the Lord had made known unto tem, and they found Mary and Joseph and the Babe lying in a manger."

And other and more royal visitants came. Led by the star, the wise men who had waited and searched with a growing hope in their hearts, at last kneeled in adoration before the young child. Worshipfully they presented their offerings—gold for a king, frankincense for a high priest, and myrrh for the great physician.

And they rejoiced exceedingly—"these gentiles who had come to his light, these kings to the brightness of his rising"—knowing that "a child had been born, a son had been given, that the government should be upon his shoulder, and his name should be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, The Might God, The Everlasting Father, and The Prince of Peace."

Bishop Hendrix of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was elected president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ at its recent meeting in Philadelphia. We print this week a fine article by him on "Partnership in Service."

WHEN THE PASTOR FALLS DOWN.

What do you do in your church when the preacher falls down?

No, this isn't any slur on the preacher. Being just one human man on a job big enough for a half-dozen superhumans, he's only too certain to fall down somewhere sooner or later. Asking what you mean to do in that case isn't slurring him; it's just insisting on your giving him the square deal he's entitled to.

The popular way of meeting such a situation is to turn the preacher off and get another.

That might be fair if the pastor's job was just one plain job that one set of qualifications was sufficient for. Then when he failed in that one line, you'd be justified in saying it was all off—that he had missed his calling.

If a carpenter can't fit two boards together he'd better go and heave coal; fitting boards is all there is to carpentering. So with most occupations; they are single, narrow lines.

But the business of being a preacher is different; it's about a hundred lines wrapped up into one man's task, and it's beyond any decent and reasonable human requirement to expect any one individual to come out with a hundred per cent success on all of them.

Just give a minute's clear and honest thought to what a variety of abilities a minister's position demands of him.

He needs to be a smooth, fluent orator. He ought to have not merely words, but ideas, too; he very decidedly needs to be a thinker. He needs a lot of book knowledge—theology, philosophy, history and the like—but it won't do for him to read books all the time; people won't stand for him unless he is also very much of a "mixer"—perfectly at home among men.

And of course the modern preacher should be an organizer—masterful as a general in fitting people into the places where they belong. He doesn't dare, however, to show a bit of a general's spirit of command; he's bound to manage people wholly by persuasiveness—which takes enormous persuasiveness. The preacher should be an acute, accurate, discreet business man—in order to keep the church "temporalities" out of tangle. And above all he must be a spiritually minded man, though at the same time it is highly important that he must not be a visionary; people won't listen to him if he is not practical.

Just see what a tremendous bundle of qualities you've got. You could make a lawyer, a politician, a business man, a teacher, a settlement worker, a popular lecturer, an author, a philosopher, man-around-town, an ascetic a military commander all out of that combination, and have a lot of qualities left over to distribute along a whole line of occupations from family physician to church janitor.

Yet you're supposing that you've hired the whole combination in the pastor of your church, and are expecting to get the benefit of each of these various elements of strength—all out of one man.

But you won't; somewhere in the list you're due for a disappointment. If your minister's a great preacher, it's more than likely he won't be very strong on organization. If he's a gentle, comforting pastor, he may very probably be a good deal lacking in the pulpit. If he's a deep student, he may be awkward out among men. If he's a hearty good fellow to meet, he may impress you as not very deep intellectually or even spiritually. Some day before long you'll find a weak side to him.

The question is, What are you going to do about it when you make the discovery? Follow the ordinary way and hint to the preacher that it's time for him to move on?

Well, you'll not better the matter that way. The next preacher will have his weakness too.

And you'll do a rank injustice to the man you drive away. No man should be driven out of a pastorate for his defects of ability. There are only four good reasons for shoving out a preacher—his being lazy,. being silly, being selfish, or being morally crooked.

When a minister lacks honor, self-sacrifice, industry, or horse-sense—any one—he's not fit for anybody's pastorate.

But all other deficiencies than these are curable. Many of them the preacher himself should be able to cure. But all the shortcomings that the minister either can't cure or doesn't cure—these are up to his church to take care of.

Every church when it calls a new pastor, ought to watch narrowly to see where he is going to fall down. But not to get a chance to complain—God forbid! When the pastor falls down, then the church has discovered where it can help him.

If the preacher shows up inefficient in organizing the people for work, then that's the signal for the men in the church who are strongest in the knack of organization to turn in and line up the membership for effective results.

If the pastor seems to get tangled and befuddled when money matters are to be dealt with, then let men used to handling dollars step forward and get the money worry off the pastor's mind.

If the pastor is slow and timid about calling on strangers and diffident in meeting newcomers, let the folks that have easy social graces go in strong for friendly visiting and hand-shaking.

If the Sunday-school lags or the prayer meeting is dull, and the pastor doesn't seem to know what to do about it, let the congregation boom those features of work with their own effort.

If the pastor falls down on his preaching, it's harder for the church to fill in that defect—which, by the way, is reason enough why the pastor ought to try specially hard not to fall down there. But even poor pulpit work a live congregation can do a great deal to remedy.

They can listen hard; that will inspirit the preacher. They can praise his best abilities; that will encourage to cultivate his most valuable gifts. They can lift detail matters off his shoulders; that will leave him more time for study. They can give him money for books and conventions; those will freshen him. And they can pray for him; God only knows what that will do.

Finally here's a rule for a going and growing church: Count on your pastor's abilities as his chance; count on his inabilities as your chance.

"IS SANTA CLAUS STILL LIVING?"

Rev. W. M. Proctor.

Will Santa Claus, with his merry round face and his cheery manner, ever come again? A long, long time ago he used to start from his ice-bound home in the Northland and coming to the habitations of men bring good things to the children and good-cheer to every household. But of late there have arisen some "grown-ups" who say that "Old Santa" is a myth; and there are even precocious children who smile knowingly when threats of his displeasure are made to keep them good "just 'fore Cristmas."

Yet all right minded folk know well enough that Santa Claus is real, and even now at Christmas time he comes scattering gladness along his hurrying way. "Not so," the doubters say. "You never saw him. All the stories of his doings are but idle tales and never should be taught to children or believed." These are they who would banish all fairy stories from the nursery and rob childhood of its chief delight, the realm of Make-believe. It were a waste of time to try converting them. Their sense-dulled ears never heard in the frosty stillness of a Christmas eve the tinkling sound of reindeer bells, or the soft rustle of fur garments in the chimney flue, so how could they be expected to understand. They are of the sordid kind who need to see with their eyes and handle with their hands, not knowing that the things not seen are the things most real.

To those whose eyes have not been dimmed, whose hearts have not been chilled by selfishness, the marks of Santa's presence in the world are very plain. His smile is seen reflected in the sunny faces of those made glad by his timely visits; his jolly laugh is echoed by the troops of joyous children who display their trophies on Christmas morn. He is real and yet he cannot be seen because he belongs to the world of spirits. He is the **"Good Spirit of Giving."**

During all the rest of the year the **"Spirit of Getting"** holds full sway. He drives men ever with relentless hand. He sends Ambition to allure them; he incites Avarice to clutch them; he causes the Wolf of Hunger to bite them, and by a hundred other devices he spurs them on to accumulate, to hoard, to Get the good things of life for themselves. He plants the germ of the **"Disease of More"** in their blood, and compels them to slave and toil and strive and strain to pile dollar on dollar, gain on gain, until their hands are palsied and their very souls are shriveled by the intensity of this passion for Getting.

At Christmas season some benign, mysterious hand smites the **"Spirit of Getting"** a mighty blow and he is compelled for twelve long days to lie quiescent. 'Tis then the **"Spirit of Giving"** makes bold to come forth. He inspires men to be care-free and merry; he sows broadcast sentiments of peace and fellowship. He still chants the ancient Christmas rhyme:

> "Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
> And Christmas blocks are burning;
> Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
> And all their spits are turning.
> Without the door let sorrow lie,
> And if for cold it hap to die,
> We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
> And evermore be merry."

Since God's greatest gift to man was made,—since the Advent of the Christ-child in Bethlehem town so many, many years ago, the **"Spirit of Giving"** has been slowly but surely gaining the mastery over the **"Spirit of Getting."** New Joy has come into child-life, new meaning into all life since the Saviour of men lived out the meaning of his own words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

So whether it takes the form of Wise Men from the East bearing gifts of frankincense and myrrh, or is represented by the liveried postman, bearing tokens of remembrance from far away loved ones, or comes in the guise of an indulgent father, making glad the hearts of little ones, the Spirit of Giving still finds embodiment at the Christmas season.

The child recognizes this **"Spirit of Giving"** as Santa Claus. With vivid imagination he clothes him with a form of jovial proportions, furnishes him with sleigh and reindeer team and sends him on his happy round of Christmas calls. Long may he remain the children's Patron Saint, extending his beneficent rule until the **"Spirit of Giving"** shall have sway not only for twelve days but for three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

Ritzville, Wash.

PARTNERSHIP IN SERVICE.

Bishop E. R. Hendrix, D.D., LL.D.

The keynote of the twentieth century is service. It is a new note, and doubtless the lost chord which was missing for centuries. Asceticism at last said, It is not in me. The solitary religious life is something attractive only to a soul out of touch with its day. It gave the keynote to some of the centuries, but they were the barren centuries. Men called it meditation, mysticism, religious experience, but there was something morbid and tuneless about it all. It lacked harmony and music. There were no songs of hope and triumph begotten by the solitary life. Even religious experience, sought for itself, was unsympathetic and often hysterical. The hermit was the slave of strange delusions. His solitary and aching heart was his worst tormentor. Morbid introspection is the curse of the ascetic, whoever writes bitter things against himself. Christ taught a social and not a solitary religion. The watchword of our present century is "Together." Never did men so believe in "the communion of saints," and never were saints so willing to commune and to work together. They are learning to keep step as they march. "Songs of degrees" are possible only to those who sing together as they march and march together as they sing. It is the lock-step that stirs nations. No stragglers with antiquated weapons, but trained soldiers with weapons of precision makes modern armies, as wars are counted by weeks and not by years. Modern warfare always reckons the allies as well as the principals. Triple alliances and kaiser-bunds have been the peace keepers of Europe. It is the allied armies of our Lord that will win the world-wide conquest.

Our Lord called men who were partners in trade to become partners in service. In the common ownership of boats and nets they had won their daily food from the sea. Only in working together could they make full proof of all their lives as fishermen. Together they must man and sail their boats, and together they must lower and drag and lift their nets, so as to be surely ready for the next draught of fishes as they launch out into the deep. While in their boats and together mending their nets, the Master calls them to him to become fishers of men. They at once leave their nets and their boats and together obey him and together henceforth fish for men as truly as with their united skill and strength they had gathered in the harvest of the sea. Who can say how valuable a part partnership formed in each life, the secular and the sacred? How much better men could work together for their Lord who knew the meaning and duties of partnership. The bodyguard apostles were ever partners on the sea and in the service of their Lord. Do we not feel that somehow they better understood each other and were stronger and happier in their work for that fact? On the other hand there will come an impression of the solitariness of Judas Iscariot. Had he any bosom friend among the Twelve? Did he ever learn to work together with anybody? The taciturn man could scarce have known himself without the sense of fellowship. What suspicions and envies lurked in his dark and solitary soul. Nor did he even find any one of the Twelve to become a partner in his crime.

Man comes to best in society, not in solitude. Each of us is, after all, only a fragment of a man, seeking the other fragment which must make the whole. It is as we share the counsels and sympathy and co-operation of our fellowmen that we find ourselves. The men who have become great either as captains of armies or captains of industry attribute their success to their knowledge of men and their ability to choose wise fellow workers. Their success is the success of the many rather than of the one. Napoleon and his marshals, not a single star, but even a quadruple star, make the history of France for nearly a generation. It was partnership in war that made possible Waterloo, as Blucher appeared at last to give the deathblow to the conquerer of Europe and its scourge. So great commercial enterprises are possible only to united wisdom and energy and capital. Great directing minds depend on the fidelity of subordinates and are in danger of failure through the lack of faithful service of any one in a subordinate position. A picket or a watchman may betray any army or a manufactory. Division of labor makes places for thousands whose good work makes the great success of the whole plant. Each can rejoice in the work of all just as each has made possible the work of all. The measure of civilization itself is the measure of man's co-operation with his fellowman. Only thus can cables be placed and great trunk lines be built and the keels of mighty merchantmen be laid. The only partnership the savage has is in the rude arts of war, not in the more perfect arts of peace. His fields and forests yield no grain and lumber for export, and only the crudest craft is possible on his undredged rivers. Partnership in what is less is the condition of partnership in what is greater.

The greater idea of the kingdom is happily displacing the lesser idea of the church. The term kingdom is used in the gospel to denote his society not less than one hundred and twelve times, and always by Christ himself, while he only speaks twice of the church. The idea of the kingdom is primary as well as ultimate. The church is not co-extensive with the kingdom while a vital part of the kingdom. The idea of the church may be narrowed to that of the sect. The idea of the kingdom broadens the idea of the churchman as it reminds him that the kingdom of God is the whole organism, so far as it is affected by divine influences. Never is a church so weak as when it loses sight of the kingdom which is to be world-wide. As George Adam Smith well says: "The prophetic spirit always languished when the nation lost its sense of relation to the world on a mission to mankind." The voice that cannot sound out into the world has but a feeble message for those at home. While it is true, as Cardinal Newman said, "the true test of the catholicity of a church is its power to produce saints;" yet the saints, whether canonized or not, are those who have given themselves like Xavier and Jogues to the saving of men and not simply to the loving of themselves. It has been well said by Phillips Brooks: "It is a striking fact that the two great powers of papacy and Islam should have arisen together, reached their meridian grandeur together, and together have declined, with the rise of Protestantism." When Rome abandoned her missions to the Mohammedan world it was a confession of decaying faith and vitality. Protestantism shows her greater vigor as she shows her greater love and faith. She conquers not by reason of sacrificing everything to an outward unity, but by devoting everything to a divine Christ, Lord over all and evermore.

After a century of somewhat sporadic effort in the Chinese empire, on the part of the churches of Europe and America, effort sometimes marred by unwise competition and without that sense of sympathy necessary for the best results, it was refreshing to see the spirit of partnership in service overcome all differences among the workers at their centenary conference, in Shanghai. Read their declaration of purpose, a declaration as notable as the Declaration of Independence made by our forefathers. It would not have been possible a half or even a quarter of a century earlier. Now no other declaration is possible. It is the Magna

Charta of missions and the justification of all engaged in missionary work: "That in planting the church of Christ on Chinese soil, we desire only to plant one church under the sole control of the Lord Jesus Christ, governed by the Word of the living God and led by His guiding spirit. While freely communicating to this church the knowledge of truth, and the rich historical experience to which the older churches have attained, we fully recognize the liberty in Christ of the churches in China planted by means of missions and churches which we represent, in so far as these churches are, by maturity of Christian character and experience, fitted to exercise it; and we desire to commit them in faith and hope to the continued safe-keeping of their Lord, when the time shall arrive, which we eagerly anticipate, when they shall pass beyond our guidance and control." A church thus planted and nourished and strengthened can be trusted to keep sacredly the oracles of God and all that is precious in our holy faith. The scaffolding may well fall when the massive building can stand complete. Like the church at Pentecost, when all were with one accord in one place the incarnate Lord was yet in their midst, although all had witnessed his ascension some ten days before.

One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all and in all—it is under such guidance and blessing that we can, with all lowliness and meekness with long suffering, forbearing one another in love, give diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Our Lord's very call to service was a call to partnership in service, as he sent out his disciples, as well as the seventy, two and two. With God two are ten times more than one. "Else how could one of you chase a thousand and two of you put ten thousand to flight?"

Kansas City, Mo.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

January 3-10, 1909.

Evangelical Alliance Topics.

Sabbath, Jan. 3.—Sermons: "The Law of the Harvest." Gal. 6:7. James 4:3.

Monday, Jan. 4.—"The Bible—the Word of God." Prayer: That the Bible may everywhere have free course, and ever prove itself the means of individual, and social, and world-wide salvation. Heb. 1:1, 2; II Tim. 3:16, 17; II Pet. 1:21; Heb. 4:12.

Tuesday, Jan. 5.—"God's Faithfulness, Man's Responsibility." Prayer: For a vivid realization of our bounden duty to be faithful; for a convincing sight of our personal sin in failing to fulfill God's gracious conditions; and for the spirit of true repentance as shown by works meet for repentance. I Cor. 1:3-8. See also Luke 12: 42-44; Phil. 2: 12, 13; Rev. 2:10.

Wednesday, Jan. 6.—"Missions, Home and Foreign." Prayer: For a double portion of the true missionary spirit; for such individual consecration as shall greatly enrich missionary treasuries, and fill to overflowing the ranks of the gospel's heralds; and for special inspiration and guidance from God, in improving the wonderful opportunity now offered. Matt. 28: 19, 20.

Thursday, Jan. 7.—"Intemperance and Gambling." Prayer: For national awakening to the evils of intemperance, and for effective opposition to public gambling; that, without distinction of party or creed, there may be a determined effort to protect the home, and uphold social order, and save the rising generation, by overthrowing the worst of man's destroyers. That the spirit of the awakening may be the more purified and enlightened and confirmed; that practical experience may be heeded as the test of methods and the proof of results, and that the final outcome may be wholly good. Prov. 20:1; 23:32; Rom. 12:17; Hab. 2:15; I Cor. 6:10; Phil. 4:8.

Friday, Jan. 8.—"The Family and the School." Prayer: That the family may everywhere be hallowed by love, and strengthened by reverent fidelity; that public opinion may safeguard it, and wise laws be its defense; and that the divine blessing may rest evermore on all our schools and institutions of learning. Gen. 2:24; Psa. 68:5, 6; Job 28: 28; Matt. 19:5, 6; Psa. 111:10.

Saturday, Jan. 9.—"The Signs of the Times." Prayer: For a more loving, passionate devotion to the great Christian doctrines, and to Christ, the center of doctrine and transformer of law into life. Prayer for a profounder personal sympathy with our Lord in his travail for the saving of the individual and society and the world, and for the faith which works by love. Matt. 16:3; Heb. 2:4; Matt. 24:3, 14; Phil. 2:9-11; Rev. 11:15.

Sabbath, Jan. 10.—Sermons: "Christ, the Giver of Life." John 14:6.

HURTIN' BIZNESS.

"Don't you know you're hurtin' bizness," said the red fox to the hound,
"When instead of sleepin' peaceful you come snoopin', sniffin' round?
What's the good of all your barkin? What's the use of all this fuss?
What were chickens ever made for if they weren't made for us?"

"Can't you see you're hurtin' bizness?" said the South Sea savage chief
To the fearless missionary who was sitting on the reef;
"I have seven white men captured that I want to sell as meat.
What were white folks ever made for if they weren't made to eat?"

"Don't you know you're hurtin' bizness?" said the robber in the jail,
While the stubborn sheriff listened to his almost tearful tale.
"Those who make and sell the jimmies, don't you see, are losin' trade
While you foolishly confine me where no get-aways are made?"

"Can't you see you're hurtin' bizness?" said the devil to the man
Who was steadily progressing on the live-and-let-live plan;
"You are keepin' men from fallin' who, if sorely pressed, might fall;
Why, if all men did as you do I would have no job at all."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A representative of the Boston Transcript, writing of the Federal Council of Churches at Philadelphia, says of the organic union idea: "A meeting like that at Philadelanphia could not continue seven days without the sounding of an occasional note looking toward more comprehensive union. It was heard most loudly when the subject of foreign missions was being debated; and there

were not wanting men like Secretary J. L. Barton of the American Board, Robert E. Speer of the Presbyterian Board, Dr. Lloyd of the Episcopal Missionary Society, and Dr. Levi Gilbert, editor of a Cincinnati Methodist paper, who boldly proclaimed their desire to eliminate denominational distinction in the Christian propaganda in the Orient. Dr. Barton portrayed humorously the difficulty of making a Chinaman understand the difference between various brands of American Presbyterianism, while Mr. Speer was never more eloquent or convincing than when he declared for real tangible Christian unity abroad. But the Council could not rise to the level of the resolution brought in by Dr. Barton, favoring the elimination of denominational distinctions as far as possible in the foreign field. More than threescore men stood with him, but twice that number voted in the negative, and then the assembly passed a mild resolution commending federation movements abroad. Evidently the majority shared the misgivings and fears of the Southern Methodist, Bishop Hoss, who wanted to know what this one Union Church would be called and what denomination it was to be patterned after; then, too, the fear that emphasis on organic union abroad might dry up the springs of denominational benevolence at home, prompted many of the delegates to vote as they did. But the subject was not altogether dismissed by the adverse vote, and one or two ardent advocates of real consolidation undertook, later in the sessions, to bring in resolutions looking in that direction—only to find themselves frowned upon by Chairman Roberts and other sponsors for the Federation, who remarked, in private: "We've succeeded in getting the thirty-three denominations together—what's the use now of introducing divisive measures?" So the conservatism and prudence of the older men triumphed over the ardor of the younger men; but meantime the Chinese Christians and the Japanese Christians and the Christians of India are taking matters into their own hands and consummating organic unions from time to time. And it is as sure as anything can be that has not already happened, that the Christian Church of the Orient will in due time formulate not only its own theology, but its own Church polity, and that polity is not likely to perpetuate many of the distinctions that have grown up in the Christendom of the West. Probably a great majority of the delegates to Philadelphia are willing to have it so—even though they are not willing now to speak right out in meeting to that effect."

BETHLEHEM'S GUESTS: THE KING; THE SHEPHERDS; THE WISE MEN.

The angels came from their home above,
The heralds of Incarnate Love;
Singing of Peace, Good Will to Men;
Thilling the Shepherds of Bethlehem,
In whose manger God's holy Son
His earthly life had just begun.
With joy the Shepherds their story told—
A story too sweet to ever grow old.

The angels' song we will sing again;
"Peace on earth, and Good Will to Men."

The Wise Men on their sacred quest
  Pressed onward from afar;
Safely guided on their way
  By that mysterious star
That led them on to Bethlehem—
  A King's highway they trod—
Where what they sought with joy they found—
  The son of Mary—Son of God.

The gold, frankincense, myrrh they gave
  The Sovereign they sought,
Were not as precious as the love
  That unto Him they brought.

The Shepherds and the Wise Men found
  Their King without delay;
And we their haste should far surpass
  In this our golden day.

More precious than the gems and gold
  A Sheba's Queen could bring,
Are treasures of the heart that we
  Can give unto our King.

—James S. McDonald, Corte Madera, Cal.



TEACH ME.

Teach me, O Father, so to read
The pathos of my brother's need—
That pity move to saving deed!

And dower me with a tact divine,
(From soul to soul the countersign)—
A bearer of a balm benign!

My hands, with grace to heal, empower—
That in my brother's anguished hour,
His wound I touch, as dew doth flower!

And last, O, Father, this my prayer—
That I my brother's life may share,
Until I care, as Love doth care—

Until I haste, as Love doth go—
On heavenly errands to and fro,
As even went Thy Son below!

—Edith Hope Kinney.

THE ART OF LETTING ALONE.

The art of letting people alone is an exceeding fine art. As the practice of it becomes more necessary in the growing complexity of modern life it also becomes more difficult. We are so much thrown with the crowd now-a-days that the opportunity to be alone and to allow others to be alone comes to most of us only with much seeking. Another difficulty in the practice of this art arises from the fact that it requires a certain amount of humility on the part of him who would learn it. He must really be persuaded in his own mind that "the other fellow" will be better off for a time without his society. It is a difficult art for the hostess to learn unless she is an unusual woman, but when she has mastered it no one has a finer opportunity for using it.

"Did you have a pleasant visit at Mrs. C's?" a young lady was recently asked. "Oh, yes," was the enthusiastic reply, "I was quite tired out when I went there, you know; but she let me roam in the garden all the morning and

sleep all the afternoon, and we seldom saw each other except at meals."

The questioner may have received something of a shock at this description of "a pleasant visit" or she may have realized that Mrs. C. was an adept in the art of letting alone. Doubtless she could arrange dinner parties and luncheons and "teas" with the utmost skill, but she knew when they would be appreciated and when peace and quiet were preferable. We have all suffered at the hands of the kind, overburdened hostess who entertained us to death, and whose elaborate menus made us feel that every nerve had been strained in the preparation of them.

But if the art of letting alone is difficult for the hostess, it is by no means easy for the guest. Other things being equal she may make her visit a pleasure or a bugbear, according to her skill in the art. The guest who never disappears with a book, who never has letters to write or the semblance of some work to do in her room, who sits about always on dress parade, always waiting to be "entertained," is the worst sort of a bore. One long-suffering hostess expressed her mind on the subject when she said: "I just won't entertain any one any more who doesn't go to her room after luncheon and at least pretend to take a nap."

"My dear, you do obliterate yourself the most gracefully of any one I ever knew," was the pretty compliment paid by another hostess to her guest.

It is not only on the occasions of visits, however, that the art of letting alone comes into play, but in the everyday life of the family. Even the small child may be taught not to disturb the mother's quiet hour for rest or reading, not to disturb the baby when he is playing happily by himself, just as he is taught not to meddle with his father's desk or his mother's bric-a-brac.

For the child's mother the lesson is far more difficult, perhaps the most difficult which she has to learn. The nagging mother will never learn it and the over-conscientious mother will have to school herself daily before she masters it. She knows that growth and individual development are possible for the child only when he is left to himself at times, but it is so much easier to make every decision for him, to assume every responsibility, rather than see him make the inevitable mistakes, that she sometimes forgets the heavier consequences resulting from a lack of decision and strength in character. She spoils him with over-tending and, as Juliet says, "too much cherishing."

Among the older members of the family there is often too little letting alone, especially if they are extremely fond of each other.

"Shall I close your door as I go out?" asked a guest when she saw that the young lady she was visiting was engaged in some work which required particular attention. "Oh, mercy no," was the reply, "the family would wonder what was the matter and whether I was mad about something."

"Do you mean to say that you do all your working listening to those noisy twins and the maid's broom and dust-pan?"

"Yes," laughed her friend, "I suppose it is silly; but we never close our doors in this family. It's thought to be too exclusive!"

Now, that family needed lessons in the art of letting alone!

The housekeeper always has much need of this useful art for no maid, of however angelic temper, can do good work if her mistress is always at her heels. They say a housekeeper's eyes should be everywhere, but surely they must contrive to reach some corners when the maid is not around, and a clever woman can always judge by results how the work has been done. George Eliot, it is said, had great success in living with other women's cast off servants, and this success was attributed largely to the fact that she gave a servant her orders and directions for the day at one time and then let her alone while she carried them out.

One place where the practice of letting alone is not easy is the schoolroom; yet there is no place where it is more essential. The teacher will reach her highest success only when she learns when to let Tom alone for a day or two, and bring out Jennie, and when to drop the subject of dividing fractions if the class is worked up into nervous chills over the mysterious actions of five-eighths divided by three-fifths.

Altogether, the art of letting alone is a very useful art. It works out in a good many directions and is quite as worthy of cultivation as a number of arts over which more fuss is made. Even a little skill in it is worth having.—Ex.

Young People

AN ACTION SONG.

If there's something to be done,
Do it.
Though it yield but little fun,
Do it.
Life is not all holiday;
There is work as well as play,
But the work is what will pay;
Do it.

Is a lesson to be learned,
Learn it;
Or a dollar to be earned,
Earn it.
Sturdy blows must needs be struck,
If life's fruitage you would pluck;
Put no trust in idle luck;
Spurn it.

Is a wrong wish in your mind,
Kill it;
You can, if you're so inclined;
Will it.
Be the master of your thought,
Do not sell yourself for nought;
Store your mind with what you ought;
Fill it.

Does a song come to your soul,
Sing it;
Does some burden on you roll,
Bring it,—
Bring it to the place of prayer,
Leave it in the Master's care;
Heaven's bell is waiting there;
Ring it. —Ex.

WHY HE DID NOT WIN.

The following true incident, though a trifle, has a suggestive meaning for many readers:

It was the day for the public exhibition of athletic sports in Blank College. The grandstand was crowded with matrons and pretty maidens. Below, the faculty, the trustees and fathers of the boys unbent from their grave dignity, and laughed over baseball games, and races of fifty

years ago. Around the ring were crowded the students from a rival college. The men who were to take part in the "events" of the day were close-fitting flannel suits of the college colors, white and blue.

Two brothers stood near each other; the breast of one was covered with silver and gold medals, the other had not one.

"Champion, hundred yards dash." "First prize, Mile Run," said a bystander, reading some of the inscriptions on the medals. "How many of these things have you, Joe?"

"He has over twenty at home," said his brother, eagerly.

"And you none, Tom? How is that?"

"Never could come in first. I think I shall take a gold bar today, though. There is one thing I can do—the hurdle race."

"Oh!" cried the child's voice behind him, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

Tom turned, and saw a little girl seated by a poorly dressed woman. Both were looking at him with startled disappointed faces.

"Who are they?" Tom whispered to his friend.

"Bradford's mother and sister. One of the charity students. He's in the hurdle race. I suppose they thought the poor wretch would win the gold medal, and be asked to dinner with Prex tonight, along with the first-prize men."

"Yes," said Tom, thoughtfully, as he walked away

Bradford was a dull fellow, he remembered, and neglected by most of the students who were better clothed and better bred than himself. If the boy won the prize, and appeared at the president's state dinner, it would certainly give him a standing, in future, among the boys. A moment later a lady who knew him called Tom to the grandstand. "This will be the victor in the hurdle race," she said to the ladies near her, who smiled while Tom blushed and laughed.

The sports began. One event succeeded another. The hurdle race was called; Tom and Bradford started together, but Tom passed him easily. All of the hurdles were passed but one. Tom glanced aside, saw the strained face of the shabby woman, and the child's tearful eyes, and the next instant tripped and fell, while Bradford leaped past him.

The president himself gave the prizes. The band played, and the men shouted as he handed the gold medal to Bradford. Joe had, as usual, half a dozen prizes Tom stood by, without any.

But the president said to a looker-on: "There was nothing to trip that boy. He fell purposely, that Bradford might win."

"Shall not you let him know that you know it?"

"No. The man who can conquer himself, even in a trifle, needs no other reward."—Ex.

HIS MOTHER'S APRON-STRINGS.

When I was a boy, we boys used to plan for what we called "a good time."

"We boys" were three. Once in a while, by unanimous consent, we would include a fourth. An entire day, from dawn till dark, was usually the span of time allotted. But the time was only a sort of container. As it was a good basket of apples if it contained fruit to our taste, so the time was a good time if it had been filled with fishing, hunting, or nutting.

Now there was a newcomer to our town one spring. He appeared to be a boy with some sport in him, so we boys decided unanimously to take him with us.

"Halloa, Billie! ' called Bob.

Now Bob was our captain, and sometimes we called him Cap for short. Billie was about a square away, but he stopped. Bob was a success at calling. He had a way with him that commanded respect.

"I say, Billie," said Bob, coming, up to him, "we fellows are goin' a-fishin', and we'd be mighty glad to have you go with us."

Billie looked the picture of fun. He came a few steps closer to Bob and stopped, bracing himself by spreading his feet, throwing back his head and shoulders, and hooking his thumbs under his suspenders close to his collar.

"Is that so?" said he. "When are you going?"

"To-morrow," answered Bob, "tomorrow morning early. We're goin' to dig bait and get everything ready tonight, so's to get an early start."

"Tomorrow! Why, tomorrow's Sunday!" said Billie with disappointment.

The shine all went off of his face, his head fell, and his shoulders dropped forward.

"But what o' that?" asked Bob. "You haven't anything else to do tomorrow, have you?"

"Yes," answered Billie, timidly; "I have to go to Sabbath-school."

"Ah! come on," pleaded Bob; "there'll be plenty other Sabbaths to go to Sabbath-school."

"I can't," said Billie; "mother don't want me to."

"That settles it, Bob. He's tied to his mother's apron-strings," said Johnnie.

"Well, we're goin', all the same," replied Bob, and moved on.

"Say," put in Hal, who had been quietly observing the proceedings, "we fellows made a big blunder. We ought t' 've known our man before we went after him."

"It don't make any difference to me whether he goes or not," replied Bob. "I only ask for 'commodation."

Now Bob and Johnnie and Hal went to Sabbath-school too—sometimes. They went the following Sabbath. The lesson was in the gospel according to Luke, chapter 2, verses 41-52. The text contained these words: "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

Our class had a supply teacher that day. He was a young man from college. He appeared a little dudish in our eyes, and we gave one another the wink. But he wasn't a bit shy. He pulled up close, and spoke to us as though we were old friends of his, and before we had time to turn around he popped a question at us.

"Say, Hal," said he, "how old was the boy when his mother thought he was lost?"

"Twelve years old," answered Hal.

"Mighty big kid to get lost," put in Bob right quick.

"How old are you, Bob?" asked the teacher.

"Fourteen."

"How old are you, Johnnie?"

"Twelve."

"And you, Hal?"

"Thirteen."

"And how old are you, Billie?"

"Thirteen."

"All about of an age," remarked the teacher. "And if the boy were living in our town today, he would probably be in our class."

That made us feel as though the boy were one of us, and we began to take an interest in him.

"When the boy's mother missed him, what did she do?" continued the teacher.

"She went after him," answered Bob.

"What did she do with him when she found him?"

"Took him home with her," answered Johnnie.

"How old should a boy be before his mother quits looking after him, Hal?"

"That depends on the boy," answered Hal. "Generally the boy that needs watching the most gets the least."

"That is certainly true, Hal, in too many instances. But how old do we think a boy mut be, Billie, before he is capable of taking care of himself?"

"Twenty-one, sir."

"And how long did the boy of this story remain at home with his mother, Bob?"

"I don't know," said he. "I never heard."

"Who can tell? Billie, you tell us."

"About thirty years, I think," said Billie.

"Wh-e-w!" whistled Bob.

"Now boy," said the teacher, "I want to ask you another question: How long do chickens and ducks and pigs and calves and colts and kittens and pups stay with their mothers?"

"Only a few weeks," answered Hal. "None of them over a year."

"Now, another question. How soon do their mothers forget them?"

"Almost as soon as they are weaned," answered Billie.

"And some of the lower creatures have no mother at all," remarked the teacher. "The land-crabs of the West Indies come down from the mountains once a year to the sea, lay their eggs in the water, and go away. Among these lower forms of life there is no love or affection at all, and very little care. The offispring of these creatures need but little care until they are able to care for themselves. And it is not until we reach human mothers that we find love and a long childhood. Johnnie, which do you think is better, to be an animal, and not need a mother, or to be a boy, and need a mother until you are twenty-one?"

"To be a boy, of course," answered Johnnie.

"If it is a boy's mother that makes all the difference between him and an animal, how do you say, Bob, a boy ought to treat his mother?"

"I guess, if she loves 'm, he ought to mind 'er."

"And how long do you say a boy ought to obey his loving mother, Billie?"

"As long as she lives, sir," answered Billie.

"Does a boy's mother ever forget him, Hal?"

"No, sir; she don't."

"Now, Johnnie, I want to ask you another. How should a boy who obeys his mother be treated by other boys?"

This question hit Johnnie hard, but he braced up and answered:

"They ought to let him alone."

"What do boys sometimes say of an obedient boy, Bob?"

"That he's tied to his mother's apron-strings," said Bob.

And then we fellows all laughed, and Billie laughed, too. The teacher thought we were laughing because it sounded ridiculous, and he laughed.

We fellows were always good friends to Billie after that, and never tried to tempt him again. And the way he treated his mother made us think more of our own.—Central Presbyterian.

A TURKEY'S CHRISTMAS CONUNDRUM.

The kitchen shelves were loaded with pumpkin pies and mince;
There was jelly in the pantry, and preserves of peach and quince.
There were nuts and apples ready, and the cakes were large and nice,
And the whole farmhouse was fragrant with the smell cloves and spice.

Farmer Jones went to the woodshed, where the brand-new ax was laid.
He picked it up, half-smiling as he felt the shining blade.
Then a turkey trotted up, so fat that he could hardly wobble;
He shook his old red head and cried out, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!"
Said the farmer, "Do you know what day to-morrow's goin' to be?"
And the turkey-gobbler gobbled loudly, "Don't ax me."

—Leslie's Weekly.

UNDER THE SURFACE.

On the surface, foam and roar,
Restless heave and passionate dash,
Shingle rattle along the shore,
Gathering boom and thundering crash.
Under the surface, soft green light,
A hush of peace and endless calm,
Winds and waves, from a choral height,
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,
Tossing weed and drifting waif,
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,
Where the wreck-watching rocks they chafe.
Under the surface, loveliest forms,
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

On the surface, lilies white,
A painted skiff with a singing crew,
Sky reflections soft and bright,
Tremulous crimson, gold, and, blue.
Under the surface, life in death,
Shiny tangle and oozy moans,
Creeping things with watery breath,
Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,
A crystal couch for the moon-beam's rest,
Starry ripples along the beach,
Sunset songs from the breezy west.
Under the surface, glooms and fears,
Treacherous currents, swift and strong,
Deafening rush in drowning ears—
Have ye rightly read my song?

—Miss Havergal.

The San Francisco supervisors neglected to consult the signs of the Zodiac and proposed to enact an ordinance excluding the astrologers and a lot of humbugs and fakirs who have been infesting the city since the year one. The result was that the Hermetic brotherhood called the city fathers' attention to the indubitable fact that "wiser men than usually sit upon municipal boards have given years of thought to upbuilding the system of astrology," and the Eugenic Society of California protested that astrology was the "oldest of the sciences." If the supervisors had known their day and generation they would not have attacked these occult gentlemen.

JUST ISSUED
THE VOICE OF PRAISE
NUMBER 2

THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER

THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED

THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD

THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2
PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED
OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA.
27 E 22ND ST. NEW YORK
140 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

All papers and magazines at lowest club rates.

I make a specialty of Presbyterian and other religious papers.

Club rates on other papers or magazines with Pacific Presbyterian.

Will meet or beat any offer of any reliable agent.

Patronize Presbyterian People.

E. P. BAKER,
4951 Pasadena Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Sample Club.

Pacific Presbyterian, $2.00; C. E. World, $1.50; both for $3.00.

DOES YOUR CHURCH USE ENVELOPES?

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS and SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

Would Washington have been acknowledged "first in the hearts of his countrymen" if he had been uniformly disagreeable and discourteous? Would Franklin have been chosen as ambassador to the court of France had he imitated the bears and savages of his native land? Would Abraham Lincoln have risen to the height he occupied, and won such a hold on the hearts of the American people, had he been less tender-hearted and kind, less careful and considerate of the feelings of others? What oil is to machinery, politeness is to every-day life.— J. P. in Christian Conservator.

Church and Sunday School Supplies

We carry a full line of supplies for all departments of Church and Sunday School Work, including BIBLES, HYMNALS, SONG BOOKS, etc. Send for our catalogue. We also have the Best Books from all publishers. Send to us for any book you want.

The New Book Store

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College

A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities

and its Allied School

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.

THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.

THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.

Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

"Poor little girl, how she is crying!" exclaimed May.

"She must be hurt," said Hugh.

The children hastened on to where a ragged little figure was seated by the wayside, crying bitterly.

It was Christmas Eve, and Hugh and his sisters were out for a pleasant walk. As they drew nearer, the sound of sobbing reached them, and they noticed the old torn shawl that covered the shoulders of the child rise and fall with each deep sigh.

"Oh, poor little girl!" echoed Evie, her own eyes filling with tears of pity.

"Don't cry so, little girl!" she said gently; "can you tell me what makes you so unhappy? We would like to help you if we could!"

"Yes," repeated Hugh and Evie, coming up. "We would, so much!"

"It is Christmas, and everyone is merry and warm and happy. Mother and I are cold and miserable and starving. Oh, will you give me a little money—only a few pennies—just to buy something to eat to give us a happy Christmas?"

The children listened, and their tender little hearts filled with sorrow and a great desire to help this poor child and her mother. They soon counted over their store and found it amounted to six bright shillings. These they put into the hand of the little girl.

That afternoon Hugh, May and Evie gathered a large bundle of holly from the park, and sent it by the gardener to the poor woman's home.

Then an idea came to Evie which the children all agreed to carry out. It was to write a letter to Santa Claus to ask him to give the little girl some presents. After a long time spent in composing, the letter was written and laid by their stockings for Santa Claus to see when he came to fill them. The end of the letter ran thus:

"And if, dear Santa Claus, you haven't enough presents with you, please give her some of ours."

On Christmas morning there was great excitement and joy, for lying on the top of the well-stuffed stockings was a large envelope addressed to "May Evie and Hugh," and inside was a real letter from Santa Claus himself! This is what it said:

"Dear Little Ones.—I have given the poor child and her mother many Christmas presents. I did not take from yours to do so, because I knew they would rather have food and clothing, so I have left baskets of each for them.

"Your letter, dear children, made me very happy, and I love you even more than I did before. I give my little friends many gifts every Christmastide, but there is a greater gift than all —that Santa Claus cannot give, but only One far above all others can! That gift you possess—it is a generous and loving heart. And so long as you keep it, so long will you have the happiness that is the dearest wish your old friend Santa Claus wishes you in the New Year, now and always!"—Holiday Series.

Ring out, ring out for Christmas,
Ye merry bells tonight,
Send forth the blessed tidings,
Of Christ the King of Light.
Tell of the shepherds watching
Beneath the starry sky,
And of the Angel's message,
"The Christ came from on high."

Ring out, ring out for Christmas,
The joyful news proclaim,
Peal forth the glad hosannas,
Exalt the Savior's name.
Wake vale and hill with music,
Catch up the Angel's song,
The message of glad tidings,
Tell all the years along.

Ring out, ring out for Christmas,
The year's bright day the best,
With riches for the nations,
By God most fully blest.
Christ came to make men happy,
To lift sin's awful night;
To be for men the Savior,
And lead them to the light.

—B. Dudley Snudden.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,

REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. VI. BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, DECEMBER 31, 1908. NO. 5

University Library



TEACH ME.

Teach me, O Father, so to read
The pathos of my brother's need—
That pity move to saving deed!

And dower me with a tact divine,
(From soul to soul the countersign)—
A bearer of a balm benign!

My hands, with grace to heal, empower—
That in my brother's anguished hour,
His wound I touch, as dew doth flower!

And last, O, Father, this my prayer—
That I my brother's life may share,
Until I care, as Love doth care—

Until I haste, as Love doth go—
On heavenly errands to and fro,
As even went Thy Son below!

—Edith Hope Kinney.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Column

Pacific Presbyterian

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lapsley A. McAfee. D.D. Orlando E. Hart, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Miss Julia Fraser John Willis Baer, LL.D.

W. S. Holt, D.D.

Address all Communications to Pacific Presbyterian.
EARL S. BINGHAM - - - - Publisher and Manager
433 First National Bank Building, Oakland, California.
Telephone Oakland 6134

LOS ANGELES OFFICE.
Bible Institute, 260-264 South Main St.
Rev. Enos P. Baker, Representative.
Telephone Home 39147

Subscription price, $2.00 per year in advance. $2.50 when not paid in advance. Clergymen and missionaries $1.50 in advance.

Entered at Berkeley as Second Class Matter.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by check, postal order or express money order.

EDITORIAL.

Despite the broken resolutions that bestrew the pathway o. the year of 1908, the Pacific Presbyterian commends to each of its readers, for adoption, the following resolutions:

First—Do the thoughtful act.

Second—Speak the gracious word.

Third—Seek to express tne Christ spirit in all your actions.

So many times when the feelings of dear ones have been ruffiled, or a cause we esteem has been injured by an act of ours, we say: "Oh I am so sorry, but I did not think it would be so received, or that my act would cause such a result." On the other hand the thoughtful act is so much more likely to produce the result intended, that we commend this resolution: Do the thoughtful act.

"I live for those who know me,
For those who know me true;
For the present and the future,
And the good that I can do."

The Lord Jesus, our one perfect example, awakened the considerate attention of those who listened to Him by "The gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." Governing our lives by so beneficent a controller, shall we not imitate Him and speak the gracious word.

Christ's power over men is not so much the result of his doctrines, true and life-giving as his teachings are, as the life he lived, and our highest honor to him, as well as the best service we can render to men in the year 1909, will be to exemplify the Christ spirit in our lives. Therefore, seek to express the Christ spirit in all of your actions.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The end of the year and the splendid vistas of another year no doubt affords a fine opportunity for moralizing, instead of so doing, however, suppose we permit the past to suffice, for complaining, for lamenting, either the lack of power in the church or in the ministry, suffice for regretting that conditions are not better; suppose we highly resolve to spend the year 1909, shouting "Victory."

"I hold not with the optimist that all is well;
I hold not with the pessimist that all is ill;
But I hold that all will be well, for God is God."

Assured that God is Almighty, that Christ has all power in heaven and in earth. That the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. That we are not our own, that we are bought with a price. That having begun a good work in us, He will perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ, may we not shout victory!

Is there spiritual wickedness in high places? Are conditions, circumstances, men and devils in secret or open opposition? What of it; shout victory till the victory comes.

If the bankers will but predict hard times and the news sheets publish an expected financial stringency, and the people will only talk hard times, hard times will come as sure as gold is gold.

And by contrast, let the ministry shout victory until the elders join the shout of victory, and until the members of the church join the victorious shout, then the victory will be achieved, not by a mere psychological coincidence, but by faith that overcomes the world, while it shouts, "Thanks be unto God, who always causes us to triumph in Christ."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Does God wish us to be empty buckets in order that He may fill us with His Holy Spirit? Does God desire that we be emptied of self so that He may fill us with Himself? No; God wishes us freed from selfishness, not self.

He revealed Himself and wrought His great works through the distinctive personalities of Moses, Elijah, Samuel, David, John and Paul.

Man is not God's machine, but the Father's agent.

Not a conduit through which a divine influence is to flow, but a living personality in whom the divine personality may speak. The heavens declare the glory of God, but there must be an intelligence capable of appreciating that declaration of splendor. God is speaking in the spirit, but there must be a spiritual intelligence to hear what the spirit is declaring, otherwise his voice will remain unheard.

Not self-effacement, but self-consecration to the will of the heavenly Father.

Not the absence of human abilities, but the willing surrender of all our powers to the control of God the Father.

No channels through which currents of divine influence can flow, but consecrated personalities in whom God the spirit can speak. May this be our

Consecration.

Blessed Jesus, friend divine,
I rejoice that thou art mine;
Come and in my heart abide,
Make me true, whate'er betide.

Give me grace from day to day,
Help me walk the shining way.
Help me love Thee more and more,
Till my traveling days are o'er.

Pour into my heart thy grace,
Let me see Thee face to face.
Cleanse my soul from every sin,
Holy Spirit, dwell within!

Savior, dear, oh Christ divine,
Make Thy truth within me shine,
Help me, day by day, to be
"Consecrated Lord, to Thee."

Mid the trials and the cares,
Mid the pitfalls and the snares,
Mid life's grief and toil and woe,
Help me Jesus Thee to know.

Gone the light, the stars all dim,
Foes without and foes within:
Lord of hosts, Oh be Thou near,
Give me strength and hope and cheer.

Keep me Savior near thy side,
Then whatever may betide,
Whether life or death is given—
All will end in peace, in heaven.

—O. E. HART.

THE KING OF OUR LIVES.

Chas. G. Paterson.

The ancient systems of ethics were built up around the central question, What is the Supreme Good? The epicureans declared it to be found in happiness, the Stoics making it to be the choice of virtue for its own sake, the Peripatetics holding it to consist in the practice of virtue in prosperity. And so-called Christian ethics, from the time of the first work of the kind, that by Ambrose on "Duties," have often not been truly such, but have followed in the steps of the former class, constructing their systems on the framework of heathen philosophy. For a genuinely Christian ideal of life is to be found, not in the answer to the question, What is the supreme good? but in answering this question, Who is the supreme Person? Christianity has introduced us into a sphere where personality is paramount; and the object of a right choice, which shall determine life to the best issues, is not some thing, but some One. The Christian conception of life was not, originally, a philosophical speculation, but a revelation of God's ideal of life in a person; one whose life has been the light of men.

That person was Jesus Christ. He stands in an unique relation to the society which it was his mission and joy to found among men, and the person of Christ and his social ideal are to be viewed together. What their relationship is, has been concisely stated by Fairbairn thus: "The person may be described as His social ideal embodied and organized for the creation of His society. The ideas He impersonates become the ideals it articulates; in other words, He is the symbol of all it ought to be." Thus the relation of Christ to the Christian character is that of a creative personality, as the originating and sustaining power of a new moral development; or, to use his own metaphor, that of a vine to its branches. Christ is the root, his church the stem, which together produce the leaves of thought, the flowers of art and the fruit of works.

That this has been the case in history is a matter of common knowledge. Indeed, the severest arraignments of the church have been those which have dwelt on the disparity which too often appears between Christ's program and the performance of Christians; and we are told that the gravest heresy of the church has been its comparative failure to interpret the ethical standards and judgments of Jesus. This means, of course, an insistence by the accusers of the church upon two things: the authority of Christ in the moral realm and the duty of men to respond to his call. Positive testimony to the same effect may easily be culled from the writings of such men as John Stuart Mill, who declared that it would not be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life; or Matthew Arnold, who confessed that none of the ways of righteousness that could be conceived, save that of Jesus, could bring you to it. Jesus was the Pybmalion who gave life to the beautiful cold statue of Virtue.

Here we are on familiar and pleasant ground; for one of the characteristics of present-day religious thought is a passion, more or less enlightened, for the ethical Christ. Before him halting metaphysics, indifferent agnosticism and blatant infidelity alike bow down. But this ethical Christ is not the real Christ. He cannot be; for "ethical" is not a term of being, but of character; not of reality, but of quality. There cannot be a character, however, apart from a personal spirit. And so, while the ethical Christ is the way by which we most surely and quickly come to the real, ultimate Christ, it ever remains but the way, and is not the end. We must neither mistake nor substitute the Christ of feeling for the Christ of truth. In reply to the oft-repeated charge, that theology, by an unfortunate alliance with metaphysics, has failed to show the relation between Christ and life, it could be said that ethics, apart from metaphysics, can indeed set forth the character of Jesus, but either leaves the person himself an insoluble enigma, or places him in the category of the human only.

The character of Jesus can answer our question, What should we be? But only the person of Christ answers the further question, How can we be? Hence Christ's query, Whom say ye that I am? is so vital. Inasmuch as we are not of the Unitarian faith, we see in the Christ of history the consummation of the self-revelation of God, even God as man. In him we have the Good incarnate, the realization in humanity of the eternal principles of morality. Christmas commemorates not the birth of a greater than Socrates, but of an equal with God. And Christian ethics is rooted in this Incarnation, and is absolute for the race just because the person of Christ is essential to the absoluteness of his religion. The Christian ideal of life has in Jesus Christ its goal, its sanction and its guarantee; and the unique dignity of the Person makes all the more imperative the peculiar claims of his character. Jesus being who he is, his authority is that of God.

Here we find a message for the present season. We are come, in the providence of God, to the beginning of another

of the few years that we have yet to spend in this world Forgetting the things which are behind, we would press on to the better and best things to be! We desire and hope to live purer, stronger, and more beautiful lives than hitherto, to be more as Jesus was among men and in the sight of God.

Two things are requisite. We must cease regarding life as made up of particular businesses, as merely a consecutive series of events, and look upon it as the consequential flow of one spirit toward an ideal which becomes ever clearer and more attractive. It should be for us the constant weaving of the various threads of experience into a pattern obtained on some mount of vision. Ours must be the Christian's progress: growth in grace, transformation into the likeness of the Savior. And we must crown Jesus as king of our life; enthrone him over all that we are and have; for, as Hudson Taylor says, we do not crown him Lord at all unless we crown him Lord of all. True liberty does not consist in independence of all authority, but in loyal allegiance to the highest authority; and the soul that has found in the living Christ the one whose right it is to rule and control in everything, and has trustfully and thankfully made its Savior to be the Master also, may face the coming year undaunted and undismayed.

ON GOD'S BEHALF.

By Rev. F. L. Goodspeed, D.D.

"I have somewhat to say on God's behalf." Job 36: 2.

Job and his friends were not the only men who have been puzzled by the strange providences and the mysteries which confront us everywhere. In comparison to the unknown, the known is as a drop of water to the unexplored ocean of truth. We know nothing of the origin of matter. We cannot discover the origin of life or light. We cannot point to the birthplace of force, or electricity or gravitation. Except by revelation we know not whence we came or whither we go. Our bodies are circumscribed, our minds are limited. Mystery surrounds us; darkness envelops us. In the midst of a perplexing world and of a bewildering age the Christian preacher needs constantly to offer, as Milton did, to that eternal

"Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and true"

the great prayer for light which was on the lips of the poet,

"What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of thus great argument
I may assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men."

It would be a foolish in any man, even though he were a Milton to suppose that he had discovered a solution of all the problems connected with our life on earth . No poet, no philosopher, no scientist, no theologian has ever found a theory which supplied perfect intellectual satisfaction. Even with our present knowledge there is something to be said on God's behalf. There are intimations, prophecies, suggestions. These are profitable and helpful, but after all our logic and all our speculation, we shall probably have to come back to join in the cry of the patriarch, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," or to bow with Tennyson,

"Falling with our weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

Faith in the unchangeable goodness of God will be the ultimate basis of our hope and peace—that splendid conviction voiced by Browning,

"This world's no blot nor blank . . .
It means intensely and means good . . .
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

Man's Place in the Universe.

There is the problem of man's littleness as compared with the universe, his insignificance in the midst of the majestic suns and systems. It was this thought which made such a deep impression upon the mind of Daniel Webster. What possible interest could the Creator of unimaginable systems possibly have in such a pitiful creature as man, placed as he is on this dot of a world? This planet, it was said, was only a second-rate globe attached to a third-rate sun. To suppose that the great God would select this sphere for the mighty experiment of human life and moral development and spiritual destiny was irrational and absurd.

But now come the scientists with their claim that our sun is the center of creation. And not only do we occupy the center of creation, but man is the central being of it. That is the conclusion reached by Alfred Russell Wallace in his treatise on "Man's Place in Nature." Wallace as a scientists is of almost equal fame with Darwin, and he tells us this planet is unique in its adaptability to organic life. He claims that no other position in the universe is so fit for the development of the higher forms of being. Intellectual and moral attainment is to be accomplished here, if anywhere. It is the old idea of design on a larger scale, applied to the universe. The universe is a manifestation of mind. Man—moral and spiritual man—was sufficient cause for its creation. God was to perfect a race of moral beings, and "nowhere else than near the central position in the universe which we occupy could that result have been attained."

So the undreamed magnitude of the universe, the glory and grandeur of the works of God in creation exalt man instead of belittling him. We worship mere bigness, but values are not according to bulk; they are estimated by quality. One line of poetry, one real conquest of the intellect in the realm of science or philosophy is worth more than a world. One deed of self-sacrificing love, one noble response to the call of duty is of more value than all the orbs that swing through the pathless spaces.

A French atheist once ridiculed the words of David, "The heavens declare the glory of God." He said the heavens declared the glory of Kepler and Newton and La Place. He was both right and wrong. The heavens do declare the glory of the astronomer's mind. But "the undevout astronomer is mad." The astronomer did not create these glorious planets and hang them upon nothing and fix their mighty orbits. God had to do that. The magnificence of the star-spangled heavens does not abase man—it exalts man, because man can trace the courses of the stars and weigh them and measure them. Therefore man's intellect must be kindled at the fount of Infinite Reason. The heavens declare the glory of God who made them and the glory of the human intellect, which in their mighty distances thinks God's thoughts after him. David is perfectly rational and true when in that sublime eighth Psalm he

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

connects God's glorious creative power with the majesty of man's mind: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" "Thou hast made him a little lower than Jehovah, and hast crowned him with glory and honor." God's glory and man's are thus bound up together. For what God creates, man interprets. As his child, God has taken man into partnership with himself to discover and then disclose the deeps of his counsels and the majesty of his works.

Whether you believe in evolution or not, you cannot impeach man's importance and dignity, for greatness is in the consummation and not in the process, in the goal and not the starting-point. What was the preface to your cradle matters little. The great question is concerning the appendix to your grave. Not what I was, or am, but what I am to be forever, is the supreme consideration. The church has its face to the future, and not to the past. Its watchword is not backward, but forward and upward. We rest, not on the link that connects us with Adam, but on the link that binds us to the angels. We recognize the relationship of our mortal bodies with the earth, for dust they are and unto dust they will return again; but we emphasize our spiritual and immortal kinship with the stars. We seek for the true man, not amongst beasts that are "red in tooth and claw," not in the creatures that "tear each other in their slime;" but in the saints and sages and heroes of the race, in the Platos and Pauls, the Homers and Horatios, the Abrahams and Shakespeares and Miltons of the world. It is enough to know that God is both the guide and the goal of the creative process. No ape ever becomes a man. He stands where he stood when the morning of history dawned. He was a brute then—he is a brute now. But in man resides the power of progress. He exchanges his cave for a mansion. His stone ax becomes an implement of steel. His hut becomes a palace. His rude altar rises into a temple. The branching trees teach him how to swing the arches and raise the domes of his great cathedrals. His rude pictures are the fore-runners of the art of an Angelo and an Angelico. His imperfect language develops into the stately music of "Paradise Lost" and the yearning melody of "In Memoriam." His family becomes a tribe, his tribe a clan, his clan a nation. His primeval and patriarchal rules become the constitution of empires His early intuitions develop into logical certainties. His dreams struggle up into imperishable monuments in literature, in architecture, in music. The tentacles of his soul reach out after God. He rises to a sublime faith, to a heavenly devotion. His hopes overleap the barriers of time. His thoughts wander through eternity. He is conscious of a fellowship with the Infinite. He rests his weary head on the bosom of a heavenly Father.

Every advance of modern science confirms the fact of a spiritual world. We do not deny the reality of matter, but we preach the immanence of God. There is a nonsense prevalent in our time which denies the existence of matter. The stone post we ran against was only an unyielding and stationary idea. And the dog that bit you was only a pugnacious conception with white teeth in it. When you fell down stairs and broke your leg, it was because you came in contact with an error of mortal mind on the bottom landing. When a man steals your purse containing four twenty dollar pieces, he only runs off with some golden fancies from your memory. That is idealism gone mad, or Berkeleyism its own refutation, as Byron said,

"When Bishop Berkeley says there is no matter,
It is no matter what Bishop Berkeley says."

But the basic forces which flood the universe are spiritual. The laws that bind all things together are spiritual laws and they control the powers that reign beyond the limits of physical sense. There are those who say, "I have sought through the heavens with telescope, and the earth with microscope, and have nowhere found God." Very likely! But in this question is a sufficient answer, "Have you ever found yourself?" You boast that you will believe that and only that which your eyes can see! Now turn your instrument on yourself, oh man, and give us a picture of your soul! I am. I comprehend myself and am conscious of myself in the word I. Surely personality is proof of existence, but no one has ever seen me. That which I do not think does not exist for me. Is it then unreasonable to conceive of an intelligence which includes all being, which intelligence we call God? If you cannot prove your own spiritual existence by mathematics or physical science or photography, can you deny the existence of the all-including, all-embracing spirit in whom we live and move and have our being? We do not deny the existence of matter, but materialism is utterly discredited in our time. We are assued that wireless telegraphy will soon talk through the earth as well as around it. Wherever science turns its searchlight across the universe of sense it comes back with the exalted idea that the basis of all things is an infinite spiritual Intelligence.

The Miracle of Life.

This helps us in our thinking about miracles. To perform a miracle is to show the lordship of the spiritual over the material. It is to work in a realm above the physical. I confess that all life seems to me to be spiritual and supernatural. If it could speak, matter could truthfully say, "I can do nothing except it be given me from above." All growths in the vegetable kingdom are reducible to oxygen, hydrogen, carbon or nitrogen. And out of these springs a lily or a rose or a palm, or an olive or a pine. But not unaided! Something must be given from above! A sort of life-spirit reaches down and speaks to the substance, fertilizees it, co-operates with it and robes itself after its kind.

That life-power in the seed—is it not a supernatural fact reaching down to disturb the soil, that is, matter, in its slumber? Destroy these spiritual powers resident in the seed and called life, cancel their call to the inorganic and inert mass beneath them, and the whole planet would be as barren as the desert of Sahara—a vast sandhill without a tree, a flower, or a lichen on it.

Do you not see that even in nature matter is slave and spirit is master, and life is from above, and the supernatural is king over all? Then why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should speak to the human soul, redeem it, reveal himself to it and save it? Christ is the life of the moral world, of the soul, coming down upon it from above to arouse its capacities, co-operate with it, and lead it out into beauty and fruitfulness and immortality.

The Problem of Sin.

There is the problem of sin. Why did not God create a world without the possibility of transgression? Because without that possibility you could have no moral world, no character. Take away the power of disobedience and there can be no obedience. Righteousness is founded on the alternative of wickedness. No child can learn to walk without the possibility of falling. No soul can rise to charac-

ter without the possibility of sinning. Moral progress is possible only through moral choice. "Where there is no vice to allure, there is no virtue to be won." It is a solemn prerogative, this power of self-determination; but it is necessary, inevitable. Because each soul must choose for himself, it is even possible for two brothers to go

"From the same cradle side, from the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea."

Necessity to do right or impossibility to do wrong is fatalism, and fatalism is moral death. If evil is impossible, good is also impossible. A will suspended in its power of moral choice is a will annihilated. Even Omnipotence could not develop character without presenting before the will the alternative of good and evil. God could make a thing, a machine, without the possibility of its choosing evil; but a man, a being of moral capacity, a being capable of righteousness, he could not make. Every man has his Eden, and every Eden has a serpent in it. The choice of Adam is repeated in every life, in each hour of life. Every day is judgment day.

"Today we fashion destiny, the web of fate we spin,
Today, for all eternity, choose we holiness or sin;
E'en now from snowy Gerizim or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down."

The Ministry of Death.

Why is our little day on earth rounded by the sleep of death? Man is a being of such transcendent powers! He reads the history of the millenniums past as recorded in the rocks. He can appreciate the changing glory of the sky. In the universe he can apprehend something of the infinitiude of God. He is a being capable of unselfish love, of sublimest hope, of boundless aspiration. Why is such a wonderful being, with the marvellous ability to look both before and after, to remember and to prophesy—why is he doomed to pain and sorrow in life, to the pitiful span of three-score years and ten and mortality at the end, dying oftentimes just as the treasures of intellect and experience become available, dying just as he gets ready to live, and in his dying involving others in pain and loss and desolation?

But plainly this is not all of the case. What if death is but the complement of birth! An immortal inhabitant of this world would be a monstrosity. How feeble upon such a being would be the impression of life's dignity and immensity. How weak the conception of our capacity and possible greatness! It is the horizon of our life that makes it "of stately and most regal argument." The brevity of our days determines the quality and quantity of our labor, —because we know the night cometh, we work while the day lasts. Time becomes precious as we see it passing, each year a door through which we go to have it close behind us and open no more. Human relationships, too, are as precious as they are because we know they cannot last forever. We appreciate the things that fade. To know that the sun will some day set upon these our joys, enhances their value and curbs our selfishness. Our tenderest ministry is toward those who are going away. Life's relations and associations are so sacred and precious because we know they are so fleeting. Because the treasures of our heart may be gone any day, our love is purified and intensified. Thus our limitations prophesy the illimitable and the brevity of time intimates the grandeur of eternity. Death and time say, Be true to yourself and your friends, be in earnest, life is real, do not dawdle, life is too short for anything but the best, fill your brief span with a spirit that breathes goodness and grandeur through all life's tasks and troubles, with a brave heart do the day's work and make life worthy of eternity because it is worthy of time.

God the Ally of the Best.

There can be but one destiny for such a life as that. Nothing but good can come to a good man. As man rises in the scale of being he develops domestic affection, becomes a philanthropist, loves his neighbor, becomes conscious of spiritual relations, and at last communes with God and loves God. And God encourages him with commands and promises and revelations. But will God entice us to faith and trust and develop the highest part of our nature only to disappoint and destroy it? We would not treat our children so. If immortality is a delusion, then we have this awful paradox, that the best and noblest of earth are the deceived, and the worst and meanest of earth are right. The grovelling, the selfish, the vicious want no immortality; and if there is none, then God has made the universe on their own low and miserable scale, and not according to the longings and ideals of the great and good. He has then disappointed the holiest, those who revere the truth and the right, those who love Him, those whose souls go out to Him in reverence and worship . Those who have lived for others, who have spent themselves for some great cause, who have sacrificed themselves on the altar of humanity's hopes have been deceived. That is the intolerable logic of the situation, if there be no immortality! Mighty and courageous and conquering Paul, your high hopes were such stuff as dreams are made of! And even Christ himself was the subject of delusion, and when he gave the blessed assurance, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," God overheard the inspiring promise which filled the dying thief with ecstacy. God heard it—and turned the words into a lie! That is the awful alternative to immortality! Who can believe that God would turn the sacrifice of Calvary into a mere mistaken tragedy, a coarse murder, and then take part with those who mocked the Saviour's dying agony? Is God, then, the almighty joker, an omnipotent Mephistopheles? Whom are we to believe, and what can we revere, if the convictions of the highest and holiest beings of earth and of history are only the vaporings of diseased imaginations? Then the universe is a vast madhouse, and chaos or malice sits on the throne!

But it is not so. Love is everlasting. The sacred dead you deemed a glory of the earth are not dust, but have a place among the imperishable lustres of a brighter world. The fair vision of our hearts is a reality yonder. There is another Golden Gate, not marked on the map of any geographer, or on the chart of any mariner, but which opens on another country, that is, an heavenly. The transitory reflection which we saw for a few too brief and hastening years, points to an eternal beauty.

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again."

Revelation Not Cause But Remedy.

There is a strange disposition in some minds to blame Christian revelation for the dark facts of human life. It is like blaming the physician for the disease he alleviates. The unjust and tragic conditions in human society were not caused by religion. There is a disposition to search for

substitutes for the only divine cure. In prevalent fads and isms people seem to hope to discover clearer light and to drink deeper intellectual and spiritual satisfactions. They dream that in science or psychology or new thought there must be something different or something better than the church can offer. We all rejoice in the conquests and discoveries of science, but science never created anything and never will. It explains processes and harnesses forces, but all it finds has been regnant in the universe from eternity. Science is a Columbus to discover new continents, but Deity was there before with creative energy. Science cannot make a grain of sand, much less create a living intelligence. God has created and upheld all that is from endless years. What intellectual relief does a man get by throwing away his Bible? He cannot thus rid himself of all the problems of life. All the enigmas, all the stern facts are still left. All the vices, all the cruelties, all the sorrows, all the inequalities and abuses would still be here. Revelation did not create them. It is here to cure them, but it did not originate them. Yet men rail at the church and treat the Bible as though in some mysterious way it was responsible for the world's miseries. Throw the Bible away, and here they still are. The Bible did not make them, is not to blame for them. They antedated the Bible. The rocks and shoals were here before the mariner's chart. Astronomy did not make the stars. An angry sea is not calmed by throwing away your compass. The almanac does not make summer. The Bible did not create sin and sorrow. Reject it, and all the facts are here. And you have no remedy and no interpretation! Then man's place in the universe is a mystery, and pessimism and atheism the only refuge. And to discard revelation for these is to be like the cow in the old story, which, while knee-deep in clover in the meadow and near living water, longed for the burnt bare common with its scant food and cruel thorns.

What if the solution of all our problems is in Christ? What if the life of Christ was "the human life of God?" What if his promises are God's promises, too? What if his sympathy and ministry were intended to be a picture of our Heavenly Father? In the Rospigliosi palace at Rome is the masterpiece of Guido Reni, one of the world's finest art treasures. It is a ceiling painting of Aurora strewing flowers before the chariot of Apollo. The coloring in this picture is considered the finest in the world. But being painted on the ceiling, the effort of looking at is exceedingly painful and exhausting. The neck becomes cramped, the head dizzy and the eyes dim. But the owner of the palace has placed opposite to the entrance of the room a mirror in which the painting in reflected, and can be inspected with no inconvenience to the beholder. Sitting comfortably in your chair you can look straight into the mirror and feast your soul upon the wealth of coloring and perfect figures in the glorious picture. There is no dizziness, no weariness, no indistinctness.

It was inevitable that infinity should be inaccessible to the human mind. To contemplate Deity is difficult and exhausting business. To understand God fully is impossible. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are FOUR PRES SLUG TWO e. ch .dgiaMdo His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts. If we see Him, it is dimly and afar, in the dizzy heights of his creation and omnipotence. But Christ reflects God. He is the mirror in whom we see the fullness of the God-head. He said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Paul declares that he is "the image of the invisible God." In Him we see reflected the truth of God and the grace of God. He represents the Father's purpose of redemption. He lived and spoke on earth as God ever lives and speaks. As Christ taught and forgave and comforted for three years, so God does from generation to generation, and from age to age. Like the mirror beneath the Aurora in the palace at Rome, Christ reflects the divine attributes and the heavenly excellences that shine, in perfect and infinite measure, in the character of God. There is no explanation without him. There is no solution of the dark facts of human life. He has conquered the situation and solved the problem. With Him, although we cannot explain fully the sin and sorrow of the world, we are sure they will be overcome.

"God's ways are dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day."

Jesus overcame sin, He conquered death. Let us trust Him; let us surrender our souls to Him; let us serve Him. And then while we may look up with tears in our eyes we shall look up with the full assurance that some time, somewhere, those tears shall run

"Soon in large rivers from the uplifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun."

CHURCH NEWS

SAN FRANCISCO, Calvary.—Judge Murasky spoke on Monday evening before the Berean Society, taking as his subject, "The Juvenile Court." He was heard with much interest by the men present. Instead of supplying our usual missionary box this Christmas, all are requested to help complete the necessary equipment at two of our Indian fields in California, viz: North Fork and Fall River Mills. A Christmas gift of money would be gratefully received by Mrs. Walter Mead and Mrs. F. W. Thompson.

SAN FRANCISCO, Lebanon.—The children of the Sunday-school were all happy last Friday night when they gathered in the church parlors, for they had been promised a visit from Saint Nick. After a program of songs and recitations appropriate to the Christmas season, Santa Claus and his good wife Katrina made their appearance, bringing with them a box of candy for each child present and entertained the children with their droll talk, finally singing a Christmas song as they were about to resume their quest in search for other good children who were watching and waiting for the coming of St. Nick. Mr. Logan's sermons on last Sunday were of special interest. He took as his subjects the lives of two good men who lived many years ago. The man who was chosen for the subject of the morning discourse lived 3,000 years ago,—the prophet Elijah. In the evening the subject was John Milton, poet, statesman and reformer, the three hundredth anniversary of whose birth occurred the previous week. A special musical program arranged by the organist, Wm. Barr, was rendered in the evening. This program consisted of selections by the choir and violin solos and duets by the Misses Monroe.

NEWARK, CAL.—The Ladies' Aid Society of this place is a live, hard-working organization. Recently they held their annual bazaar in Watkins Hall, which proved a pleasant and profitable affair. A good program was well rendered, after which refreshments were served. The net proceeds were about $85. Nov. 1 completed one year of Dr. Curry's pastorate, at which time all bills were fully paid and a snug balance was left in the treasury. The Christmas tree was given on Tuesday evening and was well attended and proved a very happy event for all those taking part. When it was proposed to have the tree the children were asked whether they preferred to receive presents, or to give presents to orphan children, and they were unanimous for giving, as it is said that it is more blessed to give than to receive. So this time the children had nice presents of every description, which placed on a table and were then sent to the San Anselmo orphanage. After this offering the good pastor said the unexpected sometimes happens and the children would receive something anyway. With that packages of candy were distributed to all present, after which Rev. Dr. Curry said he had seen some red apples which look so nice he thought he would get some and present to the children. This proved a great treat to big as well as little children. Then not to forget the donor of the beautiful Christmas tree a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Fred Moses, Jr. The room was prettily decorated and a bright red star of Bethlehem appeared over the rostrum. The exercises were most excellently given, showing that Newark's juvenile are a very bright set. The solos were also very enjoyable.

CHURCH BELLS SOON TO RING.

The Board of Trustees is Organized for the First Presbyter- Church of Kerman.

The board of trustees of the First Presbyterian church of Kerman met Tuesday evening in the offices of the Fresno Irrigated Farms Company and perfected the organization of that body.

The board was called to order by Rev. Hugh Furneaux. F. H. Snyder was elected chairman for the term of one year. F. A. Smith was chosen secretary for the same period.

Several elegant church building designs, by H. F. Starbuck, architect, Oakland, were studied and criticised. The design, with a few alterations, of the Knox Presbyterian Church of Berkeley will probably be the final decision of the church trustees.

The board again met on Wednesday in the offices of the First National Bank of Kerman and spent half an hour in the study of a church building site. Lots in the residence part of Kerman, contiguous to the business streets, commanding a glorious view of one hundred miles or more of the snow-clad minarets of the Sierras, were selected for the church and manse.

Grounds Will Be Beautified.

When the church organization will have been incorporated and the lots deeded to the board of trustees, Earl Martin, scientific landscape gardener, will present the proper plan for planting palms, olives, pepper, pomgranate and other trees indigenous to the soil and climate of Palestine.

In due time "the sound of the church-going bell" will be heard by the citizens of Kerman and by the new homemakers on the Kerman tracts, inviting them to Sabbath morn and eve church services.—The Kerman News, Dec. 26.

THE OCCIDENTAL BOARD

920 Sacramento St.

We are glad to correct a mistake, a printer's mistake, concerning the debt on our mission building. It is eight thousand dollars, instead of three thousand.

Dr. and Mrs. Silas F. Johnson came to say good-bye before leaving for Africa, their mission field. At the luncheon table the Honorary President, Mrs. P. D. Browne and the ex-President, Mrs. C. S. Wright, were called upon by our President to say parting words, also Mrs. Ames, the mother of missionaries, Mrs. Kelley, Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. Goodwin and Dr. Sanborn. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson responded most happily. The work at Elat is very prosperous. Mrs. Johnson is our Occidental Board missionary, and many warm hearts will go with them on their journey, and will follow them in their work.

The Christmas exercises were never more interesting, and the children never brighter. All were very wide awake in the Occidental school. The Auditorium in the new church was full; parents were present with their children, and modern China seemed to be there, in the style of dress and general appearance.

Rev. J. H. Laughlin, pastor, in rebuilding the church, arranged for rooms below especially for this school, and they are most commodious. Miss Crowder, teacher; Mrs. King, assistant in schools and other work; Mrs. Garrette, chairman of Evangelistic Committee, have made this school a great success. The big boys of twelve and fourteen years gave recitations, and we shall expect some day to see them in colleges and universities. There were many dolls sitting upright on the platform, waiting to be distributed, and gifts for all were provided.

Our Field Secretary finds that our literature, missionary letters, and Woman's Work Magazine do not reach our remote societies. What is the reason? Let us look into that.

Another book for our church libraries and Occident Board Library—the title "An Observer in the Philippines," by John Bancroft Devins, D.D., editor of the New York Observer. There seems to be no place, or phase of life, or sentiment expressed by President Roosevlt, or President-elect Taft, or of our wisest diplomats but finds expression in this book. We quote one sentence of interest to the church: "The American church owes a pressing duty at this time to the pagan tribes in the North, as truly heathen as the people of Central Africa; the Mohammedans in the South as bigoted and fierce as the Sandwich Islanders were a century ago; the Christian Filipinos (Roman Catholic); the followers of Agilpoy (lapsed Roman Catholics), Chinamen, probably one hundred thousand, as far from Christianity as their relatives and friends in Canton; the American army and navy; many seamen from other countries constantly in the chief ports; a thousand American teachers scattered over every province in the archipelago, and Americans in the civil government, and in business, five or six thousand in Manila, as hundreds of others, like the teachers living in smaller cities and in towns and pueblas, where their duties call them. This book has sixty-four fine illustrations. It is a library in itself.

Laymen's Missionary Movement meetings will be held in the leading cities of the country early next year. It is stated that these will be so arranged as to lead up to and make contribution to the great world meeting to be held in Edinburgh in 1910.

Robert College in Constantinople is turning away applicants for admission, such is the demand in Turkey for educational opportunities.

CALIFORNIA SYNODICAL SOCIETY.

Mrs. Thomas V. Moore entertained the executive board of the California Synodical Society at its last regular meeting. This is the second time Mrs. Moore has extended her gracious hospitality, and the day was crowded with business and pleasure and most keenly enjoyed by the twenty-three women present. It was a perfect fall day, and the trip to San Anselmo, the delicious luncheon, when Prof. Moore gave us the pleasure of his company and entertainingly told of his recent European trip, and also of present seminary needs; later the climb up Seminary hill and the visits in Montgomery Hall and Scott Library were the bright features in a day which had most serious work. One recommendation adopted was the raising of nine hundred dollars to properly equip our California Indian stations. The details of the work were determined and the money is now being received.

FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The executive board of the Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions has held three important meetings since the adjournment of the Summer School. Our meeting was largely devoted to the committee appointed to revise the constitution and also to the election of officers for the coming year. Mrs. H. M. Pinney was unanimously re-elected president and although she insisted that some other denomination should be represented in the presidency, her objections were finally overcome and she will serve again. The most important announcement is the grand mid-winter rally to be held Feb. 2, in the beautiful new Baptist church in Oakland. The meeting will convene promptly at ten a. m. and will consist of three sessions, embracing all phases of mission work at home and abroad. Program features will be announced later.

A THRILLING INCIDENT IN THE DR. TORREY MEETINGS IN LOS ANGELES.

A thrilling incident occurred at one of the Dr. Torrey meetings in Los Angeles. He was preaching upon "Soul-winning," and closed the sermon with an account of the rescue of seventeen persons from Lake Michigan by Mr. Edward Spencer.

Dr. Torrey said: "Twelve miles north of Chicago lies Evanston. At Evanston is the Northwestern University. Years ago, when the university was young—in fact, when it was simply a country college—two strong farmer boys from Iowa came to the college, Will and Edward Spencer. Spencer was a famous swimmer. One morning word came to the college that there was a wreck north of Evanston. The college boys, with the people of the town, hurried along the shore. When they reached the place they found planks and spars and other pieces of wreckage being driven ashore from the Lady Elgin, to which were clinging men and women. Edward Spencer threw off his coat and superfluous garments, tied a rope around his waist, threw an end to his comrades on the shore, jumped into the breakers and swam out. He grasped one who was struggling in the waters, gave the signal and was brought to shore. Again and again and again he swam out, until he had brought a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, an eighth, a ninth and a tenth safe to shore. He then seemed completely exhausted. His comrades had built a fire of logs on the shore, and he tottered to the fire and stood by it trying to get a little warmth into his perishing members.

"As he stood there, he looked out again over the lake, and saw others struggling in the water. He said: 'Boys, I am going in again.'

" 'No, no, Ed,' they cried, 'your strength is all gone. You cannot swim out again. You will only throw your own life away. It would be suicide.'

" 'I will try anyway, boys,' he cried, and again he sprang into the breakers, and swam out and grasped one that was drowning and brought him safe to shore. He brought an eleventh, a twelfth, a thirteenth, a fourteenth and a fifteenth safe to shore. Then strength seemed all gone. He tottered once more to the fire, and stood there pale, and trembling, and cold. It seemed as if the hand of death was already upon him. He could scarcely stand. Looking out again over the water he saw a spar rising and falling upon the waves. Then he saw a man's head above the spar, and a woman's head beside the man's.

"He cried: 'Boys, it is man trying to save his wife. I'll help him.' 'No, no, Ed,' they cried, 'you could never reach him.'

" 'I will try,' he cried, and again burst from the crowd and sprang into the awful breakers. Summoning his fast-dying strength, he reached the spar and placed his hands upon it and brought it around the point to a place of safety. He was then pulled through the breakers. Tender hands lifted him from the shore and carried him to his room in the college. They laid him upon his bed, and for a while he seemed to fall asleep. His brother Will went over and sat down by the fire they had kindled in the grate. As he sat there thinking, suddenly he heard a gentle footfall behind him and felt a touch upon his shoulder. Looking up he saw Ed standing looking down into his face with wistful eyes. 'Will,' he said, 'do you think I did my best?' 'You saved seventeen,' his brother replied. 'I know it,' he cried, 'but I was afraid I did not do my very best.'

"Will took him back and laid him on the bed once more. Through the night he tossed in semi-delirium, thinking only of those who had perished that day, for in spite of all his bravery and that of others many went down to a watery grave.

"There are wrecks everywhere. Men and women are going down. Let us cry in the earnestness of our love for lost souls: 'Oh, if I could only have saved just one more!'

All over the Tabernacle, as Dr. Torrey concluded, people were in tears. Hundreds rose to their feet to dedicate themselves to the work of soul-winning. At that point President Baer of Occidental College stepped behind Dr. Torrey and whispered, "The man who sat next to me says Ed Spencer is in the building at this moment."

Dr. Torrey at once stepped to the front of the platform and said: "I am often asked what became of Ed Spencer. He was a physical wreck. He had to give up his preparation for the ministry. He is now a resident of California, and I am told that he is in the building at this moment. If he is, will he please come to the platform?"

The man who had pointed him out to Dr. Baer went to him where he sat near the platform, and he was immediately brought to Dr. Torrey's side. The whole audience sprang to their feet, burst into applause, and waved their handkerchiefs. Mr. Spencer whispered to Dr. Torrey: "It is just forty-eight years and two months today since it happened." The whole audience bowed in prayer, and Dr. Torrey asked that God would make Ed Spencer's last days his best days. Mr. Spencer whispered, "He has."

WHEN GABRIEL'S TRUMP WAS BLOWN.

The car was packed with a holiday crowd, and in the impact of bundle against bundle tempers were broken,

Tired people are not pleasant people unless they are exceptional people. These people were just people!

Every jolt of the car seemed like a personal indignity, and when the conductor "bucked the center" to get the fare on the front platform, he trod on people's toes and ruffled their dispositions. Almost every one was mad with some one else, and all were angry at the railroad company because it hung so many people on the straps and did not go out and hang itself.

There were fretful sighs and scowling faces, impatient words and muttered somethings.

But the worst was not yet.

At the next corner a very big and a very wide woman of the negro persuasion accompanied by a much newer and smaller edition of herself entered, and on being told there was plenty of room forward, pressed to the front and planted her back against the door, and stationed the small bit of vitalized ebony between her knees, while across her face flowed signs of abundant contentment in rare contrast with the irritation clothing the faces of the other passengers.

Her arms were full of bundles, too, over which she could scarcely see the pickaninny below. He wore a coat much too big for him, a cheerful smile, and carried a brilliantly colored tin horn.

Again and again he pressed the horn to his lips, dallying with temptation, but resisting manfully. But to the keen observer it soon became apparent that the soul was awakening, and unless the journey soon came to an end, like many an older and wiser man, he must go down before the tempter.

The time came. A faint, timid note but served to attract scowling faces his way and awaken feelings of unalloyed rapture in his small heart. And then he fell! A long, long breath, and then high above the sounds of a noisy city arose the militant note of the tin horn.

The look of contentment upon the face of the big, wide woman was driven away by astonishment and severity. She leaned her head forward over the bundles and in a providential silence which happened along just then, seemed to shout:

"Heah you, Gabriel, yo' blow your trumpet once mo' and I lam yo' good when yo' get home!"

Then there was Christmas good cheer from one end of the car to the other.

A SIMPLE SERMON.

There's only one method of meetin' life's test:
Jes' keep on a-strivin' an' hope fur the best.
Don't give up the game in dismay
'Cause hammers are thrown when you'd like a bouquet.
This world would be tiresome, we'd all get the blues,
If all the folks in it held just the same views;
So finish your work; show the best of your skill.
Some people won't like it, but other folks will.

If you're leadin' an army, or buildin' a fence,
Do the most that you kin with your own common sense.
One small word of praise in this journey of tears
Outweighs in the balance 'gainst cartloads of sneers.
The plants that we're passin' as commonplace weeds
Oft prove to be jes' what some sufferer needs.
So keep on a-goin'; don't stay standin' still.
Some people won't like you; but other folks will.

—Washington Star.

THE LETTERS I HAVE NOT SENT.

I have written them, keen and sarcastic and long,
With righteously wrathful intent
Not a stroke undeserved nor a censure too strong;
And some, alas! some of them went!

I have written them, challenging, eager to fight,
All hot with a merited ire;
And some of them chanced to be kept over night,
And mailed, the next day—in the fire!

Ah, blessed the letters that happily go
On errands of kindliness bent;
But much of my peace and fortune I owe
To the letters I have never sent.

—Amos R. Wells.

The University of Pennsylvania is quite cosmopolitan, having 245 students from foreign countries this year, as follows: Argentine Republic, 5; Asia Minor, 1; Australia, 22; Bahama Islands, 1; Bolivia, 1; Brazil, 17; British West Indies, 2; Canada, 17; Chile, 1; China, 26; Colombia, 5; Costa Rica, 5; Cuba, 17; Denmark, 1; Dominican Republic, 1; Ecuador, 6; Egypt, 1; England, 6; France, 8; Germany, 13; Guatemala, 4; Hawaiian Islands, 1; Holland, 7; Honduras, 1; Ireland, 1; Italy, 2; Jamaica, 1; Japan, 7; Mexico, 9; New Zealand, 14; Nicaragua, 6; Panama, 2; Paraguay, 1; Peru, 2; Philippine Islands, 1; Poland, 3; Porto Rico, 11; Rumania, 1; Russia, 10; Salvador, 1; Sweden, 1; Switzerland, 1; Turkey, 1; Bermuda, 1. Forty-two of our states are represented in the University.

THE SHIPMENT OF WINE.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

The San Francisco Chronicle in referring to the effort to protect prohibition territory says: "No such measure as is proposed for the restraint of interstate shipments of liquors is likely to pass Congress." That is doubtless the earnest wish and deeply rooted desire of the liquor men over the whole country. Liquor is largely a police measure. Each state ought to be protected in its rights. It is essentially unjust for one state to ignore the police regulations of another. A man from an adjoining municipality cannot come into another municipality and violate its ordinances with impunity. That is precisely what the states manufacturing liquors propose and are actually doing. The free territory simply asks that the ordinance be respected. The contention of the sober citizenship is stated with clearness in the Littlefield bill. The Chronicle, whether intentional or not, lends its influence to the liquor interests. It informs us that some one in Congress "attempted to interject into the law a provision requiring packages of liquor in transit to have signs on them indicating their contents, and also to require carriers to give to the state authorities the names of all consignees of packages carrying those signs." That seems to us the only way to prevent fraud. These liquor dealers love darkness. They do not want the facts known. One is amused to read that "this was opposed in Congress by California Representatives upon the ground among other things, that it would be a gross discrimination against California wines, and in favor of foreign wines, it being obviously impossible to enforce such a law in respect to shipments

from foreign countries." Foreign shippers would certainly be under the same law. This is only one of a thousand ways to throw dust in the eyes of the people. It is a question of traffic in liquors. The liquor dealers are not lying awake at night seeking the conservation of the personal liberties of the people. The Chronicle in the following lines reveals that pious tinge just now seen everywhere in the liquor literature. There lines read: "To attempt to carry the prohibition movement to a point where it interferes with ordinary family life is the surest way to cause a reaction against any restraint whatever on the liquor traffic." The injunction is plain enough. "Personal liberty" is made to appear. We venture to submit one more quotation from this remarkably misleading editorial which reveals the moral standard from which it is written. The Chronicle is ostensibly opposed to this law because "the effect would be not only to prevent liquor dealers from procuring supplies to sell again, but would also prevent those desiring wines for their own family use from obtaining them. Whether light alcoholic drinks are good for one or not, we need not discuss, but no well-informed person believes that their use on the family table promotes intemperance, and in general, the prohibition movement is directed against the saloon, and makes no attempt to interfere with family habits, except by making it as difficult as possible to get supplies." This fact must never be forgotten that essentially the use of alcoholic beverages is essentially and totally a sin against life and a sin against society secondarily. This is not a popular idea but it is true by every test scientific, moral or otherwise. We fear the Chronicle may not want to admit us to the grade of "well-informed people" but we appeal to its own columns. Where the report of "'Dr. F. W. Hatch, Superintendent of State Hospitals, in his biennial report issued, says too much drink is the chief contributing cause to insanity in California. The proper remedy for this, he says, ought to be found in the proper education of youth as to the lack of necessity for alcoholic drinks. On June 30, 1908, there were 6555 patients in the hospitals, an increase of 1554 in ten years. The cost of supporting the hospitals two years was $1,839,973; for salaries, $95,904. Many new buildings have been constructed."

Here we have a curious situation: Our Congressmen running to and fro, rending their togas to defeat the law intended to protect the people from the ravages of the liquor traffic and the statement of a California official declaring that the indirect influences of liquor costs the State of California for the insane item alone $1,839,973. We are willing to stand with Dr. Hatch as one not "well informed." So long as the press of the State will "wink" at this dreadful crime against the highest interests of the commonwealth so long will the liquor dealers ride roughshod over the sacred and inalienable rights of the people. We need to keep right at it all the time. The liquor power must go down or the nation must go down.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

I believe there's a story told of Mark Twain that in youthful days, being sent out by his mother to weed a certain flower bed, and finding more weeds than flowers, he came back in and asked if he might not "flower the weed bed."

Our little Alfred probably has as great an aversion to work as had the youthful Clemens. Admonished to pull some rather large weeds in the back yard, after a faint-hearted lift on one of them, he shouted,—

"Mamma, how do you think I'm going to pull these weeds when the whole world is hitched onto them?"—Woman's Home Companion.



I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walter.

THE MONEY TEST OF CHARACTER.

"We think a great deal of Mr. M—— in our town," said a young man, of the pastor of one of the churches in a small city. "I am not a member of his church, but I attend there, and I am one of the ushers. We all like him. He is perfectly genuine. He is so kind, and he is honest, and not afraid! We are fortunate in having such a good man. Other people have tried to get him. Only recently he was called to St. Louis, to a church where he would have received twice his present salary, but he would not go. I thought that was a good test of the kind of man he is."

This is a very common judgment of men. It is often obtruded in an uncharitable and unjust way. And ministers sometimes hesitate to leave one field and to go to another which is more important and offers a more needy and influential opportunity, simply because the salary would be larger and they do not want to be open to any suspicion of having any regard for such considerations. It was a real cross to Dr. Babcock when he left Baltimore to go to New York that the new conditions necessitated and provided a larger salary. He was so absolutely true and sincere that he shrank from the thought that any one might suspect, even, that his character was not loftily exalted above the thought of the financial provision for his work.

Now it is well to dispose at once of the maudlin foolishness in which many people indulge in their judgment of others in this matter. Such people imagine that they themselves are exempt from the obligations of standards to which they think others should conform. Religious and unselfish work, they say, should be done with no thought of the wages. This is true with two qualifications—one an expansion, and one a limitation. The expansion is that the work of any man should be religious and unselfish, whether he is in a profession or a trade, and that he should do his work for the love of men and the service of the world and to the glory of God, and has no right to be doing it for the money there is in it. The limitation is, as Paul contended, that those who minister in the gospel have a right to live by the gospel, and that there is nothing in the character of Christian work as such which requires that those engaged in it should receive less for food and clothes, and for their own benevolent use, than those engaged in other forms of work receive.

But when this has been said, one is free to take up and press the great truth that all human service and work should

be rendered for the sake of the service and work, and that the readiness of men to do this is the test of their characters. The highest man does not work for the wage. He works for the sake of work and its consequences, and not for the return. He takes the wage for the needs of those he loves that he may have to give and to use. But you cannot buy him with money.

There is an Old Testament story from which it is perhaps not unfair to draw an illustration of this principle. When the children of Israel set out from Sinai, Moses endeavored to induce Hobab, the son of Reuel the Midianite, Moses' father-in-law, to go with them. As an inducement, Moses promised him that it would be to his profit to come. "I will not go," said Hobab, "I will go home." Then Moses urged that they needed him as a guide through the wilderness into which they were going. And Hobab changed his mind and went. Others want work for their wages.

What revelation of our character does the testing of money make? Is it a determining factor with us in our decisions? A man is invited to perform a service, to speak at a religious gathering. No, he says, he cannot come. But the remuneration, it is suggested, will be so much. Well, he reflects, perhaps he can arrange it. Now, there are certain things to be done for those who pay for them, like painting a house, and certain products to be sold to those who have money with which to buy them, like groceries. But there are certain services to which the world is entitled from those able to render them irrespective of any pay. Religious and surgical services are among them. This is not to say that such services are to be gratuitous services, but only that they are never to be rendered or refused simply on the determining element of money. The surgeon who can save a life by an operation, and will not perform it merely because not adequately paid for it, and the Christian who can help souls to be more like Christ, and to bear better the burden and duties of this life, and who declines merely because the remuneration is not attractive, are both unworthy of their callings, and are ignoble men. "I cannot come except for one hundred dollars," writes a prominent preacher. Very well, we do not want to hear him.

Of what value is money in comparison with worthiness of character. As Robert Louis Stevenson says: "The soul asks for honor and not fame; to be upright, not to be successful; to be good, not prosperous; to be essentially, not outwardly respectable. Does your soul ask profit? Does it ask money? Does it ask the approval of the indifferent herd? I believe not. For my own part, I want but little money, I hope; and I do not want to be decent at all, but to be good."

As a matter of fact, more character is marred by money than is made by it. Men are burdened by it, are separated from simplicity, are poisoned by absurd and devilish notions of social caste, are polluted in the integrity of their moral judgments. It is a necessary and useful thing, but the love of it, as Paul says, is a root of all kinds of evil. Many, reaching after it, have been led astray from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows. There is a peril in its touch, against which our best safeguard is such a noble, half-contemptuous scorn as Jesus always showed. The thing is useful when we treat it as a servile possession. It is a curse when we worship it as an idol, or seek it as an end, or deem it among the important things of life. The world is full of evidence of the truth of such warnings. In a recent magazine article, a writer tells how a man of honest purposes took his first bribe. The corrupter thrust the bill into his hand and hurried away, leaving the money. The man looked at it. Presently he became used to it. Then the idea of returning it became less vigorous and appealing. And he ended by keeping it. The thing had a villainous power of moral stupefaction in it. It would have been better and easier if he had torn it into shreds before the briber's bootsteps had died away.

In the education of children, it is undoubtedly a difficult problem that parents face here, in training the child to be generous without being wasteful, frugal without acquiring the love of money, either for itself or for what it will buy for them. Money is like life, however. It is life—life-blood coined in metal or rolled out in paper. The principles by which we rule life should rule money. We conceive of life in the spirit of Christ as a trust given us for use, not to be kept, but to be lavished for love. We reveal our nearness to the Saviour or our distance from him by our attitude toward our life. Our money is often an even more conspicuous test, and reveals our more conspicuous failures.

"Why should our spirits be opprest
When days of darkness fall?
Our Father knoweth what is best,
And he hath made them all."

LOOKING AT THE BEST THINGS.

"My little girl has taught me one thing," said a young mother the other day. "She picks out the prettiest thing she can find to look at, and then she looks at it and doesn't notice the ugly things. The Evanses next door keep their porch in a condition that just depresses me—it's so cluttered up. But they have some fine geraniums growing in tomato cans, and my little Clara thinks they are beautiful. She hangs over the fence and looks at them, and Mrs. Evans is so pleased at the child's appreciation that she has actually tidied up the porch once or twice, and Mr. Evans has painted the cans green. I never could have gotten them to do that, because I looked at their porch and was depressed. Clara has done it because she looked at their geraniums and was delighted."

There was sound philosophy in this bit of experience. The souls that have power, in this world, are the souls that see the right things—the key to the situation. And as we only see what we look at, our powers in life are strictly proportioned to the way we look at life and the things we fix our eyes upon as we go along. No soul is ever powerless or discouraged except through having looked, momentarily or steadily, at the unessential and misleading things. To see life truly is to be a "seer," with the knowledge which is power.

Pessimist and optimist have perhaps never been more wittily defined than by the familiar stanza—

""Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll—
The former sees the doughnut,
The latter sees the hole."

And the point of the wit is that both doughnut and hole are there to see, plain to every eye. The optimist sees the hole, but only as an unimportant incidental to the very form of the doughnut. But the pessimist, by concentrating his vision on the hole, misses its place and use, and exalts it into a dread, gloomy and universal vacuum.. Each has an argument—a logical argument—but the eye judges between them in the end. The pessimist's eye can not be argued down, and it makes him miserable as long as he re-

fuses to look at anything pleasant or beautiful.

In every field of vision, one may as well admit, there are extremely ugly things included in the view. No one who has seen many things which he or she would be glad to forget. No intelligent man or woman believes that all men can be trusted, all women admired, or any ideal fully carried out in earthly surroundings. Almost every apple is speckled, and every family has a skeleton, even if it no longer has a closet. Total depravity is still with us, even if conviction of sin has become rare. The world is full of evil and pain and defeat. But that is the worst part of the world. That is the trouble with it—its negative side, its dark background, its hole in the doughnut. The doughnut remains, around the hole, just the same. The good, the beautiful and the true, in large, though not complete measure, exist in every man's environment. There are men who can be trusted, women who are good and lovely and loving, ideals that lift the soul toward their realization in a large life. Total depravity has been redeemed and regenerated in every case willing to throw itself on God. To ovecome evil with good is the trend of the universe, and every star in the highest heaven stands ready to have a wagon hitched to it by the humblest individual who picks it out and keeps his eye upon it. People who look at stars may tumble into ditches sometimes, but they climb out and ahead, and never see the worst of the mud at all.

There is always a choice of vision, too, even among pleasant things. "I could not live if it were not for my dog!" said a lonely woman in whose little house a handsome, lively spaniel reigned supreme. The dog was a beautiful thing to look at, and his devotion was beautiful, too, to see. But if that very woman had looked over into the next street, she would have found neglected children into whose eyes the same devotion would have sprung, and the same welcome, if she had looked at them and helped them. It is a pitiful thing to see human beings find intimacy with pets more lovely thatn intercourse with human souls. They are looking at the second-best things instead of the best; and to look at the best things is the secret of true living.

As we look at the best things, loving and following them, power enters into us from them—a power not our own, but given to our use. It has been found in even the primary schools that a "gem" of lovely verse taught to a little child keeps that child from temptation and unhappiness in a most surprising way. "I said my gem over, and everything went right," said one boy to his teacher after an experience of injustice. Our schoolrooms bring to children nowadays the help of the highest art, in picture and statue; and the children look with all their eyes, and study the better for it. A noble book kept before the eye of the mind makes life a transformed thing to the soul's vision. What we look at, that we become. "As seeing him who is invisible" is the story of that great army of the saints, the martyrs, the heroes, which marches down the ages to the eternal goal —and which we can join if we choose.—Priscilla Leonard

TOO MUCH HOPE.

A boy and a dog met. Just how this came about is of no importance, for boys and dogs are often companions. This boy had a long piece of rope tied around this dog's neck to serve the purpose of a collar and chain. At first, the boy was leading the dog in a quiet manner. But the dog grew restless, and began to tug and pull at the rope. The boy gave the dog all the rope he had, and then things changed. Instead of the boy leading the dog, the dog began to lead the boy, and the last I saw of that pair was the boy following that dog as he darted around the corner of a building. The dog had the boy on the run. I laughed at the boy's predicament.

There are other companionships than those formed by boys and dogs. We form companionships between our habits and ourselves. We think we are the leaders in the party—and we may be. But there are times when our habits refuse to be satisfied with the liberty we allow them, and they become restless. They do not work as strenuously as did the dog, but they pull for more rope just the same. —Baptist Union.

Young People

WHY.

Why, muvver, why
Did God pin stars up so tight in the sky?
Why did the cow jump right over the moon?
An' why did the dish run away with the spoon?
'Cause didn't he like it to see the cow fly?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try?
An' why can't they swim just like fishes an' fings?
An' why does the live little birdies have wings?
An' live little boys have to wait till they die?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Was all of vose blackbirds all baked in a pie?
Why couldn't we have one if I should say, "Please?"
An' why does it worry when little boys tease?
An' why can't fings never be now—but bime-by?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Does little boys froats always ache when they cry?
An' why does it stop when they're cuddled up close?
An' what does the sandman do days, do you s'pose?
An' why do you fink he'll be soon comin' by?
Why, muvver, why? —Century.

A GREEDY PET.

A family who live on a farm had tamed a young bear, and a writer for the Springfield Republican tells of some of Bruin's mischievous pranks, which are very amusing.

The rougishness and capacity for mischief that Black Bear had shown during this first year of cubhood increased ten-fold as he grew older and stronger. Tree climbing that he had learned late in the summer of his first year became a passion with the cub during the second year. He climbed the elms and the maples along the road and the fruit trees in the orchard. In the barn, too, he clambered about on the scaffolds and pried into all the corners with his inquisitive nose.

A neighbor's boy often came to the farmhouse to romp and wrestle with the bear cub. Nothing suited him better than a rough-and-tumble, and he was quite an expert wrestler once he learned how to floor his adversary. Whenever two or three boys came into the farmyard, if Black Bear were anywhere about, he would shuffle up to them and

rearing on his hind legs invite them in the plainest language to come on.

His master also taught him to hold a broom in his arms in imitation of a gun, and march up and down like a soldier. The children would shout with delight when this feat was performed by their shaggy friend, at which the cub would loll out is tongue and seem greatly pleased. He seemed to clearly understand that they thought him the smartest bear in the world.

His old trick of hunting for hens' nests now recurred to him, and he returned to it with renewed zest. In fact, Black Bear never seemed to forget any of his many forms of mischief making, but he rapidly acquired new ones. He not only hunted hens' nests outside, but frequently broke into the henhouse, just like any other chicken thief, and ate eggs freely. He always skulked into a corner when caught and seemed to expect the thrashing that he got for such thieving.

He followed the farm hands into the hay field as he had done the year before to look for bumblebees' nests, but he was not content with lawful plunder. One day the haymakers took their dinner to a distant field where they expected to spend the day. All went well until the dinner hour came, when it was discovered that Black Bear had tipped over the coffee jug, pulled out the cork, and probably licked up the sweetened fluid. He had also opened the dinner basket, and only a few crumbs and some pickles remained of what would have been dinner for three men.

To add insult to injury, the vagabond was lying asleep upon the farmer's coat which he had thrown on the ground. having a fine nap after his hearty meal. There was nothing to do but for all hands to bo back to the farmhouse for dinner.

The farmer surrounded his beehives with a strong, high, barbed-wire fence, and had thought them quite safe against the prying curiosity of his bear cub, but one day he found out differently. On hearing a great humming about the hives, as though the bees were swarming, he went to investigate. There in the midst of the hives was the old honey thief . He had overturned and pulled to pieces two of them and had licked out the contents of half a dozen sections. He had dug a hole in the ground and had crawled under the barbed-wire fence. This was almost too much to bear, but the good-natured farmer dug a trench under the fence and placed another barbed-wire lower down, and the bees were safe for a time.

A BOY'S LIFE IN INDIA.

If you were a Hindu boy, instead of taking your bath in a close room, you would run out to a fountain in a broad open court, or perhaps plunge into a river where crocodiles were swimming, and which you would be obliged to keep away with clubs. Then you would put on your clothes—a pair of simple cotton trousers, very short in the legs, a cotton or linen coat, something like a shirt, and about your head you would wrap a turban. By the time you were dressed and had fed the pigs and the poultry in the farm yard your mother or sister would call you to breakfast.

Your house will be a bamboo cottage thatched with the broad leaves of the palm, or it may be built of clay with flat, tiled roof.

Your breakfast will consist chiefly of baked cakes, unleavened bread, boiled rice, and possibly a little boiled fruit and a cup of water. After the morning meal is over you will be called to help your father yoke his cattle. The oxen are small, and have straight, sharp horns, long pendent ears, and queer, bunches or humps growing behind their shoulders. And not only the bullocks, but the cows, have the same humps. The cows, too, are quite as often used to plow with and to carry burdens as are the oxen. The yoke is a straight piece of bamboo laid over the bullocks' necks. The plow would strike you, I think, as being peculiarly clumsy. It is of wood, and the handle is an upright piece of bamboo. This the husbandman holds with one hand as he labors, while with the other he pours the seed into the mouth of the funnel-shaped tube that extends through the plowshare.

JANE'S OTHER NAME.

It was the first day of kindergarten, and the row of new pupils stood waiting to give their names. They were like Mistress Mary's flower garden, for they were eight little maidens all in a row.

There were Rose and Margaret, and so on down to three-year-old Jane, who was so shy and sweet that all eyes were upon her.

"Your name is Jane, dear?" asked the teacher, as she wrote it down.

"No, ma'am, not Jane Dear; just Jane," lisped the baby.

"Well, what is your other name, little one?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, my ozzer name is muzzer's pet lamb, but we don't tell it to stwangers."

For the time being she was recorded as just "Jane." It was too sweet to spoil.

So the teacher just wrote it down as Jane, and bided her time to find out "muzzer's pet lamb's" surname.

KNOWING HOW.

By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

I've sometimes heard my grandpa tell
That folks who know just how to smell
Can get the summer from one rose,
Or from a little breeze that blows.

And father says, no matter where
You live, if you will just take care
And make the best of your two eyes
You'll see so much you'll grow real wise.

And then my mother's often heard
One little pleasant-spoken word
That's made somebody smile and smile,
And feel cheered up for quite a while.

They say it doesn't matter much
Whether a child has such and such;
It's how she'll learn to "make things do;"
And p'r'aps it's so with grown folks, too.

Dennis J. O'Connell, the rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., has been named auxiliary bishop of San Francisco as successor to the late Bishop George Montgomery. He is a native of South Carolina, educated in the Charleston Catholic Seminary and College. He is president of the Catholic Educational Society. He has been in the educational work most of his active life. He was secretary to Cardinal Gibbons for a while and then became president of the American Catholic College in Rome. He is expected to enter upon his duties in San Francisco in a short time.

JUST ISSUED
THE VOICE OF PRAISE
NUMBER 2
THE EXPERIENCE OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THIS BOOK THE FIRST OF THE SERIES SOLD 400,000 COPIES THIS BOOK WILL DO BETTER
THE BEST WORK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG COMPOSERS IS INCLUDED
THIS BOOK SETS THE HIGHEST STANDARD
THE VOICE OF PRAISE No 2
PRICE $25. THE HUNDRED
OUR TERMS ARE MOST LIBERAL TO SCHOOLS. SEND POSTAL FOR FREE RETURNABLE SAMPLE. WE PAY THE POSTAGE.
HALL-MACK Co 1018-20 ARCH ST. PHILA. 27 E 22ND ST. NEW YORK 140 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

All papers and magazines at lowest club rates.

I make a specialty of Presbyterian and other religious papers.

Club rates on other papers or magazines with Pacific Presbyterian.

Will meet or beat any offer of any reliable agent.

Patronize Presbyterian People.

E. P. BAKER,
4951 Pasadena Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Sample Club.

Pacific Presbyterian, $2.00; C. E. World, $1.50; both for $3.00.

DO YOU USE CHURCH ENVELOPES

If So, Order from Us

Because they don't cost any more, and the profit helps the Pacific Presbyterian.

We are prepared to furnish any kind of envelopes for your offering system.

We are agents for the **DUPLEX ENVELOPES, TREASEURERS' RECORDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORDS** and **SHIELD SYSTEM.**

Place your orders early.

Address: Pacific Presbyterian, 433 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

Would Washington have been acknowledged "first in the hearts of his countrymen" if he had been uniformly disagreeable and discourteous? Would Franklin have been chosen as ambassador to the court of France had he imitated the bears and savages of his native land? Would Abraham Lincoln have risen to the height he occupied, and won such a hold on the hearts of the American people, had he been less tender-hearted and kind, less careful and considerate of the feelings of others? What oil is to machinery, politeness is to every-day life.— J. P. in Christian Conservator.

Church and Sunday School Supplies

We carry a full line of supplies for all departments of Church and Sunday School Work, including BIBLES, HYMNALS, SONG BOOKS, etc. Send for our catalogue. We also have the Best Books from all publishers. Send to us for any book you want.

The New Book Store

400 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. H. WEBSTER, Manager.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOSITORY

Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

HEALD'S COLLEGES

Offer you an opportunity to increase your salary. Learn Bookkeeping, Business Practice, Shorthand and Typing. LEARN MORE and you can EARN MORE.

San Pablo Ave. at 16th. St.
Oakland, Cal.



California College — A Junior College preparing for the Third Year of the Universities — and its Allied School

THE ACADEMY. An accredited four year course for both sexes. Laboratories, library, gymnasium, excellent faculty.
THE SUB-ACADEMY. Upper and lower forms, corresponding approximately to primary and grammar grades. Small classes, promotion by subject.
SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS. Instruction in vocal and instrumental music and theory. Also departments of art and elocution. Courses may be taken in conjunction with work done in the other schools, if desired.
THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Offering all the advantages of a business college, together with the collegiate atmosphere and uplifting influences of the whole institution.

Four well-furnished dormitories, physical training in the gymnasium, Christian influences, a superb and convenient location and a carefully chosen corps of teachers combine to make these schools an ideal place for the training of young people.

Address A. A. MACURDA, President, Oakland, Cal.
Next Term August 5, 1908. **Send for Catalogue.**

THE PREVALENCE OF PREJUDICE.

By Rev. N. S. Wright.

History is full of examples of the presence of this pre-judging—this settling of cases on a partial hearing. When the great monk of Florence, Savonarola, was on trial for his life, and the judges came from Rome to conduct the case, they heard the outcry against the preacher as they rode through the streets: "Death, death to the friar," is the shout, and as they listen one answered with a smile, "Die he shall at all events. We shall make a famous blaze. I have the sentence already prepared."

Prejudice changed the Puritan to a Pilgrim; exiled Roger Williams in a New England winter, and hanged Quakers beside the cradle of liberty. But we need not turn the pages of the past for illustration. It lies all about us. Did you ever hear any one say, "Sheenie?" Without a hearing and no memory of David and Isaiah, Mendessohn and Disraeli, he is pilloried with an epithet, and condemned with a sneer. Have you ever seen a "Dago?" Yet Marconi is an Italian, and the race that could produce an Angelo and a Raphael, deserves more than contempt. And we who boast that ancestry cannot rank with achievement, may be touched with the disease, when because a man's father was born in Africa, the son is denied a chance on the ground that a negro is a nobody. The color of the skin does not change the tint of the soul.

And some of us are decidedly more cordial if the chance traveler is a Methodist, than if he tells us he is a Baptist. There are a few Christians outside of Methodism, and the poor wanderer may be one of them.

And some persons prefer to die in dirt, rather than be taken to the hospital. Mrs. Silk despises Mrs. Calico, and broadcloth speaks a more convincing language than overalls. Titles look down upon the tyro and is called a "swelled-head" in return. The alley and avenue refuse to meet, and the factory girl would not be seen with the cook. Really we can appreciate Whittier's words to his wife: "I tell thee, dear, all the world is queer, save thee and me; and thee's a little queer sometimes."

The only cure is to let God come into the life driving out the selfishness that is at the root of the terribly prevalent disorder. Where selfishness exists prejudice thrives. Where love reigns it can no more abide than darkness when all the windows are open and the sunlight flooding the room. It is like the courthouse scene of jury selection. Man after man is called and questioned, to see if he can render a just, unbiased verdict on the evidence only. And sometimes list after list of men is called, only to find that it is impossible to get an impartial hearing. Then the case is moved elsewhere and a jury is drawn who will give a fair trial. Christ moves the case to another court, and we find among those who sit as jurors, Love, Open Mindedness, Kindness, Judgment, Knowledge, Sympathy, Hope, Conscience, Reason, Faith, Experience and Justice, and whatever the evidence, it is fairly heard and the decision is both just and merciful. But in the city of self the accused is always guilty.—Northern Christian Advocate.

TRUST YOURSELF.

Trust yourself! There is no greater
  Than yourself in all mankind.
The dependent soul is traitor,
  And the begging soul is blind.
True divinity of being
  God has given to his child.
See the gift and, by seeing,
  With all fate be reconciled.

Trust yourself! God gave you forces
  All sufficient for your task.
Draw up your own resources.
  Shall a God child weakly ask
As poor mercies from another
  What by right to him belong?
Know that God has made you, brother,
  And that God has made you strong!
— Selected.

THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Presbyterian Seminary for the Pacific Coast is located in the beautiful Ross Valley, within one hour's ride of the city. Open to students of all denominations. Full courses of instruction. Correspondence invited. Address,
REV. CHAS G. PATERSON,
San Anselmo, Cal.

CHARLES M. WOOD EDWARD F. WEIHE.

CENTURY ELECTRIC AND FIXTURE CO

1375-1377 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Electrical House Wiring, Repairing and Supplies.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

231539

Pacific